

MANY TALES

OVERSEAS MEN HAVE GREAT EXPERIENCES.

To gain a vivid impression of just what life on the other side of the ocean must have been during the big struggle one has but to enter into conversation with the overseas men who are now convalescing in the hospital.

They have all been there and have all been wounded during various actions on the many fronts but the hardest thing by far is to induce these men to relate any of their varied experiences. In approaching one man he says wait a minute I'll get someone who will talk to you and when this "someone" appears he knows nothing exceptional but will get another of the boys who is a good talker and so it goes. Take a tip and in looking for a good story don't ask for it but begin with the weather, or the dinner or the new uniform rules and work around to the life on the other side. For once started adroit questioning brings to light stories of warfare seldom dreamed of.

"Yes, it was pretty tough," one of the boys grudgingly admitted, "but we'd do it all over again for Uncle Sam and we are ready if he wants us to, when they let us out of here." And that seemed to be the opinion of them all for a nod of assent here and a "You said it" from another and so it went on around the crowd.

"In our engagements the latter part of September and early in October we were brought up to the Hindenburg line between Cambrai and St. Quentin, on our right was a Scotch division, 'The Black Watch,' noble fighters indeed and worthy comrades, on the left of our division (the 30th from Dixie) was the 27th from New York, real men and scrappers every one of them.

"It was the last week of September that I will never forget, we had gone forward and relieved another division in the foremost trenches and the machine gun squads were still coming up. We were expectant of some sort of action and the machine gun ladders were advancing in squads of eight at 50-foot intervals when a big'un came whizzing over and lit right amongst them, wiping out one entire squad right before my eyes. Fine fellows, too, I knew them all well, one of them came from this city, I believe. All this changing was done at night of course," he confided.

"The next morning found us eager for action and hoping for the word to advance when Jerry began shelling us. At first I thought they were 'duds' for so they sounded but two of the boys at a lower point of the trench started sneezing and I grabbed for my mask, realizing that it was the dreaded sneezing gas. Following this came other shells with the poison stuff, chlorine and phosgene gases. Those two poor chaps were caught and I was forced to see them writhe and shriek in agony, unable to help them, and they unable to don their masks because of the sneezing the first infer-

THE CADUCEUS

nal mixture caused." In reply to a question the narrator added, "No, Jerry hasn't used but little cloud gas since the latter part of 1916, if we are to take the Tommy's word for it."

Soon after this tragic incident as our watches slipped around to the awaited hour and as the hand brushed the minute, the long line of brown clad figures leaped forward from the hidden fissures of the ground. Shrapnel got me in the first few yards, so here I am. See! It was nothing to tell of." he added half apologetically.

One of the others who had remained in the line until the 12th of the next month told of the advances over ruined towns and others in a good state of preservation captured by the Germans in their first advance in 1914. After these had passed into the allies' hands the Huns would send big

bombing planes over at night and destroy just as much of the place as was possible.

He told of the remarkable dug-outs that were discovered, some twenty and thirty steps below the ground and capable of holding a full company of men. One story was related of a dug-out captured in a hurried advance and how the usual grenades thrown in brought out nine prisoners and the advance continued some days later; articles began to disappear from the garbage dump near the cooks' quarters and one day, a cook was found dead with a German bayonet through his breast. Careful investigation followed and the apparently deserted dug-out was found to contain twelve hunger crazed Germans who had remained hidden since the first advance across the spot.

THE FIRST THOUGHT



When a Patient asks for a Drink, and—

THE CRUEL REACTION



When he notes that the country has gone dry.