

IN FRANCE WITH THE BOYS OF THE U. S. A.— Real Stories of the Front By Patrick MacGill, Author of "The Big Push"



These Pictures from the American Front in France Show How the Army Photographers Do Their Work.

"I've just had a letter from a schoolboy friend from whom I hadn't heard for twenty years," said Major R—, sitting back in his chair and looking at the two other occupants of the room, C—the medical officer, and Captain L—the adjutant.

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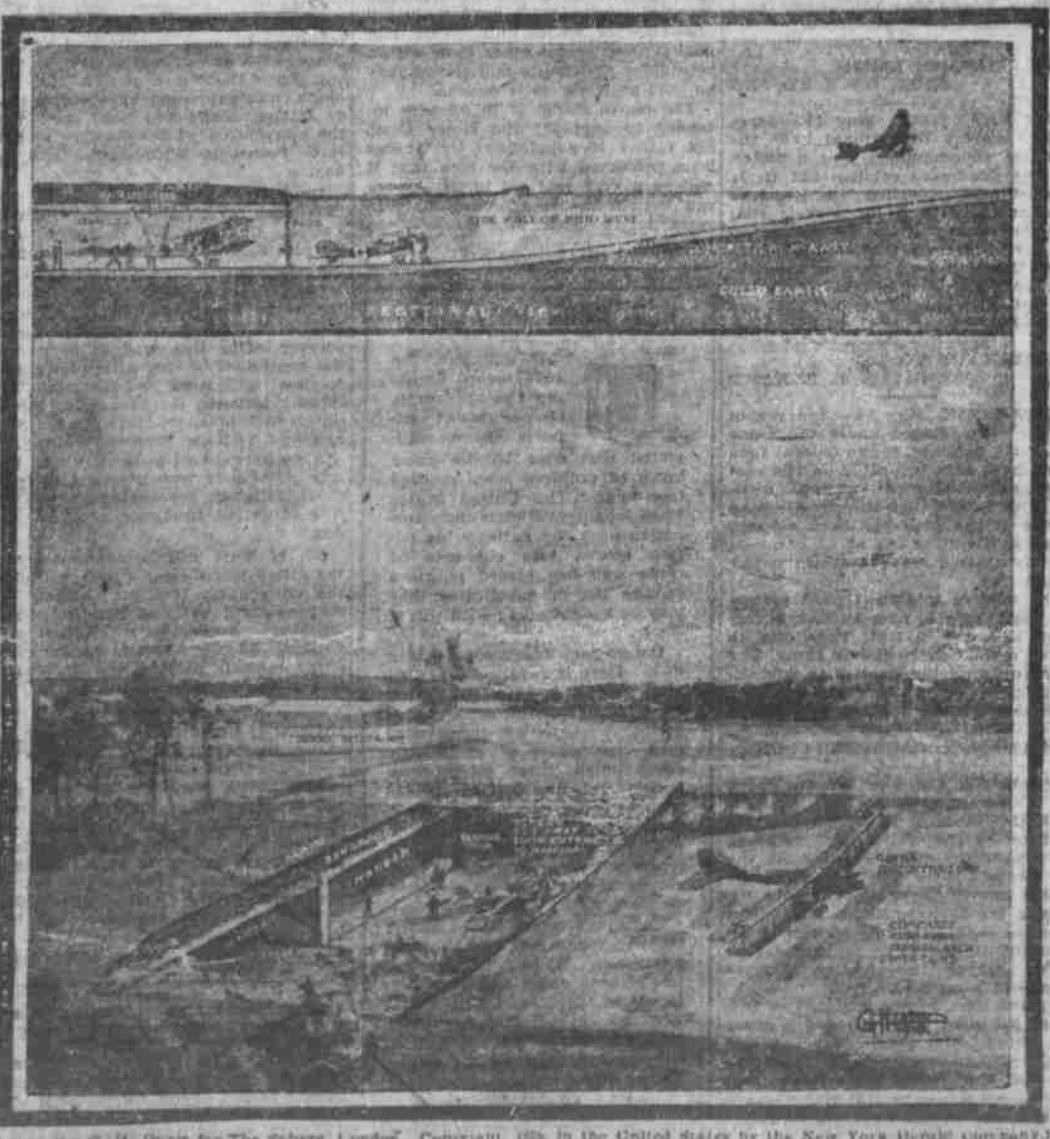
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Little Maurice

THE American corporal waited down the sleeping shack looking at each bunk as he passed. The hour was half-past eight in the evening. "Lights out" was sounded and all the men should be under blankets now. Suddenly the corporal came to a halt opposite a bunk in which a large bulk under the blankets denoted a sleeper who had covered himself from head to toe. Neither face, hands nor feet was showing, but the outline of the sleeping man could be traced under the blankets. The corporal went down and touched the sleeper's shoulders with his hand and under the hand the shoulder gave way like a pillow of down.

A miserable half hour passed by, and the child grew worse. The American felt impatient. He could do nothing but attend to the infant in its struggle against death. When the mother returned, he entered the open door he looked at her and sighed for relief. But his heart sank when he saw the distraught look on the woman's face. The doctor was not at home, she said. He had gone out to the country to see one of his patients, an old man who was dying with cancer. Now all hope was lost. Maurice, her dear little boy, would die. The mother went down on her knees by the bed, looked at the suffering child and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. After a while she looked up, turned to the chair on which the American was seated, to find him gone.

Building Hangars Under the Ground



Drawn by G. H. Davis for The Sphere, London. Copyright, 1918, in the United States by the New York Herald Company. ALLIED intelligence officers have learned that at many points on the western front the enemy is building airporth hangars underground. It is a development in huge dimensions of the subterranean shelters the Germans have proved so efficient in constructing for their first line troops. Mr. Davis' drawing shows in detail how the hangars are planned and built.

