THE FAMOUS 42nd "RAINBOW" DIVISION

WHO HELPED CLOSE THE LID OF HELL

By PVT. WM. R. HOFFMAN
Co. I, 168th Inf., 42nd Division, A.E.F.

With Illustrations

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THIS IS ALL TRUE!

An American soldier of the ranks tells his story from the hour of his enlistment until he is mustered out, twenty-two months later, at CAMP FUNSTON, KANSAS. He tells of ACTION, CAMP LIFE, LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AND BEHIND THE LINES, RATIONS AND EQUIPMENT, HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, CANADIAN AND GERMAN SOLDIERS, GERMAN ATROCITIES, UNDER SHELL-FIRE, OVER THE TOP, GASSED AND WOUNDED, HOSPITALS. A brave fighting American lad tells how things looked to him “OVER THERE” and what they did to end the WAR.

PVT. WILLIAM R. HOFFMAN
Co. I, 168th Inf., 42nd (Rainbow) Division U. S. Army, A. E. F.

LLOYD C. DUNN, Captain Company I, 168th Inf.

YOU SLEEP BY THE MARNE

By PVT. WM. R HOFFMAN
Co. I, 168th Inf., 42nd (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F.

Down on the Marne does your body lie,
And between the crosses, row on row,
That mark one place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely, singing, fly,
Tell of battles you fought not long ago.

You are the dead;
Short days ago you lived,
Felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now you lie
Beneath the sunny sky.

Now we've finished the quarrel with the foe,
Though you have fallen in a foreign land.
You fought the fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing that peace was near.

My fallen chum, EDDIE C. RIPPLE
Co. I, 168th Inf, 42nd Div., A. E. F.

PVT HUGH KERNS

CHAS KIDDER

The Story of My Enlisted Life, Until Discharged

BY PRIVATE WM. R. HOFFMAN, CO. I., 168th INF., 42nd. DIVISION, A. E. F.

In company of eight other boys from Plattsmouth, Nebraska, I went to Glenwood, Iowa, eight miles distant, and enlisted in Company I of the old 3rd Iowa National Guards, on May 4th 1917. We immediately were started into training to be a soldier—drilling and hiking. We remained at Glenwood for about a month and were then sent to Des Moines, Iowa, where the Company was mustered out of the State service and into the United States Regulars for oversea duty. We were then known as Company I, 168th Inf., 42nd Division (later known as the "Rainbow"). We remained at Des Moines a short time and were then sent to Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y. Here we located about two miles from Hempstead, N Y., in a very pretty camp with nice surroundings. There were many different organizations there; also an aviation school, and airplanes were as common as Fords. One fellow broke the World's record for going high. His record was over 29,000 feet—they thought he was lost and sent two other planes after him. They could not locate him any place so they had to give it up and come down. A few hours later, he came down, smiling from ear to ear and wanted to go again.

Will now try and give our drill schedule so you will have some idea of what we did at Camp Mills; and if you don't think we were busy just get a broom-stick for a gun and follow our schedule. First thing in the morning was the first call, at 5:30. When first call blows in the morning all you can hear is our corporal's gentle voice: "Get up boys and build a fire." Next comes exercise at 5:40—pretty early, isn't it? Reveille and assembly at 5:45; Mess call at 6:00; Fatigue and sick call at 6:35; noncommissioned officers' school at 6:35; drill call at 7:20; recall at 11:30; officers and first sergeants at 11:30; mess call, 12:00 M ; fatigues and drill at 1:05 recall at 4:30—pretty long stretch. Retreat (inspection of arms except on days when there is parade, when retreat is called at 5:30); assembly at 5:40; retreat at 5:45; mess at 6:00; officers' call, 7:00; call to quarters at 9:30; taps at 9:45 (that is the call which sends us to bed). Then we were on guard, besides, when it came our turn.

When we first landed in camp there were a great number of Jew peddlers who visited us daily, selling candy and good things to eat, until one day one of the boys said: "Let's get him!" About a dozen of us fellows made a dive for the Jew, and boxes of candy went in all directions. The Jew ran up the Company street yelping like he was murdered. We sure had to pay for this.

Then we started on our little joy-ride—we started for France. Were out to sea for nine days and ten nights on the ship "President Grant" when the boiler of our ship went wrong and we had to leave the fleet and come back. The second day at sea we were all pretty sick; most of the fellows fed the fish plenty. On the ship we had only two meals day, and they were nothing extra. We could have eaten twice as much as they gave us. Nor did we have much liberty on the ship. The ship was very crowded as it was carrying 6,000 men, which is quite a bunch of fellows to be together on one ship. We were awfully crowded and were just tickled to death to get back to land. One thing, we were glad to get back and in the same tent again. All the home bunch stuck together except our corporal, who was from Pacific Junction, Iowa. He was a very nice fellow and very saving to us. From the fact that his hair was read, we did not need any lights except when he was out; then we used candles.

We remained at Camp Mills a few days, then boarded the "Settric," an English vessel, with an English crew. Set sail for England on November 14, 1917. On the way we stopped at Halifax on Friday morning, November 18, 1917 (on Sunday morning), and to ride across the Atlantic Ocean

in a Military transport required American grit. We were packed in dark holes like sardines, with scarcely an appetite for the fare served, and with our life preservers tied about us every minute of the eighteen days required in crossing. The ocean fairly bristled with deadly submarines, and no man knew what calamity the next hour might bring forth.

It was American grit which kept up our spirits during this tense period, and landed us upon the docks of Liverpool, England, December 1, 1917. We stayed here about an hour, then boarded a train at 6 o'clock that evening and started for Winchester, England. Landed there at 1 o'clock that night, then hiked for the camp, which was five miles away, arriving there at 3 o'clock in the morning. We stood in the road until five, in the cold, jumping around to keep warm, with our heavy packs on weighing 70 pounds. Then we went into billets; stayed there five days, during which the time was spent in hiking and on detail work.

I dare say the English people gave us a very warm reception—from a military viewpoint. We, the boys of our Division, made a tremendous hit with the British officers. England is truly "old England." In fact, everything is old. The residences are of a unique architecture. They are high and narrow, and nearly all of brick. The public buildings are fine structures and the grounds about them are well kept. Landscape gardening is really an art here, and that combined with the natural beauty makes the country really beautiful. The roads are fine. Some of the farm houses are queer affairs with thatched roofs, and the walls and fences are painted in several colors and covered with clinging vines and rambling rose bushes. The farms are small and every inch of ground is utilized. The shops are similar to ours in some ways, and there are advertisements of products familiar to me, and on billboards—Heinz pickles, Pear's soap, Goodyear and U. S. tires (or "tyres" as they spell it here); however, unsightly advertisements are scarce. The people here are very nice generally, and treated us fine.

On the 6th of December, 1917, at five in the evening we packed up and started for France. We boarded a small boat, again packed like sardines, and started across the channel. We had to sleep standing up or in the bottom of the boat on top of each other. We landed at about day break on December 7, 1917, at Camp No. 2, at Le Havre, France. Here we stood in the sleet and rain for an hour after landing from the boat, then hiked two miles in mud, cold, sleet and rain. When we stopped we thought we were going to at least get into a building with some bunks; instead, we were driven like cattle under a shed which had only a top and no sides at all. The floor was mud and water, with no place to set or lay down to rest. We were compelled and ordered not to unroll our packs or leave the shed.

We remained here for two days, then on December 9, 1917 at about 9 at night we were ordered to "fall in" and board a train. We started for the car yards. Upon arriving there we "stood to" in the cold and rain. Then they crowded forty of us boys and baggage in each little cattle car, scarcely large enough for a third of that number. On the sides of the cars was painted "8 Horses or 40 Men." They gave us "corned willie" and "hardtack"—just about half enough to go around. Consider touring such a romantic country as France in such splendid style! If you consider all this, you can well imagine with what feelings of self-condemnation we boys reflected on our objections to riding double in an upper berth of an American Pullman car back in the States.

We traveled in this manner until the morning of December 13, 1917, when we arrived at Rimecourt, France. Here we billeted in old sheds full of holes, with no fire. Snow was on the ground. We slept with clothes and overcoats on, and would roll up in our blankets and sleep with our heads on our shoes to keep them warm so we could get them on in the morning. Would wake up and shake the snow off our blankets before we got up. Our rations were small—the first morning, nothing; dinner, nothing; supper was a fine feed—three hardtacks and one-half cup of black coffee. In this way we lived for a week. Then we got potatoes, hardtack and coffee twice a

day. Later on we received better rations, as it was hard for the Government to get both men and food there at the same time. Since an army travels on its stomach, it is unwise to insult that important organ in any way. We boys at the front have not kicked about the quantity or quality of the food supplied, but object to the circulation of stories giving the impression that mess-tables are groaning with all the delicacies of the season. And it has also been circulated that they were "damn lies" about us fellows at the front not getting more to eat than slum, hardtack, "corned willie," coffee and sometimes beans and bread. The above was contradicted by many. It was said that instead of the above rations we received pies, cakes, rice, puddings, sirloin steak, oat meal, flap jacks, bacon and boiled beef, and many other things. The bread was bad, sometimes being mouldy.

