Horses for France


not do so. I wanted to she

taggered to the Upper Deck With H
Face Blanched Almost White.

| kicking bunch of horses they went, as- sisted by Doc Casey. Four of the horses received broken legs, and Pinero, instead of shooting them, cut their throats with a sharp dagger he carried. <br> One of the negroes from the lower hoid staggered to the upper deck with his face blanched almost white, and his eyes popping out of his hend. Eetween gasps he informed us that a whole section of stalls, 24 in all, had been carried away between decks, and that the horses were loose. He sald three negroes in his gang were caught in this stampede. <br> The foreman mustered most of the men, and dividing them into three ond foreman and Doc Casey, they went below. I followed. An awful sight met my eyes. <br> The ship was lurching in a horrible manner. All 1 could see was, one minute a pile of kicking horses, | their helght and weight. Then each horse was led into a ring chalked out on the dock and the army inspectors examined it. Very few were reject- efl. From this ring of chalk they ed. From this ring of chalk they were led into a portnble stall and branded. You could hear the singsong volce of the brander shouting out what sounded like "Battry Loo." As he yelled this, a French private would come over, get the horse which been branded, and lead it away. I got in conversation with an interpreter and he informed me that the average life of these horses in the French army was three days, so these poor horses had only left that hell ship to go into a worse hell of bursting shells and cracking bullets. <br> I, after passing a rigid examination as to my nationality, and belng issued a cattleman's passport, inquired my way to the prefecture of police. I way to the prefecture of polce. deliverd to him a sealed envelo which I had recelved in New York. Upon opening it. he was very gracious |
| :---: | :---: |

ing train
ed to be al
wheels of
cogwheels
ggs. After bumpling, stopenting the the
and
ometimes sllding backwards, in $2 \ell$
hours we reached a little town. Sup-
tiles were plled up as high as houses.
fficers and enlisted men wer hurry.
an supply wagons and artillery limbers
limass moving in the same directions
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
nd kissed me on the rimht nnd left left
ieek. I was dumfounded, blushed ail

I think I could have borne another
irip across with horses, but that belng
fissed upon my return completely got
 left my heart in France, and I felt
mean and small, eating three square
meants a day and sleeplng on a soft
bed, when the armies on the other side
were making the world's history. Sometimes when steeplng I woula
have a hortible nightmare; I could see
those horses belag bolled alive in Several times later I passed that
sign on Greewich street, "Horses for
France, Men Wanted." and the pliture
of the second foreman dropplng the ay eyes, I do not know to this day
what became of that nervy wreck of
humanity, who had the temerity to tell
our foreman where he got of our foreman where he got of at. I
know he did not malke the passage
with us.

