

GUNNER DEPEW

By
ALBERT N. DEPEW

Copyright, 1918, by Reilly and Britton Co., Through Special Arrangement With the George Matthew Adams Service

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U.S. Navy
Member of the Foreign Legion of France
Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

DEPEW IS WOUNDED IN FIERCE FIGHT WITH GERMANS AND GOES TO HOSPITAL

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to end it. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front-line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience.

CHAPTER IX.

Laid Up for Repairs.

One night, after I had been at Dixmude for about three weeks, we made a charge in the face of a very heavy fire. Our captain always stood at the parapet when we were going over, and made the sign of the cross and shouted "For God and France." Then we would go over. Our officers always led us, but I have never seen a German officer lead a charge. They always were behind their men, and instead of leading, I do not believe they are as brave as they are said to be.

Well, we went over this time, and the machine guns were certainly going strong. We kept pretty close about the chaplain and the Swiss and all that, and we put up an awful fight, but we could not make it and had to come back. Only one company reached the Boche trenches and not a man of it came back who had not been wounded on the way and did not reach the trench. They were just wiped out.

The captain was missing, too. We thought he was done for, but about two o'clock in the morning, he came back. He simply fell over into the trench, all in. He had been wounded four times, and had lain in a shell crater full of water for several hours. He would not go back for treatment then, and when daylight came, it was too late, because we were practically cut off by artillery fire behind the front line trenches.

When daylight came, the artillery fired upon light on us, and the Germans had advanced their lines into some trenches formerly held by us and hardly forty-five yards away. We received some shelling right in our faces. A tank in our company got crazy, and ran back over the parapet. He ran a few yards, then stopped and looked back at us. I think he was coming to his senses, and would have stayed back to us. Then the spot where he had been was empty, and a second later his body from the chest down fell three yards from the parapet. I do not know where the tank went. That same shell cut a groove in the low hilltop behind it exploded. He had been hit by a big shell, and absolutely cut in two. I have seen this happen to four men, but this was the only one in France.

About seven o'clock, we received reinforcements, and poured fresh troops over and retook the trench. No sooner had we entered it, however, than the Germans turned their artillery on us, not even waiting for their own troops to retire safely. They killed numbers of their own men in this way. But the

Then they lifted you on a four-wheeled cart, and ran you to the operating table. They took off your clothes there. I remember I liked to look at the nurses and surgeons; they looked so good in their clean white clothes.

Then they stuck needles in your arm, and started you up and down, and you take the pressure. After a while, they begin cutting away the bruised and maybe rotten flesh, removing the old cloth, pieces of dirt, and so forth, and then they wash the splinters of bone.

You think for sure you are going to bleed to death. The blood rushes through you like lightning, and if you get a sight of yourself, you can feel your own blood. Then they hurry you to your bed, and cover you over with blankets and hot-water bottles. They raise your bed on chairs, so the blood will run up toward your head, and a nurse sits by your side, and the doctor says, "Och, out, il vivra," meaning that you still had some time to spend before finally going west.

The treatment we got in the hospital was great. We received cigarettes, tobacco, matches, newspapers, and clean clothes. The men do not talk about their wounds much, and everybody tries to be happy and show it. The food was fine, and there were no doctors in the world better than ours, and they were always trying to make things easy for us. They did not rip the dressings off your wounds like some of the children in some of our dispensaries that I know of, but took them off carefully. Everything was very clean and sanitary, and some of the hospitals had sun parlors, which was very well used, you know.

Some of the men made toys and fancy articles, such as button boxes and paper knives. They made the handles from empty shell cases, or shrapnel, or pieces of Zeppelins, or

anything else picked up along the front. When they are getting well, the men learn harness making, mechanical drawing, telegraphy, gardening, poultry raising, typewriting, bookkeeping and the men teach the nurses how to make casts out of shell cases, and rings of aluminum, and slippers and gloves out of blankets.