Building Hangars Under the Ground

At that moment Ronar was a good house's walk away from the shack in which his two mates were quarantined. He was sitting on a chair by the bedside of a sick child, watching over the infant with the tenderness of a woman. The bed was in the corner of a little room in a cottage out on the fields and two miles away from the nearest dwelling. Ronar stumbled across the house and was out on his walk. It was about time to turn back and fretful thirst; the young American went up to the door and knocked. He wanted to get a drink before starting on his return journey. A pale, thin woman whose eyes were red as if she had been weeping opened the door. At the same moment Ronar heard a weak infantile cough from the interior of the house as if a child were struggling for breath. The woman heard it, too, and with an agonized sob she rushed back again. Ronar followed her, and in the darkness he saw her level down at a bed in the corner of the room. On the bed a little child was lying, coughing convulsively as if it was choking.

"What is wrong?" asked the American. "It's the little dear, Maurice, that is ill," said the woman. "The child has not eaten anything all day and his throat is sore." "Why not get a doctor?" asked Ronar. "But it is so far to the village," said the woman, "and I cannot leave him alone. Nobody ever comes near here. My husband is dead and I am all alone." Ronar thought for a moment, then he spoke. "You go to the next village," he said. "Get a doctor to come and I will watch over the child until you come back. I would go myself if I knew where the doctor lived."

A Prisoner of War

WITH his field belt primed with cartridges, his rifle in his hand, a piece of American soap in one corner of his mouth and a belt of wire on his shoulder, the gray-eyed, shrewd and powerful Sullivan leaned against the parapet of the second line trench and conversed with his two mates, Ronar and Stanton.

"The place was a little French village up near the firing line; an American battalion was quartered there, and Major R— was the officer in command of the battalion. The hour was eight o'clock in the evening and dinner was over. "This man who has written to me was at the same school as myself, and we were great friends," said the Major. "He was a splendid boy, frank and honest and one that you could trust with your very life. We, the both of us, were ready to dare anything, and it was pure dogged luck that saved us from getting done on any occasion.

"It was night in the trenches a month later, a dark, cold night and very quiet. Hardly a rifle shot disturbed the peace of the sector in which Major R—'s battalion was stationed. About midnight the Major was in a dugout, sitting over a brandy and reading a New York newspaper which had just come with the post. Suddenly he heard the sound of a bursting bomb, then another. This was followed by groans, stamping and shrieking. The trench outside was in an uproar. The Major seized his revolver and rushed to the door, to find the passage out obstructed by two awaying figures locked in a mad embrace.

"You're not to get in here over my body," one of the men exclaimed. The voice was Daly's, and the other man was a German. A party of the enemy had crept over silently in the darkness with the intention of raiding the trench. Even as the Major got to the door the two men fell to the ground. Daly on top and the German underneath, both rolling over, clanking and kicking. They were fighting grimly, silently, without arms and using hand and foot in the struggle.

"Quit it now, you damned heiny!" Daly suddenly exclaimed as he gripped the German's throat. "If you don't I'll pull your throat out of you." At this point Major R— knelt down and pressed the muzzle of his revolver against the German's forehead. The man looked up, saw the officer and made an effort to hold up both hands as a sign of surrender. "Kamerad!" he gurgled. "Mercy! Kamerad!"

"The kick's left him, Daly," said the Major. "Just pull him into the dugout and keep him there till I come back." With these words the Major rushed off along the trench to see how matters were progressing. Ten minutes later he came back. "They're all chased out of it, Daly," he said, fixing his glance on the young soldier, then on the German prisoner, who was sitting on the floor rubbing a throat that was red and raw. "You've saved my life. If you hadn't been there at the moment I should have had a hole flung in on me, and then you would have had no officer to wash your mouth with brown soap and water."

"I deserved all that," said Daly with a shamefaced look. "I had a letter from my father to-day and he tells me that you saved his life at sea time, sir. So I saw that—this—this day I'll remember it." "You smoke, Daly?" said the officer, pulling a cigarette case from his pocket. "Have one of these, and then if you feel fit you can take this prisoner down to the rear as soon as you are ready."

"There are quite a number of soldiers with us who are not yet nineteen," said Captain L—, "and they are as keen as mustard for the trenches." At this moment a rap was heard at the door and a sergeant looked in. "Daly, sir," he said, addressing the Major. "Show him in."

"That tale may have served a purpose once, but it won't do twice," said the Major, sternly. "You are liable to court martial, you know, for entering the enemy's lines without orders, but as you are such a youngster I will be easy on you. From now on you are to work in headquarters here—wash dishes, clean boots, sweep floors and do whatever you are ordered to do. You understand?" "Yes, sir."

"Go back to your shack now and get your traps together and be ready to start your duties to-morrow morning." As Daly, Jr., went out Major R— drew from his pocket the letter which he had received that morning from Chas. St. "It's addressed to the officer in charge of the battalion," said the Major, with a smile. "When I reply old Daly will be surprised to find that one of his schoolmates is in command of his son's battalion."

"The new colonel was quite a willing worker and performed his duties faithfully. The Major was quite pleased with the youth until one morning it happened to overhear a violent altercation between the occupants in the kitchen. Daly's voice was louder in the affair than any other voice, and Daly used language that was not altogether the language of the drawing-room. The Major closed the door of the kitchen and looked in. The cook and the kitchen maid had become silent immediately, but Daly, with his back to the door and unaware of the

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