# Gunner Depew

By

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

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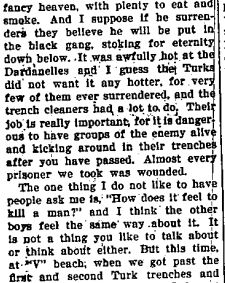
No one man can see all of an attack, which may extend over miles of ground, but during the three weeks I was in the trenches on the Gallipoli peninsula we made four grand attacks and many minor ones, so I know in a general way what they are like. Each wave is organized like the others. First come three lines of what you might call grenadiers, though they are not picked for size as the old king's grenadiers used to be. They are deployed in skirmish formation, which means that every man is three yards from the next. They were armed only with grenades, but, you can take it from me, that is enough! Behind them come two lines, also in skirmish formation, and armed with machine guns and grenade rifles. The first men on the left carry machine guns, then come three rifle grenadiers, and then another machine gun and so on down the length of the line. After these come two lines of riflemen with fixed bayonets.

Then come the trench cleaners, or moppers-up, as we call them. They were some gang, believe me. Imagine a team of rugby players spread out in two lines—only with hundreds of men on the team instead of eleven, and each man a husky, capable of handling a baby grand piano single-handed. These fellows were armed with everything you could think of, and a whole lot more that you could not dream about in a nightmare. It used to remind me of a trial I saw in New York once, where the police had raided a yeggmen's flop and had all their weapons in the courtroom as exhibits.

The moppers-up were heeled with sticks, clubs, shillelahs, black-jacks, two-handed cleavers, axes, trench knives, poniards, up-to-date tomahawks, brass knuckles, slung shots—anything that was ever invented for crashing a man with, I guess, except firearms. These knock-down, drag-out artists follow the riflemen very closely. Their job was to take care of all the Turks who could not escape and would not surrender.

There are lots of men in any army who will not surrender, but I think probably there were more Turks of that gameness than men in most other armies. I have heard that it is a part of their religion that a man, if he dies fighting, goes to a very specially fancy heaven, with plenty to eat and smoke. And I suppose if he surrenders they believe he will be put in the black gang, stoking for eternity down below. It was awfully hot at the Dardanelles and I guess the Turks did not want it any hotter, for very few of them ever surrendered, and the trench cleaners had a lot to do. Their job is really important, for it is dangerous to have groups of the enemy alive and kicking around in their trenches after you have passed. Almost every prisoner we took was wounded.

The one thing I do not like to have people ask me is, "How does it feel to kill a man?" and I think the other boys feel the same way about it. It is not a thing you like to talk about or think about either. But this time, at "V" beach, when we got past the first and second Turk trenches and were at work on the third, I do not mind saying that I was glad whenever



Then I Would Stick Another One.

I slipped my bayonet into a Turk and more glad when I saw another one coming. I guess I saw red all right. Each time I thought, "Maybe you are the one who did poor old Murray." And I could see Murray as he looked when they took him down from the storehouse wall. Then I would stick another one.

The others from the Cassard were red-hot, too, and they went at the Turks in great style. There was nothing to complain about in the way they fought, but I wished that we had had a few more boys from the Foreign Legion with us. I think we would have gone clear on through to Constantinople.

But the Turks were not as bad as Fritz. They were just as good or better as fighters, and a whole lot whiter. Often, when we were frying in the trenches and not a drop of water was to be had, something would land on the ground near us and there would be a water bottle, full. Sometimes they almost bombarded us with bottles. Then, too, they would not fire on the Red Cross, as the Germans do; they would hold their fire many times when we were out picking up our wounded. Several times they dragged our wounded as close as they could to the barbed wire that we might find them easier.

