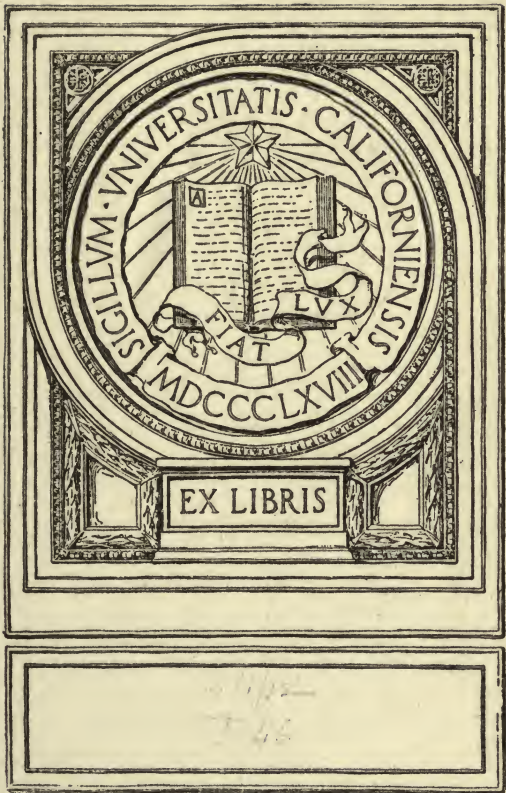


SNAPSHOTS *of* VALOR

*True Stories
of the Great War
With Introduction by*

IAN HAY



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SNAPSHOTS OF VALOR

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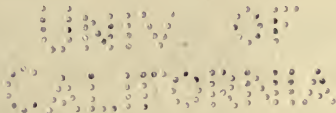
THE U-BOAT THE U. S. S. "FANNING" GOT

The U-Boat is sinking. The American destroyer is standing by to rescue the German crew. Two of the crew of the *Fanning* jumped overboard to rescue two drowning Germans

SNAPSHOTS OF VALOR

Edited by HERBERT ELLIOT

With an Introduction by
IAN HAY



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TO THE
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CONGRESS

INTRODUCTION

In responding to the Editor's invitation to introduce this volume to its readers, it occurs to me that in these days the reading public (or the world, if you like), is divided into two sections—those who are participating in the actual conflict of War, and those who are only able to read about it. These must approach such a book as this from different points of view.

The civilian will say, quite simply:—"Here are tales to stir our pulses and make us feel glad and proud that we are of the same blood with the men who did these things." He will add, possibly in a voice not quite so steady as usual:—"Some of us are debarred, by age or sex, from direct service; but we will gather further courage from this record of heroism to do that in this War which falls within our province. In future, whether our part be hard manual labor, or cheerful giving, or the mere tightening of a belt,

we shall play that part with hearts all the higher and spirits all the sterner for the remembrance of this tale which has been told us.”

Thus the civilian. The soldier's attitude is more complex. Naturally he feels a little self-conscious in the matter, especially if he has some great achievement to his credit. He will say: “We are all very proud to have been able to do anything at all, and very humble to have been able to do so little. So don't exaggerate individual achievements, please. After all, it is team-work that counts.”

Which is nothing but the truth.

Many people object to military decorations—crosses, medals, ribbons, and the like—on the ground that they draw invidious distinctions. Not that the decorations are undeserved: in most cases they are earned over and over again. But all soldiers will tell you that the winning of a decoration is a sheer matter of luck. “Some one happened to be looking at the time; that is all.”

From this point of view, such a collection of tales as this must necessarily be incomplete. It comprises only deeds which were done when

“some one was looking.” The bravest of all must go unrecorded. I say “bravest of all,” because the gallantry of an action varies inversely, in the main, with its prospects of recognition hereafter. It is comparatively easy to volunteer for a forlorn hope; to stagger across No Man’s Land under fire, carrying a wounded comrade; even to throw oneself on a live grenade (as many a man has done in the trenches) in order to save the lives of those around. Live or die, win or lose, your achievement is recorded. But what of that courage which manifests itself when no one is going to know anything about it afterward? Many an isolated handful of leaderless soldiers have to decide in these days, suddenly and without previous thought, between justifiable retirement from an untenable position and a deliberate sacrifice of self which may or may not delay the enemy’s advance for ten minutes—knowing full well that if they choose to stand fast their achievement must be its own reward, and that their names will be blazoned in no public print save under the heading, “Missing.” Those are the deeds that cannot be told in a collection of

true tales, for the simple reason that no one ever saw them done. But they are being done every day, as the soldier—especially the decorated soldier—will tell you.

So let us who read this book, even as we tingle and thrill over the deeds here recorded, spare a thought for those nameless paladins who have gone down into silence without any memorial, at no other bidding but that of simple duty—
“Gentlemen, unafraid.”

IAN HAY.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The whole field of the war has been surveyed in recording these "Snapshots of Valor." They are not confined to any one section of the arena of conflict, nor to one nationality. They could not well be so restricted, since courage, fortitude, and self-sacrifice are not qualities to be classified according to race or clime, but are inherent to mankind itself.

On the sea and land, over the land and sea—wherever the Teuton has goaded Anglo-Saxon, Slav, and Latin to try conclusions with him, tense dramas of life and death have been enacted. A comprehensive selection of these episodes has been made in the accompanying pages. They are rather intended to be representative in their scope, furnishing thrilling examples of the manner in which men acquit themselves in great crises; of the heights and depths of human bravery performed in moments of fearful stress—and hence

may be deemed as typical of the unknown deeds that will never be recorded.

A study of these episodes here and there discloses the mental attitude of the participants as they confront the emergency which compels them to essay an achievement or set their teeth to endure an ordeal they cannot escape. The impression one gathers is that they are not aware of undertaking anything of a signal or untoward character. Something presents itself to be done, and it is done. That is all.

This spirit of men fitting themselves to occasions as they arose animated them all.

The hero emerges after the event. The laurel crowns him. But during his great moment he is only a worker attending to some task which confronts him.

The editor gathered the material for this book from many sources. Many tales came from the mouths of participants; others were told by eye witnesses; all are believed to be authentic.

HERBERT ELLIOT.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SNAPSHOTS OF VALOR

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A SUMMER JOY RIDE

FOUR British airships, each complete with pilot, observer, and several hundred rounds of ammunition, set out one August afternoon on an offensive patrol. Captain Alan Bott, in "Cavalry of the Clouds," whose part in the adventure is herewith related, said they were to hunt trouble around a given area behind the Boche lines.

It was on the Somme front. While over Bapaume the presence there of a hotbed of German anti-aircraft guns caused the party to swerve toward the south. But the "Archibalds"—the name given to the German guns—were not to be shaken off so easily, and the airmen began a series of erratic deviations as black puffs ringed one machine, then another. The shooting was not particularly good; for, although no clouds intervened between the guns and their mark, a

powerful sun dazzled the gunners, who appeared to find difficulty in judging height and direction. The party was presently over the Bois d'Havrin court, the region round which was notorious in Royal Flying Corps messes as being the chief centre of the Boche Flying Corps on the British front. From the southwest corner "Archie" again scattered shot at the group, but his inaccuracy made dodging hardly necessary. A lull followed, and Captain Bott, who was an observer in one of the machines, glanced all round the compass, for, in the presence of hostile airplanes "Archie" seldom behaved except when friendly machines were about. Two thousand feet below three biplanes were observed approaching the wood from the south. Black crosses showed up plainly on their gray-white wings. The British group dropped into a dive toward the strangers.

"As we dived," writes Captain Bott, "I estimated the angle at which we might cross the Boche trio, watched for a change of direction on their part, slewed round the gun-mounting to the most effective setting for what would probably be my arc of fire, and fingered the movable back-

sight. At first the Huns held to their course as if quite unconcerned. Later they began to lose height. Their downward line of flight became steeper and steeper, and so did ours.

“Just as our leading bus (airship) arrived within range and began to spit bullets through the propeller, a signal rocket streaked from the first Boche biplane, and the trio dived almost vertically. We were then at about 6,000 feet.

“We were expecting to see the Huns flatten out, when ‘Wouff! wouff! wouff! wouff! wouff!’ said Archie. The German birds were not hawks at all; they were merely tame decoys used to entice us to a pre-arranged spot, at a height well favored for A.-A. gunners. The ugly puffs encircled us, and it seemed unlikely that an airplane could get away without being caught in a patch of hurtling high explosive. Yet nobody was hit. . . .

“Mingled with the many black bursts were a few green ones, probably gas shells, for Archie had begun to experiment with the gas habit. Very suddenly a line of fiery rectangles shot up and curved toward us when they had reached three quarters of their maximum height. They rose

and fell within thirty yards of our tail. These were 'onions,' the flaming rockets which the Boche keeps for any hostile aircraft that can be lured to a height of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet.

"I yelled to V——, my pilot, that we should have to dodge. We side-slipped and swerved to the left. A minute later the stream of 'onions' had disappeared, greatly to my relief, for the prospect of a fire in the air inspires in me a mortal funk. Soon we were to pass from the unpleasant possibility to a far more unpleasant reality.

"Once outside the unhealthy region we climbed to a less dangerous height. Again we became the target for a few dozen H.-E. (high-explosive) shells. We broke away and swooped downward. Some little distance ahead, and not far below, was a group of five Albatross two-seaters. V—— pointed our machine at them, in the wake of the flight-commander's bus.

"Next instant the *fuselage* shivered. I looked along the inside of it and found that a burning shell fragment was lodged in a *longeron*, halfway between my cockpit and the tail-plane. A little flame zigzagged over the fabric, and all but died

away, but, being fanned with the wind as we lost height, recovered and licked its way toward the tail. I was too far away to reach the flame with my hands, and the fire extinguisher was by the pilot's seat. I called for it, into the speaking tube. The pilot made no move. Once more I shouted. Again no answer! V——'s ear-piece had slipped from under his cap. A thrill of acute fear passed through me as I stood up, forced my arm through the rush of wind, and grabbed V——'s shoulder.

"*Fuselage* burning! Pass the fire extinguisher!" I yelled.

"My words were drowned in the engine's roar; and the pilot, intent on getting near the Boches, thought I had asked which one we were to attack.

"Look out for those two Huns on the left," he called over his shoulder.

"Pass the fire extinguisher!"

"Get ready to shoot, blast you!"

"Fire extinguisher, you ruddy fool!"

"A backward glance told me that the fire was nearing the tail-plane at the one end and my box of ammunition on the other, and was too serious

for treatment by the extinguisher unless I could get it at once. Desperately I tried to force myself through the bracing-struts and cross-wires behind my seat. To my surprise, head and shoulders and one arm got to the other side—a curious circumstance, as afterward I tried several times to repeat this contortionist trick on the ground, but failed every time. There I stuck, for it was impossible to wriggle farther. However, I could now reach part of the fire, and at it I beat with gloved hands. Within half a minute most of the fire was crushed to death. But a thin streak of flame, outside the radius of my arm, still flickered toward the tail. I tore off one of my gauntlets and swung it furiously on to the burning strip. The flame lessened, rose again when I raised the glove, but died out altogether after I had hit it twice. The load of fear left me, and I discovered an intense discomfort, wedged in as I was between the two crossed bracing-struts. Five minutes passed before I was able, with many a heave and gasp, to withdraw back to my seat.

“By now we were at close grips with the enemy and our machine and another converged on a Hun.

V—— was firing industriously. As we turned, he glared at me, and knowing nothing of the fire, shouted: 'Why the hell haven't you fired yet?'

"I caught sight of a Boche bus below us, aimed at it, and emptied a drum in short bursts. It swept away, but not before two of the German observer's bullets had plugged our petrol tank from underneath. The pressure went and with it our petrol supply. The needle on the rev.-counter quivered to the left as the revolutions dropped, and the engine missed on first one, then two cylinders. V—— turned us round, and, with nose down, headed the machine for the trenches. Just then the engine ceased work altogether, and we began to slide down.

"All this happened so quickly that I had scarcely realized our plight. Next I began to calculate our chances of reaching the lines before we would have to land. Our height was 9,000 feet, and we were just over nine and a half miles from friendly territory. Reckoning the gliding possibilities of our type of bus as a mile to a thousand feet, the odds seemed unfavorable.

"Could we do it? I prayed to the gods and

trusted to the pilot. Through my mind there flitted impossible plans to be tried if we landed in Boche territory.

“Wouff! Wouff! Archie was complicating the odds.

“Further broodings were checked by the sudden appearance of a German scout. Taking advantage of our plight, the pilot dived steeply from a point slightly behind us. We could not afford to lose any distance by dodging, so V—— did the only thing possible—he kept straight on. I raised my gun, aimed at the wicked-looking nose of the attacking craft, and met it with a barrage of bullets. These must have worried the Boche, for he swerved aside when a hundred and fifty yards distant, and did not flatten out until he was beneath the tail of our machine. Afterward he climbed away from us, turned, and dived once more. For a second time we escaped, owing either to some lucky shots from my gun or to the lack of judgment by the Hun pilot. The scout pulled up and passed ahead of us. It rose and manœuvred as if to dive from the front and bar the way.

“Meanwhile, four specks, approaching from the west, had grown larger and larger, until they were revealed to us as of the F.E. type—the British ‘pusher’ two-seater. The Boche saw them, and hesitated, as they bore down on him. Finding himself in the position of a lion attacked by hunters when about to pounce on a tethered goat, he decided not to destroy, for in so doing he would have laid himself open to destruction. When I last saw him he was racing northeast.

“There was now no obstacle to the long glide. As we went lower, the torn ground showed up plainly. From 2,000 feet I could almost count the shell holes. Two battery positions came into view, and near one of them I saw tracks and could distinguish movements by a few tiny dots. It became evident that, barring accident, we should reach the French zone.

“When slightly behind the trenches a confused chatter from below told us that machine guns were trained on the machine. By way of retaliation, I leaned over and shot at what looked like an emplacement. Then came the Boche front line, ragged and unkempt. I fired along an open trench.

“Although far from fearless as a rule, I was not in the least afraid during the eventful glide. My state of intense ‘wind up’ while the fuse was burning had apparently exhausted my stock of nervousness. I seemed detached from all idea of danger, and the desolated trench area might have been a side show at a fair.”

The machine finally landed without a wire being broken, but, needless to say, it had not escaped unscathed:

“An examination of the bus revealed a fair crop of bullet holes through the wings and elevator. A large gap in one side of the *fuselage*, over a *longeron* that was charred to powder in parts, bore witness to the fire. Petrol was dripping from the spot where the tank had been perforated. On taking a tin of chocolate from his pocket, V—— found it ripped and gaping. He searched the pocket and discovered a bright bullet at the bottom. We traced the adventures of that bullet; it had grazed a strut, cut right through the petrol union, and expended itself on the chocolate tin.”

THE BANDSMEN LED THE CHARGE

IT WAS at Vauquois that an incident happened which—in the view of Camille Decreus, the French composer, who described it—stands alone in the great war.

A regimental band charged at the head of troops. Nowadays bands are usually kept in the rear. But a critical moment came. The French had three times attacked the Germans and had thrice been repulsed. The colonel felt that a time for supreme effort had arrived. He summoned the leader of the band.

“Put your men at the head of the regiment, strike up the ‘Marseillaise’ and lead them to victory,” he commanded.

The bandmaster saluted. He called his musicians and told them what was expected. Then the forty of them took their positions. The French line re-formed. The bandmaster waved his baton.

“*Allons, Enfants de la Patrie!*” rang out, and

the men took up the song. France was calling on them to do or die. The band started out on the double quick, as if on rapid parade. The Germans must have rubbed their eyes. No musician carried a weapon. But they were carrying the "Marseillaise" against the foe. Then came the continuous rattle of the machine guns. The band marched on, their ranks thinning at every step. The leader went down. The cornetist followed him. The drummers and their instruments collapsed in the same volley. In less than five minutes every man of the forty was lying upon the ground, killed or wounded; that is—with one exception. That was a trombone player.

His whole instrument was shot away except the mouthpiece and the slide to which his fingers were fastened. He did not know it. He still blew and worked the slide. It was only a ghostly "Marseillaise" he was playing, but the spirits of his dead comrades played with him, and at the head of the regiment, and with that fragment of a trombone, he led the way to victory.

The trench was taken. Half of the band had died on the field of honor.

AN IRON CROSS ON A BRITISH BREAST

DURING one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on a barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed.

At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly: "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer."

So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders, and carried him to the German trench.

The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross and pinned it on the breast of the British officer.

"Such an episode is true to the holiest ideals of chivalry," remarks Coningsby Dawson, who de-

scribed the incident in "Carry On"*; and *it* is all the more welcome because the German record is stained by so many acts of barbarism which the world cannot forgive.

*Published by the John Lane Company.

THEIR CAPTOR WAS A GIRL

AMONG a party of Letts who succeeded in escaping from a village in Courland, now occupied by the Germans, was a girl of seventeen, who became a heroine by an act of bravery which earned for her the much-coveted Russian decoration of the St. George's Cross.

A small German detachment had marched on to the farm owned by the girl's father. Sentries were left outside to keep watch on a hill close by while the rest entered the house and prepared to have a good time. The young German lieutenant turned to the girl with an order to get wine at any cost as their supply had run short. She was told that unless she fulfilled the order the house would be set on fire and she herself subjected to violence.

The girl obeyed, and while doing so acted upon a bright idea which struck her. Two barrels of heavy old liquor, made of spirits and berries, were

in the cellar, and these she brought them. They only emptied the first barrel, but before they consumed the second one they began to roll on the floor, one after another.

Seeing her enemies helpless round the barrel she filled a bowl with the liquor, took it out to the sentries, who stood freezing in the cold, and gave it to them to drink, incidentally mentioning that she was fulfilling the officer's orders. The bowl was soon emptied. She then returned to the house and carefully disarmed the soldiers who, sunk in heavy slumber, lay about in different attitudes, and hid their weapons in the cellar. Meantime, her father was fastening with ropes the limbs of the insensible Germans.

The girl then proceeded to find her way out to the Russian positions. Following forest paths and making her way through swamps, she finally reached a Siberian outpost.

"I have disarmed and tied up twenty German soldiers and one officer; hasten and take them prisoners!" were the words with which the excited girl addressed the head officer of the Siberian Rifles.

The soldiers were amazed at the audacity of the young Lett and could hardly believe her story. Yet her device had been simple. She had drugged the liquor with powder made of bluebells which brought on heavy drowsiness.

She persuaded the soldiers to follow her, and when they reached the farm they found the Germans still fast locked in slumber. Several pails of ice-cold water flung in the faces of the sleepers roused them to the grim realities of their situation. To their bewilderment they found that they were no longer combatants of the German army but prisoners of the Russians.

A FEW AËRIAL THRILLS

FIGHTING Germans armed with machine- and rapid-fire guns some 20,000 feet beyond the breast of Mother Earth has been the experience of Lieutenant Edward M. Roberts, of the Royal Flying Corps, in common with other British aviators. It might well be deemed the most thrilling exploit an airman could undertake; but Lieutenant Roberts, describing his performances to Edgeworth Downer in the *New York World*, finds that fighting to the death somewhere in the clouds is not so electric after all. He has encountered more ecstatic experiences.

Lieutenant Roberts has been blown up by shells, shot out of the air three days hand running by German anti-aircraft guns, attacked by squadrons of Teuton flyers, wounded too often to contemplate, and finally invalided home.

When the war broke out, Roberts, an American

by birth, was prospecting for oil in the Canadian wilds. He had spent the six preceding years of his life in the Dominion, punching cattle, mining for gold, living next to the primitive.

One day in the fall of 1914 he trudged into a little Indian town and picked up his first newspaper in three months. War had been declared, and the Germans were over-running Belgium. He made his way to Calgary, found a pal who told him 200 volunteers were wanted, and enlisted the same night.

Roberts went into action in Flanders with the First Canadian Division and had the privilege of being gassed at the second battle of "Wipers." On recovery he was transferred to the Second Division as despatch rider, carrying orders to the front line on a motorcycle. Seven months later he was riding just behind the line in the northern salient when a great Jack Johnson shell from one of the German mortars hit the road fifty feet in front of his machine and exploded. At dawn the next day the despatch rider was found lying unconscious on a near-by knoll where the explosion had thrown him. He had been thrown with

such force that his left lung was torn out of place. He wonders still how he survived, but he did.

Six weeks later he was back at his post, this time attached to the engineers. His pleasant duty was to haul supplies to the trench troops along a strip of road which was, for more than a mile, in plain sight of the enemy and under his fire. He had got well started when the Germans took the road under fire from machine guns. Roberts caught a bullet in the side.

After his recovery from this wound, the Lieutenant entered the air service and duly encountered a German flyer. He thus described his first victory:

“We were doing patrol over our lines and behind the enemy trenches when I saw a little spot away off in the sky. My pilot said it was a German.

“The fellow came over and tackled us. As he rushed by, my pilot shouted ‘Fire!’ But the Boche was gone a mile. I thought if I had to shoot a man down going that fast I’d never get him. We both manœuvred for position and came in side by side. I took aim with a Lewis gun. Just at that moment one of the German’s

bullets hit a strut about four inches from my face. I dodged instinctively and pulled the trigger at the same time. I could see my fire bullets hit the machine. He started to glide down to the ground. We followed him down a way to make sure he was gone. Then I sat down, feeling satisfied and excited. That was my first.

“And the very next week we were out on a reconnaissance—two of us British machines—behind the German lines. About thirty miles behind the lines six Germans attacked us. We forced one to land. Then two of them tackled my machine at the same time. At the first brush my pilot was shot through the shoulder. Our machine tipped so that I came near being thrown out. I could see the blood oozing from his wound as we righted. One of the Germans then dived (the soldier always says ‘dove’) at us from behind. I took careful aim. When he came close enough I pulled the trigger. He went down. Meantime two French machines came over and joined us. They forced down two others. The other Germans were satisfied to leave us alone.”

Lieutenant Roberts experienced his greatest thrill, not in the war zone, but in sailing over London on a quiet, rainy day:

“I’d gone up practising and trying out a machine. After flying about a while I started to descend, when I discovered, on going through the clouds, that there was a rainstorm. I had petrol for a couple of hours, so decided to go back up and ride it out above the storm. The clouds were very high and peculiarly formed in layers and peaks. The earth was out of sight. I started to amuse myself at an elevation of about 11,000 feet by diving through the peaks of these clouds and coming out on the other side.

“Fooling around, I dived into the peak of a cloud and the vapor closed round me. I lost all sense of balance. The machine dived down, started to flatten out, and turned into the glide at a speed of not less than 200 miles an hour. Just in this glide I came out of the dense peak into a thinner layer of cloud. I could see dimly about fifty feet.

“Suddenly the dark round belly of a balloon was before me. By some instinctive movement

of the rudder I swerved and passed by the balloon. The terrific disturbance of the air shook it so that it nearly threw two occupants out of the basket. It was the worst fright and the greatest thrill of the war for me. It was so utterly unlooked for, whereas fights with enemy machines are business.

“The balloon? Oh, it was a weather balloon such as are sent up over London whenever it rains.”

This was his final aërial adventure:

“I was driving a machine from England to the front in France when a connection broke, and the loose end tangled in the propeller. Everything broke and the engine was thrown back on my knees. I lost control of everything but the stick, and I couldn't do anything with that. I dropped like a shot from 10,000 feet. About 2,000 feet from the ground the machine started to flatten out a bit. I tried to glide down, and finally hit the earth gliding about 150 miles an hour. I ran into a hedge, still going seventy miles an hour, and finally was thrown clear of the machine. I was broken up once more, and at last I had to leave the service.”

A COAL SHOVEL BLINDED THIS SUBMARINE

WHEN one's vessel is in danger from enemy submarines anything will do as a weapon of defence. The captain of a British trawler, for example, found a coal shovel useful. The trawler, according to the story told by one of the crew, was in the North Sea in a stiff breeze in February, 1918, when the skipper saw a periscope crawl through the breaking surface of the sea about a hundred yards off. There was no gun aboard and the trawler's best speed was less than eight knots.

"For awhile the fight was fierce," said the narrator. "Then for half an hour no shots were fired, while the submarine manœuvred for position. Our ship was vibrating with speed. Our captain paced the bridge, keenly observant. When the U-boat finally got the position he wanted and renewed the shell fire, our gun crew decided

to let them have it as hot as our gun would stand. After a few minutes we landed a shell squarely on the German's back. It apparently disturbed him a good deal, for he stopped firing at once, then slackened speed, altered course, and submerged.

"It was a situation to dismay most men. Our skipper, however, has a fighting spirit. A touch of the wheel sent the trawler's blunt bows pointing at the submarine's whaleback, and we wallowed menacingly toward the pirate.

"The U-boat swung round to avoid the impact, and the sides of the trawler scraped along the sides of the submarine. The periscope was still well out of the water, but was beginning to slip down as the submarine dived.

"The skipper bawled for a hammer, a crowbar—anything that would hurt. One of the crew thrust a coal shovel into his hand, and he scrambled on the bulwarks and leaned over, two of the crew hanging on to his coat so that he wouldn't fall overboard. Backward and forward he swung the heavy scoop at the fragile periscope, and the third blow reduced it to fragments.

“The submarine commander, hearing the noise and wondering what new and horrible device the enemy had invented, crept to his periscope to have a look, but all was black. He was blind, and the trawler got away in safety.”

A CANADIAN TRAPPER'S CAMOUFLAGE*

SNIPERS—on both sides—along the western front, with No Man's Land yawning between them, conceal themselves by all the tricks known to Red Indian warfare. The various disguises which trench camouflage give their surroundings are their chief aid.

Will Irwin has cited what he considered the most ingenious and picturesque example of camouflage in trench warfare within his observation. It was conceived and executed by a Canadian trapper, who knew nothing about art, but did know the tricks of his own game. He came from the wilds of the British Northwest to enlist. Being a superb shot, he was granted by the British, who recognized his qualifications as a sniper, an unusual privilege. Equipped with a regular service rifle, he was allowed to bring along also his old-fashioned pump-lever repeater, which he knew like the palm of his hand.

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Now, in the sector where his battalion found itself, a tragic and curious thing kept happening. An undue number of scouts, sent out exploring in No Man's Land, failed to return. In the dark—no searchlights out, no flares up—the Canadians would hear shots from the German trenches; and in the morning the field glass would reveal the scouts lying dead, out between the lines.

The trapper started to puzzle this out. Finally he noticed one peculiar thing: Near the body of each dead man was a low stake, which might have escaped the attention of any eye less subtle, since many and various broken, scattered objects lie in No Man's Land. That night, carefully swinging wide of all stakes, he went exploring. He found that the stakes, on the German side, were touched up with bright phosphorescent paint. Scouts in No Man's Land proceed by crawling. Whenever a man passed such a stake on the German side his body blotted out the light of the phosphorus to a height of perhaps two feet. A sniper, his eye and his sights trained exactly on that vertical line of light, had only to pull the trigger.

Having ascertained and reported this, the trapper, by permission of his commanding officer, contrived some man-traps of his own invention. At night he carried these contrivances out on No Man's Land, and cannily reaching round the phosphorous-painted German traps, placed one before each post. Then from the top leaf of each trap he ran a wire into his own trench.

His traps now set, he crawled out to a good vantage point between the lines, with a signalling string attached to his waist. When he was ready he jerked out a signal. A comrade in the trench pulled the wire attached to the nearest trap. The top leaf lifted, blotting out the phosphorescent light of the post, giving exactly the effect of a man crawling past. The German sniper fired. Then, as is the custom with German snipers, he fired again to make sure. That second shot caused his own death. By the flash of the first shot the trapper located him. At the flash of the second he fired—and got his man.

A separate German sniper was assigned to each post, it appears. The trapper went down the line that night, working the same trick; in every

case, his comrades believe, he killed or wounded a German sniper. Afterward, he brought back his traps, hoping to work the same trick again; but the Germans, perceiving that something had gone wrong, went out the next night and pulled up their stakes.

This trick of impersonating a man by means of a board, Mr. Irwin explained, was simply primitive, though ingenious, camouflage. Of course the trapper was himself camouflaged, when he fired, by some one of a dozen tricks borrowed from the Indians or invented since the war began. Of these methods it is not well to speak; though indeed, the enemy may know all about them. Most of them depend on tricks of protective coloration—on blending a man with his surroundings, as a leopard blends with the lights and shadows of jungle foliage.



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

MOUNTING A PLANE OF THE STORK ESCADRILLE

Guynemer, the most famous French "Ace" brought down more than forty German machines with an airplane like this. Each plane of this famous squadron bears the stork on its fuselage painted in bright vermillion

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AIRPLANE CAPTURES A TRENCH

FREE-LANCE attacks by airmen on whatever takes their fancy down below them have gradually developed into a useful phase of aërial warfare on the western front. Captain Alan Bott in "Cavalry of the Clouds" has pointed out that the introduction of such tactics was not planned beforehand and carried out to order. They were the outcome of a new set of circumstances and almost unconscious enterprise. The proximity of the enemy to machines hovering over a given area bred in the airmen concerned a desire to swoop down and terrify the Boche. Movement in a hostile trench was irresistible, and many a pilot shut off his engine, glided across the lines, and let his observer spray with bullets the home of the Hun.

"The star turn last year (1916)," writes Captain Bott, "was performed by a British machine that captured a trench. The pilot guided it above the

said trench for some hundred yards, while the observer emptied drum after drum of ammunition at the crouching Germans. A headlong scramble was followed by the appearance of an irregular line of white billowings. The enemy were waving handkerchiefs and strips of material in token of surrender! Whereupon our infantry were signalled to take possession—which they did.”

DIGGING TRENCHES UNDER FIRE

LIEUTENANT ANTOINE REDIER in "Comrades in Courage" describes most vividly the digging of a trench toward the enemy:

I will tell you about one, a masterpiece, of which we were truly proud. I will try to be modest but without promising to succeed.

We were ordered to trace, in front of the trench which my section occupied, a gallery one hundred and fifty metres in length, extending from our line straight toward the Boches. What was it for? That was a mystery. Two days later we were to learn that it was the route for an attack. That evening my mind was obsessed with one idea: to advance a trench one hundred and fifty metres in a perfectly straight line. The words "perfectly straight" amazed me. I ran to the telephone:

"Hello! Commandant, must the line be perfectly straight?"

