



Albert N. Depew
 EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, U. S. NAVY
 MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION IN FRANCE
 CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
 WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

GUNNER DEPEW SEES WONDERFUL WORK OF BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES IN GALLIOLI CAMPAIGN.

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 enlist. 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 when he goes over the top and gets his first German in a hand-to-hand fight. While on runner service, Depew is captured in a German raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans, he is wounded and is sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the Cassard for the Dardanelles.

CHAPTER XI.

Action at the Dardanelles.

I made twelve trips to the Dardanelles in all, the Captain was generally as convoy to troop ships, but one trip was much like another, and I can't remember all the details, so I will give only certain incidents of the voyages that you might find interesting. We never put into the Dardanelles without being under fire—but



besides saying so, what is there to write about in that? It was interesting enough at the time, though, you can take it from me!

Coming up to "V" beach on our third trip to the Dardanelles, the weather was as nasty as I have ever seen. The rain was sweeping along in sheets—great big drops, and driven by the wind in regular volleys. You could see the wind coming, and the line of white against a swell where the drops hit.

As we rounded the point, the seas got choppy, and there were cross currents bucking the ship from every angle. It seemed as though we were two hundred yards away from the rain, but it was so thick, and the combers were breaking over our bows three a minute. The coast here is pretty dangerous, so we went very slowly and had the sounding line going until it was white-r-sounded louder than a machine gun in action.

I was on the starboard bow at the time and had turned to watch some garbles poking at the scuppers to drain the water off the deck. But the scuppers had been plugged and they were having a hard time of it. The officer on the bridge, in oilskins, was walking up and down, wiping off the business end of his telescope and trying to dodge the rain. All of the garbles but one left the scuppers on the starboard side and started across decks to port. The other chap kept on fooling around the scuppers. I saw a big wave coming for us, just off the starboard bow and I grabbed hold of a stanchion and took a deep breath and held on. When my head showed above water again the other end of the wave was just passing over the place where the garbles had been, and the officer was shouting, "Un homme à la mer!" He shouted before the man really was overboard, because he saw that the wave would get him.

I rushed back to the port bow and looked back for the wave had carried him clear across the decks, and saw the poor lad in the water, trying to fend himself off from the ship's side. But it was no go, and the port propeller blades just carved him into bits. On our homeward voyage we received word again by wireless that there were Zeppelins at sea, and I don't believe this and it proved to be untrue. But there were other stories and taller ones, told us by one of the wireless operators, that some of the

garbles believed. This chap was the real original Baron Munchausen when it came to yarning, and for a while he had me going too. He would whisper to certain men to tell certain promises not to tell, as he had picked it from some other ship's message, and the Old Man would spread-eagle him if he found it out. They probably didn't believe him, but they had to know he was filling us full of wind the way he did.

He told me one time that Henry Ford had invented something or other for locating subs miles away, and also another device that would draw the sub right up to it and swallow it whole. He had a lot of other yarns that I cannot remember, but I did not believe him because I saw he was picking out a while and then he had yarns to—that is, spinning them where they would be more sure of being believed and not just spinning them anywhere.

So I got pretty tired of this stuff after a while and then he put out from Brest on the fourth voyage I got this fellow on deck in rough weather and began talking to him about the chap who had gone overboard the time before and had been cut up by the propeller. I pretended that, of course, he knew all about it—the Old Man had had this garbly pushed overboard because he was too busy with his mounts. But they seem to do any good, so I had to think up another way.

When we were out two days I got hold of our prize liar again. I figured that he would be superstitious and I was right. I said to him, "I have never known that a ship could not draw near Cape Helles and get away again unless at least one man was lost, or that, if it did get away, there would be many casualties aboard. I said it had not been raining, and you know that the Old Man had pushed this garbly overboard because someone had to go. I said on our other trips no one had been sacrificed and that was with his mounts. But they seem to do any good, so I had to think up another way.