The nurses certainly work hard. They always have more to do than they ought to, but they never complain and are always cheerful and ready to play games when they have the time, or read to some point. And their work is pretty dirty too; I would not like to have to do it. They say the men of French society ladies working as nurses, but you never heard of such society, or any talk about Lord Helpus, or Count Whosits, or pink ties or anything like that from these nurses.

A few shells landed near our hospital, while I was there, but no patient was hit. They knocked a shrine of Our Lady to splinters, though, and caused a big crucifix. The kitchen was nearly destroyed, and it was just the chef's luck that he had walked over to our ward to see a pal of his, when a shell landed in the center of the kitchen, and all you could see all over the barracks was steam.

That was a regular endless day for us, until they rigged up ladders and got some more dioxies, and mixed up some cornmeal for us. The chef made up his mind to stay the next day, though. The chef was a great little guy. He was a "blisse" himself, and I guess his stomach sympathized with ours.

There was a Frenchman in the bed next to me who had the whole side of his face torn off. He told me he had been next to a bomber, who had just lit a fuse and did not think it was burning fast enough, so he blew on it. The bomber just coughed after that, and there he was.

There was a Belgian in one of the other wards, who I got to know pretty well, and he would often come over and visit me. He asked me many questions about Dixmude, for he had had relatives there, though he had lost track of them. He often tried to describe the house they had lived in, and that I might tell him whether it was built of stone or of pot, but I could not remember the place he spoke of. During our talks, he told me about many atrocities. Some of the things he told me I had heard before, and some of them I had not. He said he had seen some things that he either saw or heard of from victims.

He said that when the Germans entered the town of St. Quentin, they started firing into the windows as they passed along. First, after they had occupied the town, they bayoneted every workman they could find. Then they took about half of the children and the old people and killed them with their musket bullets. After this they marched the remainder of the children and the women to the square, where they had lined up a machine gun. The women and children were told that if they moved they would all be shot. After this the men were brought up, and made to kneel in front of the other women.

The women and children began to weep for the lives of the men, and many of them were knocked in the head with gun bullets before they stopped.

Then the Germans died at the double. One of them, after three volleys, there were eighty-four dead and twenty wounded. Most of the wounded they killed with axes, but they were three or four escaped by hiding under the bodies of others and playing dead, though the officers walked up and down firing their revolvers into the piles of bodies.

The next day the Germans went through the wire collars and shot all the inhabitants they found hiding there. A lot of people who had taken refuge in a factory over night, decided to come out with a white flag. They were allowed to think that the white flag would be respected, but no sooner were they all out than they were seized and the women publicly violated in the square, after which the men were shot.

A priest was shot as he sat in his armchair, and a boy of fourteen was taken by the legs and pulled apart. At one place a man was tied by the arms to the ceiling of his room and left alone. His trunk was completely garlanded, but his head and arms were unharmed. At the same place, the body of a fifteen-year-old boy was found, pierced by more than twenty bayonets, though the child was dead when they found his hands still in the air, leaning up against walls.

At another place the Germans shelled the town for a day, and then entered and sacked it. They had marked the town with the word "war," and being allowed to take anything with them, and forced to leave the town. Nearly five hundred men were deported to Germany. There, they were again tormented by hunger, tried to escape. They were bayoneted and clubbed to death. Twelve men, who had taken refuge in a farm, were tied together and shot in a mass. Another group of six were tied together and

shot, after the Germans had put out their bayonets. Three others were brought before their wives and children and asbared.

The Belgian told me he was at Nieuport when the Germans began shelling the town at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 23. During the first twenty-four hours, they behaved themselves, but on the 24th they began firing at anyone they pleased, and set fire to different houses on five of the principal squares.

Then they ordered every one to leave his house, and those who did not were shot. The others, about four hundred, were drawn up in front of the church, close to the river bank. The Belgian said he could never forget how they all looked.

"I can remember just how it was," he said. "I knew very well, standing in a row with several priests. Next came two good friends of mine named Balbu



Women and Children Begged for the Lives of the Men.

and Guillaume, with Balbu's seven-year-old son; then two men who had been discovered and blinded; then two other men whom I had never seen before.