“Yes, absolutely. Hurry, for you must finish in two nights.”

We had, at this point, a completed section of trench forty metres long leading forward to a listening post. After a consultation with my officers we decided to utilize this and extend it one hundred and ten metres farther. We climbed out of the trench and started off toward the German line, counting the paces. We experienced an emotion different from those we usually feel when out on skirmishing or patrol duty. At such a time a man is waging war, he can use prudence or aggression, can reconnoitre and retreat. This night we were going out into the unknown much as Christopher Columbus went toward America. Only a few days earlier our trenches had been pushed forward and we did not as yet have definite information as to the distance separating us from the enemy. We had the feeling that we might, at any moment, run into his barbed-wire entanglements.

As we advanced, I posted my two companions at different points to make my return easier, and I counted off the last forty paces alone. I had a

curious feeling. There was absolutely no noise, and the darkness was so complete that I could not even tell where to place my feet. Suppose the Germans had heard us and prepared an ambuscade! I might run against them or actually tread upon their bodies! When at last I had measured what seemed to me to be the hundred and ten paces, I added two more, either for the sake of my conscience or purely in bravado—I do not know which—and stuck my cane into the ground.

From that moment this was conquered ground. To win it, it had been necessary to master an emotion. All of us would now be able to walk along this line without a thought of danger. That danger still existed, still was great, but no longer would we be conscious of it.

But how were we to make our line straight? You would doubtless say: Stretch a cord and follow it. The problem, however, was not so simple. Forty metres of our line were already traced and dug. If my cord commenced at the end of this completed portion I would have two straight elements, but they would almost certainly be angulated at their junction. You would then

perhaps tell me to start my cord near the beginning of the completed trench. Wise words, but my cord was too short! I had never studied surveying but had often seen the red-and-white stakes used in that work. Surveyors place two stakes in the desired direction and then project a third one by sighting over the two already placed. A long line may be made quite as straight in this manner as with the best-stretched cord. I had no stakes, but I had men who might be substituted for them. My eye could not pierce 110 metres of the inky darkness, but I was able to see two paces ahead. I therefore posted some men two paces apart and in a line which pointed in the right direction. By lying down and looking upward, with the sky as a background, I could see a part of the line which their motionless figures made. When this was absolutely straight, two men ran along to the right and left of the file and marked the two sides of the trench. In this way the line was completed, and the work of excavation begun.

It is in times like these that one gets an insight into the characters of the men. For the most advanced positions we called for volunteers.

These were the best workers. Farther back one found the slackers who were continually resting with their arms crossed on the handles of their spades. Those who were afraid showed it by commencing to dig furiously the moment they had reached their assigned position in order to make a hole to shelter themselves. Once protected, their ardor slackened visibly, for they knew that when they had finished their portion they would be asked to recommence farther forward and thus expose their precious skin anew. Finally there were the talkative ones whom even proximity to the Germans could not repress. It is no use trying to stop a man of that type. He says something, spits on his hands, says something more, and so on. Little by little, while he chatters and works, the trench takes shape, deepens, and is finished. Let them send up as many illuminating rockets as they please, we no longer have to bend forward to conceal ourselves and the trick is won.

At 2 A.M. I sent my men off to lie down, but I remained, waiting for daybreak. I wished to know whether my line was straight. I found one

of my sergeants had also remained and was busily examining the trench.

“Why did you stay?” I asked him.

“For no special reason, sir.”

“Did you want to see whether the trench was straight?”

“Perhaps, sir.”

He was a big youth of the tenacious type. He had been working on this trench in the same way in which he makes aluminium rings from the fuse caps of German shells. He works at them with all his heart and never lets up until they are finished and a credit to him.

When at last the dawn came I tasted one of the purest joys of my life. Each of us, in turn, sighted from the entrance of the *boyau* and found that we could see from one extremity to the other without moving and that a bullet fired from a rifle would go through from end to end. Five minutes later I was dreaming like a king upon my straw.

LONE AUSTRALIAN STORMED A TRENCH

THE bayonet is still the decisive weapon in battle. It has been carefully impressed on all ranks of the British forces that the rifle and bayonet are—and always will be—the principal arms of the infantryman, and that fighting units cannot become too expert in their use.

A certain Australian was granted the Victoria Cross not only because he performed a very gallant feat but also because the British General Staff desired to call attention to the fact that in so doing he had made a classic use of his rifle and bayonet. The incident has been described by Eric Fisher Wood in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and proved to be an amazing exploit.

A small enemy strong point, which lay in front of the trenches occupied by his platoon, had been very troublesome. Artillery bombardments and other ordinary methods of attack had failed to

silence it. When these had proved ineffective the Australian suggested that he be allowed to attempt a surprise attack single-handed.

The strong point was held by eight Germans, but their exact number was unknown to the Australian when he volunteered to attack them.

Though he belonged to the bombing squad of his platoon and was, therefore, a specialist in the use of that weapon, he, nevertheless, took with him no bombs, but relied solely on his rifle and bayonet, which is the correct procedure in offensive fighting at close quarters.

He climbed out of his trench and—aided and supported by the snipers, rifle grenadiers, bombers, and Lewis guns of his own platoon—was able to creep unobserved within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy position. He was then so close to his objective that his own platoon was forced to cease fire for fear he might be hit.

Left entirely to his own resources he rose to his feet and charged toward the enemy, one of whom, being no longer kept under cover by the opposing fire, looked out toward the British lines to see what was going on. The German was startled by the

sight of a single British soldier charging toward him and already within fifty yards. In his surprise he fired a single ineffective shot, which, however, served to give the alarm to his comrades in the trenches behind him.

Though the Australian's one desire was to come to close quarters as quickly as possible, he, nevertheless, realized that if he allowed the Germans to fire at him without retaliation they would be able to aim calmly and would certainly bring him down.

At the instant of the enemy's first shot he, therefore, stopped abruptly; and, before the one German in sight could aim again, he made a quick snapshot and hit the Boche between the eyes.

Spattered with his brains, the other Germans, who at the sound of his shot had started to join him on the parapet, on seeing his fate hesitated just long enough to afford the Australian a moment in which to resume his rush. Taking full advantage of this pause he covered half the remaining distance before another German ventured to raise his head above the parapet.

The instant this second enemy appeared above

the ground the Australian tumbled him over with a bullet through the brain, and resumed his headlong charge before the remaining Germans could collect their wits. He reached their parapet, fired a third deadly shot as he leaped into their trench, and there killed the five now demoralized survivors with the cold steel.

Again aided by the protecting fire of his platoon, which covered his retreat, he returned unhurt to his own line.

The platoon organization, cemented together by discipline, gave him the opportunity for victory; but the victory itself was achieved by the will to use the bayonet.

The support of his platoon organization had enabled him to advance unmolested within fifty yards of his objective; but from that moment he was thrown on his own resources, and his agility, courage, and skill in the use of the rifle and bayonet had enabled him to dispatch eight enemies and to win the coveted Victoria Cross.

BABES UNSCATHED AMID GUNFIRE

THE great German advance against the British and French lines in the spring of 1918 furnished many unusual and trying experiences for civilians living near the front, but none of these was more amazing than that of two tiny French children who were finally installed in a British military hospital. They were among the few unfortunate persons who remained in Neuve Église when the Germans overran that place. The town immediately became a centre of fighting and was continually changing hands, and German soldiers took these two babies into trenches for their protection.

In a counter-attack the British stormed and captured the trench. They found the little ones safe and sound and brought them back. The children had been living under terrific gunfire, and how they escaped death could not be accounted for.

Another French baby was found by two British signalmen at another place. As the child had no protection, the soldiers took it with them to their billet in a barn.

That night the signalmen went to sleep with the baby between them so that no harm might come to it. German airmen bombed the barn and both the men were killed. The child escaped injury and later was rescued by other soldiers.

THE MAN BEHIND THE DUDE

AN ENGAGING character, Septimus D'Arcy, figures in "On the Right of the British Line,"* a vivid account of trench warfare at its worst by Captain Gilbert Nobbs.

D'Arcy passed current as a brainless exquisite. But as to his outward seeming Captain Nobbs has this to say:

"We may call men fops, simple vacant fools, or what we like; but the war has proved over and over again that the man within the man is merely disguised by his outward covering. Many a Bond Street Algy or ballroom idol has proved amidst the terrors of war that the artificial covering of a peace-time habit is but skin-deep; and the real man is underneath."

One afternoon Captain Nobbs had gone to his dugout for needed rest when he was disturbed by a voice outside which sounded familiar:

"There he was, with his monocle riveted in his

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right eye, between the frown of his eyebrow and the chubby fatness of his cheek, with the bored expression of one who saw no reason for the necessity of the fatigue which caused the undignified beads of perspiration to assemble on an otherwise unruffled countenance. A pair of kid gloves, buttoned together, was hanging from his Sam Browne belt, and four inches of a blue-bordered silk handkerchief dangled from his sleeve. As he approached he half carried on his arm and half dragged along the ground the burden that was known as his full marching order.

“‘Hello, Septimus!’ I said, as he came along, dragging his things behind him.

“‘Ah! Hellow! Well, I’ll be demned! Never expected to find you here; awfully glad to meet you again.’

“‘What are you doing here?’

“‘I’ll be demned if I know! Uninteresting spot this—what?’

“‘Well, what have you come here for?’

“‘Nothing much. I saw a fellow in that big dugout in the valley, and he told me to report to you. The fact is, you know, you are attached

to me, or I'm attached to you, or something of that sort.' . . .

"How long have you been in the army, Septimus?"

"Three months. Why?"

"Like it?"

"Not bad. Saluting seems rather absurd; but it seems to please some. I longed to come out; thought it would be interesting and all that kind of thing. But so far I've had nothing to do but get from place to place, carrying a beastly load with me."

"Probably your own fault. I have never seen a pack or haversack crammed so full. What have you brought with you?"

"We emptied his pack and haversack. I have never in my life seen such a lot of rubbish in the war kit of a soldier. There seemed to be nothing there he would really need; but a curious mixture of strange articles that would fill a fancy bazaar. There were hair brushes with ebony backs and silver monograms; silk handkerchiefs with fancy borders; a pinky tooth paste oozing out of a leaden tube; and, crushed between a comb and

a pair of silk socks, a large bottle of reddish tooth-wash, sufficient to last him three years—and half of this tooth wash had leaked through the cork to the destruction of about a dozen silk handkerchiefs, spotted and bordered in fanciful shades. There was a box of cigars; a heavy china pot of massage cream; a pot of hair-pomade; a leather writing case; a large ivory-backed mirror, which had lost its usefulness forever; a bottle of fountain-pen ink; two suits of pink pyjamas, one striped with pink and the other blue; a huge bath towel; a case containing seven razors, one for each day of the week; and a sponge as big as his head. Poor Septimus! in his simplicity and ignorance, for the first time in his life he had packed his own kit!”

Presently Captain Nobbs' company and the others moved off to relieve a battalion of a London regiment and took over the line of shell holes that marked the position opposite Combles and Leuze Wood. His company was ordered out into No Man's Land and to dig in. There was a heavy night bombardment from the German side—and a lack of ammunition to meet a pending

attack. At this point Captain Nobbs describes how Septimus presented himself again:

“The bombardment continued, but by and by we began to grow accustomed to the din. Several casualties occurred; but still the work of digging continued. . . .

“A few minutes later I chanced to notice a figure sitting leisurely in a shell hole.

“‘Why, Septimus, is that *you*?’

“‘I think so; I say, I *think* so. Unearthly row; devilish dangerous place, this—what?’

“‘But what are you doing here?’

“‘I was just coming to talk to you about ammunition. A shell burst, and my face is simply covered with dust. Has the ammunition arrived yet?’

“‘No; there’s an ammunition dump in the wood somewhere.’

“‘Like me to go and find it?’

“I looked at him in amazement. It wasn’t funk, then, that made him seek safety in that shell hole. Was it possible that dear old Septimus—this bland, indifferent, tubby, *blasé* old thing of Bond Street—was anxious to go into

that creepy, mysterious wood to look for ammunition?

“All right; take a corporal and twelve men and bring back six boxes. Don't take unnecessary risks; we shall need every man to-morrow.’

“Septimus sprang out of the shell hole, saluted in the most correct manner—something quite new for him—and disappeared in the darkness.

“This was a new side of Septimus's character which had not shown itself before. Only the stoutest heart would have chosen to wander about in that wood at midnight, with enemy patrols lurking about. Septimus was a man, after all.

“Five minutes later he passed me, leading his men. He gripped my hand as he passed, with the remark: ‘Well! Ta-ta, old thing!’

“‘Cheer oh!’

.

“All of a sudden I was startled by a rattle of musketry in the direction of the wood. There was silence; then several more shots, followed by a rushing, tearing noise, and yells. Almost at the same moment the ammunition party emerged breathless from the wood.

“I ran forward to where the men were dropping the ammunition boxes on the ground and falling exhausted. For a moment or two they were too breathless to speak. I counted the men; there were twelve of them, and the six boxes of ammunition had safely arrived.

“But where were Septimus and the corporal? All was silent in the wood. I turned to the nearest man, who was by this time sitting up, holding his head in his hands.

“‘Where are Mr. D’Arcy and Corporal Brown?’ I asked.

“‘God knows, sir. They stayed to cover our retirement.’

“‘What happened?’

“‘We found the ammunition dump, sir, and were just beginning to move the boxes when we heard someone moving. We grabbed our rifles and waited. There seemed quite a number crawling round us. Mr. D’Arcy ordered us to retire at once and get the ammunition away at any cost; he said he would stay behind and cover our retreat, and Corporal Brown offered to stay with him. We hadn’t gone far, sir, when

they opened fire; bullets hit the trees and whizzed over our heads. Then we heard a rush and some yells. I distinctly heard something in German and Mr. D'Arcy's voice shout back: "*Kamerade* be damned!" Then there was a scuffle; that's all I know.'

"I ordered a relief party and led the way into the wood. There was not a sound to be heard as we crept forward on our hands and knees toward the spot where the ammunition had been found.

"What was that? We listened breathlessly, and again we heard a low groan almost in our midst. There was a shell hole in front and, crawling along on all fours, I found Septimus D'Arcy wounded and helpless, with his left leg almost blown away and bleeding from the head.

"What's up, D'Arcy? What has happened?' I whispered hoarsely.

"A faint smile of recognition came over his pale face as I supported him in my arms. His words came painfully:

"The ammunition—is it—safe?'

"Yes, quite safe. But what happened after they left?'

“I stayed behind—with the corporal—to protect their retirement. We opened rapid fire—to draw German fire on us. I saw six creeping forward. They called on us—to surrender. I refused—damn them! They threw bombs—killed the corporal—dirty dogs!—smashed my leg—nothing much. I picked off three—with my revolver—never used the beastly thing before; two bolted—last one jumped at me—with bayonet. That’s him there—just got him—last cartridge.’

“Septimus was lying heavily on my arms. Nothing could be done for him; I saw the end was at hand.

“‘Good-bye, captain! Knew you’d come. Don’t know much about soldiering—good sport; shan’t have to carry that—demned pack again!’

“A placid smile came over his chubby face as he gasped out the last words. His monocle was still firmly fixed between his fat cheek and his eyebrow. Once more he seemed indifferent to his surroundings.

“In front of him, the silent evidence of his plucky stand, were the dead bodies of four Germans. By his side lay a revolver. I picked

it up and examined the chamber; the last cartridge had been fired.

“The men had gathered round; their caps were off. Septimus seemed to be looking smilingly into their faces.

“Septimus was dead! But Septimus was still in Bond Street!”

SIX GERMANS FELL BEFORE THIS AMERICAN

THE manner in which American troops acquitted themselves as soon as they participated in the fighting on the western front became early apparent by the bestowal of the French *Croix de Guerre* on a number of them for valor. Among them was Homer Whited, of Bessemer, Ala., who received the war cross for the part he took in a raid which resulted in the capture of Germans by American troops without the assistance of any of the other troops.

“We had got into the front trenches at Ancerville on the Lorraine front on February 17th,” he said. “On the evening of March 5th the snow fell for some time, covering the ground about four inches. Therefore, when along about 11 o’clock at night Sergeant Vanner, another Alabaman, asked me to accompany him and three other fellows from my state who were carrying a message from one

sector to another, I did not feel like turning out. However, they 'kidded' me until I agreed to go along. The other Alabamans in the party were Sergeant West and Corporals E. H. Freeman and Amos Tesky.

"We had to pass through five gates between the point from which we started and that for which we were headed. As we were let through the last of these Sergeant Hall ordered me to get a couple of hand grenades. I misunderstood the order, and thought he said 'See if there is any one between us and the gate.' When I reported and he found out the mistake I had made, he insisted that I go back and get the grenades anyway.

"It was a mighty good thing he did, as the result showed, although we had not the slightest thought of encountering any of the enemy. But at a traverse we thought we heard voices, and Hall challenged. Receiving no answer, he fired. In the flash we saw that a party of Germans six times as large as our own was upon us.

"'Give 'em the grenades, Homer,' yelled Hall. I gave them all right, and the next minute two big Heinies are beating it for me with their hands

up yelling '*Kamerad.*' I shoved them behind me as I see five more coming at us over the lip of the trench. I emptied five cartridges into them, and they came no farther. At the same instant I see one of the prisoners coming for me. He had got wise to the fact that my gun was empty. There was nothing for it but to give him the butt, so he got that till he couldn't yell '*Kamerad*' any more.

"When the little tea party was all over there were nine dead Germans, and we were able to go back with two prisoners. They told our officers of the Forty-second Division that there was a party of 180 that would soon raid the American trenches. We got ready for them, but they never came."

BLEW UP HIS HYDROPLANE AND HIM- SELF

THERE were two men, the pilot and his observer, in one of the latest flying boats the British makers have turned out.

They had got well out to sea when a fog suddenly cut them off from the rest of their companions. The pilot headed for home, but a few seconds later the engine "died" and the pilot brought the boat to rest on the waters. He climbed up to the engine to see if he could make good the defect. A glance showed him that only a repair shop and a squad of expert mechanics could hope to make the engine run. His face was slightly more grave when he climbed down to the hull again.

"Are you going to make the works go around again, daddy?" asked the observer.

"Can't be done, my son," said the pilot. "We shall have to wait on someone coming to pick us up."

"I suppose the fog will lift soon and give our chaps a sight of us. Wake me up before they come," and, snuggling still further down into his seat, the observer went to sleep.

The night drew on. The pilot sat up on the deck combing, and listened intently for the slightest sign of approaching rescuers, while behind him down in the cockpit slept the boy, dreaming of home.

With the coming of the morning the fog lifted and the observer glanced eagerly over the shadowy waters. For on the horizon was a little black smudge growing steadily in size, and behind it another smudge, and another. It was a patrol flotilla fast approaching them.

"It is German, my son," said the pilot. "Is your lifebelt on securely?"

"Yes."

"Well, get over the side and swim as hard as you can."

"But don't you want me to help——"

"Get over the side," said the pilot curtly, and there was that in his voice which made the junior man instantly obey. "Good-bye, sonny," he

added, as the observer slipped into the water. "It is my privilege, you know."

About two hundred yards away the observer paused and looked back at the disabled plane. The pilot was crouched on the top of the wing underplane, just above the bomb rack, with a heavy spanner in his upraised hand ready to strike a blow. A mile away the first German destroyer was tearing the sea in twain in nervous haste to salve the coveted trophy and get away before the appearance of the dreaded British patrols. The observer turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to happen.

There came the roar of a mighty explosion. He heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbance. The wave engulfed him just as he began to hear the splash and patter of the falling débris, and in the blackness of its heart his senses swam into unconsciousness. He was still sobbing deliriously when the British patrol boat picked him up an hour later.

A ONE-LEGGED HERO OF ITALY

ENRICO TOTI was a hero of the Roman populace. Although deprived of one leg by a railroad accident, yet his ardent "sporting" spirit and his love of adventure and hazard sent him into numberless competitions of all sorts, and his physical defect was never allowed to stand in his way. Before the war he had opened a little business in Rome, where he lived in the Trastevere quarter, and manufactured toys, little trifles in wood, and so forth, with the assistance of three or four workmen. With the pension which was his and the gains from his work he lived comfortably, and gave away to the poor nearly all he earned. He was also of great assistance to the police in keeping order in the neighborhood, and he was held in the greatest respect. At the outbreak of the war he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the great cause of patriotism and right, and one of the most eager of

volunteers. He had difficulty for a time in being placed as he longed to be, and he finally applied to the Duke d'Aosta for his aid. Here is his letter:

Cervignano.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCA D'AOSTA:

On the outbreak of the war against barbarous Austria, with my flag flying I took part in the demonstrations at Rome . . . and everywhere by my words and acts I tried to prove to even the most obstinate the necessity for this war. I promised later on to make my banner float the first on the hill of redeemed S. Giusto. The papers of Rome, Milan, of Genoa and elsewhere spoke of this in words full of fire and patriotism: I was accompanied to the station and flowers and sweets were offered to me. Since that day I have been in the war zone, constantly exposed to danger without as yet having taken part in active service, though recognized by many officers as being fit to carry out any daring and difficult undertaking and to offer to the Patria my best contribution. I am familiar with danger to such a point that no obstacle would be great enough to deter me from an enterprise begun. I am a fervent citizen of Italy, and even if I must shed my last drop of blood I shall never go back. I beg to explain my capabilities, and since with one leg only I have merited so much esteem on the field of bravery, I hope to prove my title to aspire to the honor which I ask.

For eight years I served the State, in the Royal Navy I took part in the campaign in Africa, and I earned the right to wear a medal. In the contests held at Spezia in 1903 I was the champion military bicyclist of the naval

squadron. After I had finished my military service I passed examinations to get into the service of the railroads and I was the first in knowledge and practical work, and some of my mechanical devices were preserved in the offices of the General Direction by the head engineer of the service. After three years of this work I was the victim of a railway accident and my left leg had to be amputated. On the restoration of my health, I took up my career of sport again and, though with only one leg, gained a medal in an international swimming contest on the Tiber in Rome. . . . After that I dedicated myself to the perfecting of a certain invention and was awarded various premiums and medals in different exhibitions where my work was shown.

Then I travelled all over Europe on my bicycle studying the different peoples, and my dream has ever been to see Italy great and prosperous. I have been all over France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, and so on, and even to the Arctic Polar Circle where, on account of the ice, I was obliged to remain some time with the Esquimaux of Lapland. I crossed Austria and Poland and finally came back to Rome and to my family. After some months of rest I went to Alexandria and travelled all along the course of the Nile and through Egypt and Nubia. In all my journey of exploration I travelled about twenty thousand kilometres, and I had to encounter tempests of snow, and ice, wolves, hyenas, and to suffer every kind of privation, and I never yet had to complain. I was proud of my endurance and of my courage, and I was happy to be a worthy son of Italy, and in Denmark I had the high honor of seeing my photograph by the side of those of their Majesties the Sovereigns of Italy.

I swear that I have the heart for any undertaking whatever, even the most difficult, and whatever I should be ordered to do I would execute without delay. I came into the war zone with everything necessary, hoping to join the Alpini, but I could not reach them and under the heavy fire of the enemy I came down again and wandered from trench to trench in the hope of being taken into some corps and of giving my services. I captured Austrian guns, cartridge belts, and so forth, all of which things I brought to headquarters at Cervignano; I have been to Sagrado in the neighborhood of Gorizia, on the hills of Castelnuovo, and in my going about I have always observed whether the telephone lines had been disturbed, and I searched the fields in the hope of seizing some perfidious spy. I am now well known to almost all the officers and soldiers; one day at Cervignano I was even embraced and kissed. I am certain that I could penetrate into the enemy's camp and study their positions and discover their batteries without being seen by them. The road which leads from Cervignano to Monfalcone is most closely watched, but by my cunning and the experience which I have gained in passing over various countries, I took out-of-the-way paths and passed through fields of maize, now stooping down and now hiding myself when I saw patrols, and I presented myself to the General of the Brigade at Monfalcone and asked to be taken into the Grenadiers, who are fighting heroically for the greatness of Italy. He admired my courage, but he was perfectly right in saying that he could not assume the responsibility without having higher orders. The commander of the Royal Carabinieri telegraphed to Rome for information regarding me. This was of the best, and so I was

again sent to Cervignano to await some superior decision.

Now I turn to Your Royal Highness, and, knowing that the House of Savoy has always been magnanimous and generous, I implore you to put me into some company and so to let me have the hope of either dying for the Patria or of entering among the first into Trieste.

With the expression of my eternal gratitude,
I am,

Your Royal Highness's most devoted

ENRICO TOTI.

The Duca d'Aosta, the commander of the Third Army, realized his bravery and ability and he was allowed to be enrolled in the Bersaglieri, in which corps he had served when a young man of twenty years of age. For many months he was employed in the war zone as a letter carrier and messenger.

Finally, in January, 1916, Major Razzini, commander of the 3d regiment of Bersaglieri bicyclists, permitted him to go into the trenches. He was an incomparable sentry; he worked as a digger of mines or in clearing the ground; he carried what loads he could; he was perfectly happy. He would tell his companions the story of his

adventurous life, stirring up the careless, and—although himself crippled—he encouraged the weak.

But when on the 6th of August his battalion was ordered to attack the peak of Quota 85 (near Monfalcone), he insisted on accompanying his companions, and, to repeat the words of his colonel: "He was one of the first to reach the enemy's trench, throwing bombs and fighting as he could with his gun." (He had learned how to aim and to fire by holding the barrel of his gun under his right arm-pit and sustaining himself on his crutch with his left.) "He was wounded three times. Dripping blood, he fired and shouted to his companions: '*Viva l'Italia! Viva Trieste! Viva i Bersaglieri!*' At his third wound he fell to the earth, got up, took two or three steps. Then, leaning on his gun, he grasped his crutch—the poor symbol of the weakness which for the love of his country he had known how to transform into strength and heroism—and hurled it in defiance at the fleeing enemy. Then, falling back, he died."

He was awarded the highest of all honors, the

gold medal, which was consigned to his father in Rome in the following September. And here are a few extracts from the letter which his colonel wrote about him to that same proud father:

RESPECTED SIGNOR TOTI:

Your son was of a pure heroic spirit, and he was loved by us all like a dear brother.

He presented himself to me in January and was made one of our battalion. He took part during the days in the trenches in the most difficult and dangerous undertakings. In the days of fighting he rendered the most precious services to the combatants; but particularly was helpful in his indefatigable endeavors in preaching the love of country to his fellow Bersaglieri. Not being always able to take active part in the battle, to him was often confided the reading or commenting on an article adapted to be read to our simple and brave soldiers. . . .

Enrico Toti, the valorous son of Italy, deserved to be honored by her patriots, for a nobler and more worthy heart and soul never existed in the history of a people.

His heroism obscures the fame of many an heroic figure, and his example should serve to arouse from a cowardly lethargy all those who, in order to keep away from danger and conflict, take advantage of physical imperfections.

The soul of Enrico Toti will ever live in us as an emblem of duty and of sacrifice.

Not only you, but Rome and all Italy, should be proud of such heroism.

THREE DAYS IN A SHELL HOLE

SCOUTING behind the enemy lines in that grim terrain—No Man's Land—was the principal task of Captain David Fallon, late of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, before an adventure placed him *hors de combat* near Bapaume on the Somme.

“It was my duty,” wrote the captain, describing this adventure, “usually with a small patrol of men at my command, to cross the dreaded No Man's Land and obtain information in regard to the strength of the first line of our foe and the disposition of his forces, the trench mortars and machine guns. The worst obstacles in this scouting are the wire entanglements, meshed so carefully and cleverly between the trenches. Armed with bombs, a well-tried revolver and a special pair of wire clippers I would crawl stealthily between the barbed wire and spot the sentries, who usually worked in pairs. I would then make a detour and try to pass between them.”

In November, 1916, the British had captured Butte de Wallincourt, a strongly fortified place, which at one time had been a quarry. They captured and lost it the same day, for at this engagement the enemy counter-attack was too strong for the British and they had to fall back into their old front line.

In consequence of this situation. Captain Fallon was detailed on the night of November 15th to make a personal reconnaissance of the quarry and report the disposition of the trench mortars, machine guns, etc. This hazardous venture, as told in his own words, provides a lurid glimpse of life as lived in No Man's Land:

"I crawled into the enemy territory and, after travelling through three lines of trenches and getting the desired positions, I moved toward the exit of the trenches and encountered a couple of sentries. They threw two bombs at me. I threw mine. One of theirs went over my head, the other fell at my feet. I picked it up and threw it back, and the Boches caught the full blast of their own bomb as well as mine. My right hand, being in a forward throw position, however,

got part of the discharge. The force of the explosion blew off my thumb and smashed the rest of my hand. My chin bone was injured, some of my teeth were dislodged, and the left side of my face and my left arm were scorched. But I was fortunate enough to retain consciousness.

“The men in the dugout over which the sentries were posted came out and ran after me. But I was determined that I should never be taken a prisoner. I resisted as well as I could, and when I had fired all the shots in my revolver I fled and found cover in a mud-filled shell hole. They had lost sight of me, but were still searching for me and coming in my direction. I filled my lungs like a swimmer and submerged in the thick water until they had passed. It was necessary to do this three times, for they still stayed about me.

“When they returned to their trenches a heavy machine-gun fire was opened, sweeping the whole of No Man’s Land—‘typewriting’ we term it. This continued at least half an hour. Though shells fell around me, none of them reached me in my hiding place.

“Well down in the hole, I opened my field dress-

ing packet and poured iodine over my right hand, where was my most dangerous wound. Then bandaging it I made a tourniquet of my handkerchief. With my knife I tapped the arteries feeding my lower arm.

“I could not move from this position, as I was only about twenty yards from the Boche lines and under observation all the time of sentry groups posted near. Thinking that I might have to stay for a few days, I counted my stock of provisions and found I had but four biscuits, seven small pieces of chocolate, a couple of cigars, and a package of cigarettes. I then rationed myself and made two meals from one biscuit and two pieces of chocolate and a little water. I dared not smoke, for the smoke would have given away my position.