I don't want the people to get the idea that we were dissatisfied or grumbling. We were not. It was our portion of the War, and we took it as such, knowing that the sooner we won the war the sooner such things would stop, and that we would be eating good, enticing food again. Now let me say that we did not receive the above menu. And let me state that it was not the fault of our Government that we did not get them, for it was impossible to get them to us in the lines under the fighting conditions, although the boys who were back of the lines, out of danger of shell fire, may have received them.

We remained here drilling every day from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon; drilling in ice and snow—all the while sleeting and raining. On the 24th of December, 1917, we left Rimecourt, France, and hiked about 45 miles to Bordeaux, France. Though the roads were rough and icy, the weather very cold and snowy, we received small rations on the way. We lost many men on the way on account of sickness and fatigue, exhaustion and exposure. They were sent to the hospital, and joined us later.

Arriving at Bordeaux on December 26, 1917, we drilled and hiked in bad weather for about a week and a half, then set out for Rolling Point, France, about 3 miles distant. Upon arriving there we were put on a hog train for the front. It was so cold on this trip that we almost froze to death. We could not sleep, unless we slept standing up. We left the train and entered a little town about 30 miles back of the front lines. Here we carried baggage off the train for a couple hours, then the captain ordered "fall in." We were all played out and hungry. We could have layed down in the cold mud and rested as nice as though it was a nice feather bed at home (the kind that Mother has), and with nothing to eat we started to hike for the front. We hiked all after, noon and part of the night until 3 in the morning.

Here we entered an old barn and stayed a short time, drilling (same as usual), then started for Peck's Zone, France. As this town was near the front line we could hear the heavy guns, and saw a few interesting battles in the air. We went through Baccarat, France, which was later our 42nd Division Headquarters. We arrived on a dark, rainy night at Peck's Zone. This town was torn up badly. We stopped and stayed here all that night. And on the 21st of February, 1918, we went in the first line trenches for the first time, at 9 o'clock in the morning. We relieved the French troops here, which was known as the Lorraine front, taking complete charge. We were the first American Division to hold a divisional sector and when we left the sector June 21, 1918, we had served continuously as a Division in the trenches for a longer time than any other division. We served on this front 110 days. Although we entered the sector without experience in actual warfare, we so conducted ourselves as to win the respect and affection of the French veterans with whom we fought. Under gas and bombardments, in raids, in patrols and in the heat of hand to hand combats and in the long, dull hours of trench routine so trying to a soldier's spirit, we bore ourselves in a manner worthy to the flag and traditions of our country.

We were then withdrawn from the Lorraine and moved immediately to the Champagne front, where during the critical days from July 14 to July 18, 1918, we had the honor of being the only

American division to fight in General Gouraud's Army, which so gloriously obeyed his order: "We will stand or die," and by its iron defense we crushed the German assault and made possible the offensive of July 18, 1918, to the west of Reims. Then we withdrew and filled our vacant places with new men.

From the Champagne we were called to take part in exploiting the success north of the Marne. Fresh from the battle front before Chalons we were thrown against the picked troops of Germany—the Prussian Guards. For eight consecutive days we attacked skillfully prepared positions. We captured great stores of arms and munitions. We forced the crossing of the Ourcq. We took Hill 212, Sergy, Meurcy Ferme and Seringes by assault. We drove the enemy, including an Imperial Guard Division, before us for a depth of ten miles. When we were relieved we were in full pursuit of the retreating Germans, and our artillery continued to progress and support another American division in the advance to Vesle.

For our services in Lorraine our Division was formally commended in General orders by the French Army Corps under which we served. For our services in the Champagne our assembled officers received the personal thanks and commendation of General Gouraud himself. For our services on the Ourcq, our Division was officially complimented in a letter from the Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, on July 28, 1918. And for past honors won in fierce fighting beside the French, we, the 42nd Division, are today one of three divisions allowed to wear the French Citation Cord of Honor awarded by the French Government.

From the Marne we again drew back and filled up with new men and were then taken to the St. Mihiel and took part in the drive of September 12, 1918 (on Gen. Pershing's birthday) and drove the enemy back where the French ___ 35,000 men on Mount Sec hill. Our Division took the hill ___ a right flank in about 30 minutes, without losing very heavily. In this drive we advanced the front line about five ___.

Here they again pulled us out the last of September ___ without any rest we were loaded in French trucks a__ ried to a point about 20 miles from the Argonne Forest. We then hiked to the lines, about 18 miles distant. We entered into the battle of the Argonne Forest about the 1st of October, 1918. We went through "Death Holler," which was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Here is one of the places in which we camped among the dead, mud and shell holes for some time, all the time fighting fiercely. It was a common thing to see the dead strewn all over the ground in all manners and shapes, pieces everywhere, and piles of dead, sometimes more than 20 in a small pile.

It was in this battle, on October 23, 1918, that I "got mine." After being wounded I was sent to Base Hospital No. 2 at Bordeaux, France. I remained here about 4 weeks, when the Armistice was signed, on November 11, 1918. Orders were received to send all in the hospital to the States. That was my happiest day, and on the 27th of November, 1918, we sailed for New York. When six days out we encountered a bad storm at sea; the waves would come over the boat like mad. The captain, who was an old man, said it was one of the worst storms that he had ever seen at sea. There was a large rip made in the bottom of the boat by the storm. The sailors repaired it the best they could and put four big pumps to work night and day pumping the water out in order to keep us afloat. We were in the storm three days. Finally got out of it and made New York December 9, 1918.

We sure was a glad, tired, worn out, and happy lot of wounded Yanks. We were met by the Red Cross, who gave us hot coffee, cigarettes and apples. Were then taken to the base hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J. Here we were put in Ward 46. Our clothes were taken from us and we were given a pair of Pajamas. Here is where I lost my old "trench friend," who had traveled all over France with me, and never deserted me—"Mr. Cootie." Gee! maybe you think I wasn't lonesome when he left. Believe me, I still miss him, and will never forget him. Received my clothes in

about four weeks. By this time my wounds were almost healed, and December 27, 1918, I boarded a troop train for Camp Funston, Kansas, to be discharged. Arrived at Camp Funston December 31, 1918, and remained here until January 8, 1919, when I received my discharge. This ended my 22 months' service for the Flag we all love so well and for which we are willing to die to protect.

May God watch over and guard my fellow comrades in arms who willingly fought and gave their lives in this great conflict that the World would be safe in the future for man, woman and child.

No Man's Land

There wa'n't no bugler there a-blowin' taps;
The regimental chaplain, though, was 'round;
An' I'm a tellin' you as how I'm feelin' blue,
'Cause they put my rookie Buddy in the ground.

The Battles of Lorraine

The 21st of February, 1918, I shall never forget. On that night we marched many miles, and as a result we were all tired and my feet were awfully sore, for we had marched through mud all of that day. We marched in dogged and resolute silence—no man can tell what were the thoughts of his comrade. We had no bands, nor bugles, nor any music when marching into action. We dared not smoke. In the dark we pressed steadily ahead; there was only the continued tramp, tramp of our heavy shoes. All the way we could see shells falling and bursting as we passed on towards the trenches. When we were about a hundred yards from the enemy's trench we could hear the machine guns and enemy aircraft above us. As we marched in the little village of Badonville (this little village had been demolished by the Hun Artillery) there was no one to welcome us. All was quiet except the bang, bang of the artillery fire, and they made a fearful racket; this was bad, but there was worse yet to come, still we were not broken-hearted.

Everywhere there was run. Even at this short distance we had suffered greatly from shell fire. Here we entered the front line trenches about 9 o'clock the morning of February 22, 1918. We were under fire one hundred and ten days; fought under gas and bombardments, in raids, patrols, and in heat of hand to hand combats. There was a constant thumping of the batteries on both sides, practically never ceasing. "Minenwerfers," French "seventy-fives," six- and three-inch batteries joined in their international chorus to fill the day and night with noise of explosions.

Most of the German shells give you notice of their approach by a long, weird whine. But there is one species, the Austrian "88," that is stingy with its warning—all you hear is a short hiss and a bang, and a loud bang at that. Gas shells drop occasionally and lack the loudness of bursting that the high explosives possess. They make about the same kind of a flopping noise that you get when you slam an unusually large and extraordinarily ripe tomato against the side of a brick wall. With every volley of the "H. E."s (high explosives) there are usually a few gas shells.

The excitement and the tenseness that pervade the trenches and the surrounding terrain when something is "going on" is altogether different and apart from anything else. It is a kind of mingled eagerness and caution that puts you on tenterhooks. Every man is so eager to come through without being nervous, or, what is worse, "showing yellow," that he bends over backwards, as it were, in the effort. It's similar to an occurrence on the boat when we came over. Some little thing happened that put the whole boat into excitement for a little while, and naturally

every one began to crowd to the life boats. Not "crowd," either, for there was never a particle of disorder. Every man was more unperturbed than was natural; he wanted to impress others with his calm, so that the result was a quiet exodus from every corner of the ship to the boats, with at least 90 per cent of the men quietly repeating: "Take your time, men, don't get excited"—the same feeling a man who has eaten in an army mess hall for several months has when he is "invited out" to dinner; he is so afraid that he will pull some colossal bone that he overdoes the propriety effect and is on an uncomfortable strain all the time.

