The Winning of a D. C. M.

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Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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Our gun's crew, as wha its wont, was fitting on the straw in the corner of our billet, far from the rest of the secnon. The previous night we had been relieved from the fire trench, and were "resting" in rest billets. Our "day's test" had been occupied in digging a bombing trench, this trench to be used for the purpose of breaking in wouldbe bombers.

Hungry Foxcroft was slicing away at a huge loaf of bread, while on his tnee he was balancing a piece of "issue" cheese. His jack-knife was pretty full and the bread was hard, so every now and then he would pause in his putting operation to take a large bite from the cheese.

Curly Wallace whispered to me; "Three bob to a tanner, Yank, that he eats the cheese before he finishes slic-

ing that 'rooty,' " I whispered back:

"Nothing doing, Curly, you are Scotch, and did you ever see a Scotsman bet on anything unless it was a sure winner?"

He answered in an undertone: "Well, let's make it a pack of fags. How about it, Yank?"

I acquiesced. (Curly won the fags.) Sailor Bill was sitting next to Curly, and had our mascot, Jim-a sorry-looking mut-between his knees, and was picking hard pieces of mud from its paws. Jim was wagging his stump of a tall and was intently watching Hungry's operation on the bread. Every time Hungry reached for the cheese Im would follow the movement with als eyes, and his tail would wag faster. Hungry, noting this look, bit off a small piece of the cheese and flipped it in Jim's direction. Jim deftly caught It in his mouth and then the fun began. Our mascot hated cheese, It was fun to see him spit it out and sneeze.

Ikey Honney reached over, took the candle, and started searching in his pack, amidst a chorus of growls from us at his rudeness in thus depriving us and suspected what was coming. Sure enough, out came that harmonica and I knew it was up to me to start the ball of conversation rolling before he began playing, because, after he had once started, nothing short of a German "five-nine" shellburst would stop him. So I slyly kicked Sailor Bill, who immediately got wise, and then I

broke the ice with: "Sailor, I heard you say this afternoon, while we were building that traverse, that it was your opinion that carn few medals were really won; that It was more or less an accident. Now, just because your D. C. M. came up with the rations, and, as you say, it was wished on you, there is no reason in my mind to class every winner of medal as being 'accidentally lucky.'

This medal business was a sore point with Sailor Bill, and he came right

"Well, if any of you lubbers can tell me where a D. C. M. truly came aboard *he after gangplank-then I will strike my colors and lay up on a lee shore for drydock."

Indrawn breath, and his cheeks were puffed out like a balloon, preparatory to blowing it into the harmonica, which he had at his lips, but paused, and, removing the musical instrument of tortune, he exploded:

"Blime me, I know of a bloke who won a D. C. M., and it wasn't accidental or lucky, either. I was right out in front with him. Blime me, I sure had the wind up, but with French It was 'business as usual,' He just carried on."

We all chirped in, "Come on, Ikey, fet's have the story."

"I will if you'll just let me play this

one tune first," answered Ikey. He started in and was accompanied by a dismal, moaning howl from Jim. Ikey had been playing about a minute, when the orderly sergeant poked his head in the door of the billet, saying: "The captain says to stop that infer-

nal noise," Highly insulted, Ikey stopped, with: "Some people 'ave no idea of mu-

We agreed with him. Somewhat mollified, he started: Corporal French is the same bloke who just returned from Blighty and joined the Third section yesterday."

(Author's Note-The incident here re-isted is a true happening. Corporal Freuch won the D. C. M. in the manner sescribed by Honney, I will not attempt be give at in the cockney dialect.)