“The whole night was illuminated with bursting shells and the flames of the rockets, which were continually flying skyward. The shells from our lines were bursting all around me. It was as if the lid of hell had been blown away and the fires were scorching me.

“All through the night and the next day the

machine guns kept up their hymn of hate, and I was often hit with pieces of mud and stone that were sent flying by the explosion of shells. My wounds were paining frightfully. It seemed as if I were clinging to a live electric wire. I was hot and cold at the same time. But through it all I was confident that I should pull through some way or other. I felt, having dodged death so many times, that I wasn't born to die in this mud-filled hole.

"I tried to get out the following night, for the pains were becoming excruciating. It seemed as if I could no longer endure my cramped quarters. My body filled most of the hole and the only movement I had was up and down, and the water was uncomfortably high. But the Boches gave me no chance to escape. And on the second and third days I sought opportunities, but in vain.

"On the third day I had two biscuits left and I thought that if I ate one I should have one left for the next day and if I were still there I should have to cut that in halves to provide for another day. But that evening during the hymn of hate I made up my mind that it must be: do or die.

I was weak from the loss of blood; my teeth, which were broken, were chattering, and I was shaking all over as if I had ague.

“I crawled out and made a dart to the lines of the Scotch Canadians who were nearest me. As I ran I stumbled in shell holes, tripped over dead men, and fell into barbed wire, tearing strips of flesh from my body. The shells were dropping all around me, throwing clouds of soft earth into my face. But I was determined to reach my friends.

“I took all precautions to guard against the snipers, both Prussian and Canadian, for at night neither friend nor foe is recognizable in No Man’s Land. Many a man has fallen a victim to his own army’s shot and shell.

“I made a detour and got around the Canadian lines and shouted: ‘Oh, Canadians!’

“After a few feeble shouts, for I was utterly exhausted, I heard the reply: ‘Who is there?’

“‘A British officer—wounded!’ I cried.

“The Canadian that came out to assist me into the trench was wounded in his left arm by a sniper’s bullet. When I expressed my concern,

having been the cause of his mishap, he merely replied: 'Never mind, sir; it is all in the game.'

"It is a tremendous game—the only game of to-day. But my part is played. After nine months in hospital I was declared unfit for further service."

PICKS, SHOVELS, AND CLASP KNIVES

AN OUTSTANDING feature of the German counter-attack at Cambrai—after the British commander, General Byng, had made his great advance toward the close of 1917—was the part that the American engineers played when the Germans streamed behind the lines. The engineers had been with the British forces for six months and had helped to put the railroads in shape and construct machine-gun emplacements.

The Germans finally succeeded in breaking through the British lines on the flank at Gouzeaucourt, where the American engineers were at work.

“The next morning when we started work,” wrote one participant in the fight, “German shells were breaking about 500 yards from the railroad. While we did not anticipate being engulfed in an attack, still there was a strong feeling that something was about to crack. Being unarmed, we

cast many anxious glances at the steadily nearing curtain of fire.

“And the nearer it came the less we worked. One of the men, who had changed his heavy English field shoes for a pair of light tan dress shoes that morning, remarked to the Captain: ‘You can let ‘em come, Cap; I’m in light running order.’

“And they did come, hordes of them. First they raised the range of their artillery and soon shells were bursting all around us. The barrage passed over us like a hailstorm. Turning around we saw what seemed to us like myriads of gray-clad Huns. Orders placing us ‘on our own’ were given and every man had to choose his own way of getting out of the path of that storm of lead and shrapnel. Most of us stayed in the open, trusting to Providence and our heels to carry us safely over the hills. Others took advantage of shell craters or anything that would afford shelter from rifle fire. Some hid in dugouts and didn’t make their appearance until the Huns were driven back.”

But some held their ground. A number of them determined to stay in a certain dugout. What took place there when the Germans came

was vividly related by a sergeant to Patrick McGill:

“We were working three miles to rear of the front line when Heiney opened his barrage. That was at 7:15 in the morning of November 30th. We got orders to hike back, for there was not much good in staying there, as we were not armed, though we’d willingly have backed our fists against the German bayonets.

“Some of us had to stay behind, so we got into a dugout and waited to see what was going to take place. We took an oath that the Germans, if they came along, wouldn’t get by where we were unless they went over our dead bodies. Some of the guys had shovels; others, spades; and a few, picks.

There was one fellow who had been taken prisoner by the Germans at the beginning of the war when he was serving in the French army. He escaped and came across to America, his native country. This soldier had no weapon but a clasp knife, but he swore he would cut his own throat before he would allow himself to be taken prisoner again.

“Well, the hell-fire barrage had hardly stopped before the Germans were at our dugout door. They came along damned quick. One guy in a gray uniform stuck his head through the door and the next minute the man with the clasp knife was at his throat. It was a quick despatch for that Heiney, for the steel got him in the breast and he went down almost without a word.

“Then we got into action with spades and shovels and picks. There was one feller went for the Germans like a bull, swinging his spade over his shoulder and crashing them down. He got half a dozen of them down before he went to the ground himself with five bayonet wounds in his side.

“Well, what with our picks and shovels and clasp knives it was more than those Germans could do to get past us. You could hear nothing while the fight was on but groans and red language and the hough of spades crashing through the men in field gray. And in the end they turned and ran away, all that was left alive. Then we got our wounded in tow and carried them back as well as we were able.”



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MODERN GRENADIERS

These heroes of trench warfare may be blown up by their own treacherous weapons or by the grenades of the enemy. They await the attacks with confidence



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REJECTED AS A PRISONER OF WAR

GERMAN U-boats want no wounded prisoners, lest they succumb to their injuries. The commanders must deliver live captives at their base in order to receive a bonus.

On account of wounds received by being blown from the bridge into the hold and swimming through the hole made in his ship's side by a submarine's torpedo, Captain Walter K. Miller, of Brooklyn, of the American steamship *Atlantic Sun*, underwent the curious experience of being rejected as a prisoner of war when his vessel was sunk off the Irish coast in March, 1918.

"I had just left the bridge," ran his narrative, "and was eating my dinner when the alarm was given. I started up the short flight of stairs to the chart room and had made about half the distance when the torpedo hit us.

"There was a terrific roar and a slock which seemed to shake the ship to pieces. I was

stunned and the next thing I knew I was floundering under the water, surrounded by wreckage. It instantly dawned upon me that I had been blown forward over the bridge down into the hold through the deck ripped open by the explosion and that I was being carried down with my ship.

“I opened my eyes, however, and looked around, and to my right I saw a small patch of green water, not much bigger than a window, toward which I swam, and I succeeded in wriggling my way through the jagged hole made by the torpedo in the ship’s side. Clear of the ship, my real fight commenced—that of overcoming the suction and getting to the surface, where I found and grabbed hold of a floating barrel, to which I clung while getting my breath.

“The barrel, however, was being drawn into the vortex and I let loose, swimming away toward a capsized boat, which held me safe until the danger of being drawn down was over. Shortly after I was discovered and picked up by the men in one of our boats which had been launched.

“The submarine which sank us was but a short distance away and we were ordered by a

German officer to come alongside and surrender one of the ship's officers.

“My men tried to shield me by removing my coat, but somehow I must have been recognized and I was told to get into the U-boat. I was weak from my struggle and covered with blood from several bad wounds on my shoulders and arms—and the German officer refused to take me, saying:

“‘We have no use for a dead man—or one who is going to die—I have to take back with me an officer who will be alive when I reach our base, If I do we get a bonus.’

“He then asked for one of the mates and was told they had all gone down. The German commander, however, would not take our word for it and searched the boats until in some manner he recognized the first officer and he took him prisoner.”

Some hours after the torpedoing Captain Miller and his men were picked up by trawlers and landed at a British port.

WITH ONE GUN SILENCED A GERMAN BATTERY

THERE was a famous fight undertaken by L Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery at Nery, hard by Compiegne, on September 1, 1914. Describing it in his "Retreat from Mons," (Cassell & Co.), Major A. Corbett-Smith called the episode one of the most wonderful incidents of the war.

"L Battery," runs his narrative, "was working with the First Cavalry Brigade, which was made up of the 2d Dragoons (Queen's Bays), the 11th Hussars, and the 5th Dragoons. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that a horse artillery battery of six guns forms an integral part of a cavalry brigade; wherever the cavalry go, there go the 'Horse Gunners,' for the gun is of lighter calibre than that of the field batteries.

"About two o'clock in the morning word reached

Second Corps H. Q. that a strong force of Germans—ninety guns and cavalry—was moving toward the First Cavalry Brigade in bivouac at Nery. The Third Army Corps, which was still included in General Smith-Dorrien's command, was also not far away. Our cavalry were actually bivouacked within about 600 yards of the Germans, and I believe that our outposts were, for some reason or other, not sufficiently advanced. . . .

“Half-past four in the morning, and the mists have scarcely begun to rise above the beech trees. You picture the guns of L Battery parked in line just on the downward slope of a slight hill and in a little clearing of the woods. The horses of the gun teams are tethered to the gun and limber-wheels; others are down at a little stream hard by, where some of the men are washing and scrubbing out their shirts. The Queen's Boys are in bivouac in a neighboring field.

“‘Some of our scouts out there, aren't there?’ remarked a shoeing-smith, pointing to some rising ground about 500 yards to the north, ‘or is it some French cursers (cuirassiers)?’

“‘Looks more like Germans to me,’ said one of the gunners. ‘Let’s have a squint through the telescope.’

“‘What’s up?’ said the sergeant-major, passing at the moment.

“‘Half a mo!’ mumbled the gunner, eye glued to the battery telescope. ‘Yes, it *is*—Germans—I can see the spiky helmets.’

“‘Rot!’ returned the sergeant-major. ‘*Can’t* be!’

“‘Anyway, I’m off to report to the captain.’ returned the gunner. [The captain was Captain E. K. Bradbury, to whose bravery Major Corbett-Smith paid a tribute.]

“Bradbury was talking to the horses by one of the guns when a breathless gunner of the battery staff appeared with the telescope.

“‘Beg pardon, sir, but there are——’

“Crash! A percussion shell burst clean in the middle of the battery, followed the next instant by a couple more and in the few moments’ breathless pause it was realized that practically every horse and every driver was either killed outright or wounded.

“‘ACTION REAR!’ yelled Bradbury, who found himself in command.

“Their leader’s voice above the unholy din pulled them together, and the gun detachments, such as were left, leapt to the trails to get the limbers clear. But no more than three guns could they get into action.

“Now a tornado of shell and machine-gun bullets from close range burst over and through the devoted remnant—Bradbury, three subalterns (Giffard, Campbell, and Mundy), the sergeant-major, a sergeant, a couple of gunners, and a driver. And in action against them were ten German field guns, and two machine guns enfilading from the wood.

“Of their three guns, they had to abandon two.

“‘ALL HANDS NO. 2 GUN!’ called Bradbury, who, with the sergeant, had already opened fire.

“The others rushed the few yards to Bradbury’s gun, but even in that short space Giffard was hit five times. Bradbury acted as No. 1 (layer), the sergeant as No. 2, while Mundy acted as observing officer. One of the gunners and the driver carried across all the ammunition by hand,

through the hail of lead, from the firing battery wagons.

“The range was, say, 600 yards, but in such a nerve-racking storm it was difficult for the little detachment to work clearly with no one to observe the burst of the shells. There was only a little chance, but Mundy took it, and stepped calmly out from the shelter of the gun-shield to observe.

“Then No. 2 gun began its work in earnest.

“‘Five more minutes left,’ said Mundy; ‘add twenty-five.’

“Crack went the report. ‘One out!’ said Mundy.

“‘Ten minutes more right; drop twenty-five.’

“Crack again! ‘Short,’ murmured Mundy; then, ‘add twenty-five.’

“‘Two out!’ he counted.

“When three German guns had been counted out, Bradbury called over his shoulder to the sergeant-major:

“‘Take my place; I’ll load for a bit.’

“He had barely changed places when a bursting shell carried away a leg at the thigh. Yet, by

some superhuman will-power, he stuck to his post and went on loading.

“Now Mundy was mortally wounded. Then Campbell fell. But still the gun was served, laid, and fired. As surely were the German guns being counted out, one by one.

“Then there burst through another shell. The gallant Bradbury received his death-wound, and his other leg was carried away. The rest of the detachment were all wounded. Still that tiny remnant stuck to it through the storm.

“Now only are left the sergeant-major, Sergeant Nelson, the gunner, and the driver. Still they work. Still they watch one enemy gun after another ceasing to fire, until all are counted out—all but one.

“The ammunition is finished. Nothing left now but to crawl back out of that hell. I Battery coming up? Well, they can finish it. Lend us some ‘wheelers’ to get our guns back.

“So were the six guns of L Battery brought out of action. Torn and battered, but safe. Glorious relics of perhaps the most wonderful action a battery of the Regiment has ever fought—and won.

“I Battery opened on the massed columns of the German cavalry now appearing, and rent mighty lanes through their ranks, turned and scattered them. The Queen’s Boys, who had been working as infantry—for their horses stampeded when the firing began—collected up, and, with I Battery and the Lincolns, went over the hill after the retiring enemy.

“There they found the German battery, out of action and abandoned.”

BOTH FOES IN A FIERY EMBRACE

LIEUTENANT FLOCK and Sergeant Rodde were flying above Mülhausen on March 18, 1916, in a slow-going observing machine, when suddenly out of a floating cloud above them darted a German Fokker which had been concealed from their view within the cloud. They turned and dived for safety, but the swifter fighting machine had them at its mercy. The German outmanœuvred them on every turn, and, despite all their artifices, the Hun kept safely outside their zone of fire.

A running fight of many minutes ensued, and as the French lines drew closer the French airmen were beginning to hope for a safe escape from the unequal combat, when suddenly their antagonist darted beneath them and, coming upright on his tail, poured a stream of lead into them from below. Their fuel tank was punctured, and immediately their airplane was ablaze.

Without an instant's hesitation, Flock lowered his elevators and his blazing machine nosed down. Before the exulting Boche could recover his control the French biplane crashed into him, and the two machines, crushed into one blazing funeral pyre, sped swiftly downward into the woods of Alsace.

A THREE-MINUTE TRENCH RAID

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. PAGE CROFT, writing—in his “Twenty-two Months Under Fire” (John Murray, London)—of the vicissitudes of an infantry brigade of which he was in command relates the following incident:

“About this time I organized a raid for June 2d (1916), which was duly carried out by the Durham Light Infantry. I favored a small raid, and twenty-five picked officers and men were told off for the work. Twice during the day the group of artillery covering us gave an intense bombardment, while our mortars cut a gap in the wire, and the idea was for the infantry to leave our trenches while our field artillery was actually firing on the enemy trench and while our mortars were firing over the heads of the infantry.

“When I state that the trenches at the point

selected were just under seventy yards apart, it will be realized that we had some confidence in our artillery.

“Punctually to the moment, as our artillery commenced one minute’s intense bombardment, the raiders left our trench and were crossing our wire whilst our shells were bursting on the German trench. Precisely at the minute’s conclusion, the guns on the objective ceased, and those to either flank continued. Our raiders entered the German trench without casualty and separated according to plan. Breathless moments these for the raiding party. The officer leading them ran straight into two Huns and shot them both; they continued along the pitch-dark trench when they came to a gap. The second officer, turning down there, suddenly sees a German; he snaps at him with an automatic pistol which misfires, the German fires his rifle and misses at two yards and charges with his bayonet; again the automatic pistol fails to fire, when, by the greatest luck, the first officer, hearing the noise, rushes up, and there, in the narrow gap, shoots the German dead over the shoulder of his friend.

“A Durham in the main trench is now engaged in a life-and-death bayonet fight with a huge German. The officer dares not fire his revolver, because parry and thrust, advance and retreat go on between these two, and to shoot might be fatal to the wrong man; but the Durham lad was no chicken, and after as pretty a bout as could be desired, he killed his man.

“Meanwhile a sergeant, leading the party which turns right, bayonets three Germans in quick succession, and the bombing party is at work. Five great dugouts, lit by electricity, and teeming with Germans, are duly bombed, and death is dealt with a free hand.

“I had given implicit orders that I must have a live German for identification purposes, and a small Durham was accordingly marching off with a huge Hun when suddenly, in the pitch dark, the German realizes he is near the entrance to a dugout which was unknown to our man, so he hurls himself down the dugout entrance, lugging the escort with him. Just as the Durham is disappearing down the hole, one of his comrades arrives on the scene, and, by slinging his bayonet down

the hole, kills the big man just in time. And so perishes my live Hun.

“Now the whistle blows and the raiders retire through the gap in the wire—which had been cut by a special party detailed; a rocket goes up, and guns, mortars, and grenades all pour in their fire to cover the retirement of the raiders, while Lewis and machine guns rake the enemy trench right and left. Behold! The whole of the raiders are safe back, and one may be excused a sigh of relief.

“In this raid, where fighting in the trench is carried on hand to hand, the Durhams slew, with bayonet and bullet, twelve Germans; and at the lowest estimate, killed twelve Germans in each of the five dugouts bombed or, seventy-two Germans killed.

“Our total casualties were: two men very slightly wounded by the back-splash of their own bombs.

“The whole operation had taken three minutes—a fairly intense three minutes this, and fine work—but we knew that we owed much to the perfect shooting of the guns and mortars, for a single error of a few yards by a gun would have spoilt the whole show.

BALKED THE ENEMY AT THEIR FUNERAL PYRE

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1915, a French reconnaissance biplane, piloted by Lieutenant Le Gall and occupied by Captain Sollier as observer, was circling disdainfully over the German guns at a low elevation and plainly within the sight of the admiring poilus from their trenches. Captain Sollier was correcting his map of the enemy's position and was jotting down in his notebook frequent items of interest as the enemy strongholds were revealed to his survey.

Le Gall, the pilot, amused himself with watching the futile bursts of anti-aircraft shells as they dotted the air behind him. Far overhead sat a trio of scouting machines guarding them from attack by enemy airmen.

Suddenly a German shell burst directly beneath them. The explosion hurled the biplane violently upward. The machine turned upside down, and

as the two comrades looked at each other they saw a burst of flame gush from the ruptured fuel tank behind them.

The wind was blowing toward the French lines. As the airplane dropped, swooping this way and that, the hot flames alternately licked their faces, paused there for an instant, then swept away from them with the breeze, only to return to their torture with the following swoop. Their clothing was ablaze, and a landing-place was still hundreds of feet distant. They could not hope to reach it. The blazing machine must crash inside the German lines; the shock of landing might extinguish the flames, and in this case their papers would be left unconsumed in the hands of the enemy.

Captain Sollier, who sat nearest the blaze, reached forward and handed his pilot some of his maps and his note-book. Both began rapidly tearing the papers into tiny squares. No matter whether the fire consumed them or not, no information should be saved for the enemy!

The breeze carried the fluttering fragments across the trenches into the French lines, and as

the white-faced poilus saw them falling they uncovered their heads and bowed low in their reverence for this last act of devotion to their beloved France.

A CHARLIE CHAPLIN GAIT AND A TOP HAT CARRIED THE TRENCH

PRIVATE BALL needs introducing. He was a clown of the trenches, a humorist of humorists as Thomas Atkins—who is no bad judge—understood the breed, and the comic spirit in him finally earned him “a bit of ribbon,” that is, a decoration for valor.

He belonged to A Company of the Royal Huntingdonshire Regiment. One day his company had fallen in along the cobbled street of a gray-walled French village, “standing easy,” until the voice of the sergeant-major came: “Company, 'shun!” The company responded, whereupon the sergeant-major discovered that one of them was missing. It was Private Ball.

Presently a little man appeared with an exceedingly small head, which was hatless. His tardiness, he explained, was due to a missing hat, and he could find no other to fit him on account

of his diminutive head. He was ordered to obtain any hat he could find and return to join his platoon.

The company remained at attention, stiff and solemn as gate posts, each man with the regulation wooden look. Then their faces suddenly collapsed and a roar of laughter broke from their ranks. Even the stern sergeant-major pretended to blow his nose and Captain Merrington was troubled with a fly in his throat. Bearing down on the company, rifle at the slope, came Private Ball, wearing a dingy top hat, and with a look of "unimpeachable righteousness on his india-rubber countenance," as the late Lieut. H. Featherston Clark, who told the story in [the *Manchester Guardian*, described his physiognomy. His captain had bidden him choose any hat, and his impish humor had determined the selection.

Private Ball's top hat featured another and less diverting scene a few weeks later, when his company and many others were going "over the top" to storm a very strong piece of the German line. Lieutenant Clark wrote:

"Captain Merrington was taking a final look through a periscope at the frontage his company

was about to assault. He looked cheerful enough—he always looked cheerful on these occasions—but his thoughts were grave. The bit of line his company had to attack was extremely strong and lay between the horns of two small salients in the enemy line. Therefore the space that A Company would have to cross would be swept by flanking machine-gun fire from both sides.

“The captain had chosen Private Ball to be his ‘observer’ on this occasion, and he was carrying a sandbag.

“‘What’s in that sandbag, Ball?’ asked a subaltern, glad of anything to talk about.

“‘Munitions, sir,’ was the odd reply.

“‘Your observer looks like doing a bit of bombing on his own to-day,’ remarked the subaltern to his commander.

“The captain looked at his watch. A few seconds more, whistles sounded along the line and A Company was over the top. ‘Tec-toc-toc-toc’ went the German machine guns from both flanks. It was as the captain had feared, and the first line was almost swept away before reaching the German wire. The second and third lines faltered,

stopped, and sought cover in shell holes. The captain, in the rear of the company, set his jaw very firmly. All his officers were down, but he knew that every man of his company within sight would follow him, and he meant to get those trenches. He took off his steel helmet, that all might more easily recognize him, and stalked slowly toward the enemy trench. Private Ball, with his sandbag, followed close behind. The line moved forward once more, and then the captain fell, shot through both thighs. Again the line faltered.

“Dunno as I cawn’t get ’em on, sir,” said Private Ball.

“Try,” replied his officer.

“Private Ball, opening his sandbag, knocked off his shrapnel helmet and put on the famous top hat. Then with a screw picket as a walking stick he advanced toward the German line, not with the dignified stride of the captain, but with the sidelong gait which has placed Mr. Charles Chaplin at the head of his profession.

“It was one of the things that win battles. Every man who could see the hat through the smoke of shell bursts went forward behind it.

The white plume of King Henry of Navarre was never more gallantly followed than was this old top hat, the property of a French *maire*.

“Before he lost consciousness Captain Merrington knew that A Company had reached its objective.

“Private Ball did not come out of the fray unscathed. While he was convalescing, he wrote the following letter to his captain, who was still in hospital, sending with it a bulky package:

“SIR:

I am sending you a top hat, the same I made the company laugh with on parade, for which I am sorry, as I thought you would like it as a sooveneer of the scrap. The Boches was surprised to see me in a top hat, I think. They only hit me once, which was in the shoulder, and it is nearly well. Thank you very much for sending my name in for that bit of ribbon, you being so ill at the time, and which is more than I should have got by rights. Hoping this finds you better, as it leaves me, I am,

“Yours very respectfully

“No. 2271, PRIVATE BALL.”

JUST AMERICAN FORTITUDE

ONE morning in October, 1917, an American destroyer got a wireless despatch. It was from the American merchant steamer *J. L. Luckenbach*. It said that a submarine was shelling the *Luckenbach*, and asked for help.

“We are coming,” said the destroyer, in effect.

“How long will it take you?” asked the merchantman.

“About two hours,” said the destroyer.

“It will be too late,” the other ship responded.

“Don’t surrender,” said the destroyer.

“Never,” said the *Luckenbach*.

It was more than two hours before the destroyer came into action. The merchantman had fought superbly and was still fighting. Its guns were commanded by a simple naval seaman, not even a warrant officer—but he has since received that rank. The submarine fired 225 shots; the *Luckenbach*, 202.

The American ship was hit over and over again; it was afire between decks; one shot had put the after guns out of commission; men were wounded and men were killed—and still the ship fought on.

The battle had raged for four hours. At 11.30 the destroyer fired its first shot and the submarine submerged. The battered and helpless *J. L. Luckenbach* was saved, repaired, and escorted into port.

FELL TO EARTH—RESCUED—ALOFT AGAIN

ON AUGUST 24, 1915, two airplanes left a French airdrome at Châlons and passed over the German lines. One machine contained the veteran Adjutant Boyer and an officer observer; the other was piloted by Sergeant Bertin, who accompanied the adjutant as an escort and protector.

At a height of eleven thousand feet they were dodging the enemy shells, which were exploding on all sides of the two airplanes, when immediately in front of Adjutant Boyer's machine a black burst filled the air with flying missiles, and Bertin, from above, saw his companion's airplane falling out of control straight down into the Hailly woods.

He cut off his engine and dived after his friend, braving the increasing storm of lead as he drew nearer the ground. No landing place appeared among the trees below. The crippled

airplane fell heavily into the tree-tops and lodged there. Repassing the spot at a low level, Bertin saw his two friends scrambling out of their wrecked machine, apparently uninjured. He saw the officer observer quickly descend to the ground, where he destroyed his maps and papers, and then set off at a run to hide from pursuit. At the same moment a mass of flames appeared in the tree-tops. Boyer had set fire to the wreckage before descending the tree.

German soldiers were running through the woods from several directions toward the wrecked airplane to make certain of the capture of the two Frenchmen.

Bertin, with instant decision, cut off his motor, and, quickly choosing the most favorable spot in the vicinity, dropped down through the trees and landed amid the bushes on the rough ground. He shouted to Boyer to come to him. Boyer answered, and came running through the forest with a score of German riflemen shooting at his heels. Restarting the engine with one swing on the propeller, Boyer jumped into his friend's airplane amid a shower of bullets, and coolly

turned and pointed the machine gun on his pursuers. Gradually the airplane accumulated speed, lurched through the rough brush until it rose from the ground, and, guided by the heroic Bertin, glided between the branches of the overhanging trees and soared nobly away into the free air. The two friends passed safely through the enemy's fire and ultimately regained their own lines, where both pilots were welcomed by their comrades with kisses and cheers. Each of these intrepid airmen subsequently received decorations and generous citations in official reports for this remarkable exploit.

THE U-BOAT THAT ESCAPED A TRAP

WRITTEN especially from the German viewpoint, the following story of how a German submarine was lured into a trap and narrowly escaped destruction, as told by *Die Illustrierte Zeitung*, suggests the deduction that if this boat had such a series of hairbreadth escapes, many other submarines must have been much less lucky:

At midday the watch reported a tank-steamer sailing directly toward the submarine from an E.N.E. direction. Her masts, bridge, and funnel could be seen above the horizon. Tank steamers are very tough, because they have strong bulkheads to protect their precious cargo; a torpedo must hit the engines, placed at the stern, and then the vessel is done for. The submarine dare only show a small part of the periscope above the water, and then only for a very short space of time.

The torpedo was fired at a distance of 700 yards,

but the steamer was going at a greater pace than had been allowed for, and there was no explosion. A miss was recorded. Then she turned right round, and started setting her course in the opposite direction. When she had gone some little distance, the U-boat emerged and fired a shot from her quick-firing gun as a signal to halt. The steamer understood; she let down two boats, into which the crew descended. A tall white column of steam was blown off. The captain seemed to be a reasonable sort of man, and not anxious to fight desperately and hopelessly against shell fire. The submarine came alongside, submerged, and viewed the vessel; she was a black tank steamer with gray superstructure, unarmed, with the usual patent log trailing from her stern.

Then the U-boat turned her attention to the small boats, the men in which, when they saw the periscope approaching, rowed quickly away. At last the submarine was able to emerge safely in a favorable position beyond the boats, but keeping them well within range of her guns. Blowing out her midship ballast, she emerged, and the conning tower was opened. The boats

had already been rowed a little farther, when suddenly, just as they were being hailed, there was a flash from the steamer.

“Submarine trap!” sounded the alarm. “Submerge quickly.”

The moments passed like lightning. A shell hit the after part of the conning-tower superstructure, and no sooner was the hole stopped up than there was a yellow flash, and explosive gases poisoned the air. A shell had penetrated the conning tower and exploded inside. Splinters were flying in all directions, and instruments and panes of glass were shattered. In a moment another shell would follow, and that would be an end of war forever! Water was splashing through the shell hole, the conning tower was cleared, the lower hatch closed, the cocks of the speaking-tubes shut off, the submarine was conned from the lower position, and sank into the sheltering deep.

“Is any one in the conning tower wounded?”

One had a scratch, but their faces were black, and the uniforms a sight to behold.

At a depth of ten fathoms the boat quivered

at two sharp explosions. The "poor shipwrecked crew" had thrown two water bombs behind them. Some lamps went out. Further mischief was prevented by the rapid closing of the watertight bulkheads.

The conning tower was full. Theoretically a submarine can still proceed in this plight, but as yet there is no man living who can confirm that theory from his own experience. Owing to the ever-increasing pressure of the water the boat sank to a depth of twenty fathoms, though every ounce possible was got out of the engines.

Water rushed through every crack that was not watertight. One after another important parts of the machinery refused to work—the compass, main steering gear, the forward diving rudders (which had also stuck fast down below), and the trimming pumps. An attempt was made to get the submarine horizontal by emptying two of the diving tanks aft in order to make her lighter. She rose a little, but the load of water in her stern grew heavier and heavier, and the stern blow-off valves went wrong. It was impossible to come right to the surface, for the enemy was waiting

above to fire at her. At a depth of ten fathoms all the crew available were sent forward in order to press her bows down with their weight. The boat dipped astern and sank, and the whole manœuvre had to be repeated.

In twenty minutes it was found that it was impossible to steer submerged; and the only hope appeared to be to emerge, fire, and get away. The order was given:

“Pressure on all the tanks, man the guns, let the engines run clear, and full speed ahead.”

In the galley stood a bucket containing the fish that had been caught that morning. They would not be wanted now.