That was all I had to tell him. Either he thought the Old Man knew of his yarning or else he did not think himself of much account, for he disappeared that very watch and we did not see him again until we were on the homeward voyage and a stevedore happened to dig into a provision hold. There was our lying friend, with a life belt on, another under his head, and the light of a rope around his waist, fast as a flash he was gone. I do not know, but he was scared to death and thought we were going to crush him overboard at once. I think he must have told the officers everything, because I noticed a stevedore looking pretty hard at me—or at least I thought I did; maybe it was my conscience, if I may brag about having one—and I thought one of the lieutenants was just about to grin at me several times, but we never heard any more about it, or any more yarns from our wireless friend.

The fourth voyage was pretty rough, too. The old girl would stick her nose into the seas and many times thought she would forget to come out. We had a lot of sand piled up against the wheelhouse and after we dived slowly, there was not a grain of sand left. It looked like the sea was just kidding us, for we were almost into quiet water, and here it had just taken us sea aboard to clean up the sand we carried in the way from Brest.

During the whole voyage you could not get near the galley, which was where our wireless friend hung out when he could. The pans and dishes banging on the deck was a steady sound when the ship pitched, and several heavy ones came down on a cook's head while he was sitting under a table during a heavy sea. That made him

superstitious, too, and he disappeared and was not found for two days. But he was a landsman and did not use to heavy weather.

When we got to the Gallipoli peninsula the fifth time our battle fleet and transports lay off the straits. We could not see the little harbor at the Turkish coast, but the whole fleet felt happy and fairly confident of victory. We lay off Cape Helles, and it was there we received the news that there were submarines prowling round Gibraltar. Then they were reported off Malta. We got the news from the British gawlers and transports. Our officers said the subs could not reach the Dardanelles without putting in somewhere for a fresh supply of fuel, and that the allied fleets were on the lookout at every place where the subs might try to put in. But they got there just the same.

Then the British superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth, "the terror of the Turks," came in. She left England with a whole fleet of cruisers and destroyers, and all the Limesy said, "She'll get through. Nothing will stop her."

One of the boys aboard her told me he hid no idea of the Dardanelles would be as hot a place as it turned out to be. "Get bilney," he said, "what with dodging shells and submarines, you can't 'elp but run onto a bloomin' mine. Hi! don't mind tellin' you," he said, "that it was scared cold at first. And then Hi! think of what 'Oly Joe' (the chaplain) told us one service, 'Hin times of dyner, look upwards,' 'e says. So Hi! looks upwards, and bilney Hi! there wasn't a bally plane-carryin' bomber too us. 'What prizes upward looks, Oly Joe?' I sings out, but he weren't nowhere near. Blast me, there weren't nowhere you could look without dyin' yer bloody heye a dirty trick."

When the Queen Elizabeth entered the Dardanelles, the Turkish batteries on both shores opened right at her. They had ideal positions, and they were hanging away in great style. And they were simply this with mines, and for all anybody knew, with subs.

Yet the old Lizette sailed right along with her hand up on the main deck playing "Everybody's Doing It."

It made you feel shivery along the spine, and believe me, they got a great hand from the whole fleet. They say her Old Man told the boys that he was going to drive right ahead and that if the ship was sunk he would know that the enemy was somewhere in the vicinity. Well, they were headed right, but they never got past the Narrows. They stuck until the last minute though, and those who went up, went up with the right spirit. "Are we downhearted?" they would yell. "No!" And they were not, either. They did not brag when they put it over on the Turks, and they did not brag when they saw that their Red Caps had made mistakes. Their motto was, "Try again," and they tried day after day. I do not know much about the histories of armies, but I do not believe there was ever an army like that of the allies in the Gallipoli campaign, and I do not think any other army could have done what they did. I take off my hat to the British army and navy after that.