"It was awful to see the way the women were crying. 'Shoot me, too, shoot me with my husband!'"

"The men were lined up on the edge of the hollow, which runs from the high road to the bottom of the village. One of them was leaning on the shoulder of an old priest, and he was crying, 'Oh, my young—I can't face death bravely!'"

"I couldn't bear the sight any longer. I turned my back to the road and ran. I heard the shouting and the bullets falling. Then some one cried, 'Look, they're all down.' But a few escaped."

This Belgian had escaped by hiding under a pile of manure. He had been in an old cart filled with manure and rubbish. He had chewed old bread for food, had swam across the river, and hid in a mud bank for almost a week longer, and finally got to France.

He took it very hard when we talked about Dixmude, and I told him that the old church was just shot to pieces. He asked about a painting called the "Adoration of the Magi," and one of the oldest prisoners told us it had been saved and transported to Germany. If that is true, and they do not destroy it meanwhile, we will get it back, don't you worry?

The Belgian was just a clean gunboat wound and not very serious, so, although it was not completely healed, they let me go after three weeks. But before I went, I saw some of the men of our town who just like the men of the legion I have told about.

One of the patients was a German doctor, who had been picked up in No. 1. He was given the same treatment as any of us, that is, the very best, but finally, the doctors gave him up. They thought he would die slowly, and that it might take several weeks.

While in the hospital Depew witnessed a scene that was not only the Kaiser and his system, but the German soldiers themselves, that are responsible for much of the frightfulness of the war. He said he saw a man who had been taken to the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Experiments with powdered peat for fuel have been so successful in Sweden that a plant for its production on a large scale has been established.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. P. H. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 1

SOME LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 6:35-36; 11:4-14. GOLDEN TEXT—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'I am more blessed to give than to receive.'—Acts 20:35.

DEVOTIONAL READING—II Corinthians 9:6-15. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Luke 10:3; Romans 12:13; II Corinthians 9:6-15; Hebrews 13:16; Ezra 1:4-11; I Chronicles 21:4.

The principles of ethics which shall prevail in the earth when Jesus Christ shall be king are entirely different from those of the world. The worldly spirit always inquires as to what gain will accrue from an action or service. Its policy is doing good for the sake of getting good. Those who have been made partakers of the divine nature, who are really subjects of the kingdom, do good because they have the nature and spirit of God, not because they expect something in return.

I. Give to Every Man That Askest of Thee (v. 30).

This does not mean that any request that may be made by the idle, greedy and selfish should be granted. Only evil would result from such indiscriminate and unregulated giving. Such benevolence would foster idleness and selfishness. Oftentimes the worst thing you can do for a man is to give him money. The drunkard will only spend it for more drink; the gambler will continue his dissipation; the man in debt will give to the one asking the thing which he needs. The man in poverty needs to be given a way to earn his living, rather than to be given money without the necessity of labor. There is life in the human heart which refuses charity, and cries out for a means to honestly gain a livelihood.

II. Of Him That Taketh Away Thy Goods, Ask Them Not Again (v. 30).

"Ask them not again." It doubtless forbids the forbidding demanding of the return of that which has been taken from one.

III. Do to Other Men as You Would That They Should Do Unto You (v. 31-32).

This ethic puts life's activities on the highest possible ground. He does not say, refrain from doing that which you would not like to be done to you, as even Confucius taught; but positively made the rule of your life the doing to others as you would wish them to do unto you. Loving those who love us, doing good to those who do good to us, and lending to those from whom we hope to receive, is just what all the sinners of the world are doing. The child of the kingdom of Christ is to be different.

V. Love Your Enemies (v. 35).

That which is natural to the human heart is to hate the enemy. To love in the real sense means to sincerely desire the good of the enemy, even one's enemy, and willingness to do anything possible to bring that good. Such action is only possible to those who have been born again. Christ loved those who hated him, and he was willing even to die for his enemies.