"We were holding a part of the line up Fromedes way, and were about two hundred yards from the Germans. This sure was a 'hot' section of the line. We were against the Prussians. and it was a case, at night, of keeping your ears and eyes open. No Man's

"One night we would send over a trench-raiding party and the next night

structions.

man to sucrifice."

tion, answered:

"'French, it's men like you that

"I was hoping that he would detail

me to go back, but he didn't. Hender-

son was picked for the job. When

Henderson left Newall shook hunds

all around. I felt queer and lonely.

was a lad, not 'arf he weren't.

sighing over the German lines.

all around us.

wiped out.

we were safely in.

were cracking and biting the ground

shooting into the air and dropping in

"Ten or fifteen dark forms, the rem-

nants of the German raiding party,

own fire. You see, our boys thought

turning night into day, and hell cut

loose. Their bullets were snipping

"Suddenly the fellow on my lett,

fled groun, and started kicking the

ground; then silence. He had gone

suppose. There were now five of us

faint, choking voice, exclaimed:

us. French called to me:

officer has clicked it."

it. He answered:

dirt around him,"

Just then Happy butted in with:

"Suddenly Leftenant Newall, in a

"They've got me, French; 11's

"I crawled over to him. He was

back to our trench at the double and

want to stop this bleeding!

twigs from the hedge over our heads.

"Then, up went Fritz's star lights,

make it possible for "our Little Island"

true Briton, and I'm proud of you."

low whisper, came to us:

ralding party has just circled our left,

and is making for our trench. It's up

over would come Fritz. "There was a certain part of our trench nicknamed Death alley, and the bave received orders not to fire on accompany which held it was sure to count of our reconnoitering patrol beclick it hard in casualties. In five ing out in front. A strong German utes?" nights 'in' I clicked for three reconnoltering patrols.

"John French-he was a lance cor- to us to send word back. We can't tion. This was before I went to machine gunners' school and transferred ty, so it's up to one of us to carry the long in coming out." to this outfit. This French certainly news back to the trench that the raidwas an artist when it came to scouting in No Man's land. He knew every inch of the ground out in front, and dark.

"On the night that he won his D. C. M. he had been out 'n front with a patrol for two hours, and had just re- back, because you are too valuable a turned to the fire trench. A sentry down on the right of Death alley reported a suspicious noise out in front, and our captain gave orders for another patrol to go out and investi-

"Corporal Hawkins was next on the Hst for the job, but, blime me, he sure had the wind up, and was shaking and trembling like a dish of jelly.

"A new leftenant, Newall by name, had just come out from Blighty, and a pretty fine officer, too. Now, don't you chaps think because this chap was killed that I say he was a good officer, because, dead or alive, you would have to go a bloomin' long way to get another man like Newall. But this young leftenant was all eagerness to get out in front. You see, it was his first time over the top. He noticed that Hawkins was shaky, and so did French. French went up to the officer and said:

"'Sir, Corporal Hawkins has been feeling queer for the last couple of days, and I would deem it a favor if I could go in his place."

"Now, don't think that Hawkins was and machine gunfire, without us clicka coward, because he was not, for the ing their fire. Leftenant Newall sure best of us are liable to get the 'shakes' at times. You know, Hawkins was killed at La Bassee a couple of months ago-killed while going over the top.

"There were seven in this patrol-Leftenant Newall, Corporal French, my-

self and four more from B company. "About sixty yards from Fritz's ley from our trench, and four 'typetrench an old ditch-must have been the bed of a creek, but at that time Bullets cracked right over our heads. was dry-ran parallel with the German barbed wire. Lining the edge of this ditch was a scrubby sort of hedge which made a fine hiding place for a patrol. Why Fritz had not sent out breath: a working party and done away with this screen was a mystery to us.

"French leading, followed by Leften- must have circled us." ant Newall, myself third, and the rest trailing behind, we crawled through a sap under our barbed wire leading out to a listening post in No Man's land. We each had three bombs. Newall carried a revolver-one of those Yankee Colts-and his cane. Blime me, of light, I was watching him closely I believe that officer slept with that English trench. Star shells were He never went without it. The rest of us were armed with bombs and No Man's land. It was a great but rifles, bayonets fixed. We had previously blackened our bayonets so they would not shine in the glare of a star

"Reaching the listening post French told us to wait about five minutes un- dashed past us in the direction of the til he returned from a little scouting trip of his own. When he left, we, with every nerve ten-e, listened for his coming back. We could almost hear each other's hearts pumping, but not a sound around the listening post. Sudly a voice, about six feet on my right whispered, 'All right the way is clear; follow me and carry on.'