It was hotter than I have ever known it to be elsewhere, and there was no water for the boys ashore but what the navy brought to them—sometimes a pint a day, and often none at all. The Turks had positions that you could not expect any army to take, were well supplied with ammunition and were used to the country and the climate. Most of the British army were green troops. It was the Anzacs' first campaign, and those were the Australians and New Zealanders. Great big men, all of them, and finely built, and they fought like devils. It



"Un Homme à la Mer!"

was hand-to-hand work half the time; hardly any sleep, no water, sometimes no food. They made a mark there at Gallipoli that the world will have to go some to beat.

Our boys were on the job, too. We held our part of the works until the time came for everybody to quit, and it was so quiet. The French should be very proud of the work their navy did there in the Dardanelles. On our sixth trip I saw H. M. S. Goliath get it. She was struck three times by torpedoes and then sheeled. The men were floundering around in the water, with shrapnel cutting the waves all around them. Caly a hundred odd of her crew were saved.

One day, off Cape Helles, during our seventh attack at the Dardanelles, we sighted a sub periscope just about dinner time. The Prince George and a destroyer sighted the sub at the same time, and the Prince George let go two torpedoes before the periscope disappeared, but it did not hit the sub. Transports, battleships and cruisers were thick around there, all at anchor, and it was a great place for a sub to be.

In no time at all the destroyers breezed out with their tails in the air, throwing a smoke screen around the larger ships. They hunted high and low, all over the spot where she had been sighted and all around it thinking to run it up being to the surface, so we could take a crack at



"I Saw H. M. S. Goliath Get It."

it. All the rest of the fleet—battle ships and transports—weighed anchor at once and steamed ahead at full speed.

It was a great sight. Any new ship coming up would have thought the British and French navies had gone crazy. We did not have any fixed course, but were steaming as fast as we could in circles and half circles and dashing madly from port to starboard. We were not going to allow that sub to get a straight shot at us but we almost rammed ourselves doing it. It was a case of chaset for every ship in the fleet.

But the sub did not show itself again that day, and we anchored again. That night, while the destroyers were around the ships, we slipped our cables and patrolled the coast along the Australian position at Gaba Tepe, but we did not anchor. The following day the Albion went ashore in the fog south of Gaba Tepe and as soon as the fog lifted the Turk let loose and gave it to her hot. Turkish ship came up and, with an angle of gunnery, could have raked the Albion if she had not been there. The Albion must have been pretty shy of gun sense for they only got in one hit before they were driven off by H. M. S. Canopus, which has made such a fine record in this war.

Then the Canopus pulled in close to the Albion, got a wire hawser aboard and attempted to tow her out under a heavy fire, but as soon as she started pulling, the cable snapped. The crew of the Albion were ordered aft and stood up on the quarter deck to try and shift the bow off the bank. At the same time the fore turret and the fore six-inch guns opened up—hot fire on the Turkish positions to lighten the ship and shift her by the concussion of the guns. For a long time they could not budge her. The Canopus got another hawser aboard and, with guns going and the crew jumping and the Canopus pulling the Albion, she finally slid off and her ships backed into deep water with little harm done to either. Then they returned to their old anchorages.

At Cape Helles every one was wide awake. We were all on the lookout for subs and you could not find an man napping. Anything at all passed for a periscope—tins, barrels, spurs. Dead horses generally float in the water with one foot sticking up, and gave the alarm many a time when it was only one old nag on his way to Davy's locker.

On the Cassard the Old Man posted a reward of 50 francs for the first man who sighted a periscope. This was a good idea, but before we could catch it and trouble making the award for every man on the ship would be sure to see it at the same time. Each man felt sure he would be the man to get the reward. The 14-pounders were let off about the order of a second's notice. But the reward was never claimed.

Depew gets into a hot place when he volunteers for service in the trenches at Gallipoli. After a battle he finds his pal a victim of Hun frightfulness. The next installment tells the story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marital Law.
 Marital law is not a law at all in this usual sense of that term; it is really but a contract for use if he should change it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Intricate Reasoning.
 "Aunt Belle, if you had your life to live over again what would you do?"
 "I'd get married before I had sense enough to be an old maid."—Boston Evening Transcript.

