EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER U.S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREION LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE
(Capyligh, Hill, by Reily and Brisss Co. T) rough Special Arrangement VAIs de Orough Monteror Adens Service.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.
—12—

Coming back along the same road we haited to let another convey of mules go past, and an officer of the Royal naval division came up and began talking to our officers. He was telling them how he and his men had landed at "X" beach, and how they had to wade ashore through baited wire. "And, you know," he said in a surprised way, as if he himself could hardly believe it, "the biggars were actually firing on us!" That is just like the Limeys, though, "The idea is not to appear excited about anything at any time, but to act as though they were playing cricket—standing stround on a lawn with paides in the hands, half asieep. The Limeys are certainly cool under fire, though, and I think that because the Anacas did so well at Gallipoil people have not given enough credit to the British regulars and R. N. Dis, who were there too, and did the well as any men could. After a while this officer started on the started of the work, and did it as well as any men could. After a while this officer started on the regulars in the could be a surpression of the could be considered to the British regulars and R. N. Dis, who were there too, and did the as well as any men could. After a while this officer started on the started of the work, and did it as well as any men could. After a while this officer started on the started of the county of the

could.

After a while this officer started on his way again, and as he cut across the road a French officer came up. The Limey were a monocle, which caused the French officer to stare at him a minute before he saluted. After the Englishman had passed him the Frenchman took a large French penny occ his process acrossed it into his

Frenchman took a large French penny out of his pocket, screwed it into his eye and turned soward his so that we could see it, but the Liney could not. That was not the right thing to do, especially before enlisted men, so our officers did not laugh, but the men did, and so loud that Liney turned around and caught sight of the Frenchman. He started back toward him and I thought sure there would be a fight, or that, more likely, the Liney would report him. Our officers should have placed the Frenchman under arrest, at that.

Frenchman expected trouble, too, for he pulled up very straight and stiff, but he left the penny in his eye. The Limey came up to him, halted a few paces off and, without saying a word, took the monoble out of his eye, twibbled it three or four feet in the air and caught it in his other eye

if came down.
to that, you blighter," he said and it about and was on his way down road. They had it on the Frenchafter that.

man after that.

This Phillippe Pierre, of whom I have spoken, told me a story about two Limey officers that I hardly believed, yet Phillippe swore it was the truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times it.

the very Net Primippe swiver it was the truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey officers going along the road arguing about the German shells which the Turks were using. One of the officers said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that the demonstration of the officers and the said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that the demonstration of the officers which were not the said of the road. The officer walked over, dug it out of the ground, and took away the detonator and fuse—to prove that they did not explode!

The only thing that would make me believe that story is that Phillippe Pierre said they were Limey officers. No one but a Limey would remember such an argument after being knocked gailey west by a shell concussion. I do not doubt that a Limey would be done, though.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Croix de Guerre.
When we had been on the shore for about three weeks we for dour-selves one morning somewhe sedd-el-Bath under the heaviest fire I ever experienced. Our guns and the Turks' were at it full blast, and the agise was worse than desfeating.
A section of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication freech with our beautiful and the section of the communication freech with our beautiful and the section with our beautiful and the section of the secti

execution of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication trench with nothing to do but wait for a shell to find them. We were stiff and thirsty and uncomfortable, and had not slept for two nights. In that time we had been under constant fire and had stood off several raiding parties and small attacks from canny trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the shell hole and were making ourselves as construible as possible in it when shell hole and were making ourselves as construible as possible in it when been the Jack John what must have been the Jack John what must have been the Jack John what the shell had been the Jack John what the way were awamped. We had to dig three of the men out, and though one of them was badly wounded we could not send him back to the hospital. In fact, the shelling was so heavy that house of us ever expected to come out it talive.

So, it was like keeping was amped. We had to dig three vacant. It was just one big roar and men out, and though one of screech and growt all at once, like a badly wounded we could not turning the whole dog pound loose in a piece of meat. The concussions felt like one long us ever expected to come out throats were so dry that it hurt to was like keeping your own swallow, which always makes your swallow, which always makes your

we rolled it to the other side of the hole.