After Murray died I got to thinking a lot more than I used to, and though I did not have any hunch exactly, still I felt as though I might get it, too, which was something I had never thought much about before. I used to think about my grandmother, too, when I had time, and about Brown. I used to wonder what Brown was doing and wish we were together. But I could remember my grandmother smiling, and that helped some. I guess I was lonely, to tell the truth. I did not know the other garbies very well, and the only one left that I was really very friendly with got his soon afterward, though not as bad as Murray. And then there was no one that I was really chummy with. That would not have bothered me at all before Murray died.

The other lad I spoke of as having been chummy with was Phillippe Pierre. He was about eighteen and came from Bordeaux. He was a very cheerful fellow and he and Murray and I used to be together a lot. He felt almost as bad about Murray as I did, and you could see that it changed him a great deal, too. But he was still cheerful most of the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

Limeys, Anzacs and Poilus.

One night, while we were expecting an attack, the word was passed down the line to have the wire cutters ready and to use bayonets only for the first part of the attack, for we were to try and take the first enemy trench by surprise. The first trench was only about eighty yards away. Our big guns opened up and at zero we climbed out and followed the curtain of fire too closely, it seemed to me.

But the barrage stopped too soon, as it does sometimes, and there were plenty of Turks left. We were half way across when they saw us, and they began banging away at us very hard. They pounded at us as we came on until we were given the order to retire, almost as we were on them—what was left of us.

As we turned and started back the Turks rushed out to counter-attack us, the first of them busy with bombs. Then I tripped over something and rolled around a while and then saw it was Phillippe Pierre. His left leg was dangling, cloth and flesh and all shot away and the leg hanging to the rest of him by a shred. Two or three of our men who were on their way back to our trenches tripped over me as I tried to get up, and then a shell exploded near by and I thought I had got it sure, but it was only the rocks thrown up by the explosion.

Finally I was able to stand up. So I slung my rifle over one shoulder and got Phillippe Pierre up on the other, with his body from the waist up hanging over my back, so that I could hold his wounded leg on, and started back. There was only one or two of our men left between the trenches. Our machine guns were at it hard and the Turks were firing and bombing at full speed.

I had not gone more than two or three paces when I came across another of our men, wounded in several places and groaning away at a great rate. Phillippe Pierre was not saying a word, but the other chap did enough for the two of them. One wounded man was all I could manage, with my rifle and pack, over the rough ground and the barbed wire I had to go through. So I told this fellow, whose name I cannot remember—I never did know him very well—that I would come back for him, and went on. I almost fell several times, but managed to get through safely and rolled over our parapet with Phillippe Pierre. They started the lad back in a stretcher right away. When I saw him again he gave me a little box as a souvenir, but I have lost it.

The Turks had not got very far with their counter-attack, because we were able to get our barrage going in time to check them. But they were still out in front of their trenches when I started back after the other garby. I was not exactly afraid as I crawled along searching for the other man, but I was very thirsty and nervous for fear our barrage would begin again or the machine guns cut loose. After what seemed a long time I came upon a wounded man, but he was not the one I was after. I thought about "a bird in the hand," etc., and was just starting to pick this chap up when a shell burst almost on us and knocked me two or three feet away. It is a wonder it did not kill both of us, but neither of us was hurt. I thought the fire would get heavier then, so I dragged the other chap into one of two holes made by the shell. Some pieces of the shell had stuck into the dirt in the hole and they were still hot. Also, there was a sort of gas there that hung around for several minutes, but it was not very bad.

The man began talking to me, and he said it was an honor to lie on the field of battle with a leg shot off and dead men piled all about you, and some not dead but groaning. He told me I would soon be able to hear the groaning, though I had not said I minded it, or anything about it. Then he said again what an honor it was, and asked if I had a drink for him. I had not had any water all day, and I told him so, but he kept on asking for it all the same. Some of the Turkish bombers must have sneaked up pretty close to our lines, for when I looked out of the hole toward our lines, and a shell burst near them, I could see a Turk coming toward us. We played dead then, but I had my bayonet ready for him in case he had seen us and decided to come up to the hole. Evidently he had not, for when he got near the hole he steered to the side and went around.