The submarine emerged, and the hatch under the conning tower was opened. A perfect torrent of water poured in; but that did not matter, all were prepared to swim sooner or later. Now the way was clear. The steamer was some couple of miles away, now, firing as she went.

“You—you have not got us yet by a long way,” said the U-boat, quickly returning fire; but whether the shots were successful it could not tell, as the glass of the periscope lay in the water-logged

conning tower. The engines were set at high speed—far higher than they ought to have been—but when the last card is at stake. . . .

Those of the crew who were not occupied below busied themselves by carrying shells to the guns. The lieutenant suddenly felt his feet blown sideways—a yard apart; in a cloud of smoke he staggered against the gun. The crew thought the poor fellow would have had both his legs blown off, but marvelously enough he was only hit by a few splinters. The shell had passed between the legs of the gunner of the forward gun, the detonation shattering his ear-drum. The reserve ammunition showed a considerable amount of damage. Shells were dashing in among the crew. A rail was blown away. A sailor from Leipzig sat in the stern calmly steering with the hand-rudder according to the verbal instructions of the helmsman, the compasses being now out of gear.

By this time it was possible to raise the periscopes out of the conning tower, “Destroyer of St. Bride’s,” was announced. Right! There she was, the shells from her four guns mingling with those from the tank steamer.

This type of destroyer could do thirty knots an hour, and carried guns of 4-inch caliber. The order came: "Change round to a westerly course."

The gunners were so deafened by the noise of their own guns that it was now only possible verbally to direct the firing of one gun. The steamer was so far gone that it was not necessary to fire at her any more, so attention was turned to the new foe. This was no ordinary destroyer, but a U-boat destroyer of the *Foxglove* class, about twice as big as the U-boat, but not quicker. At this moment the second mechanic announced that he could repair the damaged conning tower; hopes rose beyond all expectation.

"Fire!—Range 4,000—Deflection 4 left."

Soon the towering water columns raised by the shells were close by the target, and the enemy began to try to avoid them by taking a zigzag course; by so doing he impaired the accuracy of his own guns. Suddenly black smoke began to rise from his superstructure.

A hit! Then another! Some of the shells raised no columns of water; no doubt they were buried in the hull of the destroyer. Then the

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enemy craft turned round and steamed out of the fire zone, following in the wake of the submarine.

The final damage was repaired, ammunition placed in order near the guns, and the U-boat waited, like Wellington at Waterloo, for the night.

ONLY HALF A COW WAS THERE

A STORY current among a Liverpool battalion, recorded by E. G. Miles, in "The Soul of the Ranker" (Hodder & Stoughton), may be cited as an example of the comedy elements that interpose themselves and provide interludes between the continuing tragedy of trench warfare. It was told against a popular quartermaster, and began when someone in billets in Belgium said it would be great to have real milk—uncondensed—for a change. A private who had been on guard declared that during the evening he had seen a cow in a field about 500 yards away and near the enemy trenches.

"Well, I'll take a bucket," said the sergeant, "and I'll milk that cow myself."

So at the risk of his life he started off at midnight on his quest for uncondensed. Before a hundred yards had been covered he was waist-deep in a water-filled shell crater and the bucket had

fallen into the mud. The splash had roused the enemy sniper. Shot after shot came whizzing through the night air. Then a flare went up, and his only chance was to duck under for a few seconds. As he emerged he heard a sharp metallic bang, and then the firing ceased. After a long wait he waded out and found his bucket battered with German bullets and not fit to carry even condensed milk tins, to say nothing of milk uncondensed. After a quarter of an hour he came to the spot. There was a barn silhouetted in the semi-darkness, the roof and one side missing, and through the shell holes he could see distinctly the head and horns of a cow. So a moment of careful striding brought him round, and there was the cow—the forepart standing out of the half door hanging limply over, and the hindpart gone with the shell that blew in the side of the barn. It was said he brought back the bucket as a souvenir.

CAPTURING A SUBMARINE SINGLE-HANDED

ROLLING slowly on the cold gray swells of the English Channel, westward over a certain number of miles of waves, then back eastward over the same miles, steaming steadily to and fro like a policeman over a lonely beat, a trawler was patrolling monotonously, the young lieutenant who commanded her scanning the tossing surface about him as a detective scans the faces of a crowd.

Nothing relieved the monotony of the rhythmic rise and fall of the boat and the westward and eastward patrol except an occasional British or French cruiser and the regular exchange of signals with other patrolling trawlers as either end of the beat was reached.

The young lieutenant had plenty of time to growl inwardly at his luck. Why was he not on some great battleship where there was at least

room to stretch his legs, where one could keep dry, and where there was some slight chance of battle, instead of on this bobbing tub where there was not room to whip a cat, where every wave drenched all on board with spray, and where there was never a show for any sort of fight? What opportunity was there here to do anything that might win promotion, higher pay, a medal, a few days' leave? He had entered the Navy because he wanted to have a part in the fighting and here he was doing the work of a marine policeman!

A white streak—different, to his practised eye, from the white streaks of breaking waves—tore through the water, coming straight toward him.

A shock! and it seemed as if an earthquake had struck the trawler. An explosion smashed her to bits in an instant, and the young lieutenant found himself swimming, with bits of wreckage and dying men about him.

Slipping out of the hampering folds of his great coat, he swam. He saw some of his men seize bits of wreckage and drift away. He saw the mangled bodies of others bob up for an instant in the trough of a wave. There seemed no piece

of wreckage big enough to support him. But he was a strong swimmer and he kept afloat. He did not know in what direction he was swimming; he just swam.

Suddenly his feet struck something solid. He pushed back on it and gave himself a forward spurt, but as he extended his feet backward again they touched that solid submerged something a second time. He rested his feet against it, and it seemed like a great smooth rock. But it was moving! It was coming up under him!

"The submarine that sank us!" This thought flashed into the swimmer's mind.

Turning quickly in the water, he saw already above the surface a pair of periscopes and the top of a conning tower, with the deep sea water streaming down them as they rose.

He ceased swimming instantly, and braced his feet upon the slippery solid, which he knew, now, was the deck of the U-boat that had just sent his vessel and crew to the bottom. As it came up he came up with it. A few seconds more, and the conning tower was out of water and the decks awash.

The eye of the lieutenant was fixed upon a little trap-door, expecting every instant to see it open and the head of the German Commander emerge. He drew his Colt Automatic pistol from its case and pointed it at the door. [The modern Naval pistols are waterproof.]

Scarcely were the waves pouring off the glistening steel of the deck that was now above the surface than the door swung open and the face of a German officer appeared. The Automatic pistol barked once and the German lurched forward. Springing upon him like a cat, the young Briton seized the body of the enemy, that it might not be drawn back down the ladder and so make it possible to close the door and submerge again. He had aimed to kill and had made a bull's eye.

The body blocked the closing of the door. Still holding his pistol pointed toward the single exit, he squatted upon the shoulders of the dead commander, whose legs dangled down the ladder and might be pulled in by the crew below.

He waited for the second head to emerge. There were five shots still left in the magazine of his pistol, and he planned that five more Ger-

mans should die. They must come up in single file. The doorway was so narrow that there was not room for more than one at a time.

He squatted and waited, holding his pistol pointed through the open doorway, which could not be closed because it was blocked by the body on which he sat.

Minutes passed. Still the second head did not appear. Would they rush him? Would they wait till he was too stiff with cold and wet to shoot straight? He thought of what the Germans below must be discussing. There were enough of them to overpower him if they could get at him. They could not know how many cartridges he had in reserve. They must know that the first five at least who came up would be killed. Were there five of them brave enough to commit suicide? For coming up the ladder would be sure death.

And still he waited. He expected they would rush him, and he was ready. But nothing happened. All was silent except for the splash of the choppy waves on the metal deck of the man-made sea monster.

Minute after minute passed. The tension was

great, and the lieutenant lost all track of time. Motionless and wet, he began to feel numb. But his right hand holding his pistol never shook, and he never took his eye off the doorway.

After an interminable wait he became aware of a stream of smoke over the waves. Turning his eyes away from the doorway for an instant he saw a British destroyer darting swiftly through the water and coming in his direction. He stood up and waved his hand. A toot from the whistle informed him that he had been seen.

In a few minutes the destroyer was alongside. The lieutenant, amid the cheers of the destroyer's crew, turned over to its commander the prize that he, single-handed, had captured intact, with all her crew, save the one dead officer, as prisoners. The Victoria Cross was his reward.

[The narrator of the above story stated that he had obtained the facts from "A British Naval Officer of high rank" who recently visited America. The identity of the hero has been concealed.]

FLIERS MUST ALSO BE FLEET FOOTED

MANY American aviators, serving under the French flag, were aloft at the great battle of Picardy which the Germans opened by a drive against the Allied lines in the early spring of 1918. Among them was a young American of twenty-two, Sergeant Frank Baylies, of New Bedford, Mass., a member of France's most famous air-chasing squadron, the "ace" Escadrille. This group of sky fighters was ordered to Montdidier at the opening of the conflict and here an adventure, typical of the vicissitudes of war common to airmen, befell Baylies.

"We made three or four sorties daily," said this aviator, describing his experiences. "We were surprised at the small number of German machines we encountered. Our work consisted principally of attacking enemy troops, supply convoys, etc., with machine guns.

"Five days after our arrival there we were forced

to leave Montdidier. The order to evacuate the field via the air came at noon. Two hours later an English battery was in action on the field. At 3 o'clock the Boches arrived. One pilot whose machine was out of fix and who stopped to repair it took the air just as the Huns approached and was followed in his somewhat hurried flight by a vain shower of bullets."

When the town was captured by the enemy the airmen managed to remove all the machines and camions, but several fliers lost the greater part of their personal effects. Baylies was more fortunate.

Throughout the French retirement the airmen coöperated with the infantry and made three patrol flights—averaging from an hour and a half to two hours' duration—daily. As the German attacks were made almost without artillery or airplanes—for whole days no enemy planes were sighted—the fliers devoted themselves to harassing enemy infantry and convoys on the march.

Flying often as low as sixty-eight feet, airmen turned mitrailleuses point-blank on the enemy, who fled headlong or threw themselves flat to

escape the stream of bullets. When convoys were attacked, horses plunging madly in death agony threw the whole line into confusion.

At such an altitude the aviator was greatly exposed to the fire of the German infantry, and injury to the motor forced an immediate landing, as the height was insufficient for a long volplane. On March 28th Baylies was thus downed near Mesnil-St. Georges.

“I had been annoying Fritz all morning,” he said, “and having a wonderful time when I spotted a body of infantry moving toward Tickish Wood just after luncheon. As I dived upon them over the trees, quickfirers concealed there riddled my machine with bullets. My impetus luckily carried me a little farther into a grassy field, just between the two armies, where I landed not too abruptly.

“Unfortunately I was barely fifty feet from the Boches and nearly a hundred yards from the French. At this point there were no trenches and both sides fought in the open, the Germans advancing in small groups from thicket to thicket and taking cover wherever possible. As they

saw me falling the enemy began firing furiously and a party of five Germans ran out to intercept me. A French Alpine Chasseur shot one dead and an infantry quickfirer drove the rest to cover. Just the same, I never covered a hundred yards faster in my life with bullets buzzing around me like angry wasps.

“The French cheered in delight when I threw myself down among them unhurt. I stayed with them till night and saw them make a counter-attack that afternoon, when they advanced two kilometers.”

SAVED HIS FOE'S WIFE

ONE of our soldiers brought with him a German officer who could hardly stand. His leg had been pierced by a bayonet, his shoulder was bleeding from a bullet, and his arm had been bruised by the butt end of a rifle. He was losing consciousness from pain and loss of blood. As soon as the soldier led him to our place he dropped with his whole weight on the stretcher. The doctor bandaged him, exclaiming: "What luck! Three wounds, and in spite of all of them he will be well soon. The wound in the leg is only a flesh wound, his arm is badly bruised but not broken, and only his collar bone at his shoulder is broken. In a month he will be all right again. Just look! What a handsome fellow, and what expensive underwear!"

The bandaged officer came to himself, looked round the yard, and, seeing the farmhouse in the background on fire, he sharply seated himself.

"Now be quiet, calm yourself," said the doctor, speaking in German and taking the man gently by the shoulders.

"My wife, my wife!" cried the German, tearing himself forward.

"Where is the wife?"

"There, in the house, in the fire!" He made an effort to get off the stretcher from under the doctor's hands.

"Is he delirious or what?" muttered the doctor in Russian. "There is no one in the house," he added soothingly in German. "Your German wounded were there, but they were saved in time."

"But my wife? My wife!" cried the captive in terror.

"What wife? How did she come here?"

"She is a nurse. She was here with the wounded. We loved each other. We married only a year ago. She became a nurse. Our regiment happened to be near their hospital. Your offensive was unexpected. There was no time to remove the hospital. The other nurses left, but she would not leave when I was so near. Where is she? My wife!"

"Did any one see a German nurse in the house

or yard?" asked the doctor, turning to the Russian soldiers and telling them briefly what the prisoner had said.

"There was no woman," came the response. "The house was empty. Look at the fire within. Even mice would have run out by now."

At this moment something metallic shrilled through the air above our heads. A heavy German shell flew over us.

"Scoundrels!" cursed the doctor. "They are firing on us—and their own wounded. We must get out of this. Two or three more shells and they will begin dropping in the yard. Carry our wounded first, then theirs. Hurry, or we shall remain here for eternity!"

The captive officer, apparently powerless, could not rise from the stretcher, where he was lying with one of his soldiers who had been wounded before him. He gazed devouringly at the blazing house. Suddenly he shouted savagely:

"There, at the window, under the roof! Look, she is breaking the window—where the smoke is pouring out!"

We looked at the roof of the blazing house,

and, in truth, there was a woman's figure in white, with a red cross on her breast. The doctor shouted:

"Eh, fellows, it is true! A woman was left in the house—a nurse—his wife!"

"What can be done?" asked the stunned soldiers. "The whole house is on fire, and she is not strong enough to break through the window pane. She must be weak from fright. But why did she go up? Why not down?"

"There's no guessing," shouted a bearded fellow, evidently from the reserves, throwing off his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" cried the soldiers.

But he was already out of reach of their voices. He rushed into the house. All were stupefied, fearing to breathe. A minute passed; another; a third. Then at the window appeared the bearded face of the Russian soldier. There came the sound of broken glass and wood. Above our heads something was shrilling, but no one paid attention to the German shells. The soldier broke the window and dragged the woman into the open air. She was unconscious.

“Catch!” rang from above; and a big white parcel came down. The soldiers caught it successfully on the hero’s outspread overcoat. Only one of them was hurt in the eye by the heel of her shoe.

“How will our chap get back to us now?” asked the soldiers of one another. “It is hell inside.”

“Oh, he will get out all right,” said someone. “It is easier to get out than to get in. He knows the way. And if he burns some of his beard, no harm, he has a large one.”

“Carry her to her husband,” ordered the doctor, “and get out from here immediately. The Germans are shelling us. Take away the rest and don’t forget the couple,” the doctor jokingly added, happy over the incident. “I will wait for our hero. He may be burned.”

The soldiers caught the remaining stretchers and nearly ran out of the yard. At that moment a big German shell struck the burning house. A deafening explosion shook the air. The walls trembled, shook, and fell. The heroic soldier had not had time to get out. He remained buried under the ruins.

When the woman recovered consciousness near her wounded husband she did not understand where she was. She murmured in perplexity: "Dream, death? Otto, is that you? Are we together in Heaven?"

"On earth and both alive," calmed the doctor.

"How did you get to the upper story?" asked the husband.

"I saw Russian soldiers run into the house. I feared violence, so I ran upstairs. I thought I would run down later, but then came the fire. . . . A soldier appeared behind me and I was terrified to death."

"But that soldier saved you," sighed the doctor.

"How? Where is he?"

"In Heaven, if there is such a place for heroes."

The doctor then told them all. The German officer and his wife both cried.

"But how was it that your guns were firing at a farm which you were occupying?" suddenly asked the prisoner.

"Our guns?" exclaimed the doctor, who was already bandaging a new victim. "It was your guns that were shelling a house which flew a

German Red Cross flag. Our soldiers were saving the lives of your wounded, and your guns were firing at both ours and yours. They killed the man who saved you. That's the way the Kaiser makes war."

SAFE UNDER AN EXPLODING MINE*

THE roaring breakers made so much noise that we could hear them through the thick metal wall. Every new onrushing wave tossed us higher and higher on the reef. Exposure was our greatest danger. Already the top of the conning tower and the prow projected over the surface; but a moment more and the entire boat would be plainly visible. Then we would surely be lost. As a helpless wreck we would become a target for the destroyer.

“Fill the ballast tanks,” I called down to the “Centrale.” “Fill the tanks full, Herr Engineer. Do you hear? We must not, under any circumstances, rise any higher.”

The filling of the tanks had the desired effect. The boat lay down heavily on the reef and spurred the wild waves to greater efforts, and, though we

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did not rise any farther, the jolting increased in violence because of its added weight.

The mate, who over my shoulder was keeping watch on the destroyer through the window on the port side, suddenly said, in his hearty Saxon dialect:

“He is turning!”

Was it possible that he did not see us, when, according to my estimation, he was only about eight hundred meters away? Could the mate be right, and the foolish destroyer have only searched the passage according to his schedule? He *was* right.

The valves were quickly opened. At once the boat came up. The terrific jolting ceased. The hand of the manometer moved upward, and, after a few seconds, the boat's broad, dripping back broke through the surface.

There is the buoy! Now full speed ahead! We'll soon be there—now but a few hundred meters more and then the game is ours—a game on which life and death depended—a game which would have turned our hair white if we had not been so young.

As soon as we had placed ourselves on the right side of the longed-for buoy we again hurled ourselves deep down into the cool sea as happily as a fish which, after being for a long time on dry land, suddenly gets into his own element again. . . .

This day continually brought us fresh surprises, so that, at last, we had a gruesome feeling that everything had united itself for our destruction.

At a distance of five hundred meters a scouting fleet was moving about. At the same time on our starboard bow a French torpedo boat with four funnels was cruising around.

I had a desire to fire a shot at this enemy, but the fact that such a shot would send the whole lurking fleet at us restrained me. I have to admit that it was hard to hold back from taking the chance, and it was with a heavy heart that I gave orders to dive again.

But this, however, saved us. If we had traveled at the periscope level for only a few minutes more, I would not be sitting here to-day, smoking my cigar and writing down the story of our adventures.

We were submerging, and the manometer

showed seventeen meters. Then, suddenly, it was as if someone had hit each one of us at the same minute with a hammer. We all were unconscious for a second and found ourselves on the floor or thrown prone in some corner with our heads, shoulders, and other parts of our bodies in great pain. The whole boat shook and trembled. Were we still alive or what had happened? Why was it so dark all around us? The electric lights had gone out.

“Look at the fuse!”

“It’s gone!”

“Put in the reserve fuse!”

Suddenly we had our lights again. All this within a few seconds.

What had happened? Would the water rush into the ship and pull us to the bottom? It must be a mine—a violent mine detonation had shaken us close by the boat.

Then the boat unexpectedly began to list. The bow sank, and the stern rose. The ship careened violently, although the diving rudder was set hard against this.

Gröning, who was in charge of the diving

rudder, shouted: "Something has happened. The boat does not obey the rudder. We must have got hooked into some trap—a mine or may be a net."

"Listen," I called down. "We must go through it. Put the diving rudder down hard. Both engines full speed ahead! On no condition must we rise! All round us are mines."

The engines were going at top speed. The boat shot upward and then bent down, ripped into the net, jerked, pulled, and tore and tore until the steel net gave way from the force of the attack.

"Hurrah! We are through it! The boat obeys her diving rudder!" Gröning called from below. "The U-202 goes on her way!"

"Down, keep her down all the time. Dive to a depth of fifty meters," I commanded. "This is a horrible place—a real hell."

I bent forward and put my head into my hands. It was rocking as if being hit by a trip hammer. My forehead ached as if pricked with needles, and my ears buzzed so that I had to press my fingers into them.

It took some time for me to remember chrono-

logically what had happened. Yes, it certainly was lucky that we, at the right moment, had submerged deep. We had been at a depth of about seventeen meters when our prow collided with the net and the detonation followed. The more I thought of it the plainer everything became.

As we had run against the net it had stretched and that had set off the mine. The mines are set in the nets at the height at which the U-boats generally travel, which is the periscope level. If we had tried to attack the torpedo boat, or, for any other reason, had remained for a few minutes more at the periscope level, we would have run into the net at a point where our enemies had hoped we would—namely, so that the mine would have exploded right under us. Now, the mine, on the contrary, had exploded above us, and its entire strength went in the direction where the natural resistance was smallest—which was upward. Without causing us any greater damage than a fright and a few scars on the thin metal parts, which might have scratched the paint, we had escaped. (From "The Adventures of U-202" by Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim.)

HUNS FOUGHT ONE ANOTHER IN MID AIR

AN "INCIDENT" said to be unique in the annals of aviation, and adequately substantiated later by official reports, amazed the members of the French Escadrille N-23 who witnessed it near Charmontois.

Two French single-seater machines from Escadrille N-23 were patrolling over the French lines at a height of eighteen thousand feet very early in the morning of May 10, 1917. These fighting planes were piloted by Casale, an ace of great reputation, and Legendre, a less conspicuous pilot of this famous escadrille.

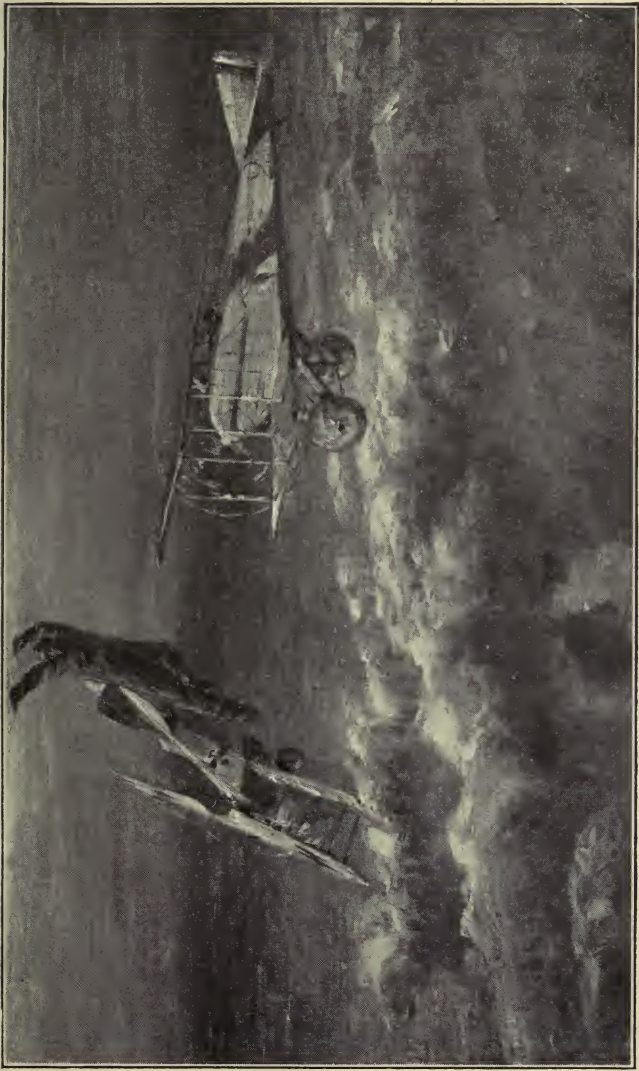
Suddenly the Frenchmen perceived under their very noses, but some distance below them, a rare type of German airplane, containing pilot and observer, pursuing a leisurely path across the trenches into the French lines. The enemy machine was quite safely above rifle fire and appeared to be wholly unprotected.

Not crediting their senses for a time, the two French scouts flew along above the Boche until he had passed so deep into French territory that he could not escape their attack, then they dropped closely behind him to get a look into this Hun mystery. It was no ordinary occasion to find a Boche airplane, unattended, flying behind French lines.

Casale, who already had a list of seven enemy airplanes in his book, darted on to the stranger's tail and let go a dozen cartridges from his mitrailleuse. It was enough. At a height of thirteen thousand feet the German airplane wavered drunkenly for an instant, then fell over into a tail spin, and dropped like a stone.

The two French pilots dropped swiftly after the falling Boche. They suspected the usual ruse which is practised by an antagonist to gain a little time and position when unexpectedly attacked. Sliding swiftly down alongside the whirling enemy, they witnessed a remarkable proceeding.

The German observer had left his seat and was leaning back striking savagely with his fists at the face of his pilot. The machine was descending,



By Lieut. Henri Farré

ONE OF GUYNEMER'S CONQUESTS

The pilot of the Hun machine has been killed, and so the machine, out of control of the observer, is shown falling through the clouds



unpiloted and uncontrolled, faster and faster to a certain smash.

Suddenly the pilot stood up in his cockpit, and, seizing his officer by the throat, lifted him up bodily and threw him headlong overboard into space. The rapid revolving of his machine aided him in the struggle and his antagonist offered slight resistance.

The pilot gazed after the falling figure of his companion a moment, then grasped his controls—and just in time! At less than a thousand feet above the trees he brought his airplane out of the spin and managed to pancake it adroitly into the tree-tops. The machine slid backward through the branches, hurling the pilot forward as it fell.

Landing as quickly as possible, Casale and his companion hastened to the wreckage. To their astonishment, they found the German pilot safe and sound. The officer observer was killed by the fall and was picked up some distance away. Upon investigation, it was discovered that he had been severely wounded in the first attack, several bullets having passed through his body.

Upon being questioned about the quarrel with

his officer, the captured pilot told Casale that he was Corporal Haspel and his observer was Lieutenant Schultz. He stated that his engine had been struck by Casale's shots and the motor stopped. He discovered that his officer had been severely wounded, though he himself was unhurt. He turned and attempted to volplane back to the German lines, which could easily have been reached, he said, from his high elevation. But Lieutenant Schultz, his superior officer, insisted that they surrender without further risk of attack. Haspel refused to obey. The officer, severely wounded as he was, reached back and struck the pilot several times with his fist. The pilot felt the officer's fingers around his throat and the airplane fell into a spin. Then, in sudden anger, Haspel seized the lieutenant, and, aided by the rapid whirling of the downward spin, flung him from the cockpit. Before he could regain complete control of his machine it crashed into the trees and was lost. Then, so incredible was it that he could not yet believe it, he found himself thrown clear of the wreck of his airplane, and, picking himself up, discovered that he was without a scratch!

But Casale, looking at the still trembling corporal, said ironically to himself, "I wonder, now, if Lieutenant Schultz was choking him for trying to escape, or was it for trying to surrender?"

No answer was ever found to this riddle.

AN ITALIAN RAID INTO AUSTRIAN WATERS

Three Italian torpedo boats crossed the Adriatic on February 10, 1918, entered the Gulf of Quarnaro after nightfall, got into Buccari Harbor unperceived, sank a big Austrian transport there at anchor, and escaped untouched. On one of them, commanded by Costanzo Ciano, were Luigi Rizzo, who had sunk the Austrian battleship Wien with one shot, and Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet-airman, who had flown over the Austrian naval ports of Pola and Cattaro and bombed the vessels lying therein. D'Annunzio went to leave a jeering challenge to the Austrian navy. The following is his story of the daring raid, translated and much condensed by Arthur Benington, from the account d'Annunzio wrote for the Corriere della Sera of Milan:

ON THE azure water I see our gray frigates with their bronze-muzzled torpedoes glistening, well greased.

“As a token for the enemy we are carrying

three bottles, sealed and crowned with tricolored pennons. We shall leave them floating to-night, over there, in the cracked mirror of water among the débris and wreckage of the ships that we shall have struck.

“In each of these is enclosed this jeering challenge:

“To the shame of the very cautious Austrian fleet, occupied in its safe harbors with endlessly warming over the little glory of Lissa, the sailors of Italy, laughing at every kind of net and barrier and ever ready to dare the undareable, have come forth with fire and steel to startle prudence in its surest refuge. And a good comrade, well known to the Austrians—the chief enemy, the most inimical of all enemies, he of Pola and Cattaro—has come with them to mock at the price set upon his head.

“We embark, we become taciturn and watchful. Each takes his post, and at his post he has little more room than he will have between the final planks. The harbor is limpid, just suffused with blue, as pure as the whites of a baby’s eyes.

“Commander Costanzo Ciano rejoins us while we are finishing taking on a supply of benzine. . . . With him we are sure to reach our goal. We are already masters of the Quarnaro as

we steer into the track of the south wind in a calm over which broods an ever uniform haze.

“The even course between sea and sky begins. Attention to every sign upon the sea. Attention to every sign upon the sky. If we were observed by an enemy ship or discovered by an aërial scout, we should have to give up the enterprise, for this is nothing if not a surprise.”

D'Annunzio here describes how they approached the shore and turned into the Gulf of Quarnaro and smelled the laurels on shore after sunset, how they ran unnoticed through the well-fortified Straits of Faresina and found themselves about midnight right in the Gulf of Fiume. His story thus proceeds:

“The coast is crowned with lights. Reflections innumerable reach our wake and are shattered. All the haze has vanished. The Great Bear glistens extraordinarily above the black muzzle of the port gun.

“We increase our speed as we head toward the shore of Budcari. At about a mile's distance we slow down. The heights of Veglia are visible on our right.

“We have been at sea for fourteen hours, and for five hours we have been in the waters of the enemy; a handful of men on three tiny ships, alone, unescorted, far from our base, sixty miles from the most powerful of the imperial naval arsenals, a few miles from the frowning defences of Faresina, a few hundred yards from the batteries of Porto Re. An alarm, and we should be lost.

“Silence is now our pilot. Our motors, running slow, seem an accompaniment of muted counter-basses. Meanwhile, Volpi is examining again the starboard torpedo, like a player who puts the neck of his violin against his cheek and adjusts the pegs.

“We are skirting the coast at less than fifty yards’ distance. It lies lightly upon a sea of oil. There is no moon, not an indication of life. Constanzo Ciano stands erect at the prow scanning the shore for the opening.