Another thing, we are not worried so much by continuous and heavy firing as we are by desultory firing, just now and then you don't know when. If they are giving you a perfect barrage, consistent, you know it's there and it can't be helped. But if they drop one shell now and a little later drop another, you don't know what to expect and are naturally a little wary. As we entered the front line we were advised by our officers to keep down and be calm, as we were likely to be picked off any minute by the enemy snipers. At this time the airplanes had located us. Quick thought, quick action and foresight displayed by our own captain saved many of us from a frightful death. The airplanes would fly over our trenches and locate our batteries, and should they get the range of our batteries the guns would have to be moved and put in another position, as the enemy guns would destroy the cannons if not moved. We stood guard days and weeks at a time, all night in mud and rain. When we could steal a little sleep we would lay in holes in the ground with a blanket under us. When orders came to "stand to," every man fixed his bayonet to meet the Hun, while the machine gun and infantry fire was blinding. Here easily eight hundred of our fighting men were out of the game whose sacrifice was supreme.

The gas masks saved many of us from a horrible death of torment. Here we stood for four hours at a time with gas masks on. We withstood attack after attack. We would lay staring steadily out across No Man's land into the blackness. Suddenly a bullet would come "Zing-g-g-g," hit a tin can beside us, and then we would duck, and exclaim "Good Lord, that was d—n close!" Then we would resume our old position again; but we soon learned not to have many inches of our bodies displayed, target fashion, for the benefit of Fritz.

The first night that we served in the trenches we fired more bullets than on any other night we were on the front. We saw more Germans that night, but they happened to be stumps! The worst thing we did was to keep our eyes on one spot—then we began to see things. Stare ahead in the darkness anywhere and something would move—we had our eyes set, and peppered away. Then some officer would come up and say: "What the H—ll are you shooting at?" "Me, sir —? M-Me, sir? Germans, sir—," and went on punking bullets. Then the officer turned away with a smile.

On about the ninth of June there were about 25 of our men who volunteered to go into No Man's Land and re-capture one of our boys, who was from K Company, whom the Germans had captured and were taking to their lines. Our boys heard his cries and started to save him when five of them were cut off from the rest by Germans; two were captured and three killed. Later one of these, Jim Matchett, from my company, was found in Strausburg, Germany, with one leg off and badly wounded in the other. The other fellow, John E. Smith, was found later.

The losses had been very heavy. The battalion had not been relieved by fresh troops. The men were tired and hungry, and yet in fine spirit. A runner arrived and shouted: "Mail from home." The first hot meal in two or three days was ready, but the men got their letters first. One could pick out by the faces of the men those who got letters and those whose friends "had forgotten" or "who did not care enough to write." Men who got letters read them to chums who did not. The battalion had been made over. Captain Pierson of the Canadian Army says that it was the letters from home that held the line in the dark winter of 1914-15.

Though a great victory has been won, the end is not yet in sight. Our men had a great task before them. They must win many battles; they must fight against great odds; they must live in

the field in time of battle without adequate shelter and without hot meals. We had to work hard, harder than the folks back home dream. Some of them were wounded and some killed. They did these things and fought their way to victory no matter whether the folks back home wrote or not; but the letters from home made things easier and brighter and better, and "kept the home fires burning."

Sometimes it was hard for the men over there to write. In the back areas and quiet sectors, the Red Cross had writing rooms and ample supplies of paper and envelopes. In time of battle it sent paper and envelopes (and they were in great demand at the front lines). The men wrote as they got a chance; but these opportunities for writing were few and far between. For instance, a soldier in our front lines living in a shallow pit, about three feet wide and six feet long, could not venture from it in daylight. As long as he remained in it he was practically safe, except for a direct hit by a shell. Shell fragments always fly up at an angle from the point of contact and the man on the ground or under the ground escapes unless a piece of shell or rock falls on him. Then, it may rain, or the soldier may lose his fountain pen or pencil. A hundred things may happen to prevent him writing. And then, the letters may get lost on the way home. For these reasons the folks back home should write regularly no matter whether they receive replies or not.

Please remember another thing, and that is that their failure to receive your letters does not mean that this particular soldier was sick or had been wounded or killed. It simply meant that he had been unable to write or that his letters had been lost by the torpedoing of the boat carrying them. No news in this case is good news. The army promptly notifies the nearest of kin when a man is wounded or killed. There is no use worrying about what has happened to him till the official notice of wounds or death is received.

On the 18th of June occurred the worst gas attack that Fritz ever gave us. It killed grass, trees, and everything in front of it. Here I was badly gassed by mustard, chlorine and oxford gas, and sent to the hospital, while my comrades continued to endure the terrible death-struggle of destruction, outrage and brutality of the Hun.

The Battles of the Champagne Front

I remained in the hospital about a month, then joined my Division on the Champagne front (or the Marne). I arrived just in time to participate in the last battles fought by our Division on this front.

The Division had come out of the trenches about a month ago from the Lorraine front, and all the experiences I have ever had in my life are dwarfed in comparison to what we went through there. No doubt by this time you have read all about the brilliant Fourth of July victory of our Division. We put on one Fourth of July that I will never forget. Sherman said a mouthful about war, but that was a kindergarten picnic compared to this. Sherman never walked behind a barrage of 600 pieces of heavy, modern artillery going as fast as they could pump them out for three hours.

At 3:10 a. m. our barrage opened, and we advanced to the attack. We hit Fritz's front line altogether like shock troops, and right there most of the Huns were through with the war. Those that weren't killed held up their hands and begged "Mercy, Kamerad," but the dirty cowards kept plugging at us until we were close enough to strike, and then up went their paws, and they cried for mercy. Most of those were taken prisoners by our boys. After we cleaned out his trenches we attacked the villages wherein he was fortified, high ground further on and dug in, after advancing 3,200 and we captured them and mopped them up. We advanced to yards. Some push! That drive of ours was costly to his Satanic Majesty Hohenzollern, I'll tell you. Our

barrage killed 600 right in our little part of the sector, and we accounted for 300 more. Total prisoners were 1,500, of which we took 400 in our part of the sector.

Our company lost some good men, as 100 of our boys were killed. During the action the knowledge that we were bound to have some losses did not seem so bad, but when the excitement of battle died down and I had an opportunity to look for our dead, it sure made my heart heavy, I can tell you, although they were not our first losses in battle, and thankful we were that they were no heavier. If every attack had the same proportion of losses, the Kaiser would have been defeated long ago, but this one worked very smoothly, and Fritz couldn't fight back so hard.

A little later he started his artillery on our new advanced lines, but we were "setting pretty" by that time. He threw over a bunch of "blue cross" gas shells, which make you sneeze so hard you can't wear a mask, and I got a dome full of it then, I can tell you. That night Fritz counter-attacked and tried to take our front line trench, but later we got fifty Huns, and ten machine guns, also. That put his wind up for fair, and our artillery gave him a good dose about then. He shelled us steadily all the next day, but we had no further casualties, which was a wonder. Our boys practically wiped out the whole regiment, and all of our fellows have souvenirs of the fight.

The French with whom we were fighting were the finest bunch of men I ever saw, and I am proud that I shared in the battles with them. Their Colonel who was in command started to make a fine speech, but cut it suddenly and said: "Yanks, you're fighting fools; I'm for you!" That seemed to us to be the highest praise possible, and we still think so. All I have to say is, it's a shame to take the money, because it the Kaiser's troops are all like these birds, they're our fish, that's all. I'd like to have brought home a German rifle and bayonet and some other trophies, but I could not. I could have brought a couple of helmets, but they're such cumbersome things to drag around.

I talked to a number of prisoners, and the people of Germany certainly were fed up on "der elende Krieg," and were praying for it to be over soon. I was in favor of giving them their "bucket full" so they would never again want war.

It took courage on the part of Fritz to advance in the face of our rifle fire, machine gun fire and artillery shells. In the close formation in which he fought, wave after wave of them would cross No Man's Land. Suddenly out of the darkness ahead of us a high explosive shell would drop, in the middle of our section. The dead and wounded lay stretched in rows where they had fallen—but we kept on. It was our brave boys that kept the Hun, ruin and devastation out of our own land. Coming behind us were the stretcher-bearers and hospital corps to care for the wounded and dying, as we were under shell fire and gas attacks; in shell holes were blood, mud and water. We drank out of holes in the ground. We were not frightened. None of us showed fear. For many days we lived in these lines with wounded, dying and bleeding comrades. We could hear the cries of our dying comrades all through the dark and dreary nights.

It was a great experience, but I would not care to go through it again. But we made up our minds to go through it to the very end, if it lasted five years.

Chateau Thierry and the Marne

Fresh from the battle front of Champagne we were thrown against the picked troops of Germany—the Prussian Guards. We fought and bled and died, but outnumbered as we were, we drove the Prussian Guards back over Hill 212. It was here that we lost many comrades, and I lost my chum, Eddie Ripple, and we crushed the dirty Hun. We also captured great stores of arms and munition and machine guns. While we were advancing we worked along low and took all available cover against the machine gun fire directed against us. As soon as we came within range

we opened fire with hand grenades and accounted for his machine gun nests. I saw some of the gunners chained to their post. Their barbed wire gave us trouble. Our artillery cut it up pretty badly, but still it was a pretty strong barrier against us. When we got tangled up in the wire Fritz would play with his rifles. I've seen fellows get into a German trench with their uniforms flying in shreds.