UNNECESSARY CALLS MADE ON PHYSICIANS

Proper Treatment of Mild Cases of Spanish Influenza.

Use of Gauze Masks is Recommended for Those Nursing Sick—Handkerchiefs Are Out of Place—Rest is Important.

Washington.—In an effort to reduce unnecessary calls on the over-worked physicians throughout the country because of the present epidemic of influenza, Surgeon General Blue of the United States public health service calls upon the people of the country to learn something about the home care of patients ill with influenza. Physicians everywhere have complained about the large number of unnecessary calls they have had to make because of the inability of many people to distinguish between the cases requiring expert medical care and those which could readily be cared for without a physician. With influenza continuing to spread in many parts of the country, and with an acute shortage of doctors and nurses everywhere, every unnecessary call on either physicians or nurses makes it all the more harder to meet the needs of the patients who are seriously ill.

Present Generation Spoiled.
 "The present generation," said the surgeon general, "has been spoiled by having had expert medical and nursing care available. It was not so in the days of our grandmothers, when every good housewife was expected to know a good deal about the care of the sick."

"Every person who feels sick and appears to be developing an attack of influenza should at once be put to bed in a well-ventilated room. If his bowels have moved regularly, it is not a physical ailment, but of camphor oil or Rochelle salts should be given."

"The room should be cleared of all unnecessary furniture, bric-a-brac, and glass. A wash basin, pitcher and slop bowl, soap and towels should be placed, preferably in the room or just outside the door.

"If the patient is feverish a doctor should be called, and this should be done only when the patient appears very sick, or coughs up pinkish (blood stained) sputum, or breathes rapidly and painfully.

"Most of the patients cough up considerable quantities of mucus, which is much mucus discharged from the nose and throat. This material should not be collected in handkerchiefs, but rather in bits of old rag, or toilet paper, or on paper napkins. As soon as used, these should be placed in a paper bag kept beside the bed. Pocket handkerchiefs are out of place in the sick room and should not be used by patients. The rags or paper in the paper bag should be burned.

"The patients will not be hungry, and the diet should therefore be light. Milk, a soft-boiled egg, some toast or crackers, a bit of jelly or jam, stewed fruit, some cooked cereal like oatmeal, hominy or rice—these will suffice in most cases."

Comfort of Patient.
 "The comfort of the patient depends on a number of little things, and these should not be overlooked. Among these may be mentioned a well-ventilated room; a thoroughly clean bed with fresh, smooth sheets and pillowcases; quiet, so that refreshing sleep may be had; cool drinking water constantly at hand; the head of the bed propped up; the forehead if there is headache; keeping the patient's hands and face clean, and the hair combed; keeping the mouth clean, preferably with some pleasant-tasting lozenges. The patient may be comforted by the knowledge that someone is within call, but not annoying him with too much fussing; giving the patient plenty of opportunity to rest and sleep.

"It is advisable to give the sick room a good airing several times a day. So much for the patient. It is equally important to consider the person who is caring for him. It is important to remember that the disease is spread by breathing germs laden with spray into the air by the patient in coughing or even in ordinary breathing. The attendant should therefore wear a gauze mask over her mouth and nose while she is in the sick room. Such a mask is easily made by folding a piece of gauze four folds, sewing a piece of tape at the four corners.

Observe Cleanliness.
 "The attendant should, if possible, wear a washable gown or apron which covers the dress. This will make it much simpler to avoid infection. It is desirable that all attendants learn to use a fever thermometer. This is not at all a difficult matter, and the use of such a thermometer is a great help in caring for the patients. The druggist who sells these thermometers will be glad to show how they are used.

