

# DEPUE

Albert N. Depew

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

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## DEPEW IS CAUGHT IN ZEPPELIN RAID AND HAS EXCITING EXPERIENCE

**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 sooner or later 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 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.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

I surely wished I was the gunner officer. I would have enjoyed it more if I could have got back at Fritz somehow. But I was not the gunner officer and I told him so. I had to shoot at him quite a while before he would believe me. Then he wanted me to find the gunner officer, but I did not know where to find him. If I could have got to our guns I guess I would have had another medal for working overtime, but I missed the chance there.

About this time another bomb came over and clouted out of the sky. I had in my company. Before the war he had been one of the finest singers in the Paris opera houses. When he was with us he used to say that the only difference between him and Caruso was \$2,500 a night.

A polu and I dragged him into a dugout, but it was too late. One side of his face was blown off; the whole right side of him was stripped off and four fingers of the right hand were gone.

I stuck my head out of the dugout and there was the captain discussing the matter with himself, cursing the Germans from here to Heligoland and putting in a word for the bombs every once in a while. All up and down the trenches you could hear our men cursing the Germans in all kinds of languages. Believe me, I did my bit and I could hear somebody else using good old United States cuss words, too. It certainly did not make me feel any better. But it gave me something to do. I think that by trying to do, I cursed so much then, though we were pretty handy with language at any time. But when you are under heavy fire like that and cannot give it back as good as you get, you go crazy unless you have something to do. Cussing is the best thing you could think of.

Up the trench the third bay was simply smashed in and the Germans were placing bomb and machine gun in it and in ours. The captain yelled out that he was going up to the next bay to examine it, but no more had he got there than he had his head taken clean off his shoulders.

At daybreak our trenches were all pounded in and most of our dugouts were filled up. Then Fritz opened up with his artillery fire right on us. We thought they were going to charge and we figured their barrage would lift and we could see them come over.

We received orders to stand to with fixed bayonets. Then the man at the periscope shouted, "They come!" A battery directly behind us went into action first and then they all joined in and inside of five minutes about eight hundred guns were raising Cain with Fritz. The Boches were caught square in No Man's Land and our rifles and machine guns simply mowed them down. Many of them came half way across, then dropped their guns and ran for our trenches to give themselves up. They could not have got back to their own trenches.

It was a shame to waste a shell on these poor fish. If they had been given the law they would prevent you from hitting them—you know the kind. They could hardly drag themselves along.

That is the way they look when you have got them. But when they have got you—kicks, cuffs, bayonet jab—add to your misery. They seem to think that it boosts their own courage. An artillery fire like ours was great fun for the gunners, but it was not much fun for Fritz or for us in the trenches. We got into cover almost as much as Fritz and he thinks that the gunners to get through in a hurry. Then the fire died down and it was so quiet it made you jump.

We thought our parapet was busted up a good deal, but when we looked through the periscope we saw what had happened to Fritz' trenches and, believe me, they were practically ruined.

Out in No Man's Land it looked like Woolworth's five-and-tens; everywhere

were about to start when the burgo-master himself came running out. He ordered us to leave the car there and said he would direct us where to go. He insisted that we go on foot, but I could not understand when he tried to explain why.

We soon saw the probable reason for the burgo-master's refusal to ride in the car. All around for about a mile the roads were heavily mined and small red flags on iron staves were to be seen between the cobblestones, as warnings not to put in much time around those places. Also, there were notices stuck up all around warning people of the mines and forbidding heavy carts to pass. When we got off the road I breathed again!

After a great deal of questioning we finally reached our destination and made our report to the local commandant. We told him all we could and in turn received various pieces of information from him. We were then taken over to the hotel. Here we read a few Paris newspapers, that were several weeks old until about eight, when we had dinner, and a fine dinner it was, too.