The German artillery fire was accurate. They had our ranges down to a science, and while they had good ammunition, were hummers. They were good marksmen. Why, I've seen them cut a regular ditch along a row of shellholes to prevent our troops from using the holes for shelter. There was positively nothing they did not do that was horrible. I've seen them cut loose at a company runner with three-inch artillery. It was a funny sight for us, but not for the runner. The Huns would drop shells all around him while he fled on wings of terror. I never saw them get a runner with their artillery fire, but I've seen some very close shooting.

Perhaps the most unusual experience I ever had was when we were advancing toward the German positions. They cut loose with their artillery and we were ordered to take open order and hunt cover. For two hours we were violently shelled. They mixed high explosives with gas and shrapnel.

It was all bad, but the worst was when the German airplanes flew low and sprayed the wounded with machine gun bullets. There is only one way of protection and no one can help you, and that is to get under cover. It is bad enough to be helpless out there, without water or friends, but to have a hell fiend fly over and just squirt torture at you—well, the Indians or savages of Africa were not much worse; they were not so bad, in fact, for they were savages—the Germans were supposed to be civilized.

The Huns were confident of success. They knew that their drives of March and April had gained much territory with nowhere near the same concentration or desperation. In addition to this, another factor lay uppermost in their calculations—that the new drive was against green, largely untried troops—Americans! Of course the French would aid, but with the Yankees in full flight, a hole would appear in the line through which an irresistible stream of Prussians would pour. It may have been that a few of the wiser military leaders in Germany doubted the entire futility of the defense these Yankees would put up, but the whole morale of the German attack was built upon this philosophy.

From Vaux to Fossoy, opposite the Hun salient which had Chateau Thierry as its apex, were the Prairie divisions from the American Third Army Corps. These included troops from Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Field Artillery of the 132d, 136th, 141st and 149th also was engaged. On the right of the Americans was a wing of the French Third Army under Meurthier. On the left, part of Petain's Fifth Army held the line north to Soissons. At Ablois, 19 miles from Chateau Thierry, 8,000 American marines were held in reserve.

We drove the enemy ten miles. Then we were relieved. Here we lost half of our Division. The Germans were then retreating and our artillery continued to support another American division in this region as they advanced to Vesle.

We were firm and determined to get revenge for our fallen comrades we had left behind us, and we marched steadily forward without faltering. Every night we would advance in the direction of huge fires that glowed ahead of us—the burning munition dumps and quarters the Germans had erected during the drive to Paris. We passed several batteries the Germans couldn't get out in time, and turned them around. With a little work they were loaded up with some of the ammunition we found in great quantities, and we took pleasure in re-delivering a large part of it. The cartridge-cases that hold the powder and fit in behind the shell made splendid wash basins, so you may imagine the size of the guns. There is one little piece of the mechanism that is easily removed and which holds the entire breech-block together when the gun is fired, and the Huns

were retreating too fast to even take that part out. Some of the boys frequently entered dug-outs in which candles still burned and warm food was laid on the table. Frequently we would fire our guns on towns one day and be there ourselves the next.

Trophies and souvenirs of all sorts were strewn on the ground in the dugouts and trenches. We don't make a practice of picking things up, for the most alluring are sometimes attached to hand grenades and explosive charges. Every one could get all he wished of the heavy belts the Germans wear. They have "Gott mit uns" and a coat of arms on the buckle-plate. There are also quite a few helmets, buttons, lapel insignia, etc., but when you're all tired out, it takes a pretty attractive find to even get your attention, for you have to carry enough equipment as it is. We found two emplacements which were installed for the long range guns, and some idea of their magnitude may be obtained by the size of their ball-bearings, which were eight inches in diameter.

In German knapsacks we found their concentrated ration, which looks like a cake of soap, but is really quite good—something like a gruel when boiled in water—and will feed quite a group of men without much trouble. We had lots of their hand grenades, which are called "potato mashers" because they look like the good old kitchen utensil we used around the house for everything from fixing the screen door to hanging pictures and opening cans. To make them explode you pull a string in the end of the stick and throw the whole thing. The most cheerful fact about them is that the stick comes back when the grenade goes off and often gets the Hun that threw it.

The steel helmet or "tin dip" is quite a comfort when splinters fly around, and the respirator, which weighs about three pounds, is mighty efficient, but those two articles get lots of hard usage unless a shelling is in progress, for their usefulness is of short duration, and then we have to carry them until the next time. It's just like a man with a cheap suit having to carry an umbrella all the time, for a rain would be a regular tragedy.

On this front a Yankee truck driver and a Prussian officer clashed and when the clash was over the Yankee truck driver had found a way to remove from the Prussian officer the arrogance for which all Prussian officers are justly famous. After depositing supplies and ammunition at the front, the big army trucks were filled with German prisoners who were to be taken to the rear. A German captain, a member of famous Prussian regiment, was among the detail of prisoners assigned to ride in the truck of which this particular driver had charge. The Boches had filled the body of the car when the driver noticed that the captain had not joined them. "Climb in there!" he ordered. "Look at my uniform! Don't you recognize that I'm a captain? You don't expect me to ride with them?" he said in perfect English, indicating his erstwhile soldiers as if they were so many eager dogs. Then he demanded a place on the driver's seat, where there were already two slightly wounded American soldiers waiting to get back to dressing stations. "Nothing doing! I'm particular about my company! Get in with your gang, and be quick about it!" said the Yankee. "Throw off those American swine and make room for me on that front seat!" ordered the Prussian. "I'm a captain and—" He got no further. The driver slid a grimy fist into his pocket and whipped out a big pen-knife, while the other hand shot down, gripped the Prussian by the collar, and a powerful arm jerked him from the ground as if he had been a child. "Captain, eh? Well, we won't let that worry you long! See here!" And as he spoke, the hand with the knife deftly clipped the insignia from the officer's shoulders. "You're busted!" he said. "You're a private now! Get back in the ranks with the rest of them!" And he dropped the sputtering Prussian into the back of the truck among the other prisoners.

Now we were on the broad highway of the front—this famous route of Chateau Thierry. Along this road the German masses were struggling only three weeks before to get out of the Marne pocket. French and Americans at the left, and French, Italians, and British to the right were squeezing in ahead to cut them off. French and Americans behind were chasing after them.

French and American planes were hovering overhead and bombs were splashing down from them. Every little while several of our fliers swooped down and reeled off a belt of machine gun bullets into them. No wonder the road is still bordered with broken stuff and dotted with German crosses stuck in the ground haphazzard, turned over and tossed about at fantastic angles as though halted in a marionette dance. A little farther back, neglected and half-trodden harvests were being hastily gathered by French soldiers. Up here, and from here on, nothing in the fields but shell holes, big and little.

A few refugees mingled on the roads with troops this day—sturdy pioneers coming back to their homes. Some very few had a horse and wagon to bring them home, but that is heaped-up luxury. Most of them were walking, staggering along under a big bundle; that bundle in most cases represented all they had now to start life with again. The villages on the high-road are all badly damaged and empty except for soldiers bivouacking in the ruins. The only living people there were old women, old men, and a few cats that were cold-bloodedly playing with pieces of debris as I passed.

We heard so much of ruined villages that it seemed as though the French people must be used by now to living in them.

St. Mihiel

We marched at night, all night long, toward the battle front of St. Mihiel. After hiking for many long sleepless nights, we marched through the city of Toul. No loud commands or orders were given. We were tired and showed outward nervousness. Imagine passing through the city, with no lights, as the enemy had been bombing the city heavily. The city of Toul is 20 miles from the battle front of St. Mihiel. We were kept in ignorance as to what the outcome would be; but we could hear the large guns and see German flares which lit up the heavens. We knew we were getting closer and closer to the enemy trenches.

After a hike of 20 miles we entered our lines at 12 o'clock at midnight on the St. Mihiel front. The enemy's heavy artillery was shelling us here. We waited in mud over our shoe tops, as orders came to us that we were to go over the top at five thirty in the morning. At one o'clock our artillery opened up and our tanks entered our front line trenches to be ready to go with us over the top. The noise of the artillery bombarding trenches was hard on our nerves.

In this way we passed our sleepless hours, waiting for a chance to meet the Hun. At 5:30 we went over the top, every man of us with bayonets fixed, the tanks creeping out ahead of us in No Man's Land. We reached our barbed wire entanglements and crept through them and around them; at the same time our airplanes were leading out ahead, and our artillery was laying down a heavy creeping barrage. In this manner we crossed No Man' Land. At the same time Fritz was laying down an unmerciful slaughtering barrage against us. We reached Fritz's entanglements and trench; the tanks had already passed them, pouring their heavy machine gun fire into Fritz. Then we rushed in and gave Fritz a taste of American cold steel.

In every attack the majority of the casualties occur in this crossing, except in minor engagements where surprise is possible. The German "pill boxes"—shell holes reinforced by four-foot walls of brick and concrete that house several machine guns each—are usually undismayed by barrage, though it may make all the trench defenders seek temporary cover. They pour their shells into the approaching ranks, taking terrible toll until the attackers are actually upon them. At this moment a dozen or so Mills grenades are thrown through the "coffee mill" slits of each "pill box," and the machine guns are silenced, not, however, until terrible damage has been inflicted upon the unprotected troops advancing to make the capture. A few German "pill boxes" will spray the landscape with lead at varying heights of from one to five feet from the

ground. The German system of defense tells certain guns to cover different heights. There would be little execution done by the Germans while the American forces were crossing No Man's Land, as an ordinary barrage can be depended upon to silence the trench defenders for a time—and all the Yankee asks is a chance to get within bayonet distance of Fritz!