“There it is! We are in the narrows. Midnight passed thirty-five minutes ago. The boat is now nothing but keen-eyed, armed determination. Are those nets? Are those barriers? We slow down. We try. No sort of obstructions. We skirt Cape Sersica and sail a few yards from

the western shore. Porto Re is dark. Vigilance is asleep. The battery is silent.

“‘Good fellows, these Austrians!’ whispers Luigo Rizzo.

“We are inside the enemy bay, right at the northern extremity of the gorge of Buccari, close to the anchorage, unobserved, unsuspected!

“The Commander stands erect in the bows looking for the targets. The shapes of four steamships are outlined against the hills. Calm and silence. We approach still closer. Orders are spoken from boat to boat. Each prow takes out its position for firing. It is an hour and a quarter after midnight.

“I have my bottles handy, ready for the joke—strong, black bottles, of thick glass, pot-bellied, with the message inside in a roll, written with my own hand in good ink. I prepared them myself, each with two strong corks and three long tricolored pennons fastened around their necks with pins and wax.

“The heart leaps at the merry swish of the first torpedo that darts from its tube. One at the foremast; one amidships below the smokestack.

“The moments are an eternity. The bronze-nosed beast is heard snoring against the target, its screw moving and shaking up angry air, caught against a protective net.

“One at the second’s midships.

“One at the midships of the third.

“Again the great snoring and swirling under water against the hull, as when a whale strands on a shoal and blows and snorts and struggles.

“Two at the smokestack of the fourth.

“Both take the same route and reach the mark at the same point. The first succeeds in smashing the net, the second passes through the rent and explodes.

“It is like an earthquake in a well-stocked crockery shop—a tremendous clatter. We see the dark mass heave over among some quivers of light. A confused cry, a scattered shouting, a lighting up and agitation of searchlights, a few shots here and there—the alarm!

“I place the first bottle in the water. I drop the second on our return route before doubling the headland of Babri. I watch the third wabbling in our insolent wake as we issue from the narrows

and head toward the mouth of the bay, passing under the battery of Porto Re, which lights up but does not thunder.

“Outside, we inhale the stars as a smith inhales the sparks from his forge. The wind of our speed has the keenness of early spring. We try to preserve our formation, but the third torpedo boat loses speed and cannot keep up.

“Suddenly from the heights of Prestenizze a volley of rifle fire bursts out. An outburst of raillery replies. We light the stern lantern and slow down, the third boat not being in sight.

“A little before five the lights of the third torpedo boat shine through the haze as it rejoins its companions. Behind us we leave the rocks of Quarnaro. Our little square flag, fluttering like a hand, has its red turned toward Istria. From Italy, we voyage toward Italy.”

AN AUSTRIAN RAID INTO ITALIAN WATERS

AS IF in retaliation for the Italian midnight raid into the Gulf of Quarnaro, in February, 1918, the Austrians planned an ambitious raid on Ancona the following April. The Milan correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* tells the story of the adventure:

“Its objective was threefold, namely, to blow up the submarine flotilla in Ancona Harbor, to destroy the captured Austrian torpedo boat *B-11* lying there, and to seize a naval motor-boat squadron.

“The invading party left Pola at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on board the torpedo boat *69*, having a motor launch in tow and escorted by a destroyer. They headed for the Italian side of the Adriatic at a speed of sixteen miles an hour. When fifteen miles from land the invading detachment took their places in the motor launch, whose

engines had been carefully covered to suppress noise.

“Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning they disembarked at a solitary spot on shore to find that owing to a big error in their calculations they were seventeen miles north of Ancona. Formidably armed with bombs, pistols, and daggers, and carrying twenty-five kilos of dynamite, they moved in rows four abreast along a road skirting the coast. Since all spoke fluent Italian with a Venetian accent and wore uniforms indistinguishable in the darkness from that of the Royal Italian Marines, they aroused no suspicion in the minds of coast guards and sentinels whom they passed and from whom they inquired the nearest route to Ancona, it being taken for granted, that they had disembarked from some friendly vessel lying off shore at daybreak.

“Having sighted a lonely cottage of which the only occupants were one woman, two small children, and a big dog, they decided to seek refuge till evening. During the interval two cadets disguised as peasants were sent to Ancona to purchase necessaries and spy out defences and

the exact position of vessels in the port. The information which the spies brought back determined the officers to forego a plan of blowing up the Mandracchio sugar factories, with other items of their programme, and to concentrate their efforts on capturing the motor-boat squadron, in which they could get away from danger as quickly as possible. At sundown they buried their dynamite in the cottage garden and at the stroke of midnight they started toward the town.

“Mistaken for a naval patrol they experienced no difficulty in passing the toll-gates, but once well within the town they were betrayed by a comrade who, seeing a chance of deserting, slipped down a pitch-dark alley and informed an Italian squad of Carabinieri, who at once telephoned an alarm to headquarters.

“Meantime only a long narrow passage skirting the sugar factory separated the raiders from a corner of the harbor, where the motor boats lay at their moorings. The commanding officer, shouting out in imperative tones that he had orders to board the boats, successfully passed the first sentry, but farther on a second sentry, being some-

what suspicious, silently followed them till one of the party turned and plunged a dagger into his breast, not, however, before he had time to give an alarm by firing his carbine.

“This brought several sailors from a torpedo vessel hard by hurrying up, while from the opposite direction ten Carabinieri appeared on the scene. Then came swiftly a dramatic and ignominious ending. Armed to the teeth though they were with knives, revolvers, and hand bombs, the invaders simply threw up their hands in surrender.”

FROM ONE LIVING TOMB TO ANOTHER

FROM a correspondent with the American Army near Lunéville, France, came this story of an entombed sergeant:

The Boche had been shelling the position that the sergeant was in all day long. He had taken refuge in a dugout. It was hit by a shell and he was buried in the débris. The shelling continued so hot that his mates could not rescue him. Twenty-four hours later, with pick and shovel flying, they found him.

To the surprise of everyone, the sergeant was still alive. He had been extricated down to the waist, his legs still being held fast in the dirt and concrete. The mud was wiped from his face and he was given a drink of water. His rescuers were hurrying up with more shovels and digging frantically to free him. He opened his eyes.

"All right, boys; don't worry on my account and don't expose yourselves," he said. "I guess

"I'm not hurt, and you don't want to take any chances."

Just then another shell broke. A ton of earth caved in—with the sergeant beneath it. It is his grave.

A GERMAN ATTACK—AND THE HEART IN A TREE

A GERMAN attack suddenly interrupted a little musicale which had been improvised one morning in the schoolhouse at Montauville by a few poilus and Henry Sheahan, an American attached to an ambulance corps, to while away the time.

“Shells were popping everywhere,” wrote Mr. Sheahan in “A Volunteer Poilu” (Houghton, Mifflin Company); “crashes of smoke and violence—in the roads, in the fields, and overhead. The Germans were trying to isolate the few detachments *enrepos* in the village, and prevent reinforcements coming from Dieulouard or any other place. To this end all the roads between Pont-à-Mousson and the trenches, and the roads leading directly to the trenches, were being shelled.

“Go at once to Poste C.’

“The winding road lay straight ahead, and

just at the end of the village street the Germans had established a *tir de barrage*. This meant that a shell was falling at that particular point about once every fifty seconds. I heard two *rafales* break there as I was grinding up the machine. Up the slope of the Montauville hill came several of the other drivers. Tyler, of New York, a comrade who united remarkable bravery with the kindest of hearts, followed close behind me, also evidently bound for Poste C. German bullets, fired wildly from the ridge of The Wood over the French trenches, sang across the Montauville valley, lodging in the trees at Puvénelle behind us with a vicious *tspt*; shells broke here and there on the stretch leading to the Quart-en-Réserve, throwing the small rocks of the road surfacing wildly in every direction. The French batteries to our left were firing at the Germans, the German batteries were firing at the French trenches and the roads, and the machine guns rattled ceaselessly. I saw the poilus hurrying up the muddied roads of the slope of the Bois-le-Prêtre—vague masses of moving blue on the brown ways. A storm of shells was

breaking round certain points of the road and particularly at the entrance to The Wood. . . . Le Bois de la Mort (The Wood of Death) was singing again.

“That day’s attack was an attempt by the Germans to take back from the French the eastern third of the Quart-en-Réserve and the rest of the adjoining ridge half hidden in the sheltered trees. . . . There was a glimpse of human beings in the Quart—soldiers in green, soldiers in blue. The very fact that anybody was to be seen there was profoundly stirring. Tyler and I watched for a second, wondering what scenes of agony, of heroism, of despair, were being enacted in that dreadful field by the ruined wood.

“We hurried our wounded to the hospital, passing on our way detachments of soldiers rushing toward The Wood from the villages of the region. Three or four big shells had just fallen in Dieulouard, and the village was deserted and horribly still. The wind carried the roar of the attack to our ears. In three quarters of an hour I was back again at the moorland poste, to which an order of the commander had attached me. Mon-

tauville was full of wounded. I had three on stretchers inside, one beside me on the seat, and two others on the front mud guards. And The Wood continued to sing. From Montauville I could hear the savage yells and cries which accompanied the fighting.

“Half an hour after the beginning of the attack, the war invaded the sky with the coming of the German reconnoitring airplanes. One went to watch the roads leading to The Wood along the plateau, one went to watch the Dieulouard road, and the other hovered over the scene of the combat. The sky was soon dotted with the puffs of smoke left by the exploding shells of the special anti-aircraft ‘seventy-fives.’ These puffs blossomed from a pin-point of light to a vaporous, gray-white puff-ball about the size of the full moon, and then dissolved in the air or blew about in streaks and wisps. . . .

“The Boche watching the conflict appeared to hang almost immobile over the Quart. With a striking suddenness another machine appeared behind him and above him. So unexpected was the approach of this second airplane that its ap-

pearance had the touch of the miraculous. It might have been created at that very moment in the sky. The Frenchman—for it was an aviator from the *parc* at Toul, since killed at Verdun, poor fellow—swooped beneath his antagonist and fired his machine gun at him. The German answered with two shots from a carbine. The Frenchman fired again. Suddenly the German machine flopped to the right and swooped down; it then flopped to the left, the tail of the machine flew up, and the apparatus fell, not so swiftly as one might expect, down a thousand feet into The Wood. When I saw the wreckage a few days afterward, it looked like the spilt contents of a waste-paper basket, and the aviators, a pilot and an observer, had had to be collected from all over the landscape. . . .

“Just after this attack, a doctor of the service was walking through the trenches in which the French had made their stand. He noticed something oddly skewered to a tree. He knocked it down with a stone, and a human heart fell at his feet.”

THE RAID ON A GERMAN HEADQUARTERS

IN THE Pinsk marshes," said a Russian soldier to H. Hamilton Fyfe, Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, "there is a little town called Nevel. Near this the Prussian general commanding the Eighty-second Division had made himself as comfortable as he could in a substantial country house. The house stands in a garden. There are no others quite near. Of course the staff of the Russian division which lay to the eastward knew all about it. . . ."

This house and its occupants had inspired a young officer in charge of a scouting party with an idea. He knew the country. Among the swamps a small number of men might pass by paths, known only to the peasants, with such a secret movement as would escape the notice of any German outpost. The house, he learned, was not closely guarded; it would be some minutes before

help could arrive. A kidnapping party would be hazardous; but he resolved to risk it, and a trustworthy guide was obtained—one who knew every track across the marshes, even on a dark night.

The night came solidly black, with a low sky from which scattered snowflakes fell. The scouting party was paraded. Without being told that anything special was their night's work, they started off . . . on their fifteen-mile tramp across the bitter bogland. They were also taken now into their officer's confidence.

At last, after hours of tramping through desolation, they saw lights far away. They were the lights of the little town. . . . They had crossed one river already. They had another to ford now. Then they would be close to the house. . . .

Now they moved more carefully than ever. Beyond the Stokhod River they were among the enemy's detachments. . . . Here it was impossible to hold a continuous front. The marshes prevented it. This marsh which the scouts had crossed seemed to the enemy to be uncrossable, and therefore a secure barrier. . . .

There were no sentries outside the garden. The raiders got into it and had surrounded the house before they were noticed. Sentries back and front kept guard, unfeared. Suddenly death took them in the darkness. Before the life was out of the sentries the Russians were in the house.

The teller of the story entered a room where a soldier sat with receivers over his ears sleepily waiting for a telephone message. This room was lighted up. The rest of the house seemed to be dark. The German soldier did not look round. He heard someone enter, but evidently thought it a comrade.

There was a pause of half a minute. The house was so still that those who got into the telephone room felt doubtful what to do next. Death stood by the German soldier's elbow. Then a voice in the next room cried out sharply "*Wer dá ?*" ("Who's that?"), and the German soldier's life was over. The telephone instrument was smashed at once. Next moment the whole place was in an uproar.

Shots were fired. Shouts came from all sides. Soldiers appeared buckling their belts. All who

showed themselves to the scouts left outside the house were either bayoneted or bombed. The bursting of the hand grenades, the yells of the terrified Germans, the leaping flames of a fire started by an overturned lamp, the hoarse bellowing of orders which could not be obeyed, the hard breathing of those who were engaged in death-struggles within the house—all combined to make a scene wilder and grimmer than any that could be imagined.

Now picture the general's bedroom. It was next to the room where the soldier with the telephone sat.

"Our scouts," said the narrator, "running in, saw 'a man no longer young,' half dressed, just as he had lain down on the bed. Half asleep still, but sufficiently awake to be furiously angry, and very much rattled at the same time. A battle is one thing. To be kidnapped is quite another. A pitiable plight for 'one no longer young.'

"No escaping this ignominious fate, however. Seized is the angry general and hustled out. With him three of his officers, of General rank, the headquarters doctor, a few privates. Hustled

out through the garden, down the river bank, over the river; now they can go more gently. And now they hear the rattle of rifle fire. Assistance has arrived. They hear their men shouting. But they are beyond reach.

“Those who had been left behind soon followed. The Germans were arriving in numbers too formidable. Our scouts made for the river, crossed it, and were lost in the gloom of the farther bank. Only two were left behind with death wounds. Nine were slightly wounded. All got back safely before daylight with their prisoners.”

SHELLED IN AND SHELLED OUT

SHELL-PROOF Mack"—a cognomen that an American actor, known as Arthur Mack, earned owing to his immunity from the perils of shells in fighting with the British on the western front—tells this story in his book of that name (Small, Maynard & Co.) of how he came to be so named:

“It is the habit of the beastly Boche to select special occasions for his contributions of explosive hardware. On this Christmas Eve (1916) Fritz didn't disappoint us at all, for about four o'clock in the afternoon he started his show. I was sitting on the fire-step when the shell came over that fixed our clocks. It must have been a big boy, because there was a terrible crash and the whole parapet for the space of at least twenty feet lifted and came in on us. I found myself buried up to the neck, but I had raised my hands, and they were sticking up in front of my face, although my arms were under. I was packed in as neat as you please.

I was not uncomfortably crushed, and naturally began to claw about and try to get my arms free. I'd have got completely out only I was saved the trouble.

"I'd been digging for two or three minutes when I heard another shell coming. I ducked my head, sticking my nose into the mud. And then she smashed. I don't know whether it hit in front or behind; how near it was, or how big. All I knew was that there was another crash, which somehow seemed to come from below, and I oozed up, up, up out of the ground. 'Oozed' is the only way I can express it. I could feel myself trickling up through the mud, and then suddenly I fetched loose and flew. I must have gone up ten feet, and I came down all spraddled out, but on my feet. I promptly sat down. I sat for not more than a few seconds and then deliberately got up. I didn't have a scratch. It was a case of in again, out again. I had been buried under by a shell, which should, by all rules of the game, have done me in, and had been boosted out again by another that should have pulverized me. And no harm was done."

HOW A MOTOR CAR TRAPPED A ZEPPELIN

AN ENGLISH non-commissioned officer, designated as "Corporal Victor" was engaged in scouring the French countryside in a "big six" motor car. In the course of his highway peregrinations he had observed strange automobiles carrying queerly twisted rear lamps, whose appearances were always followed by a Zeppelin raid in the neighborhood. He also discovered that certain houses before which these automobiles stopped had chimneys which emitted peculiar sparks, as though on fire, shortly afterward. The corporal pondered over the mystery. He decided that the automobiles and chimneys served as land guides and signallers to the aërial marauders. A night came when he and his mechanic chanced to come across such an automobile and such a house. It was a quiet country-house and their car stopped at the side of the road before it. Here the story, as told in the

Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, may be continued in his own words:

“A big pine tree almost brushed the window of the dining room, which was slightly open at the top. Climbing into its branches, I was sufficiently near to hear the low conversation, though I was unable to see the speakers. I could distinguish at least three voices, and they spoke in German (the corporal knew German).

“I learned that another air raid had been made on London that very night (the period was early in 1916) and one of the Zeppelins having been damaged was returning that way direct to Germany instead of to its base at Zeebrugge. It was to be very carefully piloted, as owing to its state it was flying very low, and should arrive over their neighborhood about one o'clock. It was then well past midnight, as far as I could calculate.

“How all this information had so quickly come into their possession I did not then know, though I learned later on. I heard further details, too, which explained the use of the car (the corporal referred to the machine he saw that night) and the upturned headlight.

“For quite half an hour I waited, listening to the clatter of knives and forks; to the popping of corks and whole-hearted ‘strafing’ of England, which I longed to interrupt; but I had something better on hand.

“At length I heard someone moving about, and it seemed to me as if the chimney went on fire. Then they made to come out. In an instant I was down on the soft earth and out by the gate. A glance at the chimney showed it was still emitting clouds of sparks.

“We heard their footsteps on the gravel as we slid quickly away into the shades of the moonless night. Then we let her rip for a mile, and she could hop it, too!

“‘See their chimney on fire?’ I queried.

“‘Fire!’ said Max, with withering scorn. “Magnesium and electric light went up that chimney, or I’m no photographer!’—which the little Scot was before he went to war.

“We knew every inch of the road for ten miles around and every mile to the north and the brown trenches there. By taking a cross road and doubling back we got almost opposite the house in the

wood, though rather over half a kilometer to the east of it.

“Listen!”

“Yes, that’s it for sure! Now turn on the lights,’ for we had been travelling without their aid. . . .”

“The great shape loomed out of the darkness and seemed to touch the tops of the trees that lined the road, as it gently swayed on the still night air.

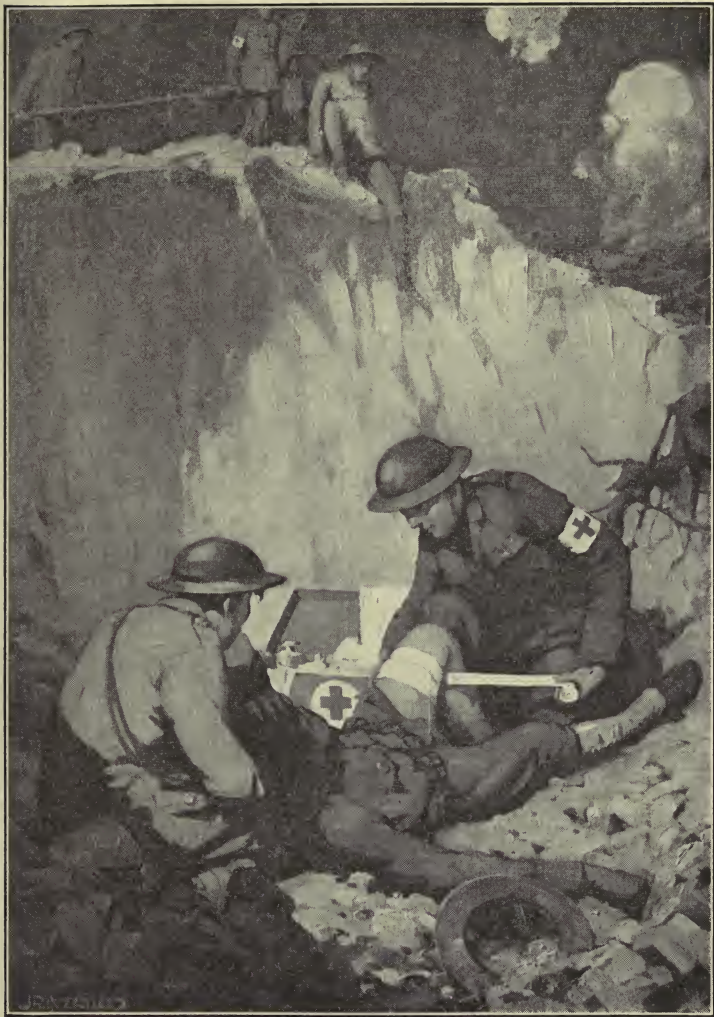
“We flicked our lights off and on once or twice, then moved away. For a moment or two nothing happened in the air. . . . But again we heard the engines above rattle into life, and that they were following our light seemed assured. At the first crossroads I turned sharply to the right, and the great airship gliding over us did likewise; then at last I felt a grim satisfaction, and proceeded with the plan I had worked out most carefully during the week, but had kept to myself.

“Where to?’ queried Max.

“The big Noberg foundry!’

“My God, what an idea!’

“Picture to yourself a great straggling works,



Courtesy, Red Cross Magazine

FIRST AID IN THE TRENCHES UNDER FIRE

Figures prove that the Medical Corps suffer the greatest losses of all branches of the service. The M. C. man sacrifices himself for the sake of his wounded comrades without a chance to defend himself

spread over many acres, with a dozen tall chimneys scattered over the space; one of them almost, if not quite, the loftiest stack in all France.

“I tried to gauge the top speed of which the Count’s ship was capable and found it could do barely forty miles an hour, and the faster it went the lower down it came. According to our information it should have been able to fly at nearly eighty miles when in proper trim, so it was clear our gunners had hit it.

“Once or twice they tried to work a searchlight, but it only gave a momentary flash, then blinked feebly and went out. Everything seemed to be going as I could wish, and only another mile lay between us and the foundry.

“So unexpectedly as to make me start there was the sound of something heavy falling to earth; they were evidently throwing things out to lighten the load. Up it went, higher than ever we had seen it go. At this sight my heart sank. Still, it was now or never.

“Its rise had put it behind us, and I slowed to let it come up again; then I accelerated and joyfully heard the strain of the big engines in their

effort to keep with us, and it pulled them down once more.

“We were on the last quarter mile and the road ended at the foundry! The car was bumping and swaying on the cart-broken road like a ship on a stormy sea. My wrists ached and throbbed, almost paralyzed by the vibration.

“The dark iron gateway that barred our track seemed rushing toward us. Max clutched my arm, terrified lest I was going to drive to certain death against the gates; but with a stamp of my foot on the lighting switchboard, I pressed in the whole row of plugs, and we seemed to pitch into the very depths of blackness. All my brakes went on, and the wheels locked, while the scream of the tires sounded like a wail from hell.

“There was the sound of falling bricks. The Zeppelin car had struck the first chimney. There was a vicious spurt of machine-gun fire by someone who understood too late, and we both found ourselves under the overturned motor car in the ditch where my sudden stoppage had thrown us.

“Then the whole earth seemed to tremble as the giant smokestack toppled over to ruin. There

were other sounds, too, which no mortal could describe. But from that raid on London town at least one Zeppelin never returned to Germany."

The corporal's stratagem is readily discerned. The car he had tracked earlier in the evening was a Zeppelin guide. When he heard the air machine over the house he adapted his car to serve as a substitute for the absent guide in order to lead the Zeppelin astray. Turning the rear-lights skyward, as the guide's were turned, he decoyed the aërial wanderer to follow his car—direct to the foundry chimney, where it came to grief.

When he and his mechanic returned to the house later, they found it deserted. In its cellar was a powerful wireless plant; among the trees, cunningly concealed, were the wires of the installation. Instead of a fireplace in the dining room was a powerful electric light projector, which worked up the chimney. The magnesium was there, too.

RUSHING THE WOUNDED THROUGH GAS- AND SHELL-FIRE

AN AMBULANCE driver, Charles G. Muller, thus recounts in the *New York Herald* the ordeals faced by heroic men whose duty called them to take the wounded from the field of battle:

“In spite of Fritzies’ many attempts to kill off the American boys who made their way over bombarded roads only two of our section were seriously injured. MacQuillen and Vetterlein both came from Philadelphia, and both stuck together from the time they left the States. Mac and Vet were on the same car and drove together on all the runs.

“One night a call came in from No. 272, and these boys were sent up there. The post was being bombarded heavily when they got there, but, as the wounded men were in a very weak state, the boys decided to run through the shell fire in order

to get the *blessés* to the hospital as soon as possible.

“While the car was being loaded a big shell exploded beside it and knocked every one flat. Mac was blown clean inside the doorway of the dugout. The captain on the stretcher was killed, and so was the *brancardier* whom Vet was helping to lift the stretcher into place, Vet was knocked silly and got filled with shrapnel.

“A hurry call was sent back to the main *poste de secours* dressing station, and Bean and Morehead started out for No. 272, followed closely by Clark and Cadwell in a second ambulance. They had to go through heavy traffic and through a heavy fire that Fritzie was sending over on the roads. Once clear of the traffic they ran into gas that was being sent over in shells that threw off the poisonous fumes when they exploded. Bean and Morehead played it safe and put their gas masks over their heads before driving through the gas, but Clark and Cadwell figured that the area of danger must be limited and took a long chance on getting through without stopping to put on the masks. By good fortune they passed through the poisonous

zone and arrived safely at No. 272. All the wounded were brought down, rushed through the gas and the shell fire on the roads, and taken to the nearest hospital.

“Mac had to lose his leg and two of his fingers and Vet underwent an operation that removed eight pieces of shrapnel from his body. Both of the boys were awarded the *Croix de Guerre*, and soon after receiving this medal were honored with the *Médaille Militaire*, the decoration that is given only to men who have escaped death by the narrowest margin.”

ALONE ON A RAFT

FOURTEEN survivors from the torpedoed *Amiral Charny* clung to a raft in the Mediterranean. Finally there was only one, Joseph Cariou. He tells a story of terrible days and nights:

“On the eighth day of February, 1916, in the morning, we lay off Beirut eleven miles out. I was on the after deck. The weather was fair; it was not very cold, and there was little wind. As I stood there, looking off, I thought of the submarine we had seen in the region of the island of Rouad the night before.

“Then I heard a heavy noise and someone cried: ‘That was a torpedo!’

“I wanted to get a warmer blouse, but there was no time; in an instant I was thrown forward. Then the ship went down.

“When I came to the surface I was close to a broken hencoop and a raft was coming toward me.

There were six or seven men on it. After they had dragged me up and settled me on the raft some of them went into the water to get planks. They expected a heavy load. They wanted to strengthen the raft.

“By nine o’clock in the morning there were fourteen of us and we had nothing to eat or drink. The weather this first day was fair; the sea was calm, but most of the time we were ankle deep in the wash because the raft was overladen.

“Toward ten o’clock that night a quartermaster lost his head. He ordered us to land and get him a drink of water. When he saw that we were not going to obey him, he made violent motions and most of us went overboard. We kept our heads above water, and, in the morning, some of us succeeded in getting back onto the raft.

“The second day there was a storm and the wind carried us farther from the land. The clouds were dark; we could not see the coast. It was bad, but not so bad as the night before, when we had been forced to stand in the sea treading water, clinging to the raft with one hand while we fastened on the planks. All that night I had

been sick as a dog from swallowing sea water. That second day there were not so many of us. Some of the men who went into the water as the result of the effervescence of the crazy man did not come back. All told, there were now only six on the raft.

“The third day, when night was coming on, three men jumped off. I saw them do it; they went in the same way, one after the other. One of them went because he wanted some tobacco. There were now three of us left—the quartermaster, who had agonizing stomach pains; a young sailor, a boy too far gone to speak; and myself. The quartermaster was still lightheaded; whenever he turned his eyes to the horizon he thought he saw torpedoes. He was hungry. He wanted to land so that he could go to a restaurant and get something. There was no way to quiet him. He tried to get me to put him ashore. Toward sunset he jumped into the sea.

“Only the boy and I now remained. About midnight, as near as I could make out, the boy went. I did not notice how he did it, or what led up to it.

“I was alone! Two days and nights went by. I was in torment. Worst of all, I was freezing, and, at the same time, I was on fire from thirst. My teeth were blazing hot. By that time my head was splitting and I was getting the heavy swells of some storm in mid-ocean. The raft rose on a long roller, then she sank as if falling. I watched for my chance. When she went down in the trough I clung to her with one hand, hollowed the other hand, scooped water, and rinsed my mouth. I was better for a few minutes; then I was as bad as ever.

“I cut the end of my little finger with my pocket knife. I sucked the blood, but I could not swallow it. I thought the blood of my arm might go down, so I tried to open a vein, but I was too weak. I cut myself but I did not draw blood. My hand shook too much.

“On the seventh day I saw a ship. I signalled, but just then the raft went down between two hills of roaring green, and when I came up the ship was gone. I watched for her.

“At night the wind fell; it was dead cold. It was the cold that hurt me most. I said: ‘The

water is warmer than the air. I will take a dip; that will warm me.' I clung to the raft and went in. It warmed me a little; but I thought of the cramps and was afraid. I was clinging by my left hand. When the swell raised me I swung aboard. I crawled away from the edge and by and by I was in the middle. I was glad to feel planks under me once more. I was drowsy and I said to myself: 'Now I can rest!'

"That day the sea was calm. But I was sick of it! They all went overboard, thought I—maybe now is my time! I thought of the folks at home . . . waiting for me. I braced up and after a while I went to sleep.

"I have no means of knowing how long I slept. When I awoke my courage had come back.

"About seven o'clock of what I guessed was Sunday morning I saw a ship. I stood the oar up with my signal waving. I may have held it up five minutes . . . I was weak; I had to let it fall.

"But they had seen it! At first they took it for a periscope. When they saw that it was not a periscope, they signaled to me—and then I saw

them rising and falling with the sea . . .
coming for me!

“They poured hot milk and rum down my throat and put me to bed; but four days and four nights passed before I could sleep.

“On the *Charny* a man was with me who had escaped from the *Leon Gambetta*. We spoke of destiny; he had escaped death.