Then, to one side of us, there was a more violent explosion than any yet. The earth spouted up and fell on us, and big clouds of black snoke, silding along the ground, covered our shell hole and hung there for some time. One of our sergeants from the regular French infantry, said it was a shell from a Turkish 155 mm, howitzer. That was only the first one. The worst thing about them was the smoke—people who think Pittsburgh is smoky ought to see about fifty of those big howitzer shells bursting, one after another.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were

big howitzer shells bursting, one after another.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were standing the awful fire, but we felt sure they were not having any worse time than we were. In a few minutes we heard the good oil, "75s" start pounding, and it was like hearing an old friend's voice over the telephone, and everybody in our shell hole cheeted, though no one could hear us and we could barely hear each other. Still we knew that if the "75s" got going in their usual style they would do for an enemy battery or two, and that looked good to us. The "75s" made the noise worse, but it was airready about as bad as it could be, and a thousand guas more or less would not have made it any harder to stand.

One of our men shouted in the sergeant's ear that the men in line shead of us and to the right were trying to give us a message of some kind. The sergeant stuck his head above the parapet and had a look. But i stayed where I was—the sergeant could see for himself and me, too, as far as I was concerned at us that the men in the other tench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the words. So he laid down gain in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving the! Trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pleces, and the laid who followed him got hits, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind



us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and

ears feel better after a strong concus-sion. One after another of our boys was slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapiet fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their beads.

see shelling that is shelling, you wilk know it, my son."
"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is if? Are they trying to kid us or are you, mon vicur?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, roads pushed all over the map, guns wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the paraplet and stared at us and began to shake all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and outly himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we have the self-great of the two dugouts and watchers and the two dugouts and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was biret he man was coming

imother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and aimost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was just he man was coming to the was just he man was coming to the was just he man was coming to. He was just he man was coming to the was just he was to relate the mount of ammunition; that the trenches on both sides of them had been blown in and that they were likely to go to pleces at any moment. He said they all thought the Turks would patch the was to relay a man back with the news and either get the word to advance or retire or await reinforcements, they did not care which—only to be ordered to do something. There was not a commissioned officer left with either of the detachments, you see, and you might say we were up at in the ground as we could get act in the ground as we could

The man was telling us that some time before they had seen the Tarks bringing up annualtion from some storchouses, but they did not come anywhere near. He said their sergeant

his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapset fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their heads.

Our sergeant came to me after a white and began acting just like people of at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show its, and that was the way with the sergeant. "You should see what they did to us at St. Eloi," he said. "They just haptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop, When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son." "Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to take the would will be a seemething like "old times."

It thought he we have did not come sergeant. It and when the always want to tell you how good some of the other sergeant, and when the always want to tell you how good some of the other sergeant, and when the said this and did not shiver any long that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to know you will be a seemed in the seement will be a seemed thing like "old times."

I thought he we words want our sergeant asked the name of the would try to raise his hand, but "They lost he would try to raise his hand, but "They lost he would try to raise his hand, but "They lost he would try to raise his hand, but "They lost his hand, but "They or have been been be would into the would try to raise his hand, but "They lost his hand, but "They lost his hand, but "They lost his would try to raise his hand, but "They lost his hand, but "They lost his hand, but "They lost his hand, but the would try to raise his hand, but the would try to raise his hand, but "They lost his would try to raise his hand, but the would try to raise his hand, but the would try to raise his hand, but they for her would try to raise his hand, but they for his would have for the would try to raise his hand, but they for his would hin h

then said, "Well, my son," a second and then said, "Well, my son, suppose you go and, find out."

I though the was kidding me at first, but then I saw he meant it. I thought two things about it—one was that anything was better than staying there, and the other was that the old dugout was a pretty fair place after all. But I did not say anything to the sergent or the other men.—Just went out of the dugout. The sergent and another man went with me and booste. I are done the sergent of the sergent and another man went with me and booste. I are done the sergent and another man went with me and booste. I are done the sergent and another man went with me and booste. I are done the sergent and then started off. I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I Just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick jand it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each thise thought. I was hit, because when I jot it in the thigh at Dixmide I felt, in good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I I fell a shell exploded near me and I began to follow

long time. All this time I did no



All I Could See Was Barbed Wire and

Electric locomotives are being in-creasingly adopted in South Africa for underground haulage

INTERNED; CROWN PRINCE IS SHOT

PRINCE JOACHIM, THE KAISER'S OTHERS FLEE TO HOLLAND.

DR SOLF APPEALS FOR HELP

Shot According to An Amsterdam Dispatch—Details Are Lacking.

London-William Hohenzollern has London-William Hohenzollern has been interned in a Dutch chateau, the Amsterdam correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Co. says. Prince Joachim, the kaiser's youngest son, and 50 other persons accompanied the ex-emperor on his flight into Holland, the correspondent adds. It is presumed the entire party will be interned along with the ex-monarch.