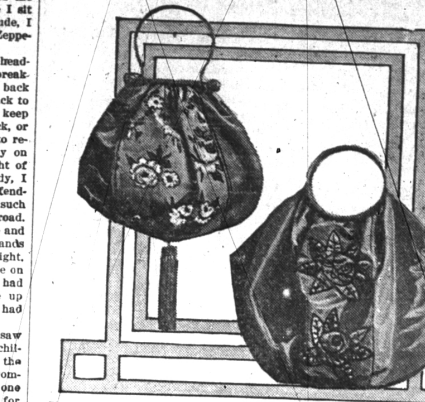
After we had eaten all we could, and wished for more room in the hold, we went out into the garden and yarned a while with some gardeners, and then went to bed. We had a big room on the third floor front. We had just turned in, and were all set for a good night's rest, when there was an explosion of a different kind from any I had heard before, and we and the bayonetted, like a canoe in the wake of a stern-wheeler.

There were seven more explosions, and then they stopped, though we could hear the rattle of a machine gun as it came down the street. I must be the forts, and after some argument I agreed with him. He said that the Germans must have tried an advance under cover of a bombardment, and that as soon as the forts got into action the Germans breezed. We were not worried much, so we did not get out of bed.

A few minutes later we heard footsteps on the roof, and then a woman in a window across the street, asking a gardener whether it was safe to go back to bed. Then I got up and took a look into the street. There were a lot of people standing around looking, but it was not interesting enough to keep a tired man up, so back into the hay.

It seemed about the middle of the night when Bartel called me, but he said it was time to get out and get to work. We found he had made a poor

## The Day of the Bag



Shopping bags and work bags have become indispensable now that women are buying themselves about so many things, and especially since they are taking it a rule to carry small parcels for themselves. Already the shops are beginning to place new ones on display, anticipating the holidays that always bring a tremendous demand for bags of all kinds. This year's business is expecting a demand for bags and for the materials of which they are made, that will exceed all previous records. For the mood of the public favors useful gifts at holiday time and the bag holds first place among them.

It is in new mountings and trimmings that the new bags differ from those of last year. Metal and celluloid divide honors in frames and mounts. The Germans have been busy with their shopping and work bags. Work bags are a trifle smaller than they were—of those made of ribbon and silk are. Many very practical bags are made of cretonne and lined with satin and those intended for daily service in all kinds of weather find a light weight black oilcloth the best of material.

In the picture the shopping bag at the left is made of plain satin and ribbon brocade and is mounted on a silver frame with silver handle. It is finished with a silver tassel. None of these are actually "silver," but they look like it and are best described by that name, although they are of some composition. Just as pretty handles and frames for shopping bags are made of celluloid in all colors. Bags of taffeta, in the same color as street frocks, are made with these celluloid mountings.

The bag at the right is of plain satin ribbon—five strips joined together to form it. Conventional roses and leaves are applied to the center strip. There are four of them, cut from green and red satin and outlined with black embroidery silk. At the ribbon counter bags of this kind are on display with the mountings for them. They are not difficult to make.

Have a Ribbon "Tam." Bands of gray grosgrain ribbon were put together with heavy gray silk embroidery threads and used to make the crown of one of the "tams" so popular with girl wearers since the visit to this country of the French "Blue Devils." A tassel and velvet headband added to the put-together gray ribbons made a tam as pretty as a shop could offer for early fall wear.

## Something New on Fashion's Horizon



Here is something really brilliant, fairly thrilling—the last word in sets for motor wear. Just as colored yards had established themselves as the smartest of trimmings for hats and other things, a new material as soft as silk and as shiny as glass, floated over the horizon of fashion. The material and yarns were simply made of one another—moldists discovered it immediately, and they were joined in this lovely motor set—made for real service. The bag is finished in the musnet all Paris is wearing, "Nannette" and "Rintintin," a grotesque little maid and her mate, both made of velvet and pliable as velvet, exchange confidences while they protect their fair owner from harm.