The other garby was cheerful when he was not asking for water, but you could see he was going fast. So we sat there in the hole and he died. Shortly afterward the fire slackened a little and I got out and started toward our lines. But I remembered about the other wounded man I had passed when I was carrying Phillippe Pierre, so I began hunting for him, and after a long time I found him. He was still alive. His chest was all smashed in and he was badly cut up around the neck and shoulders. I picked him up and started back, but ran into some barbed wire and had to go around. I was pretty tired by this time and awfully thirsty, and I thought if I did not rest a little bit I could never make it. I was so tired and nervous that I did not care much whether I did get back or not, and the wounded garby was groaning all the time.

So when I thought the shells were coming pretty thick again I got into a shell hole and it was the same one I had left not long before. The dead garby was there just as I had left him.

The wounded one was bleeding all over, and my clothes were just soaked with blood from the three men, but most of all from him. There was some of my own blood on me, too, for when I was knocked down by the shell my nose bled and kept bleeding for a long time, but, of course, that was nothing compared to the bleeding of the others.

The worst of all was that he kept groaning for water, and it made me thirstier than I had been, even. But there was not a drop of water anywhere and I knew there was no use searching any bodies for flasks. So we just had to stick it out. Pretty soon the wounded man quit groaning and was quiet, and I knew he was going to die too. It made me mad to think that I had not been of any use in carrying these two men around, but if I had gone on with either of them it would have been just the same—they would have died and probably I would have got it, too. When I figured it out this way I quit worrying about it, only I wished the fire would let up.

So the other man died, and there were two of them in the hole. I read the numbers on their identification disks when shells burst near enough so that I could see them, and after a while got back to our lines and rolled in. I could not remember the numbers or the names by that time, but a working party got them, along with others, so it was all right.

My clothes were a mess, as I have said, and I was so tired I thought I could sleep for a week, but I could not stand it in my clothes any longer. It was absolutely against regulations, but I took off all my clothes—the blood had soaked into the skin—and wrapped myself in nothing but air and went right to sleep. I did not sleep very well, but woke up every once in a while and thought I was in the hole again.

During the night they brought up water, but I was asleep and did not know it. They did not wake me, but two men saved by share, though usually in a case like that it was everybody for himself and let the last man go dry. You could not blame them, either, so I thought it was pretty decent of these two to save my share for me. I believe they must have had a hard time keeping the others off of it, to say nothing of themselves, for there really was not more than enough for one good drink all around. It tasted better than anything I have ever drunk. Go dry for 24 hours in the hottest weather you can find, do a night's work like that, and come to in the morning with a tin cup full of muddy water being handed to you, and you will know what I mean.

At Gaba Tepe there were steep little hills with quarries in between them, and most of the prisoners we took were caught in the quarries. We found lots of dead Turks under piles of rock, where our guns had battered the walls of the quarries down on them.

We were fighting about this part of the country one time when we saw three motor trucks disappear over the side of a hill going across country. The detachment from the Cassard was sent over on the run and we came upon the Turks from those trucks and several others just after they had got out and were starting ahead on foot. We captured that whole bunch—I do not know how many in all. They were reinforcements on their way to a part of their line that we were battering very hard, and by capturing them we helped the Anzacs a great deal, for they were able to get through for a big gain.

We held that position, though they rained shells on us so hard all that day and night that we thought they were placing a barrage for a raid, and stood to arms until almost noon the next day. But our guns gave back shell for shell, and pounded the Turkish trenches and broke shrapnel over them until they had all they could do to stay in them.

Finally, our guns placed shell after shell on the enemy's communication trenches, and they could neither bring

I Picked Him Up and Started Back.

up reinforcements nor retire. So we went over and cleaned them out and took the trench. But then our guns had to stop because we were in range, and the Turks brought up reinforcements from other parts of the line and we were driven back after holding their trench all afternoon. It was about fifty-fifty, though, for when they reinforced one part of the line some of our troops would break through in another part.