“That first day when we were crowded together on the raft I saw that same man. He was in the sea some distance away from us. It was his destiny to die.”

HOW ROCKWELL DIED

A GROUP of American aviators affiliated with the French Flying Corps were ordered in the fall of 1915 to Luxeuil in the Vosges to take part in a raid on the famous Mauser works at Oberndorf.. Besides Captain Thenault and Lieutenant de Laage de Mieux—the French officers—the following American pilots were in the escadrille: Lieutenant Thaw, who had returned to the front after being wounded in the arm; Adjutants Norman Prince, Hall, Lufbery, and Masson; and Sergeants Kiffin Rockwell, Hill, Pavelka, Johnson, Rumsey, and James R. McConnell. The last-named is the chronicler of their exploits in “Flying for France.”

A large British aviation contingent, composed of more than fifty pilots and a thousand men of the Royal Navy Flying Corps, were already at Luxeuil when the escadrille arrived. They were there to coöperate with the French-American flyers in the Mauser raid.

Rockwell and Lufbery mounted on September 23d on the first flight of the escadrille at Luxeuil. They became separated in the air, but each flew on alone, a dangerous course to take, Mr. McConnell said, in the Alsace sector. There was little fighting in the trenches there, but great air activity. Due to the British and French squadrons at Luxeuil, and the threat their presence implied, the Germans had gathered a large fleet of fighting machines to oppose them.

Just before Rockwell reached the lines he spied a German machine under him flying at 11,000 feet within Allied territory. He had shot down many German machines—more than the rest of the American escadrille put together—but they had fallen in their own lines, and this was the first opportunity he had had of bringing one down on the French side.

A captain, the commandant of an Alsatian village, watched the aërial battle through his field glasses. He said that Rockwell approached so close to his enemy that he thought there would be a collision. The German craft, which carried two machine guns, had opened a rapid fire when

Rockwell started his drive. He plunged through the stream of lead, and only when very close to his opponent did he begin shooting. For a second it looked as if the German were falling, so the captain said, but then he saw the French machine turn rapidly nose down, and the wings of one side break off and flutter in the wake of the airplane, which hurtled earthward in a rapid drop. It crashed into the ground in a small field—a field of flowers—a few hundred yards back of the trenches.

The Germans immediately opened up on the wreck with artillery fire. In spite of the bursting shrapnel, gunners from a near-by battery rushed out and rescued poor Rockwell's broken body. There was a hideous wound in his breast where an explosive bullet had torn through. A surgeon who examined the body testified that if it had been an ordinary bullet Rockwell would have had an even chance of landing with only a bad wound. As it was he was killed the instant the unlawful missile exploded.

“No greater blow could have befallen the escadrille,” said Mr. McConnell. “Kiffin was its soul. He was loved and looked up to by not only

every man in our flying corps but by everyone who knew him. Kiffin was imbued with the spirit of the cause for which he fought and gave his heart and soul to the performance of his duty. He said: 'I pay my part for Lafayette and Rochambeau,' and he gave the fullest measure. . . . When he was over the lines the Germans did not pass—and he was over them most of the time."

OUT FOR VENGEANCE

Lufbery meantime had engaged a German craft; but before he could get to close range two Fokkers swooped down from behind and filled his airplane full of holes. Exhausting his ammunition, he landed at Fontaine, an aviation field near the lines. There he learned of Rockwell's death and was told that two other French machines had been brought down within the hour. He ordered his gasoline tank filled, procured a full band of cartridges, and soared up in the air to avenge his comrade. He sped up and down the lines and made a wide detour to Habsheim, where the Germans had an aviation field, but all to no avail. Not a Boche was in the air.

Rockwell's death urged the rest of the men to greater action, and several were constantly after the Boches. Prince brought one down. Lufbery, the most skillful and successful fighter in the escadrille, would venture far into the enemy's lines and spiral down over a German aviation camp, daring the pilots to venture forth. One day he stirred them up, but as he was short of fuel he had to make for home before they took to the air.

Prince was also out in search of a combat. He got it. He ran into the crowd Lufbery had aroused. Bullets cut into his machine, and one, exploding on the front edge of a lower wing, broke it. Another shattered a supporting mast. It was a miracle, Mr. McConnell remarked, that the machine did not give way. Badly battered as it was, Prince succeeded in bringing it back from over Mülhausen, where the fight occurred, to his field at Luxeuil.

LUFBERY'S NARROW ESCAPE

The same day that Prince was so nearly brought down Lufbery missed death by a very narrow

margin. He had taken on more gasoline and made another sortie. When over the lines again he encountered a German with whom he had a fighting acquaintance. That is, he and the Boche, who was an excellent pilot, had tried to kill each other on one or two occasions before. Each was too good for the other. Lufbery manoeuvred for position but, before he could shoot, the Teuton would evade him by a clever turn. They kept after each other, the Boche retreating into his lines.

When they were nearing Habsheim, Lufbery glanced back and saw French shrapnel bursting over the trenches. It meant that a German plane was over French territory, and it was his duty to drive it off. Swooping down near his adversary he waved good-bye, the enemy pilot did likewise, and Lufbery whirred off to chase the other representative of *Kultur*. He caught up with him and dived to the attack, but he was surprised by a German he had not hitherto seen.

Before he could escape three bullets entered his motor; two passed through the fur-lined combination he wore, another ripped open one of his

woolen flying boots. His airplane was riddled from wing tip to wing tip, and other bullets cut the elevating plane. Had he not been an exceptional aviator he never would have brought safely to earth so badly damaged a machine. It was so thoroughly shot up that it was junked as being beyond repair. Fortunately Lufbery was over French territory, or his forced descent would have resulted in his being made prisoner.

THE RAID AT OBERNDORF

On October 12th, twenty small airplanes, flying in a V formation, at such a height that they resembled a flock of geese, left Luxeuil and crossed the Rhine where it skirts the plains of Alsace, then, turning north, headed for the famous Mauser works at Oberndorf. Following in their wake was an equal number of larger machines, and above these darted and circled swift fighting craft. The first group of aircraft was flown by British pilots, the second by French, and three of the fighting planes by Americans in the French aviation division, namely, Lufbery, Norman Prince, and Masson. It was a cos-

mopolitan collection that effected that successful raid.

The English, in their single-seated Sopwiths, carried four bombs each; the big French Brequets and the Farmans soared aloft with tons of explosives destined for the Mauser works.

The Germans were taken completely by surprise and, as a result, few of their machines were in the air. The bombardment fleet was attacked, however, and six of its planes shot down, some of them falling in flames. Baron, the famous French night bombardier, lost his life in one of the Farmans. Two Germans were brought down by machines they had attacked, and the four pilots from the American escadrille accounted for one each. Lieutenant de Laage, the French officer who led the Americans, shot down his Boche as he was attacking another French machine and Masson did likewise. Explaining it, afterward, he said: "All of a sudden I saw a Boche come between me and a Brequet I was following. I just began to shoot, and darned if he didn't fall."

The Sopwiths arrived first at Oberndorf. Drop-

ping low over the Mauser works they discharged their bombs and headed homeward. All arrived save one, whose pilot lost his way and came to earth in Switzerland. When the big machines got to Oberndorf they saw only flames and smoke where once the rifle factory stood. They unloaded their explosives on the burning mass.

The Nieuport machines of the Americans went up to clear the air of Germans who might be hovering in wait for the return of the bombardment planes which had continued on into Germany. Prince found one German plane and promptly shot it down. Lufbery came upon three. He drove for one, making it drop below the others; then, forcing a second to descend, attacked the one remaining above. The combat was short and at the end of it the German tumbled to earth. This made the fifth enemy machine which was officially credited to Lufbery.

When a pilot accounts for five Boches he is mentioned by name in the official communication and is spoken of as an "As" ("Ace,") which is French aërial slang for a "super-pilot."

PRINCE'S FATAL FALL

Darkness was coming rapidly on, but Prince and Lufbery remained in the air to protect the bombardment fleet. Just at nightfall Lufbery made for a small aviation field near the lines, known as Corcieux.

Slow-moving machines, with great planing capacity, Mr. McConnell pointed out, can be landed in the dark, but to try and feel for the ground in a Nieuport, which comes down at about a hundred miles an hour, is to court disaster.

Ten minutes after Lufbery landed, Prince decided to make for the field. He spiraled down through the night air and skimmed rapidly over the trees bordering the Corcieux field. In the dark he did not see a high-tension electric cable that was stretched just above the tree-tops. The landing gear of his airplane struck it. The machine snapped forward and hit the ground on its nose. It turned over and over. The belt holding Prince broke and he was thrown far from the wrecked plane. Both his legs were broken and he was internally injured. Before his death he

was named a second lieutenant and decorated with the Legion of Honor. Like Rockwell, he held the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*.

Two days after Prince's death the escadrille received orders to leave for the Somme. The night before their departure the British gave the American pilots a banquet and toasted them as "Our Guardian Angels."

LAY IN WAIT FOR THE CONVOY

AN AMERICAN destroyer flotilla convoyed a fleet of merchantmen across the submarine zone and duly encountered one of the foe. Herman Whitaker, an observer on one of the destroyers, thus describes in the *New York Sunday Sun* what happened:

“Fritz was there. There? Why for two days he had been there lying in wait for the convoy which was now poking cautiously out through the heads, and when he attacked it was like the leap of a lone wolf on a flock with the following rush of shepherd dogs at his throat. As he rose to take his sight at the leading steamer a destroyer almost ran him down. Indeed it was going full speed astern to avoid the collision when his periscope showed above water.

“It was only an instant and the periscope was of the finger variety, an inch and a half in diameter. It was raised in that instant scarcely a foot above

the water, but was still picked up by the sharp, young eyes of the lookout on the next destroyer. The submarine had submerged at once, but rushing along his wake the destroyer dropped a depth mine that wrecked the motors, damaged the oil leads, blew off the rudder, tipped the stern up, and sent the 'sub' down on a headlong dive fully two hundred feet.

"Afterward the commander said that he thought she would never stop. In a desperate effort to check her before she was crushed by deep sea pressure he blew out all his four water-ballast tanks and so came shooting back up with such velocity that the 'sub' leaped thirty feet out of the water like a beaching whale.

"Instantly the first destroyer, which had swung on a swift circle, charged and dropped a second depth mine as the submarine went down again. As the first cleared out of the way the second destroyer opened with her bow guns on the conning tower, which was now showing again.

"Having no rudder the 'sub' was 'porpoising' along, now up, now down, and every time the conning tower showed the destroyers sent a

shot whistling past it. They had fired three each before the hatch flew up and the crew came streaming out and ranged along the deck with their hands held up.

“As the destroyers hove alongside, covering the crew with their guns, two were seen to run back below. They were only gone a minute. But that was sufficient. Undoubtedly they had opened the sea cocks and scuttled the vessel, for she sank three minutes thereafter.

“The crew jumped into the water and were hauled aboard the destroyer as fast as they could catch a line, all but one poor chap who could not swim and was nearly drowned before he was seen. Then, in vivid contrast to the German practice under similar circumstances, two of our men leaped overboard and held him up till he could be hauled aboard. It was, however, too late. He died while efforts were being made to resuscitate him.

“All had happened in no more than ten minutes from the dropping of the first depth charge.”

THE BATTLE IN THE WOOD

SOMEWHERE in the north of France there is a little wood. According to Edgar C. Middleton in his book "The Man of the Air" (published by Frederick Stokes & Co.), it is about half a square mile in area, and stands immediately south of a fine, broad high-road, along which there daily pass large bodies of reinforcements—infantry and cavalry—and convoys bringing up ammunition and supplies. The tall trees offer a welcome shade in the hot weather, and it was the custom of passing troops to halt there for a short time; and just at this spot the roadside was always littered with broken bottles. It is needless to state that it was in German territory.

However, had it not been for that road, and for the fact that on this certain day, when the road had been closed to all traffic, there were certain mysterious movements of ponderous great

wagons—suspiciously like ammunition wagons—which halted in the shade of the wood, this story would never have been written.

The day was hot and the work was heavy, and Mein Herr Captain paused for a moment to curse his uncongenial task, and take a long draught from his bottle, of some liquor that certainly was not water. While he was drinking he let it fall with a curse of rage and amazement, for there, overhead, as if it had suddenly appeared from the clouds, was the form of a British airplane. "*Himmel!*" he exclaimed, "all our trouble wasted, they have our hiding spot discovered, and to-morrow morning they bomb us—*ach!*"

The worthy gentleman was not far out in his deduction, for the lynx eye of the observer in the airplane had carefully noted the exact geographical position of that new ammunition park before the machine sped off homeward, but he was wrong—to a certain extent. Our aviators are no fools, and they realized that Mr. Boche would soon expect a return visit and would be carefully prepared therefor. It was essential that that ammunition park be destroyed, but in a manner and

at a time the Germans least expected. And this was how it was accomplished.

Toward evening a light scouting machine sped swiftly away from a certain British airdrome, only a few miles behind the firing lines. No unusual incident that, but it was particularly conspicuous from the fact that the entire airdrome had turned out to wish the trip God-speed; to wish the pilot—a young second lieutenant of the Canadian Infantry—the best of luck, and to cram the fuselage of the machine with spare ammunition until she could barely “stagger” off the ground. The objective was the ammunition park already mentioned.

With long, sweeping circles the scout soon cleared the area of the fighting lines and arrived over the wood. Nothing happened. The whole countryside was remarkably quiet for a battle area. No anti-aircraft guns fired; no enemy planes came humming round. Lower came the pilot, to investigate.

Still nothing happened. He, on his part, now began to feel genuinely alarmed, and yet, of course that confounded observer may have been

“seeing” things—a not unknown failing with airplane observers.

Meantime, in the midst of the wood, the corpulent captain watched the small speck carefully with his glasses, then rubbed his fat hands with glee and expectation. The fool Englishman was falling beautifully into his little trap. Involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder, and there, in a large clearing behind the wood, were ten great German battle planes, all ready to go up at a moment's notice, and with pilots and observers standing by.

By this time the British machine had come considerably lower and was well behind the wood and into the German country. The captain gave a sharp, guttural order. Immediately the noise of ten great propellers smote the still air, and the squadron rose swiftly from the wood like a covey of wild ducks. The hated Englishman was hopelessly trapped.

And what of our man? Turning leisurely to make a last reconnaissance of the wood, he found ten great German battle planes between himself and his lines. He cursed profusely at his own

crass stupidity. He had been warned, and he had thought fit to ignore the warning; this was the result. Anyway, he would make a good fight for it.

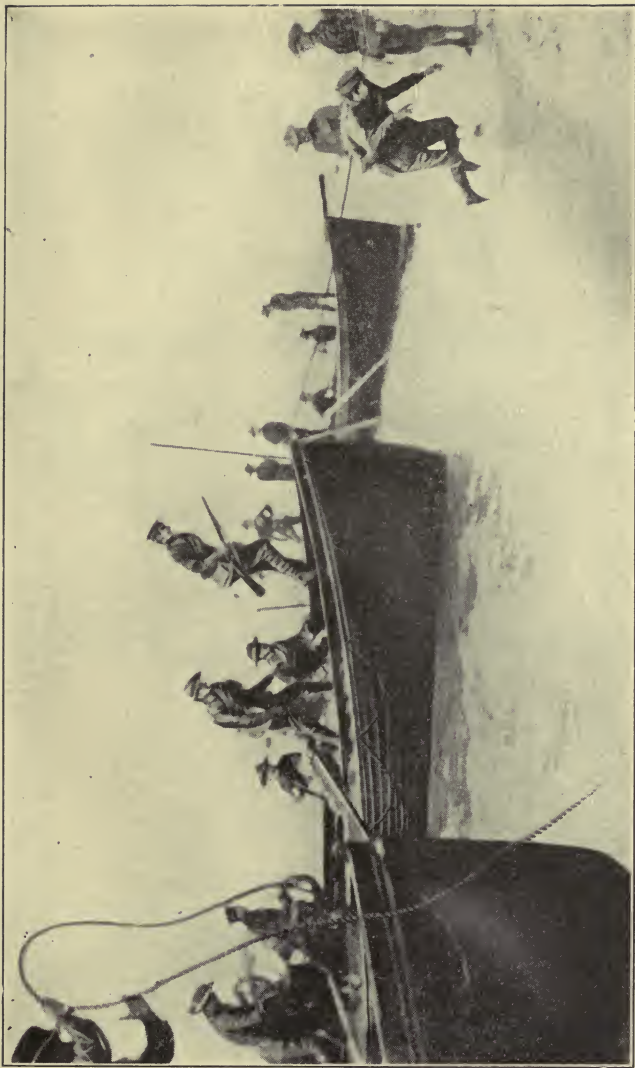
He fingered his machine gun cautiously. Yes, everything was ready at hand. He set his teeth, opened his engine "full out" and began to climb rapidly.

The Germans also climbed, and within a very short space of time he found himself hemmed in on all sides, with lead flying at him from all points and at all angles. Anyhow, he determined to have a good run for his life, so, singling out two Germans immediately beneath him, he dived rapidly. As he did so he was hit by shrapnel and, for a short space of time, he was unconscious. Then again regaining control of his machine, he began to use his machine gun to good effect.

First one German was driven to the ground, then another, then a third. His blood was up now, and he turned round for further victims, but the Huns had had sufficient for one day, and were scuttling off to peace and safety. He turned homeward, just as his wound was becoming ag-

onizing, as a bombing squadron of our own machines passed by.

Very soon there rose from the wood violent explosions and blinding sheets of flame, and by that time the British bombing squadron had finished its full design. All that remained of the fat captain's ammunition park were a few broken and shattered wagons, and a heap of dead or dying men.



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THE ANZACS LANDING ON GALLIPOLI UNDER FIRE

From open boats, in daylight, in full view of the enemy, the British troops landed in the face of withering rifle fire—an actual snapshot of valor

HEAD-ON COLLISION UNDER WATER

MR. WHITAKER heard tales of Homeric encounters between English and German "subs." Fancy a head-on collision under water! Well, it occurred. Two came together one evening at dusk, backed off, fired a torpedo apiece, then lost each other in the darkness.

BEER, BLOOD, BOCHES, AND BOTTLES

ANOTHER English "sub" popped out of the water one day alongside a steamer that was being sunk by a Fritzer's shell-fire. The steamer lay between him and the Fritzer, so, diving, the Englishman waited till Fritz came sailing around, then put a torpedo into his hull. For some reason—perhaps it was loot from the steamer—Fritz had some cases of beer piled on his deck. His end is crudely but vividly described, Mr. Whitaker says, in the report of the English commander:

"When he went up, the air was full of beer, blood, Boches, and broken bottles."

A TIGHT CORNER

THE other day a most exciting adventure befell me," Mr. Middleton writes. "I was detailed to take part in a bombing raid at——. We had not proceeded far beyond our own lines, after the customary bombardment of anti-aircraft shells, when suddenly the machine immediately in front of us rocked violently and began to dive toward the earth.

"'B——'s been hit!' my observer bawled in my ear.

"I continued to watch the machine in its headlong descent. Alas, it was only too true! There was no possible escape; after diving steeply six hundred feet the machine had begun to spin and was now whirling round and round like a humming top, and, hardly a minute after, had crashed into the midst of a wood, from which there immediately came a cloud of gray smoke and a leaping tongue of flame.

“We had started out four strong; our mission being to raid M——, a large German military centre, containing a staff headquarters, an ammunition park, and a large airdrome. And now our machine was the sole survivor, two having been shot down while crossing the lines. Alone and single-handed, in a notoriously dangerous portion of the enemy’s lines, every moment we were liable to be fired at from all quarters and attacked by enemy aircraft.

“I looked searchingly at my observer; it was his first trip across the lines, and I had to admit to myself that never before in my six months of flying at the front had I been in such an uncomfortable position. How would he take it? I hesitated. Should we turn back to safety, or should we continue on our way to what was almost certain death? I glanced at his face; it was stern and set, with the deliberation of the man who is willing to risk everything. With his left hand he patted and fondled the deadly machine gun. I determined to go on.

“They opened fire on us again. Apparently for the last few minutes they had all deserted their

guns and had been busy gaping at the remains of poor B——'s machine; but now, flushed with their recent success, they commenced to fire with demoniacal fury. Shots burst behind, before, above, below—one minute immediately over the nose; the next, immediately beneath the tail of the machine. To avoid them we climbed, and dived, and banked in all directions, until her old ribs began to groan and creak from sheer exertion, and she threatened every moment to fly asunder in mid-air.

“At last we got clear of them and sighted our objective, just as the sun broke through the clouds, and revealed to us a stretch of low, flat-lying country, dotted here and there with villages and camps and ammunition bases. M—— showed up easily. It was a moderate-sized town of ant-like pigmy dwellings, little white and gray patches in the brilliant sunlight. A small winding river skirted the town, looking for all the world against the dark background like the vein in a man's arm. North and south ran the gleaming, glinting railway lines, and a large road led up from the town to the firing line. This road was now crowded

with traffic of all descriptions. We dropped a bomb, but it was very wide of the mark, and it served to draw the enemy's fire, which again broke all round us with renewed fury. M—— was better supplied with anti-aircraft guns than any other position on the German front. Higher and yet higher we climbed until we were well above the clouds, and the earth was almost hidden from our sight. By this simple and excellent *ruse de guerre* we might be able to get over the city before the gunners were aware of our proximity.

“But, alas for our well-laid plans! We had not gone far when we encountered a great double-engined Albatross, and there, with the white billowy clouds stretching like waves of a gigantic sea in all directions, we fought our battle of life and death.

“Fritz opened the encounter by sweeping down upon us at top speed, pouring out a steady stream from the machine gun in the nose of his plane. To avoid this we climbed rapidly, and he flashed by beneath us at an alarming rate. We attempted to bomb him, but it was futile, and the bomb fell to the earth below.

“We turned as soon as we were able, and waited for the enemy to recommence the attack. He was all out now, and, putting on top speed, bore down upon us with the speed of an express train. Nearer and still nearer he drew. Thankfully I noticed that we were both at the same altitude. When yet about a quarter of a mile distant, his observer opened fire, the bullets flying past us, and still we did not reply. I looked at my observer. He was bending over his gun, fumbling with some portion of the mechanism. There was no need to ask what was the matter. Alas! I knew too well. The gun had jammed!

“Now followed a ticklish time for both of us, for without the gun we were completely unarmed, and Fritz was drawing nearer every second. Now he was right level with us. What were we to do? To remain in that same position would mean certain death. If we climbed he would climb faster, and would almost immediately be up with us again.

“There was only one thing to be done—the unexpected! So, putting her nose down, we dived toward the earth like a stone and had gone more

than a thousand feet before I could get her level again. This manœuvre so upset the calculations of the enemy that he was now about three quarters of a mile distant. This gave us precious time to prepare again for the attack.

“The observer was still working feverishly away when we commenced to climb. Fritz had already turned and was coming down to meet us; but we had the advantage this time of having the wind at our backs. If only that infernal gun were ready! Up we climbed and down came Fritz; all the faster because he knew we were comparatively unarmed. Now we were less than half a mile distant; now only a quarter; and now he had commenced to fire. Should we never reply?

“At last! ‘Brrr! Brrr! Brrr!’ yapped the gun in our bow. Fritz was so startled at this unexpected development that for a moment he paused in his firing.

“This was our opportunity; taking steady aim J——fired the whole drum in three bursts. He staggered and reeled. I felt I wanted to cry out for sheer joy; but my throat was parched and dry. Oh, the reaction after that dreadful ten minutes!

But although we had hit him, Fritz was yet by no means out of the running, that is, if he elected to remain and fight it out, which I doubted extremely; for the Hun is ever super-courageous when he has an unarmed and helpless foe to deal with. So, throttling her down I watched him anxiously.

“Turning to the left he started off at top speed in the direction of his own base. This I had expected, and off we started on his trail with only another half hour’s petrol in our tanks. On and on he flew, over wood and town, and we were close in the rear, both flying at top speed. Every moment he was getting lower. I knew only too well what that meant. He was trying to lead us into a trap, where we should make a set target for a ring of his anti-aircraft guns. We must never let this happen or we should be finished for a certainty. If we could only catch up with him; but it was in vain we wished, for he was yet a quarter of a mile ahead, when, as usual, the unexpected happened.

“He had engine trouble. Within five minutes we were almost on top of him. He commenced

to sink like a stone. Now was our opportunity, an opportunity which our observer was not slow to take advantage of. Right into the middle of his back flew the steady stream of bullets. Again he reeled, and this time there was that peculiar fluttering of the wings which tells only too plainly that an airplane is 'out of control.' Like poor B—— he commenced to whirl round like a humming top, then with one long last plunge, he had crashed into one of his own encampments, and all was over.

“We were left to reach our own lines with a twenty minutes' supply of petrol remaining and under a violent bombardment of the enemy's 'Archies.'”

COOL AMID FLAMES

THE most frightful death that can be feared in war aviation is perhaps that of burning alive in mid flight far above the possibility of succor or escape. A shot in the fuel tank or a back-fire of an overheated engine may ignite the petrol. The unfortunate pilot has but two courses open—to descend while his very motion fans the flames into redoubled fury, or to jump from his machine to certain death without the torture of burning.

The first contingent of American-trained fliers to arrive at the front contained a finished pilot and a charming gentleman in the person of Ned Post, of New York and Harvard. To the thousands of his friends who witnessed his daring flights at Governor's Island and Garden City his exploit in France should be of interest. This account appeared in *The Outlook*:

On September 25, 1917, Lieutenant Post went

aloft in a new type of — airplane, the swiftest and fastest climbing machine known to aviation. He attained a height of twenty-two thousand feet in the frigid air before he discovered that he was numb with cold. It was the first trial of his new machine, and he had left the ground simply for the purpose of testing its capacities.

Volplaning steeply down toward his airdrome, Post strained his new craft to the utmost with every variety of twist and turn that could possibly be experienced in the throes of actual aërial combat. Arriving at some two or three thousand feet above ground, the lieutenant moderated his contortions and looked carefully over his wires and supports to see that all had withstood the strain he had given them. To his horror he discovered that his fuel tank was ablaze and that flames were spreading rapidly back along the length of the tail of his machine.

With his customary *sang-froid*, Post cut off his motor and eased his blazing airplane down to the nearest landing place, unfastening his tools and throwing them out as he fell, and detaching as many of the instruments from the dashboard as

could be loosened in such a perilous descent. As the airplane rubbed along the ground Post dropped the control-stick, climbed out to the forward step, and before the roaring flames had time to swoop over him, he jumped.

This cool escape from an apparently certain death, together with his forethought in saving his tools from destruction, was rewarded by a recent citation from his general, praising his skill and deportment as an airman, and recommending his coolness and judgment as an example to other aviators training in France.

SUBMARINE V. SUBMARINE—A THREE-MINUTE FIGHT

THE commander of a British submarine thus reported to Whitaker an encounter he had with a German U-boat:

“10 A.M.—Sighted hostile submarine. Attacked same.

“10:03 A.M.—Torpedoed submarine. Hit with one torpedo amidships. Submarine seen to blow up and disappear. Surface to look for survivors. Put down immediately by destroyers who fired at me.”

But this young commander was a little more explicit in his footnote, as he might well be, for, having kept to sea and his appointed duty under circumstances of extreme difficulty and hazard, he took his fate in both hands, stalked the enemy, and destroyed him.

“During my attack,” he wrote, “there was just enough sea to make depth keeping difficult. I

fired two torpedoes, and one hit at forward end of conning tower. A large column of yellow smoke, about one and a half times as high as the mast, was observed and the submarine disappeared. The explosion was heard and felt in our own submarine. On the previous day the periscope had become very stiff to turn, and in the dark hours I attempted to rectify same, but while doing so I was forced to dive and thus lost all the tools and nuts of the centre bush.

“While attacking it took two men besides myself to turn the periscope. For this reason I did not consider it prudent to attack the destroyer after having sunk the submarine.

“After torpedoing submarine I proceeded four miles northward and lay on the bottom. Many vessels throughout the day were heard in close proximity. Several explosions were heard, especially one very heavy one. It must have been close, as the noise was considerably louder than that of the torpedo. On one occasion a wire sweep scraped the whole length of the boat along my port side, and a vessel was heard to pass directly overhead.”

That is all. The feelings of these gallent men, lying on the sea bed, while death in its most horrible form searched around for them, are left to the imagination. They made port safely and, after refitting, put off to sea again.

CAUGHT THE U-BOAT NAPPING

ANOTHER British submarine sighted a German U-boat and at once gave chase, working blind on the course her commander laid and trusting somewhat to luck. Mr. Whitaker describes the incident in the *New York Sunday Sun*. Now and again her periscope broke water for a second or so—only long enough for her skipper to confirm his course and bearings. Then the British boat navigated into shallow water, so shallow indeed that to avoid being seen she had to scrape the bottom, bumping uncomfortably and dangerously all the while, and had also to dip her periscope.

Luck was with her, and she avoided breaking surface until she came to a position favorable for attack, between five hundred and six hundred yards from the U-boat, which, unsuspecting, was lying awash, her conning tower open. Some of

her crew were indeed spreading the wind screen in preparation for a trip on the surface.

Little did they dream that in a few seconds they would be on their way to "Davy Jones's Locker." But so it happened. Away with a hiss went the torpedoes from the Britisher's tubes, and as they sped on their errand the Britisher was shifted so that another tube was brought to bear on the enemy. The commander was taking no chances, and if the bow tubes missed he was ready to have another go. But the bow tubes had been "well and truly laid" on the target, and twenty seconds after the torpedoes had been fired a dull explosion was heard by the British crew.

But there was no sign of the U-boat. There was a great disturbance upon the water where the pirate had last been seen, and when the Britisher reached the spot the sea was found covered with a thick layer of oily substance. A wireless to the depot port and another red dot went on the chart which records the fate of the pirates.