"My blood froze in my veins. It was uncanny the way French approached us without being heard.

"Then, with backs bending low, out of the listening post we went, in the | MacCauley by name, emitted a mufdirection of the ditch in front of the German barbed wire. We reached the scrubby hedge and lay down, about six in a shipshape manner—that is, up feet apart, to listen. French and the officer were on the right of our line. left.

About twenty minutes had elapsed when suddenly, directly in front of the lkey Honney had just taken a long. German wire we could see dark, shad-



Jim Was Wagging His Stump of a Tail and Watching Intently.

owy forms rise from the ground and move along the wire. Silhouetted ed about ten feet from us, and in its against the skyline these forms looked white, ghostly light I could see French like huge giants, and took on horrible last form faded into the blackness on bavenet.

strong German raiding party is going alone, sitting on the ground, holding son's Weekly. across,' It was French's voice. I did his dying officer's head in his lap. A not hear him approach me, nor leave, pretty picture, I call it. He sure was Yank, he must have got his training a man, was French-with the bullets with the Indians on your great plains cracking overhead and kicking up the of America!

"I could hear a slight scraping noise on my right and left. Pretty soon the whole reconnoitering patrol was ly- in for the stretcher?" tand was full of their patrols and ours, lag in a circle, heads in. French had, Ikey answered: "None of your d- life.-Princeton Review.

and many fights took place between in his notseless way, given orders for business. If you blokes want to hear them to close in on me, and await in- this story through, don't interrupt."

Happy vouchsafed no answer. "Leftenant Newall's voice, in a very "About ten minutes after the fellows left for the stretcher, French got a bul-

"Boys, the men in our trenches let through the left arm." Sallor Bill interrupted here: "How do you know it was ten min-

Ikey blushed and answered:

"French told me when he got back to the trench. You see, he carried the poral then-was in charge of our sec- all go, because we might make too officer back through that fire, bemuch noise and warn the German par- cause the stretcher bearers took too

I asked Ikey how Corporal French. ing party is on its way. With this being wounded himself, could carry information it will be quite easy for Leftenant Newall in, because knew our boys to wipe them out. But Its Leftenant Newall to be a six-footer was like a cat-he could see in the up to the rest of us to stick out here, and no lightweight. You see, he had and if we go west we have done our at one time been in command of my duty in a noble cause. Corporal platoon at the training depot in Eng-French, you had better take the news land.

. Ikey answered: "Well, you blokes give me the proper "French, under his breath, an- pip, and you can all bloomin' well go to h-," and he shut up like a clam.

Hungry Foxcroft got up and silently "'Sir, I've been out since Mons, and this is the first time that I've ever withdrew from our circle. In about been insulted by an officer. If this ten minutes be returned, followed by patrol is going to click it. I'm going to a tall, fair-haired corporal who wore click it too. If we come out of this a little strip of gold braid on the left you can try me for disobedience of or- sleeve of his tunic, denoting that he ders, but here I stick, and I'll be had been once wounded, and also wore damned if I go in, officer or no offi- a little blue and red ribbon on the left breast of his tunic, the field insignia of "Newall, in a voice husky with emo- the Distinguished Conduct medal,

Hungry, in triumph, brought him into our circle and handed him a fag. which he lighted in the flame from the to withstand the world. You are a candle on the mess tin, and then Hungry introduced him to us:

> "Boys, I want you to meet Corporal He shook hands with all the boys,

Ikey got red and was trying to ease out of the candle light, when Sailor



Holding His Dying Officer's Head.

Bill grabbed him by the tunic and held "In between our trench and our party, curses rang out in German as him,

Then Hungry Foxcroft carried on: the Boches clicked the fire from the "French, I'm going to ask you a mighty personal question, and I know you'll answer it. How in h- did you. hit in the left arm, bring Leftenant terrible sight which met our eyes, Newall back from that reconnoitering Fritz's raiding party was sure being patrol?"