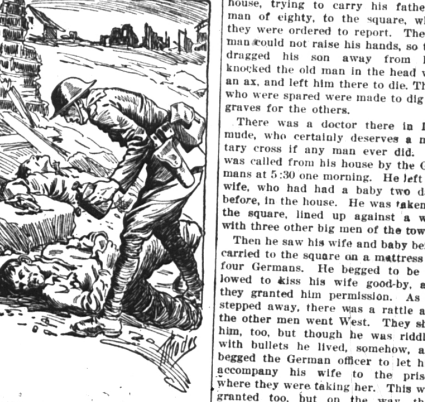
This new material reminds one of patent leather but resembles it in the way that plaid chiffon looks like gingham. It is black and brilliant, but as velvet light weight and pliable as velvet. There is no name that describes it and one will have to be invented to fit it. By the hat shown in the picture the chain is merely a large, soft puff set on a graceful brim that curves up at the left side. There is a band about it finished at each edge with deep buttonhole stitches of purple yarn, and a small cluster of quaint flowers at the shadow. The bag is finished in the same way with buttonhole stitches and yarn flowers and hangs from a long band that forms a loop for the shoulder. This same sort of hand supplies the belt and this belt might be omitted, if it were not that Nannette and

Rintintin must have some means of support. It happens that a black taffeta frock makes a very good background for this set, but it is made to be worn with any sort of street dress and will not clash with any of the quiet fashionable colors. It is called a motor set and may be counted upon for other wear and is other really rain proof has put up a most successful and convincing camouflage.

Julie Bottanly

All in Blue. An uncommon little blue jacket has a circular cape collar which entirely covers the shoulders, but ends well above the waist. The small turnover collar is of chalk-white plique, which is the prevailing material for collars and revers of every shade and size. The attractive front of this unusual little jacket shows the cape does not meet or fasten, but falls from the neck in an ever-widening opening, which finally forms two points. Down one side of the cape is a row of mandarin-blue satin buttons, and on the other a corresponding number of buttonholes, piped with the same color.

Practical Blouse. War-service needs have produced a shirt blouse for women, strictly tailored in design and finish. This blouse is of natural ponce, with patch pocket, turn back cuffs and detachable



We Were Constantly Finding the Mutilated Bodies of Our Troops.

guess, for when we were half dressed he looked at his watch and it was only a quarter past seven, but it was only to stay up, since we were that far ahead, and then go down and cruise for a breakfast.

When we got downstairs and found some of the hotel people it took them a long time to get it through our heads that there had been some real excitement during the night. The explosions were those of bombs dropped by the Zepppelin, which had sailed over the city.

The first bomb had fallen less than two hundred yards from where we slept. No wonder the bed rocked! It had struck a narrow three-story house around the corner from the hotel, and had blown it to bits. Ten people had been killed outright, and a number died later. The bomb tore a fine hole and hurled pieces of itself several hundred yards. The street itself was filled with rocks, and a number of houses were down, and others wrecked. When we got out into the street and talked with some army men we found that even they were surprised by the force of the explosion.

We learned that the Zepp had sailed not more than five hundred feet above the town. Its motor had been stopped before the first bomb was let go, and had slid along perfectly silent and with all lights out. The pure that we had thought was machine guns after the eighth explosion, was the starting of the motor, as the Zepp got out of range of the guns that were being set for the attack.

The last bomb had struck in a large square. It tore a hole in a large square pavement about thirty feet square and five feet deep. Every window and house were smashed. The fronts of the houses were tiled with various sized holes. All the crockery and china and mirrors in the house were in fragments.

Not much more than an hour before the Zepp came, we had been sitting in a room at the house of the local mil-

Depew is wounded in a brush with Germans. See next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saws for Cutting Metal.

Not so very long ago the discovery was made in Germany that metal could be sawed easier and quicker with rapidly revolving smooth disks of steel with toothed circular saws. It was found that this cutting was done by the heat generated by the friction of the edge of the disk against the metal. The metal is melted at the point of contact, while the steel of the disk, being cool, does not reach the melting point. The disks need no sharpening and do not wear out so quickly as the toothed saws. Therefore used for cutting metal. The faster the disk revolves, the greater the amount of heat generated and the quicker the job.—Popular Science Monthly.