Troops, no matter how well trained and rehearsed for the attack, still are human beings in times of stress. They are apt to get excited and run ahead of their ordered advance. This is a ghastly thing to do, for behind them, way out of sight, the artillery batteries are pouring down the fire that is meant as a protection. If troops run into this they get exactly what is intended for Fritz.

In this manner we proceeded through all of his trenches for a depth of some five miles.

The American attack on the St. Mihiel sector was a complete surprise to the Germans. When we started we had orders not to fire artillery and not to show any signs of unusual activity, up to the appointed hour.

The "squeeze play" forced the Germans out of the salient, which had St. Mihiel as its apex. Our artillery and tanks swept the Boche on in terror. Neither German infantry nor machine gunners could stand before them. Our casualties were small compared to the magnitude of the operation. At some points the Germans were blown out of their positions. We captured many German big guns, munitions, machine guns, and 15,000 Huns. The Germans retreated fast, burning munition dumps as they went.

The Battle of Argonne Forest

We entered the battle of the Argonne forest on the Verdun front about the 1st of October, 1918, and here let me say that Fort Verdun was never captured by the Germans, in spite of the fact that their armies were larger and better equipped than those of the French. The battle of Verdun dragged in length from February 21 to December 16 of 1916, the Germans making futile efforts during all that period to take possession. The German Crown Prince commanded the Huns.

Now to continue my story of the Argonne, will say that no book could ever tell all that happened. Men dropped, some dead, some wounded. We kept up a heavy fire as we advanced on the woods. We captured lots of prisoners. Some, on being questioned, would give willing answers, though most of them knew very little of the Germans' intentions and plans. Some were mere boys, others were old men, while some were fine specimens. We were fighting the flower, the crack divisions, of Germany, yet they told us in a stand against us new divisions would be thrown in, as the morale now facing us was very bad. We took prisoners boys of fifteen years of age who had been drafted four days before we captured them. They were intelligent, weak, and acquainted with the internal conditions of Germany, and willing to tell all they knew. They said that during this drive a steady, continuous line of ambulances filled with wounded passed to the German rear.

We found Germans in trees, dugouts, etc. On we went, ten kilometers I think they say we advanced. The Germans had no idea of the number of Americans in France. We got into this big mix which started the Huns tin-canning for home and as a result of this fighting our division nicked them for a couple of perfectly good forests, a valley of dugouts, and a couple of towns, which shall be silent here—I can't pronounce 'em, anyway. We went up against all the works, machine guns galore, gas, shrapnel, snipers, and there is none of them that I liked better than the other.

I would rather have been in a nice confetti charge for a change. When the shrapnel tears up an acre or two of regular ground and slaps you in the face with it, you feel like the forlorn farm hand.

Where are my summer's wages? When we did not battle at close range, we had our share of living under shell fire. The way we fought here, we had them walloped to a whisper, and it was only a question of time till they sneezed out. We sure did some great scrapping here.

It was almost as dangerous coming up after the Germans retreated as it was to fight them, as they left traps in every conceivable place and it was unsafe to touch anything. They left snipers behind every place, and as an example of their methods, they chain their gunners to their machine guns to make sure they'll stick around and pot a few of us. We were often forced to go thirsty past a tempting spring, hot and tired, because we feared they had poisoned it.

Everywhere we went there was nothing but ruin, every village shot all to pieces, every field torn by big shells, and we have gone through forests where you would have difficulty finding one tree untouched by shell or bullet. Just toss in dead men, dead horses, and all sorts of abandoned battle equipment and you have an idea of the way things look here. We never even heard a bird sing. It was sure one joyless dump and I would have given anything for the sight of a real town with one real light shining out of a window at night. I'm a little hazy on what hell is like, but compared with war it must be a place where you sit with your feet on the mantel, smoking your pipe and blowing the foam off a cold one.

They were taking better care of us here, as we were getting plenty of chow, and tobacco issued to us. We slept nearly all the time in shell holes as there was a chance there for the shrapnel to miss us. My bunkie and I had a nice modern apartment here—four by six, decorated profusely with two blankets and a tomato can, in which we washed (when we did wash). The clay fell down our necks when we slept and into our chow when we ate and the rain poured down on us, but we considered we had some teepee. You notice I do not say "trenches." There were no trenches. The infantry fought in woods, on open ground, and in shell holes.

Later on when we advanced through these places where fighting had been heavy, the ground was literally strewn with dead Boches. I have never been so sick of seeing dead men in my life. You can't imagine what it is to see everything wrecked, trees blown down, ground ripped up, dead horses and men lying around. It's awful!

When we set up in the woods it was not a very quiet place. Shells were landing very near. The place had been a German artillery "echeloit" or place where the horses are kept when the batteries are in position. The greatest of confusion prevailed in the place. They had left very hurriedly, leaving numerous articles of equipment. They evidently took careful note of its exact location, because the second day we located in it we got a beautiful air-burst directly over the place. That part of the woods seemed to be getting more than its share of shells, so we moved to another part about one kilometer distant. There we were very lucky, getting no shells for a time. But we did get visits from a Boche Gotha, or bombing plane.

The first thing we generally did when we arrived at an open place was to dig ourselves in. We dug a hole and got in it. Shells went whistling merrily over our heads, and many decided to pay us a visit, or as you might say, "drop in on us." Almost every night, just after it had become dark, the Gotha came flying over. We can always tell a bomber, as it is a larger and heavier plane than the observer or battle plane and always flies at a low altitude. Some one would see it just before she reached the edge of the woods and yell "Duck, fellows here's a bomber."

I had been pretty lucky at this game so far. Had met Fritz bayonet to bayonet, and believe me, he sure was a cur. "Kamerad" when you get him—but kill him, for if you don't he will do it to you, no matter how kind you are to him. He has chained women to machine guns and they fight like mad. Fritz will sit at his gun until it is so hot that he can't hold it any more, and when we get on top of him he then cries for help—"Don't kill me, Kamerad!" Sometimes I think I am wild, for I can hardly sit still thinking of the things I have seen at the different fronts I've been fighting on.

We have lost some good fellows, but they died game, and that is some honor. Can you imagine one of these Hun beasts walloping a Yankee and just trying to get away with it? I for one would die before letting Fritz give it to me and Fritz would have to fight to get away with it before the last drop of blood leaves my body. When we are in action and the Boche in sight I am crazy; all I want to do is kill. Have seen dead Germans piled five and six high. But the United States boys still went on, and Fritzes went on the double; it was a running fight. I wonder what they think of the United States Army now in Berlin? We didn't retreat even though the last man was gone.

Boys, help the Red Cross, as I know you do. They are the greatest people on the face of this earth for wounded soldiers. I'll never forget their kindness or any other soldier. Especially when I was hurt they were so kind to me, every branch of them. There are not words big enough for me to express my kindness for what they have done in France. Nine months on the go, and roughing it in all kinds of weather and barns and up in the lines, and then to be treated with such kindness! I can't get over it. A nice bed to lie in; the last time I laid in a bed was at home.

American soldiers in France will always think of the Salvation Army as a dispenser of pies and doughnuts, a store for the sale of everything from chocolate to shoe strings. But they will also remember the religious work of the Salvation Army, its meetings and songs. Some of these meetings have even been held in the Catholic churches of France, which shows the good feeling between the leaders. Then there are the quiet talks with the men or girls of the units, girls who can cook fudge—just a tiny piece for each—and talk like the girls at home. So welcome have they made themselves at the front that the boys will never forget them. These men and women are not only soldiers of the faith, but, when need be, stand side by side with the boys before the Hun guns and gases. And it's the little old Salvation Army that gets the big credit from the boys "over there," and it only had cents where some of the other organizations had dollars.

Now to get back to the battle. About the last of October in "Death Holler" we sure were pushing Fritz back. Had been chasing him through the forest which he had held and lived in since 1914. When we took this forest we found log houses in which they had been living. It was queer the things that happened. Have seen comrades lying against trees with not a scratch on them—they were killed by concussion of big shells landing close to them. Some would still be holding their knives and forks in their hands.

We had been fighting here nearly a month, when Fritz "picked" me. A Hun plane flew over while I was lying there but, believe me when I saw that plane coming I sure did some lively hopping around. There wasn't going to be any sieves of me if I could help it—but some of the mortally wounded were. Those Huns should be made to pay for that sort of thing—it isn't fighting, it is concentrated hell! I had been fighting in the forest and was crossing a small opening when a "sniper" got me in the left leg. He sure was after me because my trouser leg was full of holes. I dropped and made my way back to first aid. Here I was given treatment and "tagged" Hospital.