V. Love Your Enemies (v. 35).

This is what the Heavenly Father is always doing. He is kind and mercifully forgiving. He sends his rain and sunshine upon the unjust and sinners. He makes fruitful the soil of those who blaspheme his name. He does because it is his nature to do so.

VI. Be Merciful (v. 36).

The example for the imitation of the disciple is the Heavenly Father.

VII. Judge Not (v. 37).

To judge does not mean the placing of just estimates upon men's actions and lives, for "By their fruits ye shall know them." The tree is judged by the fruit it bears. The thorn tree does not bear figs, nor the apple tree bears grapes. Our only way of discerning the character of men and women is their actions. That which is condemned is censurous judgment—the impugning of motives.

VIII. Condemn Not (v. 37).

This means that we should not pass sentence upon men for their acts, for they are under our master they stand or fall (Rom. 14:4). The real reason why such action is not warranted is that the bias of our hearts and the limitation of our judgments render it impossible to righteousness and intelligently pass judgment upon others.

IX. Forgive (v. 37).

Those who forgive shall be forgiven. The one who has realized the forgiving mercy of God will be gracious and forgiving toward others.

X. Liberality Determined by What is Left (Luke 21:4).

The rich cast into the treasury much, but it was from their abundance; the poor widow cast in all that she had; there was nothing left. God estimates a gift by what one has left, not by the size of the gift. To give the widow's mite is to give all. For the millionaire to give the widow's mite would mean for him to give his millions.

Genius and Taste.

To say nothing of its holiness or authority the Bible contains more wisdom of genius and taste than any other volume in existence.—Lamb.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband and I came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. Johnson, R. No. 8, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder, which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service."



Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura. All druggists sell Cuticura. Write to J. C. Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston.

VERMIN ATTRACTED BY FOOD

If No Scraps Are Around There Will Be Little Trouble With Ants or Roaches.

The surest way to keep a house free from ants is to leave no food lying about on shelves or in open places where they can reach it. Ants go where they find food, and if the food supplies of the household are kept in suit-proof metal containers or in ice boxes, and if all foods that may be open to contamination by children or others are cleaned up promptly, the ant nuisance will be slight. Cake, bread, sugar, meat, and like substances, are especially attractive to the ants, and should be kept from them.

Roaches will not frequent rooms unless they find some available food material, and if such materials can be kept from living room and office scrupulous care exercised to see that no such material is placed in drawers where it can leave an attractive odor or fragments of food, the roach nuisance can be largely restricted to places where food necessarily must be kept.

Fewer German Socialists.

The membership of the Socialists in Saxony has decreased from 177,000 in 1914 to 130,000 paying members at present, according to a recent Dresden dispatch to the Berliner Tageblatt. The decrease was due to the number of socialists serving in the army and the split in the socialist party of Germany. Deputy Grandmaster, speaking at the convention of Saxony socialists, said that the circulation of socialist newspapers in Saxony had decreased from 618,000 copies on April 1, 1917, to 792,000 on April 1, 1918.

Hard Luck, Indeed.

"Say," said an infirm man, "do you want to hear about the worst piece of out-of-luck that ever happened in the A. E. F.? A pal of mine went into the fight with 2,000 francs in his pocket. Now he's reported missing."—Stars and Stripes.

Oh, Well!

"Do you raise fowls, Mrs. Subb?" asked Mrs. Sitty-Folk. "No, we raise plant 'em." The chickens raise 'em."

She Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.

"There's a Reason"

Oh, Well!

"Do you raise fowls, Mrs. Subb?" asked Mrs. Sitty-Folk. "No, we raise plant 'em." The chickens raise 'em."

She Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.

"There's a Reason"

Oh, Well!

"Do you raise fowls, Mrs. Subb?" asked Mrs. Sitty-Folk. "No, we raise plant 'em." The chickens raise 'em."

She Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.

"There's a Reason"

Oh, Well!

"Do you raise fowls, Mrs. Subb?" asked Mrs. Sitty-Folk. "No, we raise plant 'em." The chickens raise 'em."