That night there was a terrible rainstorm. I guess it was really a cloudburst. We had all the water we wanted then, and more, too. A great many men and mules were drowned, both of our troops and the Turkish. Trenches were washed in and most of the works ruined. There were several Turkish bodies washed into our trench, and two mules came over together, though whether they were Turkish or French or British I do not know.

A few days after the rain stopped I was going along the road to the docks at "V" beach when I saw some examples of the freakishness of shells. There was a long string of mules going back to the trenches with water and supplies of various kinds. We drew up to one side to let them pass. Two or three mules away from us was an old-timer with only one ear, and that very gray, loaded to the gunwales with bags of water. He had had his troubles, that old boy, but they were just about over, for there was a flash and the next instant you could not see a thing left of Old Missouri. He just vanished. But two of the water bags were not even touched, and another one had only a little hole in it. There they lay on the ground just as though you had taken the mule out from under them. The mules next him, fore and aft, were knocked down by the concussion but unharmed; but the third mule behind had one ear cut to shreds, and the man behind him was badly shot up and stunned.

A little farther on a shell had struck the road and plowed a furrow two or three feet wide, and just as straight as an arrow for three of four yards; it then turned off at almost a right angle and continued for a yard or two more before it burst and made a big hole. That Turk gunner must have put a lot of English on that shell when he fired it. He got somebody's number with that shot, too, and the lad paid pretty high, for there was blood around the hole, not quite dry when we got to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Building of Life.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonplacest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

Daily Thought.

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history.—Sir Thomas Browne.

There is satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right.

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

Despise not thou small things,
The soul that longs for wings
To soar to some great height of sacrifice too oft
Forgets the daily round
Where daily cares abound,
And shakes off little duties, while she looks aloft.

BANANA AS FOOD.

BANANAS are a most wholesome, nourishing food. Being deficient in flavor itself, the banana absorbs flavors readily and presents a good medium by which such flavors may be brought into notice, thus affording a great variety of combinations. Because of the lack of acid in its composition it should be a popular breakfast fruit. The cooked banana, even slightly cooked, is more easily digested than the raw fruit. Simply covering the ripe, thinly sliced fruit with hot cereal will cook it sufficiently.

National War Garden Commission

**Banana Croquettes With Lamb Chops.**—Remove the peeling and coarse threads from five firm bananas; cut the fruit in halves crosswise, trim off the ends to make the halves symmetrical at the ends; roll in egg which has been beaten with a tablespoonful of water, then roll in sifted crumbs and fry in deep fat until brown. Drain on soft paper. Two minutes will be long enough for cooking. Serve with broiled lamb chops.

**Compote of Bananas With Orange Sirup.**—Remove the peel and coarse threads from six ripe bananas; let stand covered with boiling water a minute, then drain and pile in the form of a pyramid on a serving dish and pour over them a cupful of orange sirup.

**Orange Sirup.**—Boil a cupful of the juice and pulp of orange, the juice of half a lemon, one cupful of sugar and one-quarter of a cupful of water six minutes or until slightly thickened.

**Baked Bananas.**—Pull down a section of the skin of each banana, loosen the pulp, remove the coarse threads and return the pulp to the skin, lay the fruit thus prepared in a saucepan and bake in a hot oven until the skins are blackened. Remove the pulp from the skins, bend in a half circle and place on a serving dish. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and chopped nuts as a dessert; or pour over a jelly sauce. Melt half a cupful of currant jelly, add a half-cupful of sugar and cook five minutes, then stir in a teaspoonful of cornstarch made smooth with a little water; cook five minutes and add a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

**Fruit Cocktails.**—To six tablespoonfuls of fruit juice add two tablespoonfuls of honey, the pulp of two oranges, three diced bananas, and four ripe peaches, diced. Divide into cocktail glasses and serve. This may be used also as a dessert.