On arriving at the hospital I was given surgical treatment. Early in the morning of the first day in the hospital a couple of red-headed woodpeckers started to build a nest in one ear and a circus band played weird, strange pieces in the other. It became oppressively hot; things took on an ethereal, unnatural aspect; that night small sections of the Aurora Borealis chased each other in an unbroken circle around and around the ward. On the second day, with the well ordered precision of a vaudeville bill, the woodpeckers gave way to a trained quartet of lady boiler makers and the band to a troupe of Swiss bell-ringers; then an early winter set in—thunder and lightning and terrible blizzards followed in a tiresome sequence. I rather imagine it was slight shell shock and had it a charged up to Heinie, but the battalion doctor seemed anxious to argue the point; not that he was defending the Hun, but it was simply professional with him. Awfully nice chap (the

doctor); not at all narrow-minded. He admitted very frankly that one was bound to tire of bands and strings of cow bells in barber shop harmony on a hot day. Then he held my hand a long time and after studying the life-line carefully told me that I was going on a long journey. Very capable man, this doctor, but I wondered how he knew.

Upon leaving the "lines" at any time soldiers are a haggard looking bunch. Our faces are drawn in lines like old men, many gray, some snow white; our eyes are wild and glassy, and we would jerk at the slightest sharp noise. I was in the base hospital for about five weeks, where I saw some terrible sights—some shell-shock, crazy, and wounded so badly that I don't wish to relate them. I left the base hospital for home in the States on the 27th of November, 1918; arrived in the States finally, so here I am, and the great World's War is over.

This ends my experience in fighting the Hun in the worst torn and ravished parts of France, and I had many very interesting experiences. But now all that is over—we will be content to return to our normal life again. All this will soon be forgotten, a memory that grows dimmer down the years.

Death has lost its meaning to most of us—seeing men killed, maimed and dying every day. Friends you cherish one day have gone the next. We are bound to lose our buoyancy, perhaps, but we gain a certain quickened perception of the worth-while in life. We lose that veneer of hypocrisy and convention, and live our days full out with life. I don't mean to say we have an atmosphere of gloom about us. Oh, no! Not that—but we have looked deeper into things than heretofore. Everything we do is genuine. The wholesome things appeal and we can appreciate in full the golden worth of true friendship. The war has been the light that has showed us all true living, worth while, and genuine.

Europe After the War

Horrible as are the sufferings of the present generation, the worst of it is that not only this, but the next generation, and perhaps the next after that, must suffer from the consequences of this war. The material losses are tremendous. Germany alone will be saddled with a debt so enormous that, even if she is not called upon to pay a penny of indemnity, she will be obliged to raise an annual interest upon it of some two billion dollars.

The loss in life will mean millions of orphans for all the nations, and the scourge of battle will leave hundreds of thousands of maimed. All these consequences are disheartening enough; but worst of all will be the psychological effect upon the rising generations of the occupied territories.

What would you believe would be the effect upon him if a child should daily see his parents cringing in fear before the bestial abuses of a foreign tyrant? What would you believe his mind would be like if one or both of the parents were taken out and shot and he saw their bodies fall to the ground and blood gush forth? Then add to that child's burdens constant ill-treatment, cold, hunger, illness, untold misery of all sorts, and you may have some faint conception of the type of man that would evolve. He would be faint-hearted, nervous, weak of body, dispirited of mind, incapable of taking his place even in a peaceful community to carry on the work and support the burdens of that community. Then ask a generation of men and women, so mistreated in their childhood, to rehabilitate a ruined nation, and the prodigiousness of the task is at once self-evident.

But this is by no means the worst. This generation of weak, subnormal individuals has its children to bear, train and support. The next generation is pretty sure to know the curse of poverty. Moreover, it will not inherit the strength of body and command of mind that their

grandparents bequeathed to their offspring. The mental environment, too, will be glad. Children always reflect in large measure the attitude, manners and bearing of their parents. So, both by inheritance and environment, the children of the children now in devastated northern France, Poland, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, Poland and western Russia will still bear the marks of the half mad tyrant's ambitions.

The Kaiser asked the German people to count their blessings, that they are not as the people of northern France. In substance he said: "You may think that you have hardships to endure, but consider the misery and want of many of our foes. Look at their devastated fields, their ruined villages, their uprooted orchards, their salt-sown crop lands; look at their people dying of hunger, driven to desperation by the ingenious brutality of our long-planned yoke, and then thank God that you are my serfs and that I am not your foe."

Fortunate indeed are we in the United States, that even if we had sent five million, ten million, even fifteen millions of men to France, a[n]d even if our industries of peace came to a standstill before this modern Attila was overthrown, nothing that we suffer or endure can be half as bad as that now being endured by the conquered provinces under the Teuton yoke. But the United States will not be called upon so to endure and to suffer after the war.

It is well for the civilized nations of the world that such is the case. Our wealth, our courage, our inspiration will be needed by Europe to rehabilitate their fallen peoples. Great and glorious as our part undoubtedly will be in this war, as great and glorious will our part be in making the sluggish current of European industrial life again flow faster. We alone, of all nations, will be in a position to do most to bring this about.

Why the Yanks Break Through

The points on which the American fighter had a decided advantage over his European brothers were: Selection according to qualifications; training; equipment; food; medical and sanitary protection and condition, or mental and physical freshness. These made our army incomparable.

As to selection: In Germany they take everybody for their army; in France they take nearly everybody; in England they take everybody of active age and in fair physical condition; in Canada they take those of active age and in good physical condition; in America we take only those in the very prime of manhood and in absolutely perfect physical condition. So we find that America's fighters have the benefit of the most thorough training and the most careful selection.

Now comes the matter of equipment. Everyone knows by this time that, though American troops were at first sent abroad with the patchiest sort of paraphernalia, they were not allowed to enter the fight until their equipment was perfect. Consequently, when we American soldiers did march in, we represented the choice of a wide selection, in perfect condition, and completely equipped. On these points alone we should surely prove the finest soldiers. But these are only a few of the advantages we possessed. One of the others is to be found in the quality of food, or the fuel that keeps the fighter fighting. His food is plentiful when he can get it. He can have all he can eat, and what he gets is good.

But when it comes to keeping the soldier fit there is nothing equal to the United States Army Medical Corps. As an indication of how far the American sanitation principles and methods are carried, the billeted squad was a fair example of our efficiency. Throughout the whole of France, whenever American soldiers are billeted or quartered in a village, that village is first visited by a "Billeted Squad" which immediately condemns everything in sight that is not absolutely sanitary. They go ahead and secure billets and get things in readiness.

But we had not reached the end of the list of advantages that the American fighter enjoys. There is perhaps no point in the Yankees' favor that carries more weight in actual warfare than that of his freshness. From our knowledge of athletics we know what it means to be stale. The Germans suffered from staleness; so did the French, the English, and even the Canadians. In baseball, or any other sport, the world's champion team that goes stale is due for rough handling from its despised inferiors. The same applies to an army that goes stale.

Yet going stale was only the first process with the struggling armies of Europe. Following that, they were "fagged out" and eventually "run flat-footed." Which means that four years of struggle and privation had worn down and sapped the strength of their contending armies. It had drained their reserve power, forced them to fight on in spite of their desperate need of rest. While new recruits constantly flowed into their ranks, they could by no means offset the strain that had been brought to bear on the veterans; and, as a result, America's carefully selected, perfectly conditioned, thoroughly trained, and completely equipped youngsters proved decidedly superior to the older, hastily snatched up and drilled Europeans, who, for many weary months, had been locked in a death grapple.

If the war had been a hand-to-hand struggle, the bone and muscle of the American would have quickly snapped the enemy's line and hurled him back across the Rhine. But in these days of trenches, gas, shrapnel, and high explosives, pure physical strength is greatly discounted, although it sure did master the situation in the end.

This style of warfare naturally prepared us for open fighting. We got a taste of it before Soissons and sure got more of it later. The Yank's mental attitude was largely responsible for his spectacular success as a fighter. The fact was that we boys did not see things the way men in the old world did. We were more aggressive, more determined to take the fight into our own hands and see it to the finish in a hurry. The Canadians are much the same way, and they have put up an entirely different sort of fight than have the Europeans on either side. When they went in every man of them was individually determined to give the Hun his due, with the result that they introduced the practice of letting each man think for himself an[d], to some extent, of letting him paddle his own canoe. The Australians and New Zealanders have shown much the same quality, which proves that the younger countries are more aggressive, and that their sons carry that spirit to the front with them.

The Germans are not aggressive. The German soldier has no desire or thought of pushing forward on his own account, but merely waits stolidly for orders from his superiors. He is not aggressive—just passive, ready to do as he is bidden, without permitting his own personality or desire to enter it at all; he is just a dog for the Kaiser. The Boches are very clumsy fighters, always whimpering for mercy and calling "Kamerad." They can not face cold steel, neither can they fight face to face. The bayonet that Fritz uses is a brutal weapon. And as for the Boches, no words could tell how we hated them, while their brutality only increased our hatred.

The French are not aggressive, either, nor is any other people of Europe. They are taught to follow in the footsteps of their parents, to do as they did and to be satisfied with their rewards. Things are in France just as it was one hundred years ago. So when the war came, they saw their duty—to protect their beloved country, and they went bravely forward to stem the tide, or to die fighting. They had no thought of carrying the fight to the Hun's home, nor have they today right down in their hearts. Each man felt that he had his own little duty to perform in the vast task of holding the Hun and stood ready to do what his country commanded. Individually, he did not thirst to go out and meet Fritz, the invader, halfway, to resent his intrusion or his rights, and to show the Hun who was the better man.