FACING A GAS ATTACK

THE following description of a battle between the Austrians and Russians, in which gas played a leading part, was written by Eugene Szatmari, an Austrian lieutenant on the southeastern war front:

“The night is starlight, not pitch dark, as in the dreary month of January, but of a strange, weird, dark blue, and the shadows are long, scattered, and charming. This lukewarm night is restless. Bright flashes from field rockets rip the dark blue velvet curtain asunder, and hardly has the glare died away—hardly have quiet, invisible caterpillars sewed the curtain together again—when the shining finger of a searchlight begins to feel its way through the blue night. Rifles crack and cannon roar from the east. Since an early hour in the morning the guns have been thundering toward us from the north and the lazy rattle of the distant drum fire penetrates with difficulty

through the trees of the shot-torn forest. Now they have begun here, too. Heavy shells crash through the trees with deafening roars, several branches fall slowly, but noisily, rifle bullets come whistling along and rattle through the trees. My ten telephones hum and sing like mad. But my batteries are silent. We do not waste our shots in the air.

“Now a rocket goes up. It goes high, very high, and sends down its colored stars in a crackling rain of fire. There is another, and still a third—and the cannon fire becomes still heavier, the shrapnel crashes like mad, and shell after shell whizzes toward us in a howling arch, to burst as it falls. We know what all this means, the sign that has just been made; short and sharp comes the message hissed over the telephone: ‘A gas attack.’

“On comes the poison wave—we are armed for it.

“‘Gas masks to the front!’ In the twinkling of an eye we have transformed ourselves into masked robbers, and are waiting in curiosity, braced for the battle with the unknown weapon, against the invisible, creeping, and—up to now,

to us unknown—enemy. What is it like, this gas?—and we wait the coming wave almost with longing. Is it really coming after all?

“It is coming. Something creeps into my eyes and I buckle my mask on again. So it is here, then, the sneaking enemy, the poison wave that we cannot destroy, the opponent wearing the cap of invisibility. Now it sweeps over us, overwhelms us; we are in its power, and our lives are dependent upon the potash tube that gives us air. We stand in the midst of its infected atmosphere, and its dragon-like breath toys with our clothing.

“What a frightful yet miserable enemy! The guns continue to roar in its neighborhood, and the charging enemy’s cries of, ‘*Hurri! hurri!*’ are smothered in the furious rattle of the machine guns. They don’t need any masks, nor do the cannon that are now spewing death in a hundred forms upon the enemy from the hidden depths of the forest, barking and howling like ever-faithful iron dogs. They are armed against the gas, for they need no air; and they stretch their bronze bodies out in the mad fire as they run back and forth on

their carriages. What a mean weapon—what a wretched enemy—is this invisible opponent!

I feel a strange weight on my chest. The air I am breathing is heavy and oppressive; I have to swallow at every breath I draw. The mask lies on my head like lead, and its big glass peep-holes make my eyes ache indescribably. I feel as if I stood in a leaden diving suit at the bottom of the sea, with the weight of the whole ocean upon me. Air!—I must have air—and I loosen the straps of my mask, but a terrible shooting pain grips my temples, and instinctively I haul them tight again. With the telephone in my hand, with the leaden weight of the mask on my head, half unconscious, I shout orders into the instrument. The great glass eyes with which I am now looking boredly into the roaring, rattling, flashing, glaringly convulsive night—the night that only an hour before was a quiet velvet-blue curtain and that now has become a mad monster, spitting poison and death. I try to go to the telescope, and I step on something soft. I bend down. It is a dead mouse. It didn't have any mask. What a fearful opponent, this sneaking, invisible enemy!

“I can stand it no longer. My temples thump like mad and I feel my blood course wildly through my veins. I tear apart the straps of the mask—and I take a breath of pure, fresh, good air! There is a light breeze from the south. It has blown away the poisonous waves. The battle dies down; the rattle of shots becomes weaker, and the cannon are steadily becoming quieter. The flashing lights that pierced the night are extinguished. It becomes calmer. I breathe, breathe deeper, while once more the dark blue velvet curtain of the night slowly and softly settles down over us.

SUBMARINE CREW SWAM IN OIL

IN THE dawn of a bright morning a British submarine sighted an enemy U-boat running on the surface and at once dived to get into a favorable position for attack. As the Navy would say, she "proceeded as requisite" for fifteen minutes and, rising until her periscope was above water, picked up her quarry again. The skipper wanted to make sure of his game. According to Mr. Whitaker:

Carefully and expertly he manœuvred his boat into a favorable position. Then a quick order and out of the tube a shining "tin fish" sped toward the Hun. In less than a minute the explosion was heard, and up to the surface came the Britisher to look for results. Right ahead the sea was covered with a big patch of oil, in which three men were swimming. Two were picked up by one of the submarine's boats; the other sank before he could be reached. Another of the Kaiser's pets had "gone west."

A TOWER THE GERMANS BUILT TOO WELL

AT. BOVENT on the Somme the Germans decided to construct in a small wood or orchard—in its present state of dilapidation the most expert of gardeners would be puzzled to say which of the two it originally was—an observation post which was to be capable of overlooking a wide expanse of the French lines. The position was a good one, and the French would undoubtedly have utilized it by contriving some ingenious outlook place, which would have been completely hidden in the foliage. They would have built in all probability something quite flimsy, which would be destroyed by the first shell that found it and could be as easily set up again.

Not so the Germans. They set to work to build an observation post as if the dismal line of trenches on the Somme had been dug for all eternity. One can conceive the commander of the

German battalion, stationed at that point, telling his men: "We are now going to dig, and fortify with reinforced concrete, shelters and an observation post such as have never been seen before. The war may last for twenty years, but my officers and I will be quite safe inside them against the heaviest shell ever invented. It is unfortunate that most of you will have to be satisfied with such protection as you can get from the parapet of the trench, but then you will have the immense satisfaction of having dug and armored the most colossal of all shelters."

So the German officer built for himself the Tower of Bovent. The German sappers worked with a zeal that had in it perhaps something of the zeal of the builders of the Pyramids, who were slaves. They burrowed under the earth like moles and built eight roomy shelters thirty feet underground, where no shell could penetrate. These shelters were connected by subterranean passages and provided with a number of exits, so that if by an unlucky chance a bursting shell should block up any one of them the others should still be available.

The crowning glory of their work was a tower that rose some five or six feet above the ground. So long as summer lasted it was hidden by the foliage of the trees and undergrowth. No doubt when winter came it was to be converted into an innocent-looking mound of earth. The tower was constructed of great blocks of reinforced concrete. It resembled the conning tower of a battleship and at the top of it were two narrow slits facing the enemy through which the observer could watch the French lines or a machine gun could fire. The shelters were also protected with lumps of concrete that could be regarded as proof against any artillery.

The summer foliage was still hiding the tower when one day it occurred to a French artillery lieutenant that there was something not quite natural about the corner of a wood or orchard near Bovent. It was certainly an ideal place for a German look-out, so it occurred to him that it might be worth while to send a few salvos of "75" shells on the suspicious point.

His enterprise was rewarded. The "75" shells soon made short work of leaves and branches,

and there was exposed to view the naked gray concrete of the tower. It was then the affair of the big guns. The moment for the attack on Bovent was drawing near and the gunners were asking nothing better than a well-defined target. The German officers, who, with their orderlies and the telephonists, were safe thirty feet underground, were in no way disturbed by the discovery of their tower. It was proof against any force but a direct hit from a very big shell, and their shelters below they believed could defy anything.

So, quite unconcerned, they passed the time as usual. They had a piano, and two of them began a game of chess. Then the big French shells began to whizz and the life of the men in the trench below the tower became anything but pleasant. Soon it was difficult to distinguish between the original trench, and the shell holes. The tower got no direct hit, but its appearance became more and more ragged as splinters began to tear off its outer coating of concrete. The steel that reinforced the concrete appeared in hooks and twisted bands and its once-smooth surface grew unkempt and scarred.

Down below, the Germans worried not at all about the appearance of their tower and went on with their games. Then, if the scene is rightly reconstructed, there came an alarm which really affected them. It was announced that the French had begun to fire gas shells on the position. The gas, being heavier than air, is particularly deadly in shelters below ground, and the Germans were not slow to put on their masks, which, with their metal protuberances that suggest a pig's snout, are one of the most hideous products of a hideous war.

It was long after that there came a terrific explosion. Their shelters seemed to have resisted the shock, but the concussion was more than the human frame could bear. A very large French shell had landed about ten yards to the left of the tower, immediately above the shelters. Its explosion made a hole in the ground some fifteen feet deep, hurled blocks of concrete about as if they had been straws, and blocked the entrances to the shelters.

When the French infantry carried the position an adventurous soldier managed to squeeze his

way down through one of the entrances and saw the extraordinary sight of some thirty Boches, including two Colonels, lying dead with their gas masks on, and apparently not a single wound among them. It was impossible to bring the bodies up; so the French engineers simply blocked up securely the entrances which the shell had obstructed, and the tower and shelters, built with such an expenditure of labor, merely became their builders' tomb.

THE MERCHANTMAN WON

THE triumphs of armed merchantmen over German submarines are none too numerous. In the two examples cited here the respective captains were more than equal to the occasion and proved that, placed on equal terms, a merchantman is a match for any submarine. Mr. Whitaker reports:

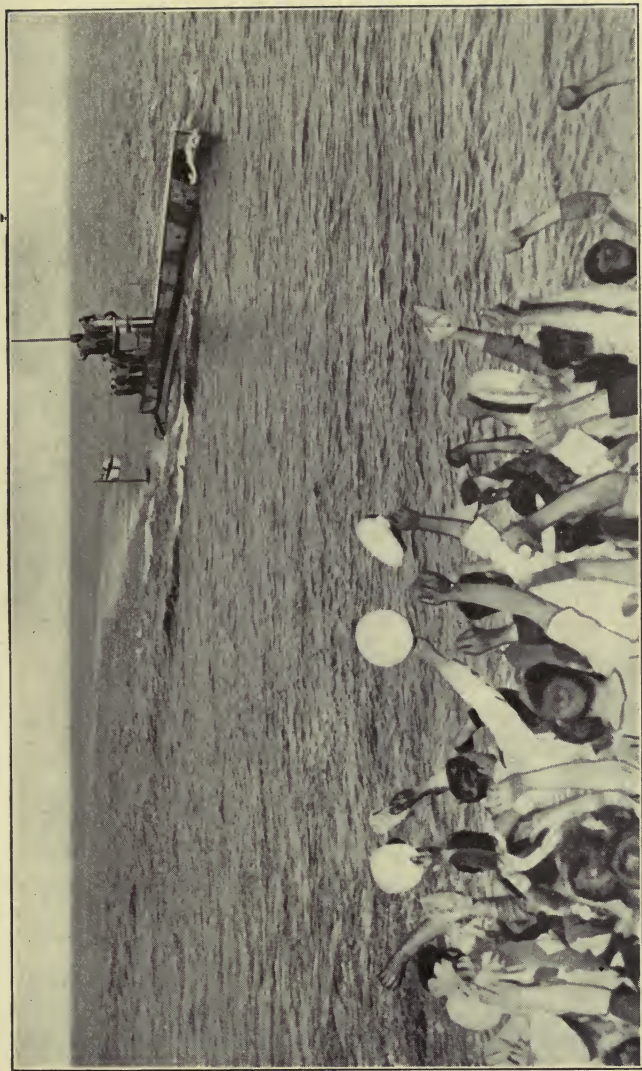
In the first instance, the captain waited for an advantageous moment for a direct hit. When first reported by the look-out the U-boat appeared through the telescope to be a bark, hull down over the horizon, but as the master did not feel quite sure he altered course to bring her astern, and soon afterward she disappeared. Twenty minutes later she was reported again, and this time the master was able to identify her as an enemy submarine. Slowly she overhauled the steamship, but not until an hour and a half later did she fire her

first round. Ten minutes after that her shells were pitching all round the merchantman.

The master now took up station beside the gun to spot for his gunner and watch for torpedoes. It was an unequal fight, but as the U-boat approached it was noticed that she had a list of about twenty degrees and that several men were at work on her deck beside the foremost gun. Then she altered course to port and brought her after gun into action.

This was the real moment for which the captain had been waiting. A shot from the steamship's gun went over, another fell a bit to the right, her third struck the water, exploding close to the base of the conning tower. Round No. 4 was a direct hit. The shell exploded on the foredeck of the submarine beside the gun.

A great burst of cheering went up from the deck of the merchantman, the gunner threw down his firing lanyard, and grasped the hand of the mate. And as the shouting died away the U-boat turned slowly over on her side and slid from view, down and out, after a three hours' fight.



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THE BRITISH SUBMARINE THAT PENETRATED THE DARDANELLES

Guarded by nets, mines, patrol boats, and shore batteries the Turks thought the Dardanelles Straits corked tight. The picture shows H. M. S. *Grampus* after she had run the gauntlet safely

GUNFIRE CAUGHT THE FLEEING U-BOAT

In the second instance a damaged submarine vainly attempted to flee from the fire of a merchantman. The steamship had been armed and despatched to defend the trade routes, but one misty morning a U-boat challenged her supremacy by discharging a torpedo at her. It struck her engine room near the water line, making a large rent and filling the boiler room, engine room, and No. 5 hold. Then the submarine appeared about fifty yards away, "and so," said the captain, "as my guns would bear I opened fire, and our first shot hit the base of the conning tower and also removed the two periscopes."

Soon the U-boat assumed a list to port and began to draw away slowly. Her stern was nearly under water, oil squirted from her side, while her crew began to scramble out of the conning tower and after hatch. They then held up their hands, so the order to cease fire was given, but immediately afterward the U-boat turned away at full speed.

During this dash for safety the men abaft her

conning tower were washed overboard, but meanwhile the steamship had opened fire again and presently an explosion forward ended her career.

As some of the Germans were to be seen struggling through the oil that coated the water, boats were lowered and two survivors were picked up. Of these one quickly inquired whether his captain had been saved, but apparently not from motives of affection, since he declared he would jump overboard if that officer was picked up. As the U-boat commander had been previously killed by gun-fire, the man consented to remain alive as a prisoner.

HOW THE SNOW TRAPPED A GERMAN BATTALION

A RUSSIAN officer told the following story to Montgomery Schuyler:

“We were creeping across the snow when we heard a frightened ‘*Wer kommt da ?*’

“‘Hold on Germans! Where the devil do they come from?’ ask our men in surprise. ‘Are they numerous?’

“‘*Wer ist da ?*’ we hear again.

“Our only reply is to fire by the squad, and then again. The Germans are a little surprised, but pull themselves together and return the fire. It is dark and neither side can see the other. In groping about we finally meet and it is give and take with the bayonet. We strike in silence, but bullets are falling about us like rain. Nobody knows who is firing and everyone is crying in his own language: ‘Don’t fire! Stop!’ From the side whence the firing comes, beyond and to the

right, they are yelling at us, both in German and Russian: 'What's the matter? Where are you?'

"Our men cry to the Germans: 'Surrender!'

"They answer: 'Throw down your arms. We have surrounded you and you are all prisoners.'

"Wild with rage we throw ourselves forward with the bayonet, pushing the enemy back along the trenches.

"In their holes the Germans cry, peering into the impenetrable darkness: 'Help! Don't fire! Bayonet them!'

"Hundreds of shouts answer them, like a wave rolling in on us from every hand.

"'Oh, little brothers, their force is numberless. We are surrounded on three sides. Would it not be better to surrender?' cries someone with a sob.

"'Crack him over the head! Pull out his tongue! Drive him to the Germans with the bayonet!' are the growling comments this evokes.

"A command rings out, vibrating like a cord: 'Rear ranks, wheel, fire, fire!'

"The crowd before us yells, moves, and seems to stop. But behind them new ranks groan and

approach. Anew the command is given: 'Fire, fire!'

"Cries and groans answer the fusillade and a hand-to-hand struggle along the trenches ensues.

"German shouts are heard: 'Help! Here, this way! Fall on their backs!'

"But it is we who fall on their backs. We pry them out and clear the trenches.

"In front of us all is quiet. On the right we hear the Germans struggling, growling, repeating the commands of the officers: '*Vorwärts! Vorwärts!*' But nobody fires and nobody attacks our trenches. We fire in the general direction of the German voices; infrequent shots far apart answer us. The commands of '*Vorwärts*' have stopped. They are at the foot of the trenches, but they do not storm them.

'After them with the bayonet!' our men cry. 'Finish them, as we finished the others!'

"'Halt, boys!' calls the sharp, vibrating voice of our commander. 'This may be only another German trick. They don't come on. We are firing and they do not answer. Shoot farther and lower. Fire!'

“New cries and groans come from the Germans, followed by isolated shots, which fly high above us. After five or six rounds silence settles upon the trenches and continues unbroken. ‘What can this mean?’ wonder our men. ‘Have we exterminated them?’

“‘Excellency, permit me to go and feel round,’ offers S——, chief scout, already decorated with the Cross of St. George.

“‘Wait, I am going to look into it myself.’

“The officer lights a little electric lamp and prudently sticks his arm above the rampart. The light does not draw a single shot. We peer cautiously over and see, almost within reach of our hands, the Germans lying in ranks, piled on top of one another.

“‘Excellency,’ the soldiers marvel, ‘they are all dead. They don’t move, or are they pretending?’

“The officer raises himself and directs the rays from his lamp on the heaps. We see that they are buried in the snow up to the waist or to the neck, but none of them moves. The officer throws the light right and left, and shows us hundreds

of Germans extended, their fallen rifles sticking up in the snow like planted things.

“I don’t understand,’ he mutters.

“‘Excellency, I am going to see,’ says the chief scout.

“‘Go on,’ the officer consents, ‘and you, boys, have your rifles ready and fire at anything suspicious without waiting for orders from me.’

“S—— gets out of the trench and immediately disappears, swallowed by the soft snow up to the neck. He tries to get one leg out but without success. He tries to lean on one hand, pushes it down into the snow, then pulls hard and swears. His hands are frightfully scratched; the blood tinges the snow with dark blotches.

“‘It’s the barbed-wire defences,’ he cries. Help me, little brothers. Alone, I can do nothing.’

“We catch him by the collar of his tunic and with difficulty pull him out. His coat, trousers, boots, are in shreds.

“‘Thousand devils!’ he swears. ‘I have no legs left. They’re scratched to pieces.’

“The officer understands. The trenches are

defended by intrenchments of barbed wire. The snow had covered and piled high above them. The whole battalion we had seen had rushed forward to the help of those who had called and had got mixed up in the wires. The first over had sunk in the snow and disappeared. Those coming over had stepped on them, passed on, become entangled in the covered wires, and had fallen in turn under our hail of lead. Rank on rank, ignorant of what had happened and rushing on like wild animals, had shared the fate of their comrades. So perished a whole battalion."

DROVE INTO HIS FOE IN MID-AIR

AMONG the many daring exploits undertaken by intrepid French aviators is a sensational, as well as a scientific, aërial coup accomplished by Lieutenant Jean Chaput. While above Montzeville in March, 1916, he gave battle to a German machine much better armed and more powerful than his own. Suddenly, after an exchange of shots, the German dashed down upon him in order to crush him.

It appeared, according to Victor Forbin, who related the incident in *Les Annales* of Paris, that Chaput had foreseen the occasion when he might be forced to approach an enemy in order to "get inside of him," according to the familiar phrase. He had declared that he would escape alive from such a dangerous approach. He had his plan, which he put into practice.

Putting his motor at full speed, Chaput threw himself into the meeting with the German, and

then, at the moment of approach, moved his levers and manœuvred his machine in such a manner that his screw tore into the enemy's fuselage (the body of the machine), cutting off the rear end. The German pilot fell whirling with his machine, which burst into flame, while his passenger went crashing into the ground nearly two miles below.

The conqueror got back to earth by volplaning on his seriously damaged plane.

FATE OF THE FLAME THROWERS

A FRENCH correspondent on the Somme front obtained this glimpse of one of the most thoroughly modern horrors of war from an injured soldier in a first-aid station near the advanced trenches:

“It was decided to withdraw us to a better position, some fifty yards in the rear. Then the captain called for someone to stay behind to watch and signal the enemy’s movements. That’s my regular job, so I fixed myself about fifteen feet up in the cleft of a big tree and seized a telephone which was connected with the nearest battery. From there I could see a German trench at the edge of a little wood about eighty yards from the trench my comrades had vacated.

“For nearly an hour nothing happened. Occasionally I noticed heads peering from the Boche trench trying to see into the empty trench, which was hidden from them by a slight swelling of the

ground just before it. They would have been a splendid mark for a sniper, but I had other work this time. Suddenly a group of about forty Boches crept forward from the wood, rapidly followed by the best part of a company. I telephoned: 'Enemy advancing, led by a detachment of "*Flamenwerfer*",' for I had recognized the devilish apparatus carried by the foremost group. When the latter were about eighty feet from the empty trench they halted in a hollow just below the rise in the ground, and then with appalling suddenness, a dozen jets of white and yellow flames darted up to fall plumb into the trench. The dense smoke hid the rest of the Germans, but, thanks to my mask, I was able to gasp information to the battery.

"It was then I had a glimpse of what hell must be like. Our gunners had the range to an inch, and a torrent of shells burst right among the fire-throwers. Great sheets of flame sprang up, one jet from an exploding container just grazing me, burning my clothes and scorching my ribs rather badly. But it was impossible to escape. The ground was a sea of fire. In the midst of it the

Germans, like living torches, were dying horribly. One man spun round like a top, not even trying to run away, until he fell in a pool of flame. Others rolled on the ground, but the blazing liquid ran round them everywhere, and I could smell the horrible odor of burning flesh.

“I don’t think any fire-throwers escaped. Their screams, heard despite the cannonade and rifle fire, seemed to continue horribly long. The company behind them seemed panic-stricken. As the smoke lifted I saw them running back to the wood, and our mitrailleuses did severe execution.

“I was nearly fainting with the fumes and pain from my burns. The captain sent a patrol, which found me hanging limply to the tree fork. They had trouble getting me, but luckily the Germans were too staggered to interfere.,,

BOMBING FROM AN ARMORED CAR

A DOZEN leather-clad officers—French and English—rushed out of a farmhouse, followed by a score of soldiers hurriedly adjusting goggles. A few rods down the road six armored motor cars were waiting; a minute later five of them were humming, while four men, besides the driver, piled into each car, disappearing through little doors cut in the rear, immediately under the Maxims, which peeped out a few inches from the half-inch steel plating.

The sixth car stood motionless, and a British captain hailed a lieutenant who stood holding desultory converse with a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

“Here, lieutenant, you take the last car; *you* drive, don’t you?”

The lieutenant did not. But the captain did not wait to learn; he crawled into his steel cage, slammed the door after him, and was off.

A command was a command; but the lieutenant could not obey this one. He looked sheepish, swore, became downcast, and spoke pathetically of ruined chances. The correspondent, who could drive, saved the situation for him by acting as chauffeur to the armored car, a rôle which enabled him to record its exploits, and off it darted in the wake of the other five. It was a Mercedes, taken from the Germans and refitted.

“Between jolts,” wrote this correspondent, “I listened to the lieutenant’s explanation. It seemed that German armored cars were playing havoc in half a dozen villages north of us, between La Bassée and Armentières, making their raids at most unexpected hours, working their quick-firers, two to each car, against every living thing in sight—soldiers, inhabitants, and even cattle. One of them the other day (the period is early in 1915) had bumped at full speed against a chain drawn tight across the road, and another junk pile had been added to the many lining the roads in this region. But those left were bolder than ever, raiding villages fifteen miles out of their lines, and as they had been reported leaving Lille

by one of our aviators, we were going after them.

"The lieutenant watched the road with his glasses. Suddenly he cried:

"That's one, sure. I can see their wire-cutters! Let her rip!"

"The correspondent, who had heroism thrust on him and wrote as though he quaked under the ordeal, drove down the road, rushing to meet a distant gray streak that at once stopped, turned, and fled before them. Bouncing and plunging, the British car followed, in a frantic endeavor to overcome the intervening distance in the six or seven miles that lay between the German car and the German lines.

"Through the narrow main and only street of F—— we pounded, the speed-indicator registering forty-five miles, and as the few half-burned farms rushed by us, the black faces of African troopers appeared cautiously at doors and windows, while threatening guns were lowered as the tricolored bands painted on our steel box flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs

groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor. The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, a box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly around it, and I remembered wondering at the courage of the man—a Liverpool clerk, used to dull office routine—rising to a heroic level at the first emergency.

“Immediately out of the village we saw the Germans five hundred yards in front, just at the crest of the hill, which we climbed after them without changing the gear. They were going their limit evidently, while we still had another five-mile increase in our motor, and I gave it out. The car leaped forward just as the German mitrailleuse spoke. Two or three light shocks against the sloping armored front, and we veered over to the side of the road, going nearly into the ditch as the wheels skidded over the mud.

“Our Maxims were useless to us, and no one thought of using rifles at such a speed. Our only hope lay in overtaking the car ahead and praying that the tires, our only exposed parts, would hold.

“‘Faster!’ yelled the lieutenant.

“I ignored him, getting out of the Mercedes all she had in her with the load she was carrying, and anyway we were now within a hundred yards of the German, and her quick-firer was beating a tattoo against the steel shield in front of me.

“Seventy-five yards more!—sixty—forty!— and the German swerved from side to side, intent on keeping us behind him. Being so close our tires were safe, the firing angle being too great for the mitrailleuses in front, and as for ourselves nothing but a shell could penetrate the half-inch steel plate; the bullets glanced upward harmlessly from the sloping fronts.

“Bending close to me, eyes glued on the slit (the aperture through which the road was seen), the lieutenant said:

“‘Now’s the time. When you see my arm fly past, put on the brakes—hard. Stop as short as you know how, for the fellow in front is going to stop shorter still. . . .’

“A smell of burning tinder came to my nostrils along with a warning cry of ‘Look sharp’ from the lieutenant. And so, more through intuition, I felt his arm flash over my head, my whole weight

was thrown on brake and clutch pedals, while the motor, released, turned crazily.

“The three grenades, dragging their short fuses, timed at five seconds, sailed true to their goal over and in front of the onrushing Germans. I was too busy straightening my own car (which skidding from behind, leaped across the full width of the road at nearly a right angle) to notice exactly what occurred, but when we brought up hard against a pile of crushed stone, which Providence had miraculously placed between us and the ditch, the German car, not ten feet away, was just ending a ‘whirl of death’ act and landing on its side, both front wheels smashed from under it.

“Out of the tangle we pulled five men. One, the driver, his breast crushed by the steering wheel, was dead. Among the four others were broken arms and collar-bones.

“Bandaged and congratulated on their brave efforts against us, the Germans—two officers of the *Landwehr* and their men—were still ignorant of what had put them out of the race. Their sorrow at not having first thought of this new mode of automobile warfare was intense.

“A can of gasolene was spilled over the pile of junk, the mitrailleuses were hammered into shapeless masses, and a match applied. The vanquished armored car ended in a blaze, while its former occupants returned with us—prisoners.”

THEY FELL, BUT THE FUSE WAS LIGHTED*

A BRIDGE had to be blown up and the whole place was an inferno of mitrailleuse and rifle fire. Into this pandemonium went the British Royal Engineers. A spectator of the scene, M. Darina, a singer from the Comédie Française, who had joined the Cuirassiers, described their exploits:

“A party of them rushed toward the bridge, and though dropping one by one, were able to lay the charge before all were sacrificed.’ For a moment we waited. Then others came. Down toward the bridge they crept, seeking what cover they could in their eagerness to get near enough to light the fuse.

“Ah! It was then that we Frenchmen witnessed something we shall never forget. One man dashed forward to his task in the open, only to fall

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dead. Another, and another, and another followed him, only to fall like his comrade, and not till the twelfth man had reached the fuse did the attack succeed. As the bridge blew up with a mighty roar, we looked and saw that the twelfth man had also sacrificed his life." (From "Tommy Atkins at War," by James A. Kilpatrick.)

THE BAPTISM OF LEAD

HOW a French soldier, going into action for the first time, faced the great ordeal that had to be met by every man who participated in the greatest of world conflicts (the battle described dates from the early days of the war), is thus told by him:

“For some time the rattling of volleys has been audible. Then at a distance a heavy detonation of a gun is heard. Arrived at the crest, we drop down, and there, right in front of us, on the opposite hills, and making for the plains between, are the enemy, engaged in a fight with a division of the Allied troops.

“I can distinctly see the German artillerymen moving about the guns on the hilltops and slopes. I see a mighty flash from one of the guns; the heavy report is reëchoed by the surrounding hills. It is strange, but in the face of death and destruction, I catch myself trying to make out where the shell

has fallen, as if I am an interested spectator at a rifle competition. I am not the only one. I see many curious faces around me bearing expressions full of interest, just as if the owners of the respective faces formed the audience at a highly entertaining theatrical performance without having anything to do with the play itself.

“The human mind is a curious and complicated thing. Now that we are shooting at the enemy I hear—as often afterward, in the midst of a first battle, I heard—some remark made or some funny expression used which proved that the speaker’s thoughts were far from realizing the terrible facts around him. It has nothing to do with heartlessness or anything like that. I don’t know what it is.

“Volley after volley was sent in the direction of the enemy. The German shells and bullets passed over our heads. The Germans may be, and are, our superiors in executing parade-steps but they are infernally bad shots.

“A rain of hostile bullets passed over our heads. Instinctively we stopped, although when one hears the bullet it has passed already. It is a queer

sensation which comes over us the first time we are met with a hail of bullets. We suddenly feel as if attacked by fever, but this feeling soon leaves us.

“The earth was shaken by the incessant cannonading, and the air was torn by continuous rattling rifle fire. A comrade on my right stumbled, dropped forward without uttering a sound, killed by a shot in the breast. A man in front of me threw his arms up, struggled to his feet, and fell again.

“A shell exploded near us, followed by a terrible cry. Five of our number were lying dead in a little square. One man had both legs blown away and was still alive—conscious, and imploring us to kill him. An officer ran past, stopped, and after a short look, shot him through the heart. ‘*Ca vaut mieux,*’ he said, ‘*pauvre diable !*’

“The officer opened his lips to utter a command and at the same moment got a bullet through his mouth. He turned around twice and fell heavily on the dike close by me.