Sure they of many blessings should
scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling their
ripe fruit to the ground.

"'TIS PICKLIN' TIME."

SO GREAT is the variety of relishes that she is indeed hard to suit who cannot find some which her family can enjoy.

National War Garden Commission

**Sliced Cucumber and Onion Pickle.**—Take three dozen large cucumbers, peel and slice thin and cover with a sprinkling of salt over night. Peel and slice one dozen small onions and treat in the same way, but do not mix them. The next day drain and squeeze dry. Scald the vegetables in a pint each of water and vinegar, then drain dry again. Now take a quart of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one ounce of celery seed, three teaspoonfuls of mustard seed, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper; when boiling hot put in the vegetables. Just let them scald, but do not cook, then seal in jars while hot.

**Chutney.**—Chop one dozen apples, two green peppers, one onion and one cup of raisins; add two cups of vinegar, one cup of sugar, the juice of one lemon and a half tablespoonful each of ginger and salt. Cook all together two hours.

**Marion Harland's Relish.**—Cut the corn from twelve ears; break into flowerets one head of cauliflower, cut into half-inch lengths one bunch of celery; seed and chop fine two green peppers, add three tablespoonfuls of salt, one and one-half pounds of brown sugar and three pints of vinegar. Add the sugar to the vinegar and when scalding hot pour over the vegetables. Now cover closely and cook ten minutes. Add a tablespoonful of mustard and seal in jar. Wrap in papers to keep the mixture a good color.

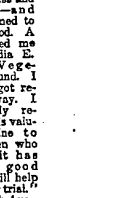
**Tomato Conserve.**—Cook until thick five pounds of ripe tomatoes, three lemons, juice, pulp and rind; two pounds of sugar, one cup of shredded citron; when thick add one and one-half cupfuls of seeded raisins and one cupful of walnut meats.

**Ripe Cucumber Chowder.**—Grate twelve large, ripe cucumbers and three onions; press the pulp dry, then add one chopped red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, with vinegar to make the mixture as thick as prepared horseradish. Seal for winter use.

Nellie Maxwell


# IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published? Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

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LEFT NAME THAT WILL LIVE

Boston Was the Home of the Famour Mother Goose, Possibly World's Most Noted Woman.

Perhaps the most famous woman that ever lived was Mother Goose. Other women, particularly a few bad ones, have enjoyed celebrity, but she achieved immortality.

She is called Mother Goose because that was her name. For she was a real person, and dwelt in the city of Boston. She lived in a little one-story house with a roof that sloped almost down to the ground—just such a house as one might expect Mother Goose to occupy—not far from the Common.

The house vanished long ago, but the church in which she was accustomed regularly to worship still stands. It is the famous old South church.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. In fact, she was an old maid, twenty-eight years of age—quite elderly for an unmarried woman in those days—when she met and became the wife of Isaac Goose.

She had children and grandchildren, and it was for the latter that she wrote her rhymes, which were first published by Thomas Fleet, her son-in-law, in Boston, in 1719.

Mother Goose died in 1757, aged ninety-two. It was

All Soldiers Are Fatalists.

Practically all the soldiers become fatalists about death. You see men die through some incredible chance. You see them escape by a miracle. Gradually you come to believe, as Tommy puts it, "When a shell comes over with your name on it you will get yours." In the meantime, "Why worry? You never know your luck." That's the way they put it.—From "Pictures Burned Into My Memory," by Charles W. Whitehair.

One Exception.

"I believe in handling all things without gloves."

"How about live wires."

Two hundred thousand women in England are engaged in agricultural pursuits.


A Feeling of Confidence

always goes with health, and health making is the big reason for

Grape-Nuts

A delicious food, rich in the vital phosphates. No Waste. You eat and enjoy it to the last atom. Health making, nourishing, economical.

Try it. "There's a Reason."