The French soldiers are just the opposite of the English soldiers, as they go into a battle slow, but sure. Their habits are different from those of the English Tommy. The French soldiers are

very friendly and good natured. I cannot speak too highly of the treatment handed out to us by the French. No two people could be more closely allied than the American and French. As we fought in the bloody struggle for principle and right they seemed like brothers to us, they showed a great fighting spirit, and the able manner in which they performed their part in this war is the result of logical training, although they took their stand for humanity against the cowardly foe.

The Englishman, though a great deal more of an individualist than the Frenchman, did not go out personally to get the Kaiser's scalp, either. He joined in to help hold Fritz and this he did in his calm, impersonal, self-satisfied, and result-getting way. But he, too, was satisfied to obey the orders issued by his superiors and to let the general staff do the worrying. The English Tommies are well disciplined and I will admit they make good looking soldiers. Apparently the English private does not go on leave with his major or captain, neither do they chum around together. Personally, I think the English Tommies are fine soldiers. They were very good to us in their way during our short stay in England. The English soldiers are quick-thinking fighters. They go into a battle with a rush and in this way they do their best fighting.

Not so with the Canadians, however. Every jack man among them had joined because he individually and personally had a score to settle with the Boche. He was not going over to hold any line; he was on his way to give the Kaiser a damn good licking, and he personally was going to have a hand in it. They have caused Wilhelm and his staff many a restless night.

But the Yanks went them one better! I've come into contact with thousands of American soldiers, both enlisted men and those that came to us in the draft, and I've yet to find an instance where the man's own individuality was not his greatest driving power. He personally carried the fight to Germany and did not stop until his feet planted on German soil. For generations we have had it drilled into us that we are individually the equal of any man. As a result, the average young American is convinced that he is as good as anybody, if not just a little bit better. That's the way it is with the boys we have in the cantonments and camps, and they are the scrappiest bunch I've ever seen. They feel they have been dragged into the dirty game of war by the boot straps, and intend to settle a personal grudge with those who started it.

Nothing is impersonal to the American. He has been taught to consider himself first, last, and all the time; to acknowledge no one his superior and to fight for what he wants. Every game we play demands fairness. John Jones is John Jones all of the time; and when he becomes a part of the great American army, he will fulfill his obligations and execute his orders, but he does not forget for a second that he is John Jones and that he is in the game to win. And when an attack is launched against the trenches he feels it is decidedly a personal matter, a personal insult, and something that requires instant action. So he meets the charge halfway, and then takes things in his own hands. That is why every man in our army is dangerous, from the commanding general to the rawest rookie. The American refuses to dumbly duck his head and take punishment. It is not in him, and he will fight back and snatch the offensive at the slightest opportunity. If he gets hit he is going to hit back, and then keep on hitting until he wins the fight.

And as long as the American runs true to his teachings, his instincts, and his intentions, he is going to prove a "devil of a fighter." There is the true answer for America's remarkable fighting ability—the temper[a]ment and training of her people. They are not used to oppression and resent with fury anything that borders it. And the gray waves of the onsweeping Huns certainly looked like the harbingers of oppression to them

And so, while it is true that the Americans did go into the battles with every advantage on their side, it is equally true that were the conditions reversed and they were compelled to battle in isolated groups with neither support nor ample fighting equipment, they proved bitter and dangerous opponents until the last man fell. It is the American pioneer, individual, oppression-resenting spirit that won.

Now then the battles are over, our war-weary Allies are singing the praises of "the Americans." Every fighter, from Field Marshal to private who had carried on the war against the Hun for these long years, cried that America had saved the cause at Chateau Thierry, and that the great battles were over. Yanks were in action to the limit of the 1st Army, dashed in at the weakest part of the great line. The French also went to lend their aid at this point, but they were weary (the French), and to them war had become a routine. The Tri-Color men went into battle bravely but calmly and without heat, like men go to work on the street cars on Monday morning. But we Americans were looking for adventure. We went forward singing. We grinned as we drove home the steel and we smiled when they fell. Thus Europe learned to respect and honor the Yanks.

No man values his life more highly than does an American, for it is his very own, belonging to him, not to his prince, nor emperor, nor king, and no man sells it more dearly. Yet insults or abuse or oppression will result in his sacrificing it quicker than would anyone else, but never without heavy cost to his victors, as the Hun has learned by bitter experience.

You cannot raise generations of men in aggressive independence and then expect them to conduct themselves as do those who have been oppressed, or at least curbed and restrained, for untold ages. That is why we Yanks "Broke the Hun."

Smashing the Sub, or Germany's Failure Undersea

There is one point on which the self-sufficient Hun has changed his opinion. That is America's handling of the submarine. The instant the American Navy began to co-operate with the Grand Fleet in the North Atlantic, and especially n the North Sea, the submarine ceased to be popular as a health resort. The aggressive reception that the American Navy accorded these ruthless sharks was equally as surprising to the Allies as it was to Kaiser Bill himself.

In an attempt to prevent these undersea pirates from reaching the open sea, England spent millions of dollars sowing the North Sea with mines and in literally sealing the passages from the Baltic and from the various German North Sea bases with heavy submarine nets. A hundred different varieties and styles of these nets were called into service. Some were so thickly garnished with bombs that the enmeshed submarine had an excellent chance of being blown to bits when it endeavored to break loose, while others were merely gigantic steel webs that trapped the unwary subsea craft. Then there were marker buoys, and half a dozen other clever devices that inform the patrol of the sub's capture or presence.

Later on in the war, however, the British Navy published the information that the newest submarines had net cutting devices that eliminated the below-surface net as a submarine catcher. As a result, the Allies found it necessary to produce substitutes—and mines seem to be their only choice. A system of connected mines to replace the nets were tried out, with the difficulty, however, that the mines were equally as dangerous to the Allied fleet itself as they were to the prowling submarine. To establish a corral of mines that proved impassable to the U-boat and yet that would not exhibit the perpetual tendency to break loose and annihilate a squadron or so of neutral or Allied boats was the problem that faced British and American navy officials.

American inventors got to work on this problem and showed results. One of the most promising substitutes for the moverick mine and the now useless undersea net was the American raft depth charge. Rafts forty feet long by twenty feet wide were used for this purpose. These rafts lie so low in the water that they are barely visible at half a mile. From the bottom of each raft extends a small steel cable, about two hundred and fifty feet in length. To this is attached a

tremendously powerful depth bomb, the result of months of concentrated effort by America's foremost explosive experts. It contains sixty-two pounds of super-explosive.

This bomb is encased in a steel jacket, from which radiate a number of "feelers"; feelers resistant enough to prevent the bomb from being exploded by the finny inhabitants of the deep, but sensitive enough to flash the warning of the presence of a steel clad sub. When a submarine comes in contact with one of these feelers a firing pin is released in the steel jacket and the bomb explodes—explodes with such force that a submarine within the radius of half a mile of the raft would be disabled, if not sunk. Such an explosion, however, would have little or no effect on even a small boat on the surface of the water when discharged at such a depth, but at ten or fifteen feet from the surface it would demolish an ocean liner. Consequently, the whole problem is to keep the bomb at its full depth. The raft does this, and also makes it totally impossible for such a bomb or mine to run amuck ships of any kind. Even should a boat strike one of these rafts in a fog it would not be possible for contact to be made with the bomb.

The real question: How many submarines did the Germans have and what was the capacity of her ship yards? Let us look back to 1914, and start with Germany's submarine strength at the opening of the struggle.

There is a general impression abroad that Germany began the conflict with a tremendous preponderance of submarine craft over every other nation. This impression is wrong. England had a far greater number of underwater vessels. England should have paid little heed to building up a submarine fleet. She had the greatest merchant marine in the world, and she had the greatest naval fleet. In the event of a war she could sink or drive to cover any armada that might be brought together by her enemies. Because of this superior strength she could establish effective blockades and drive off the seas the merchant shipping of her foes.

But the British during the latter years of the nineteenth century and certainly in the twentieth century have been far seeing. Great Britain has remarkable shipbuilding capacity. Her yards have been without a peer in their output. Therefore, with these facilities available, she unquestionably felt there was nothing to lose, and perhaps much to gain, in having the largest and best equipped fleet in the world. Consequently, she built it. It was well-nigh impossible for a sub to search out and engage another sub.

But Germany could not be mistress of the waves. He only chance against England was to control the underseas. Thereby she might even menace the British dreadnaughts, for the submarine was an uncertain factor in those days and the limits of its possibilities were unknown. She did not avail herself of this chance, however. For once German foresight and German thoroughness seemed to be napping. And so when the World War broke out, Germany had in service a fleet of about twenty-five submarines, and less than a quarter of that number under construction. Then as her commerce vanished from the seas and her battleships and cruisers suddenly retired before the all-powerful English fleet, Germany seemed to awake to the potency of the submarine.

At the end of the war Germany, it is believed, had in commission about two hundred U-boats. It is doubtful if she could construct over one hundred a year. The Allied fleets could easily take care of the annual output, so that Germany was in about the same status with presence to this craft as she was at the beginning of the war. And today Germany is beaten on and under the sea.