“We are retreating. Our men display a remarkable self-control. Notwithstanding the ap-

palling scenes around me, I, too, feel perfectly calm now. Terrible though it may seem, I confess that without a moment's trouble I aim at my living targets, shoot, and watch the effect of my bullet."

IN A FRENCH COTTAGE

THE Prussians had occupied the French village of Lourches, near Douchy. A German officer there insulted the wife of a miner in her cottage, in a corner of which a French non-commissioned officer, wounded by a fragment of shell, was lying on a rough couch.

The soldier, in a frenzy of indignation, killed the officer with his revolver. He was seized and German troops made ready to shoot him.

At that moment a French lad, Émile Despres, aged fourteen, entered the cottage, and the condemned man asked him for a drink of water. The lad gave him water and was immediately brutally beaten. Then his eyes were bandaged, and he was placed beside his countryman for execution.

The German officer in charge, however, suddenly changed his mind, and taking the handkerchief from the boy's eyes, put a gun into his hands and told him he would spare his life if he would

shoot the non-commissioned officer. The boy took the rifle, levelled it as though to present it at the condemned man, and then, turning suddenly, shot dead the officer. He was immediately transfixed with bayonets and riddled with bullets. The non-commissioned officer shared his fate.

Thus was the story related by a French senator, M. Pauliat, of the Département du Cher, who vouched for its accuracy, and published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE SOLITARY GUNNER BROKE THE COLUMN

THERE was a party of 150 Highlanders that were detailed to hold a bridge over the Aisne," said a British engineer in describing some hard fighting near Soissons to G. Ward Price, of the London *Daily Mail*. "A German attack was not expected at that point, and the detachment was meant to act rather as a guard than as a force to defend the bridge.

"Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around, and a strong force—out-numbering the little body of Highlanders by large odds—came forward at a run toward the bridge. The Highlanders opened fire at once, and for a time held the enemy at bay. But the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and a dense column of troops was seen advancing, under cover of a heavy fire, along the road that led to

the river. Then one of the Highlanders jumped from cover.

“The Maxim gun belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod, silent, amid a ring of dead bodies. The Highlander ran forward under the bullet storm, seized the Maxim, swung it, tripod and all, on his back, and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side, facing the German attack.

“The belt of the gun was still charged, and there, absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column. Under the tempest of fire the column wavered and then broke, fleeing for cover to the fields on either side of the road, and leaving scores of dead that the stammering Maxim had mowed down.

“Almost the next moment the Highlander fell dead beside his gun there in the open road. But he had checked the advance upon the open bridge, and before the German column could again form there was the welcome sound of British words of command from the rear of the little force of High-

landers, and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired and gave up the attempt to gain the bridge. But the Highlander who had carried forward the Maxim gun to his post of certain death there in the open road, had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up."

THE MESSAGE THAT SAVED A REGIMENT

IN A DISTANT and exposed position on the western front a British regiment was in danger of annihilation, and a message had to be sent ordering its retirement. This could only be accomplished by despatching a messenger, and the Irish Fusiliers were asked for a volunteer. (From "Tommy Atkins at War.")

Every man offered himself, though all knew what it meant to cross that stretch of open country raked with rifle fire.

They tossed for the honor. The first man to start off with the message was an awkward, shock-headed chap who, the narrator said, did not impress one by his appearance. Into the blinding hail of bullets he dashed, and cleared the first hundred yards without mishap. In the second lap he fell wounded, but struggled to his feet and rushed on till he was hit a second time and collapsed.

One man rushed to his assistance and another to bear the message. The former reached the wounded man and started to carry him in, but, when nearing the trenches and their cheering comrades, both fell dead.

The third man by this time had got well on his way, and was almost within reach of the endangered regiment when he, too, was hit. Half a dozen men ran out to bring him in, and the whole lot of the rescuing party were shot down; but the wounded Fusilier managed to crawl to the trenches and deliver the order. The threatened regiment then fell back in safety.

HIS CAPTOR WAS MISSING

A BRITISH aviator had been obliged to descend within the German lines, and was made prisoner by a German officer. The latter, revolver in hand, made his prisoner take him in his airplane for a flight above the Allied lines in order to make observations. Having seen sufficient, the officer of the Kaiser ordered the aviator to turn his machine. In order to do so, the airplane mounted higher and suddenly turned over in an admirable loop. On righting himself the pilot found he was alone, the German officer having been insufficiently strapped in. The aviator descended as quickly as possible into the British lines.

He had, of course, tumbled his captor out. It was a new method of evading capture, as novel, in fact, as the circumstance of conducting a flight as the prisoner of a German officer, and his achievement earned the young aviator a decoration.

RODE THROUGH LYDDITE AND MELINITE

CHARGING a battery of eleven German guns was a feat undertaken by the 9th Lancers at Toulin in order to save a British infantry division and some guns.

Onlookers described their charge as another Balaclava. They rode at the guns like men inspired. Lyddite and melinite swept like hail across the thin line of horsemen. When they got close to the German guns they found themselves riding full tilt into hidden wire entanglements—seven strands of barbed wire. Horses and men came down in a heap and few who reached this barrier ever returned.

“We rode absolutely into death,” a corporal of the regiment wrote home (Printed in “Tommy Atkins at War”), “and the colonel told us that onlookers never expected a single Lancer to come back. About four hundred charged and seventy-

two rallied afterward, but during the week two hundred more turned up wounded and otherwise. You see, the infantry of ours were in a fix and no guns but four could be got round, so the general ordered two squadrons of the 9th to charge, as a sacrifice, to save the position. The order was given. Not only did A and B squadrons gallop into line, but C squadron also wheeled and came up with a roar. It was magnificent, but horrible. The regiment was swept away before one thousand yards was covered, and at two hundred yards from the guns I was practically alone—myself, three privates, and an officer of our squadron. On the colonel's signal we wheeled to a flank and rode back. I was mad with rage, a feeling I cannot describe. But we had drawn their fire; the infantry were saved."

TWENTY-SIX BRITISH FOUGHT THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED GERMANS

DURING the early stages of the fighting in Belgium a small British force encountered an overwhelming body of German troops. The action that followed was witnessed by the Belgian army staff, according to a Belgian soldier, who wrote this account of the engagement to a friend in South Wales:

“It happened after the different battles which resulted in the evacuation of Mons. The Britishers, who had fought like heroes, must have retreated with reluctance—in obedience, it is true, to orders received from the military authorities. As they were only giving ground step by step, twenty-six Fusiliers entrenched themselves in a farm overlooking the long, straight road leading to Quaregnon. They were in possession of several mitrailleuses, and they made holes in the farm

door, three lines in three holes in superposition, and placed their mitrailleuses into position.

“‘Now, boys,’ shouted one of the twenty-six, ‘we are going to cinematograph the gray devils when they come along. This is going to be Coronation Day. Let each of us take as many pictures as possible.’

“As soon as the Germans appeared on the road and started attacking the canal bridge, the Fusiliers very coolly turned the handles of their deadly guns, commencing with the lower tier, and with the same placidity as a bioscope operator would have shown.

“The picture witnessed from the farm on the ‘living screen’ by the canal bridge was one that will not easily be forgotten. The ‘gray devils,’ as the Germans are now commonly called, dropped down in hundreds. In a few minutes the corpses were heaping up. Then followed another onslaught by the mitrailleuses placed against the upper part of the door, followed immediately by a fresh deadly sweep and by another one.

“The Germans, however, found out their difficult position which exposed them to this

destructive fire, and they resolutely took a turning move and made straight for the farm. When they got there they found neither guns nor Fusiliers, but only an opening in a party wall, through which the lucky operators had disappeared with their apparatus.

“There was nothing left for the Germans but to continue their march along the road, which gets narrower just before entering the village. They had not gone more than two hundred yards before a fresh rain of lead, which was kept going for a long time, mowed them down like grass, and in still more considerable numbers than at the first fight. With a wild rush, the remainder of the Germans stormed the door of the new farm which sheltered the enemy, but found only the mitrailleuses, deliberately put out of order. As for the twenty-six heroes, they had disappeared like a conjuror’s rabbit, to rejoin their regiment, without having sustained the slightest injury, after having routed three thousand five hundred Germans.”

A TUB FORTRESS OVERCAME THE UHLANS

DOZENS, perhaps hundreds of men were cut adrift from their regiments during the great British retreat from Mons in the early days of war—adrift and hopelessly lost in a strange country. Major A. Corbett Smith, in his "Retreat from Mons," recounts one incident which he cites as an instance of individuality in the training of the British soldier:

"A man—we will call him Headlam—got adrift by himself from the Third Division out on the left flank. After many hours' wandering he came to a little farmhouse by the road. Here the good woman took him in, fed him, and gave him a shake-down. There were also there a couple of French stragglers.

"A few hours later the little son of the farm came running in with the news that a patrol of the

dreaded Uhlans was coming down the road. That meant murder for everyone. There was no time to hide, and the Frenchmen were at their wits' end.

“Headlam’s first thought was for cover. Out in the yard there was a big rain-tub. Calling the two French soldiers to help, they rolled it out lengthwise on into the road, and one of them and Headlam got behind it with their rifles. The moment the patrol appeared, Headlam gave the Uhlan an excellent example of rapid fire, and three saddles were empty before they realized where the attack came from. Then they charged. French and British, side by side, ground away with their rifles, and when the Uhlans reached the little fortress there were only three left out of the patrol of nine. The second Frenchman, by the side of the road, accounted for another, and, with three to two, the Uhlans surrendered.

“So our three musketeers found themselves with five excellent horses and a couple of prisoners; and I leave you to picture the triumphal procession which passed through the villages on the southward journey. The order of march was: (1)

Jacques and a led horse, (2) Pierre and a led horse, (3) two disconsolate Uhlans on foot (and hating it), and (4) Headlam (with female escort) as G. O. C., bringing up the rear."

FRIEND AND FOE BOMBED THIS LONE SOLDIER*

IN THE woodland fighting which marked the Battles of the Somme, a youthful English soldier survived a trying ordeal—that of being repeatedly bombed in a dugout. As told by Philip Gibbs, in his “Battle of the Somme,” he went with the first rush of men into Mametz Wood, but was left behind in the dugout when they retired before a violent counter-attack.

Some German soldiers passed this hole where the boy lay crouched and flung a bomb down on the off-chance that an English soldier might be there. It burst on the lower steps and wounded the lonely boy in the dark corner.

He lay there a day listening to the crash of shells through the trees overhead—English shell-fire—not daring to come out. Then in the night

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he heard the voices of his own countrymen, and he shouted loudly.

But as the English soldiers passed they threw a bomb into the dugout, and the boy was wounded again. He lay there another day, and the gunfire began all over again, and lasted until the Germans came back. Another German soldier saw the old hole and threw a bomb down, as a safe thing to do, and the boy received his third wound.

He lay in the darkness one more day, not expecting to live, but still alive, still eager to live and see the light again. If only the English would come again and rescue him!

He prayed for them to come. And when they came, capturing the wood completely, finally one of them, seeing the entrance to the dugout and thinking Germans might be hiding there, threw a bomb down—and the boy was wounded for the fourth time. This time his cries were heard, and the monotonous repetition of his ill-luck was ended.

SAVING A WOUNDED MAN AND A GUN

THE Germans had rushed forward in close formation, clouds of them, toward the centre of a front line of trenches held by a battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. It was a critical day at the war's beginning, in August, 1914, when the brigade to which the battalion was attached had to retire toward Le Cateau, near Mons, after a day and night of hard fighting. There they held their ground waiting for French reinforcements; but none came.

There was no holding the position in face of the forced withdrawal of regiments on the right and left of the centre. Finally, at half-past four in the afternoon, came the order to retire.

A non-commissioned officer of the retiring battalion, Corporal Frederick William Holmes, thus describes to Walter Wood, in the latter's "Soldiers' Stories of the War" (Chapman & Hall,

London), what befell him in the resulting confusion:

“Things had been bad before; they were almost hopeless now, for to retire meant to show ourselves in the open and become targets for the German infantry; but our sole chance of salvation was to hurry away—there was no thought of surrender.

“When the order was given there was only one thing to do—jump out of the trenches and make a rush. This we did; but as soon as we were seen a storm of bullets struck down most of the men.

“At such a time it is ‘Every man for himself,’ and it is hardly possible to think of anything except your own skin. All I wanted to do was to obey orders and get out of the trench and away from it.

“I had rushed about half-a-dozen yards when I felt a curious tug at my foot. I looked to see what was the matter and found that my boot had been clutched by a poor chap who was wounded and was lying on the ground unable to move.

“‘For God’s sake save me!’ he cried, and before I knew what was happening I had got hold of him and slung him across my back.

“I had not gone far before the poor chap com-

plained that my equipment hurt him and begged me to get it out of his way. The only thing to be done was to drop the equipment altogether; so I halted and somehow got the pack and the rest of it off, and I let my rifle go, too, for the weight of the lot, with the weight of the man, was more than I could tackle.

“I picked up my man again, and had struggled on for twenty or thirty yards when I had to stop for a rest.

“Just then I saw the major of the company, who asked: ‘What’s the matter with him?’

“I could not speak so I pointed to the man’s knees, which had been shot with shrapnel. The major then answered: ‘All right; take him as far as you can, and I hope you will get him safely out of it.’

“I picked him up again and off I went, making straight for the hill at the back of the position we had taken, so that he should be safe from the German fire. The point I wanted to reach was about a mile away, and it was a dreadful journey; but I managed to do it, and when, after many rests, I got there, I started to carry my man

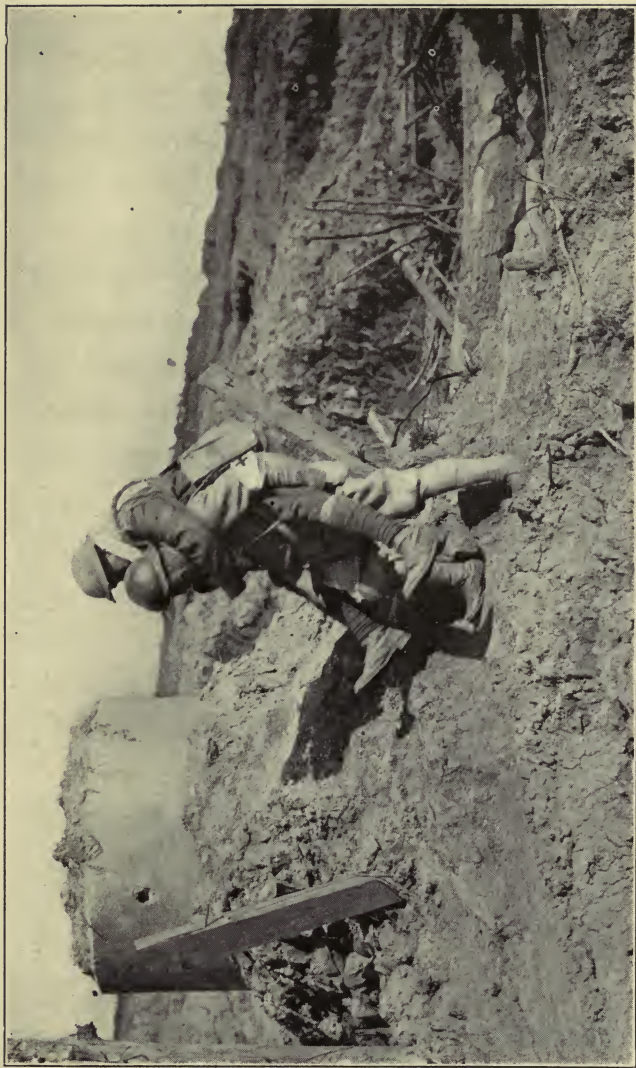
to the nearest village, which was some distance farther.

“I got to the village, but the German heavy shells were dropping so fast that I could not stay there. They told me to carry him to the next village. I was pretty well worn out by this time, but I started again. At last, with a thankful heart, I reached the second village and got the man into a house where wounded were being kept.

“How far did I carry him? Well, it was calculated that the distance was three miles.

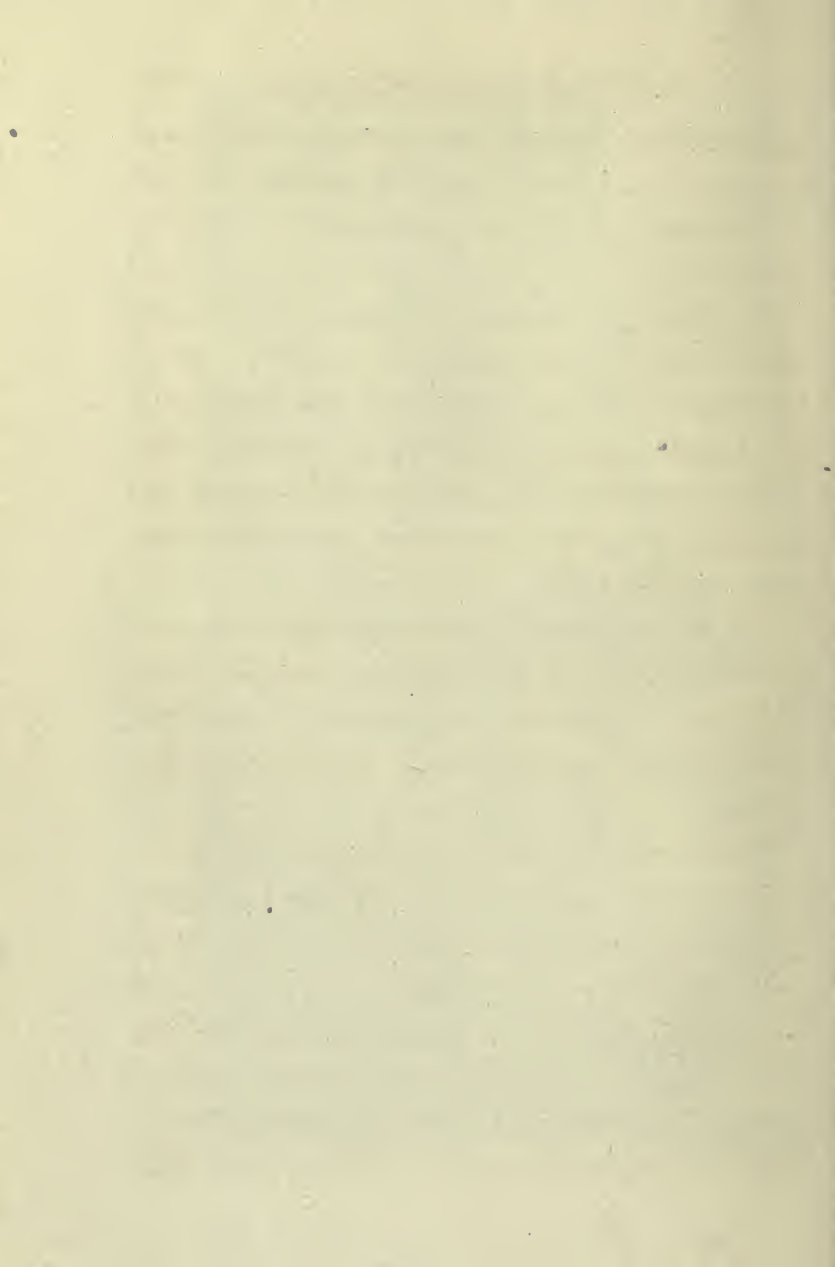
“Having put my man in safety, I left the house and began to go back to the position, expecting to find some of the regiments to rejoin, but when I reached the firing line there were no regiments left. They had been forced to retire, and the ground was covered by the dead and wounded; it had been impossible to bring all the wounded away.

“There was a road at this particular spot, and on reaching the top of it I saw the Germans advancing about five hundred yards away. Between them and myself there was a field gun, with the



THE RESCUE OF A TOMMY BY A POILU

To bring in a wounded comrade under enemy fire requires the highest kind of courage. The Frenchman carrying the wounded Britisher is close to a partially destroyed Hun "pill box"



horses hooked in, ready to move off; but I saw that there was only a wounded trumpeter with it.

“I rushed up to him and shouted: ‘What’s wrong?’

“‘I’m hurt,’ he said. ‘The gun has to be got away; but there’s nobody left to take it.’

“I looked all around and saw that there were no English gunners left—there were only the Germans swarming up a few hundred yards away and badly wanting to get at the gun. There was not a second to lose.

“‘Come on,’ I said, and with that I hoisted the trumpeter into the saddle of the near wheel horse, and, clambering, myself, into the saddle of the lead horse we got the gun going and made a dash up the hill.

“There was only the one road, and this was so littered up and fenced about with wire entanglements that we could not hope to escape by it. Our only chance was by dashing at the hill, and this we did—and a terrible business it was, because we were forced to gallop the gun over the dead bodies of our own men; mostly artillerymen, they were. Many of the poor chaps had crawled away

from their battery and had died on the hillside or on the road.

“We kept on, over the hill, and when the Germans saw what we were doing they rained shells and bullets on us. One or two of the horses were hit, and a bullet knocked my cap off and took a piece of skin off my head. But at the moment that didn't hurt me much, nor did another bullet which went through my coat. Once over the hill, we kept just driving straight ahead, for we couldn't steer, not even to avoid the dead.

“I daresay the bullet that carried off my cap stunned me a bit; at any rate, I didn't remember very much after that, for the time being; all I know is that we galloped madly along, and dashed through two or three villages. There was no one in the first village; but in the second I saw an old lady sitting outside a house, with two buckets of water, from which soldiers were drinking. She was rocking to and fro, with her head between her hands, a pitiful sight. Shells were dropping all around and the place was a wreck.

“I carried on at full stretch for about ten miles, tearing along to catch up to the rear of the column.

I don't remember that I ever looked back; but I took it that the trumpeter was still in the saddle of the wheel horse.

“At last I caught up with the column. Then I looked round for the trumpeter, but he was not there, and I did not know what had become of him. That was the first I knew of the fact that I had been driving the gun myself.

“Of course I never thought of saying anything about what I had done; but I was sent for and asked if it was true. I said I had got the man away and helped to take the gun off, and this was confirmed by the major who had seen me carrying the man.

“For the day's work at Le Cateau two Victoria Crosses were given to men of my regiment—one to myself.”

THE FIRST AMERICAN SHOT

IT WAS fired from the steamship *Mongolia* at a German submarine on April 19, 1917. The story, as told by Lieutenant Bruce R. Ware, U.S.N., who commanded the gun crew of the steamship, is as follows:

“At 5.21 the chief officer walked out on the port side. The captain and myself were on our heels looking out through the port. I saw the chief officer turn around, and you could have seen the whole ocean written in his face, and his mouth that wide (indicating), and he could not get it out. Finally he ejaculated: ‘My God! look at that submarine!’ The captain, gripping my arm, replied:

“‘What is that?’

“‘It is a submarine, and he has got us!’ I said.

“I followed the captain out on the bridge and I looked at my gun crews. They were all agape.

The look-out, too, were all agape. I threw in my starboard control and I said:

“‘Captain, zigzag!’

“I did not tell him which way to go. We had that all doped out. The captain starboarded his helm, the ship turned to port, and we charged at the U-boat and made him go under. I went up on top of the chart house with my 'phones on, and I had a long, powerful glass, ten power. Right underneath it I always lashed my transmitter, so that where I went my transmitter went also, and I did not have to worry or hunt for it; it was always plugged in. I said:

“‘No. 3 gun, after gun, train on the starboard quarter, and when you see a submarine and periscope or conning tower, report.’

“The gun crew reported control: ‘We see it; no, no—it has gone. There it is again.’

“I picked it up at that moment with my high-powered glass, and I gave them the range—1,000 yards, scale 50. She was about eight hundred yards away from us. I gave the order:

“‘No. 3 gun, fire; commence firing.’

“I had my glasses on then and I saw that periscope come up.

“‘No. 3 gun, commence firing; fire, fire, fire!’

“And they did, and I picked that shell right up as it came out of the gun—a black, six-inch explosive shell. I saw it go through the air in its flight, and I saw it strike the water eight inches—a foot—in front of that periscope and it went into the conning tower; I saw that periscope go end over end, whipping through that water; I saw plates go off his conning tower, and I saw smoke all over the scene where we had hit the enemy.”

THE RESCUE FROM THE DEEP

IT WAS in the course of the naval battle off Heligoland on August 28, 1914, when the British fleet dashed out into enemy waters, sank two German cruisers and other craft, and left a third battleship on fire and in a sinking condition. One of the British vessels, the *Defender*, having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors. But before the whaler got back an enemy's cruiser came up and chased the *Defender*, which was thus forced to abandon her whaler.

The situation of the men on board the whaler can be imagined—adrift in an open boat without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy's fortress, with nothing but fogs and foes round them. Suddenly a swirl stirred the waters alongside the boat and out of the deep emerged His Britannic Majesty's Submarine *E 4*. The conning tower flew open; the

whaler's company were taken on board; the conning tower shut up again; the submarine dived, and brought them home—250 miles.

“Is it not magnificent!” wrote a naval lieutenant in describing the incident to a friend.

“No novelist would dare face the critics with an episode like that in it, except perhaps Jules Verne; and all true!”

HOW A STOWAWAY BESTED THE COURT-MARTIAL

THERE was a young Australian in Egypt where the Anzac troops were sent from Gallipoli," wrote Charles W. Whitehair in the *American Magazine*. "Everyone knows of that superb and terrible campaign at Gallipoli. One would think that the men who had lived through that hell would have been glad of the comparatively peaceful time they were having in Egypt.

"But not they! They were soon fed up with it and wanted to get back where they could see action. This young chap was a country boy, used to freedom, unused to discipline. He stowed away on a troopship, hoping to get over to France to fight. But he was discovered after the ship sailed and was returned from France.

"Technically, he was a deserter. His motive, of course, did not excuse his act, and he was court-

martialed and sentenced. While he was under guard, the Turks attacked. Every man was needed to repel them and he was left without guard. He had no arms, of course. And he had no right to leave the place where he was, anyway.

“But he did. He went out and began bringing in the wounded under fire. As he was carrying in the fifteenth man, he was killed by a stray bullet. His colonel told the story, and said he had been recommended for the Distinguished Conduct medal. When asked about the court-martial matter, the colonel naïvely answered:

“‘Somehow we lost those papers.’”

THE CHARGE OF THE DEAD

THE Irish Fusiliers were to charge the enemy's position that night. While they waited for the word, the enemy's artillery broke out in response to the British salvos. The shells screamed through the air and instinctively the men crouched for shelter in the trenches.

The enemy's guns at last found the range. Here and there a shell burst, almost on top of the trench, sending the earth flying and half burying the men in the vicinity.

A big, youthful six-foot Irishman occupied a position near the centre of the line. Next him was a smaller man from Ayrshire. Farther on was another stalwart from Belfast.

At last the signal to charge was given. The men bounded out of the trenches, their bayonets levelled, and made a headlong rush for the enemy's position some one hundred and fifty yards away.

The three comrades advanced abreast. A shell

screamed through the air. It passed and left the Belfast man headless. His two companions instantly saw what had happened; but the momentum of the charge carried them on, and the headless Fusilier charged with them.

The grim horror of a headless body, rifle and bayonet still held in position, ran on, step for step, along with the others, for a distance of some fifteen yards, before it collapsed and fell a huddled heap on the ground.

The incident was described by the big Irishman to James W. Herries a British war correspondent, who, in narrating it in his "Tales from the Trenches," made this comment thereon:

"Many members of the hospital staffs, to whom I have told the story, have found it not at all surprising. The muscular action continuing after the control of the brain had been removed, and the general circumstances in which the incident occurred, fully account for what happened. From my knowledge of the Irishman, and his complete want of the imaginative faculty, I can personally vouch for his credibility." [This ends Herries's story.]

A similar incident marked the retirement of the British from Mons before the German advance on Paris. A trooper is the narrator:

“The Germans let all hell loose on us in their mad attempt to crush us and so win their way to Paris. They didn’t succeed. I saw one ghastly affair. A German cavalry division was pursuing our retiring infantry when we were let loose on them. When they saw us coming they turned and fled, at least all but one, who came rushing at us with his lance at the charge. I caught hold of his horse, which was half mad with terror, and my chum was going to run the rider through when he noticed the awful glaze in his eyes and we saw that the poor devil was dead.”

Like men alert and eager stood a number of troops whom Basil Clarke, the war correspondent, observed at the foot of a slope newly taken from the Germans. Round it ran barbed wire, a thick mass of it, and many feet deep. Mr. Clarke, in “My Round of the War” (William Heinemann, London) thus described their bearing:

“By the wire stood soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. They were leaning forward thrusting

out their bayonets as though to repel someone coming through the fire, though from above we could see no one was approaching it. One of them was without his shrapnel helmet, which lay near him on the ground. He did not pick it up.

“I watched them for a time and was struck by this fact, that they never moved, but stood stock still with their bayonets ever outstretched before them, their bodies leaning slightly forward. It looked like some numbered position in bayonet drill.

“‘What are those men there?’ I asked my guide. ‘Are they drilling or what? They have been standing there without moving for ever so long. Their instructor seems to be keeping them at it.’

“‘No, they’re not drilling,’ he replied quietly. ‘They are—— Walk up and look.’

“I walked down the slope a little way till I could see them more clearly.

“They were dead. Shot as they had run down the slope and right on to the enemy’s wire. Their bayonets and rifles had got between the wire; and, trapped there, their bodies were leaning forward against its barbs. The wire was holding them up.”

NOT DEAD, BUT DEAD-DRUNK

DURING an air fight with a Hun machine, a British pilot was surprised to find no answering salvo from the rear of the machine. It was an extraordinarily simple matter to force the enemy to the ground, and when the British gathered round to capture the crew, they found the observer curled up under his gun. Imagining him to be already a corpse, they were discussing the best means of removing him when they were surprised by a series of violent snores proceeding from the direction of the—supposed—dead man.

They found him to be hopelessly intoxicated, and, on learning that he was a prisoner, he cursed his pilot volubly for not making for the German lines again. Even the fact that he had broken all records for air fighting did not tend to soothe his ruffled vanity. (“Glorious Exploits of the Air” by Edgar Middleton, Appleton.)

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