> French grew a little red, and answered:

"Well, you see, hoys, it was this way, German trench. We hugged the Honney and I stuck out there with ground. It was our only chance. We him, and, taking the slings from our knew that it would only be a few rifles, Honney made a sort of rope seconds before Fritz turned loose. If which he put around my shoulder and we had legged it for our trench we under the arm of the leftenant, and would have been wiped out by our Honney, getting the leftenant by the legs, we managed to get him into the trench. You know, I got a D. C. M. out of the affair, because I was the corporal in charge. Damned unfair, 1 call it, because they only handed Honney the Military medal, but if the true facts were known he was the bloke who deserved, not a D. C. M., but a V. C. (Victoria Cross)."

We all turned in Honney's direction. west. A bullet through the napper, I Bill, in his interest, had released his hold on Honney's tunic and Honney had disappeared.

Happy asked French If the leftenant had died in No Man's land.

French, with tears in his eyes, an-

through the lung,' and then fainter - swered: "No, but the poor lad went west 'you're in command. See that-' His voice died away. Pretty soon he after we got him to the first-aid dressstarted mouning loudly. The Germans ing station, and next day we buried must have heard these moans, because him in the little cemetery at Fromelthey immediately turned their fire on les. He sure done his bit, all right,

"Honney, come here, my lad, our swankin' with a ribbon on my chest." A dead silence fell on the crowd. Each one of us was admiring the modsitting on the ground with the left. 1 esty of those two real men, French uni's head resting in his lap, and was and Honney,

blime me, and here I am, bloomin' well

getting out his first-aid packet. I But such is the way in the English told him to get low or he would elik army—the man who wins the medal always says that the other fellow de-"Since when does a bloomin' hance served it.

corporal take orders from a bloody pri- And Germany is still wondering why vate? You tell the rest of the boys if they cannot smash through the Engthey've not as yet gone west, to leg it lish lines,

Canterbury's Famous Ghost.

get a stretcher, and you go with them. Of course, Canterbury cathedral has This lad of ours has got to get medical attention, and damned quick, too, if we | its ghosts. If rumor be true the ghost of the murdered Thomas a Becket is "Just then a German star shell land. periodically to seen engaged in that last deadly struggle of his with the four miscreant knights at the foot of sitting like a bloomin' statue, his hands the altar, and grouns and other queer shapes. My heart almost stopped beat- covered with blood, trying to make a noises are reputed to be heard on the ing. I counted s'xty-two in all, as the tourniquet out of a bandage and his anniversary of his death. The crime was committed on December 29, 1170, "I told the rest to get in and get the and the stains of his blood are believed "A whisper came to my ears: stretcher, They needed no second to be in evidence; no amount of wash-"Ton't move or make a sound, a urging, and soon French was left there ing ever having effaced them.-Pear-

True Education.

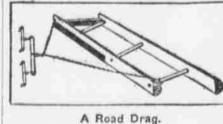
Education is not learning; it is the exercise and development of the powers of the mind. There are two great methods by which this end may be ac-"Were you one of the men who went complished; it may be done in the halls of learning or in the conflicts of

·ROAD · BUILDING

BUILD SPLIT-LOG ROAD DRAG

Main Point to Remember Is That Device Should Be Faced With a Strip of Old Iron.

Everybody knows about the splitlog road drag and the cut here shown is so clear that it needs little explanation. The main points to be remembered are that a part of the front portion of the drag should be faced with a strip of iron (an old wagon tire will do) and the hitch so arranged that the drag will move along at an anglealways pushing the loose dirt toward



the center of the road. The occasional use of this drag on any road will certainly improve it and no farmer will make a mistake in constructing one and using it on the highways that pass through his farm,

FARMER NEEDS GOOD ROADS

Motor Has Extended His Sphere of Operation Until 100 Miles Doesn't Worry Him.

There is a reason for American tardiness in road building. We need not be utterly downcast when we hear our highways unfavorably compared with the fine, smooth roads of Europe. We must remember that European highways were hundreds of years in the making and in periods when roads were the sole means of transportation, both civil and military. There were no railroads, no electric lines, no wire communication. Road building was the essence of commercial life and communication.