London—The former German crown prince is reported to have been shot, according to an Amsterdam dispatch to the Central News. Details are lack-

London-The admiralty has London—The admiralty has inter-cepted a German wireless addressed from "The Command and Soldiers' council on the cruiner Strassburg' to "All ships, torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines in the North sea." The message refers to the terms of the armistice and declares:

presumption.

east coast Prussia.

London—Dr. Solf, German foreign accretary, has addressed a message to Secretary of State Lansing, request high that President Wilsog intervene to mitigate "the fearful conditions" exhiting in Germany. Dr. Solf says, according to a wire

Dr. Solf says, according to a wire-ress dispatch, that he feels it his duty to draw President Wilson's attention to the lact that enforcement of the conditions of the farmistice, especial-ly surreadier of tránsport, means star-vation of 'nillions', and requests that the president's Influence be directed toward overcoping this danger. The president, he points out has declared he fid not wish to make war on the Gerhan people, and did not wish to injused its peaceful develop-ment.

Hindenburg Not With Kaiser Washington—Marshal von Hinden-urg, contrary to former reports, is ot with his former katser in Holland, but at grand headquarters in Germany hoving alighed himself with the new government. A dispatch giving this information over the wheless from Namen was partment.

The Haghe-Crown Princy Rup-precht of Isvaria, commander of the German horthern army group, and his staff, have fled from Liege, where the varrison has revolted, according to the Belgiam newspaper Les Nouvelles Officers at Liege, the newspaper adds, have flen deposed, and a red

King of Saxony Deposed.

Basel, via London-The king of Saxony was been deposed according to a Berlin dispith. The king of Saxony is kriedrich August III. He succeeded to they throbe on the death

Amsterdam—News has ed in Berlin and forwarde the garrisons at Doeberiti dam are in the hands of and workers council.

Armed workers and sold

ky, which ac

BEAN CANNERS ALLOWED TIN

Permission is Granted to Pack Beans in November, December and January In November, December and January,
Lansing,—Michigan bean canners
can have itn for the coming bean
canning season, according to advices
reaching Food Administrator Prescots
from Washington,
Permission is granted to canners
of beans to pack during the months
of November, December and January
at a total quantity not in excess of
a normal pack for these three months.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK. CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POI-SONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! coated it is a sure sign that your tle one's stomach, liver and boy needs a gentle, thorough cleansin

tle one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough sleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesnit sleep, doesnit ent or act naturally, or in fevertably stomach sour, breath bad't has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, fifth of cold, give a teaspoenful lof "Galifornia Syrup of Figs." and in a feyr hours all the foul, constipated wayfer, undigested food and sorp bile jeintly moves out of the little bowels Milhout griping, and you have a well, jubyful child again.

You nee'n't coar sick children to take this funraless "fruit harative;" the low is delectous taste, and it also have a well, funraless "fruit harative;" the low is delectous taste, and it also with the large of "California Syrup of Figs." which has directions for habites, children of all ages and for growp-ups plainly on the boftle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, sist to see that it is lanade by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Too Much for the Skunk.

any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

To Much for the Skunk.
Mr. Cajkle Berry wouches for the ollowing story:
A Freichman, an Euglishman, an Irishman and a German prisoner were in an argument as to which was the bravest.
A Yank overheairst the controversy and decided to settle it. Pointing to a near-by joutry flows, he told them that there was a skunk linside and asked the Hishman to stepplinside and see how long he/could stand it.
Pat did as hy was told. In five mindees he came out. The Englishman followed, but hy stood it only fur mindowed, but hy stood it only fur mindowed, but hy stood it only fur mindowed.

When he came out. The Englishman followed, but hy stood it only four minutes. The Frenchman next tried it, but live migures was cnough for him. It was the terman's turn. He went in and the others waited. The minutes passed — one—two—three—four—five—six—seven, but no German. Eight minute—ten—the skunk came out.

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Dot's worry about old age. Doe's worry about old age. Doe's worry about old age. Doe's work was you are getting on in years. Keep your how are getting on in years. Keep your how are getting on in years. Keep your how a part of the getting of the getting on in years. Keep your how a part of the getting of the getting on the getting of the getting of

The small boy wonders if his moth will ever get over being surprised the things he does.

There are times when the lovellest spot on each looks suspiciously like an ace.

Feel Lame and Achy?

deave thousand dealing backs. The do nost of the work of germ disease. They can you feel dull, in yous—have headaches the, sore joints and it action. Then the kid apt help. Use Doan't a you have been a waise Doan't action.

A Michigan Case



Got Dean's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S HIDNEY
SOSTER MILEURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.