His Sincere Hope.
 "She—I trust, Jack, dear, that our marriage will not be against your father's will."
 "He—I'm sure I hope not; it would be a terrible thing for me if he should change it."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Write Strong Letters Indorsing Commander for Senator.
 Detroit.—In letters, bristling with virile declarations as to their trust in Truman H. Newberry as an American, a patriot and a competent and experienced man for the position of United States senator, the two former presidents of the Michigan State, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, have written to the Michigan commander, congratulating him upon his nomination by the Republicans of Michigan, and indorsing his candidacy to the limit.

WILSON GUIDED BY ALLY WAR COUNCIL

WILL AWAIT DECISION OF SUPREME WAR COUNCIL'S ACTION IN FRANCE.

GERMAN STRATEGY SEEN

Germany Now Evacuating Belgium and Northern France to Keep Ahead of Allied Troops.

Washington.—Prevailing belief here is that any action President Wilson may take as a result of the new German note will await and be guided largely by a decision of the supreme war council in France.

Shrewd diplomatic observers and some officials take this view, through no intimation of his own attitude has come from the president, because admittedly he has questioned immediately at issue the military problem—that of the evacuation of invaded territory by German armies as the only condition upon which the plea for an armistice will be given even consideration.

The Germans now are evacuating Belgium, and northern France as rapidly as they can move before the sweep of the Allied and American soldiers and still maintain their organization. Since the government in Berlin says they want to get out without further ghting, apparently the issue in one for the Allied war council to determine whether it shall be suggested through President Wilson that General Foch be applied for terms, or whether without further diplomatic parley the approach of a white flag from the German lines shall be awaited.

TELLS U. S. ALLIES UNITE ON TERMS

London.—Viscount Northcliffe urged a general agreement between all Allies and America on a list of irrefutable terms to which Germany must submit unconditionally. He proposed the following principal conditions:

- 1.—Complete restoration of Belgium.
- 2.—Full restoration and repatriation of France.
- 3.—Return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.
- 4.—Readjustment of the Italo-Austrian frontier "such as will not leave a malignant foe lurking at the gates."
- 5.—Restoration and indemnification of Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania.
- 6.—With regard to Austria-Hungary, Viscount Northcliffe said President Wilson's answer to that country's government points the way.

Whatever form any further diplomatic exchange may take, one official pointed out, after all there is but one question, "are the Germans whipped?"

If they are whipped and ready to surrender when attempts at bargaining have failed, surrender will come quickly enough as quickly as the men who say they have superseded the Kaiser and the war lords in power dare to let the truth sink home upon the German public.

Some diplomatic reports support the theory that Germany may be restrained from revealing the real situation abruptly and taking peace at any price only from fear of more than a political revolution.

Note: Approaching gradually a final constitution seems to give the German public the news in broken doses, and at the same time to take every possible chance of finding a loophole in American and Allied harmony with the hope of holding it until ultimately by the German nation upon the mercy of its enemies.

FOE MAY GO THROUGH HOLLAND

Ask Restoration to Retreat Through Dutch Territory in Limburg.

London.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Rotterdam says:
 "The Neuwadland publishes a statement from Berlin explaining the delay in Germany's reply as due first to the pressure of the Hague talks, and by the Entente on Holland, and secondly to reception of the friendly note from Denmark asking accordance of the treaty of 1864 for a plebiscite of the population of Schleswig-Holstein."
 "The news here inclines to the view that any pressure on Holland arises from the demand by Germany that passage shall be granted the retreating army through Dutch territory in Limburg and elsewhere."

TEDDY AND TAFT FOR NEWBERRY

Write Strong Letters Indorsing Commander for Senator.

Detroit.—In letters, bristling with virile declarations as to their trust in Truman H. Newberry as an American, a patriot and a competent and experienced man for the position of United States senator, the two former presidents of the Michigan State, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, have written to the Michigan commander, congratulating him upon his nomination by the Republicans of Michigan, and indorsing his candidacy to the limit.