America started almost with the railroad and the steamboat. Comparatively a few years later we had the telegraph. Our roads were neglected because they were only local in character. Our railroads and telegraph enabled us to leap the centuries. But now we are confronted by a new need. It is the need for better local transportation, says Chicago Tribune. Where formerly the farmer was content with a few miles of dirt roads for his local traffic, he now requires hundreds of miles, for his area has expanded with the advent of gasoline.

A few years back there was the protest that good roads was merely the argument of the automobilist, a species restricted chiefly to metropolitan districts. A part of that argument still obtains-that good roads is the demand of the automobilist; but the automobilist is the farmer. The motor has extended his sphere of operation until 100 miles is of no more concern to him than was ten before.

FOR GOOD SPRING HIGHWAYS pair."

One Big Item in Preparedness Program Is to Clean Outside Ditches During Autumn.

Winter weathering may be great for

The best way to prevent extreme weathering of the road is to clean out the side ditches before freezing weather sets in and to keep the road surface in condition so that it will freeze up in a well-dragged condition.

Cleaning the side ditches will allow the water to run off and avoid the possibility of the road freezing in a saturated condition. Dragging the road to a smooth surface will eliminnte possible water pockets and allow the water to escape in the side

USE TAR AND HAY COVERING

Found to Wear Quite Satisfactorily Over Almost Pure Sand Roads in Wisconsin.

In Wisconsin there are several long stretches of almost pure sand roads. Considerable difficulty is experienced in passing over them either in dry weather or in wet weather. Numerous schemes have been tried in an effort to make them passable, the most promising of which at present appears to be a covering of hay and tar. Last summer several sections of sand road were treated with this combination, After a few weeks of usage it was found to have withstood the wear of traffic and a stretch over a mile in length was given a similar application. So far, it is sald, the hay-and-tar covering is wearing in a very astisfactory manner. -Pathfinder.

CLEAN ROADSIDES ARE BEST

Makes Road Look Much Prettier and Takes Very Little Time-Payment Not in Cash.

Why not mow the weeds along the roadside? How much prettier the road will look. It only takes a few minutes. No, it doesn't matter that you may receive no cash payment for this service. The knowledge that you have beautified the world a bit is pay. And we mr. do our bit fa many ways aside from donating cash to worthy causes.

DANDRUFF MAKES

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, peautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing-your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxu-

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or tollet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any -that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment-that's all-you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Dan-

His Bluff Called.

"These \$6 shoes suit me all right." said the young man who had enough in to feel a bit gay. "I'll take two pairs, size No. 9."

When they were wrapped up the young man tendered him three \$2 bills. "That will be \$12, sir, if you please." "Say, you're a poker player, aren't you? Well, three of a kind beat two

"Yes, but they don't beat four nines," said the salesman. "Twelve dollars, please."-Boston Transcript.

Recruiting Sergeant-"Are you sinthe farmers' fields, but it's hard on gle?" Will-Be Rookie-"Do I look like twins?"-Leatherneck.

> A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for a sample will repay you .- Adv.

The first phonograph was made 40 years ago, but its popularity is of more recent date



In 1848 Sir Arthur Garrod proved that in gout (also true in rheumatism) there is deficient elimination on the part of the kidneys and the poisons within are not thrown off.

Prof. H. Strauss attributes a gouty attack to the heaping up of poisone where there is an abundance of urio acid which is precipitated in the joints and sheaths, setting up inflammation. Before the attack of gout or rhenmatism there is sometimes headache, or what is thought to be neuralgia, or rheumatic conditions, such as lumbago, pain in the back of the neck, or sciation As Prof. Strauss says, " The excretion of uric acid we are able to effect by exciting diuresis." Drink copiously of water, six or eight glasses per day, hot water before meals, and obtain Anuric tablets, double strength, for 60 cts., at the nearest drug store and take them three times a day. If you want a trial package send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's

Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. "Anurie" (anti-uric) is a recent discovery of Dr. Pierce and much more potent than lithia, for it will dissolve une acto as hot tea dissolves sugar.