Braving Death at the Listening Post

When the newcomer to the front lines first is ordered out on listening post duty he usually is overjoyed. The name has a pleasant ring—soft and "cushy" it sounds, something as

non-belligerent as that innocent-sounding but cordially hated "Kitchen police"—but it is deceiving. Instead of descending into some comfortable dug-out, there to recline on a pile of hay while holding a trench phone receiver to the ear, the soldier is instructed by his seasoned comrade to fix his bayonet. Then the two of them, equipped with revolvers and perhaps a Mills bomb or two in addition to rifle and bayonet, climb the parapet in the darkest of night and strike out into the sinister gloom of No Man's land, where death hides in the darkness.

The veteran walks carefully, but head up. The recruit stumbles along after him, expecting every second to be his last on earth, and wishing that he had taken his chance at making a will in the last space of the identification book provided by the Government. "Lie down!" suddenly cautions the older man, as the tiny spark shoots up from behind the German line. The recruit obeys, watching the spark, fascinated. This, as it reaches the point a hundred feet over the middle of No Man's Land, bursts into a brilliant light which lasts several seconds. It is a star shell, or flare, throwing every large object in the shell-pocked territory into clear relief. The recruit sees the reason for respecting the tiny, ascending spark.

The two make their way forward with increasing carefulness. As the veteran drops to his hands and knees the other takes the chance to whisper: "How near to them do we have to go?" "Thirty or forty feet!" is the almost inaudible answer. The pair burrow their way through the outer fringe of German barbed wire and let themselves down into a shell pit just beyond. It is a jagged hole and half full of water but the recruit would welcome it if it were the crater of Vesuvius. His knees have become palsied.

From the post it is easy to hear the Germans. Now and then a grunt or a muttered guttural comes to the ears of the listeners. Hours pass; the first light of dawn makes the black murk of clouds grayer. The time is approaching when listening post duty draws to an end. Something holds the veteran, however. A muffled rustling, subdued but insistent, is coming from the German trench—the moving of many heavy feet on soft earth. The veteran's hand clasps the arm of the recruit. "Take the alarm back!" he commands, holding his hands and mouth close to his companion's ear. "Aren't you coming?" the other protests, but a silent shove is his only answer.

Back through the barbed wire, over the mud and waste of shell holes, the recruit hurries. "The Germans! An attack!" he gasps when challenged by a friendly sentry. In the act of crawling over the parapet he pauses to look back into the murky blank where he left his comrade. A bomb explodes . . . . another! Silence again. And that is the last of the man who stayed behind. He gave the alarm in an unmistakable manner in case his comrade failed to win through.

This is the listening post in its simplest terms, the kind of post that is used nightly on all sectors by both the Allies and the Germans. Shell holes are plentiful, and during the hours when fire-step sentries can not see the German parapet many of the holes shelter pairs of listeners. It is the duty of patrols to keep the enemy's posts cleaned up and the enemy's patrols well subdued so that friendly listening posts are habitale. Because of the inevitable clashing of interests this sort of outpost duty never is dull or tiresome.

In some cases, where circumstances are favorable, regular listening posts are established which are reached by shallow communicating ditches leading from shell hole to shell hole, along which an observer may crawl until he finds a spot exactly suited to his needs.

In a few places, where the trenches have been established for months, and are close together, reaching listening posts overland or through shallow ditches is not very practicable, because the enemy is too conversant with the ground. For some unknown reason the Germans use two rows of wire, while the Allies in most places possess but one, where a relatively small opening gives a chance to listen without much chance of detection.

The trouble with ditches leading out to shell craters is that they remain a secret only so long as a German patrol does not chance upon them. After this occurs, a hand grenade falls in them at

irregular intervals each night, and they are decidedly unhealthy. In spite of this handicap they are used in many places, the ditch being driven forward as a branch of the main lateral or "defensive," which runs parallel with the fire trench, a shallow trench constructed by piling up a parapet of "borrowed" earth, and sand bags, if you have them. The branch "ditch" is large enough just to permit one person to crawl through at a time; it is made by one worker wielding alternately and throwing back the loose dirt with an intrenching tool. At the point where the "ditch" joins a shell crater the latter is excavated to conceal the opening. This is done, of course, on the side toward the enemy, so that when hurrying back from the post to the lateral "ditch" a listener has to start down the hole sidewise. Important messages are carried back by one of the listeners.

Should the Kaiser Be Punished?

It behooves us to be on our guard. Already German propaganda is busily at work in this country to establish a condition of mind on which it hopes eventually to realize in a weakened public sentiment. It emphasizes the spirit of forgiveness—let bygones be bygones—they see their mistake—the German people were not to blame—and so on.

There is only one safe course for civilization, unless it seeks a repetition of the present conflagration. The offender at the court of nations must not only be punished, but must be rendered harmless. In the case of an insane, or malicious bad man loaded with dangerous weapons who is apprehended killing enemy and innocent alike, he is first of all deprived of his weapons and then locked up and carefully watched until reason is restored.

The Hun is the Bad Man of the World. As the first condition to peace, there should be taken from Germany all her dangerous weapons of warfare, all battleships, submarines, and ships of war, all weapons and remaining ammunition of her armies, all machinery used in the construction and manufacture of the same, all records of the military system with which her secret service archives are filled by the ton. As a partial offset to the industries and cathedrals and towns wantonly destroyed in Belgium and France, burn or destroy all her plants for the making of utensils of war and all shipyards where warships are built, remove all submarines and air craft and destroy the places where these have been or can be kept. Carry away all materials gathered for the manufacture of things of war, root and branch. Let the work be thorough and unwearied. Forbid her to maintain either navy or army for a long term of years. Let the leaders who represent the spirit of Hunism suffer the just penalty for their crimes, by permanent exile, or otherwise, as necessity may decree.

With these things accomplished there may be hope, in the course of two generations, that the German people may come to realize what constitutes the qualifications for membership in the family of nations.

Among some other things we have discovered during the war, one is that the Huns have insidiously and persistently, for years, sowed seeds of suspicion and hate of the English throughout the world. Because Germany was jealous of England she hated her; and hating her wanted all other countries to hate England also. And so around the world went an army of German spies whose mission was to spread a propaganda of hatred. Germany, ungrateful, had no cause for this. English ports the world over were open freely to German ships to come and go and trade at will. England herself bought from Germany annually millions of dollars, worth of German-made goods in excess of what Germany bought from England. Germans in England were as free to work, travel, sell goods as any Englishman, while the Englishman in Germany was subject to constant surveillance and in arriving at a German city must first of all file a lengthy

report containing a personal history, the nature of his errand there, and how many days he intended to remain in that place.

As we all know, it was a question of honor and not necessity which brought England into the war immediately. She, too, with the exception of a strong navy, was entirely unprepared, and the world will never cease to owe a debt of gratitude to those brave men, who with only scanty supplies and scantier ammunition, held, actually by a thread, and at awful cost of life, the Hun line, while an army was gathered and munition works were being built. But for the English navy, the war would have ended very differently. But for English ships, also, only 30 per cent of our troops could have reached France.

When the poison gas of German propaganda reaches us, as it inevitably will one of these days, and your generous sympathies are appealed to, "to forgive and forget," do not forget the enormity of the offense, how totally uncalled for its occasion, and the spirit of greed and power which prompted it all, and like a juror sworn to put away his sentiment of pity, and render only justice according to the law, so let us each stand firm and lend our voice to a public sentiment which demands punishment for the offender, and protection to the world.

Immature Peace a Colossal Calamity

For every day the war is prolonged some advantage is lost to Germany when the time arrives to write the terms of settlement. Not long ago a large portion of our people were rather indifferent to what those terms might be so long as the sacrifice of life, the devastation of property, and the unsettled condition of the world at large were brought to an end. This feeling was not due so much to a careless indifference of what the struggle for world freedom had cost those countries who are now our allies, as it was to a lack of appreciation of what they had suffered and a proper realization of the enormity of the offense against civilization. Busy as usual, even more so, in our accustomed occupations, we did not take the time we should to think the matter out, each for himself.

We read with horror and repugnance of one event after another in which acts of torture and barbarism had been resorted to by the enemy, but absorbed in our own personal ambitions we failed to comprehend that these offenses were in reality as much directed against each one of us individually as they were against the immediate and direct victims of those efforts. Nor was it through any intentional disregard of the great wrong being enacted, that we listened to the clang of bells and scream of sirens as the fire department dashed past our offices and homes to battle with the conflagration in a distant part of the city, so distant we could see neither the smoke nor flame; and a moment later, when the alarms had died away, the most of us resumed our occupations and dismissed the matter from our minds. A few drops of rain had fallen, but the lightning had not struck. That we might be morally wrong in doing so did not occur to many; probably it is human nature the world over to be sentimentally sorry, but not to the point of sharing another's burden.

And this was our national attitude of mind four years ago. Steadily, but with progress so insidious and slow as to be at times unnoticed, the storm approached our own shores and homes, until it reached our very doors. And that an unscrupulous enemy lied in wait to sink hospital ships bearing our own nurses and wounded, drop bombs on our own hospitals behind the lines, and in its effort to subjugate the nations of the world is responsible for the casualty lists that faced us daily, do we slowly begin to absorb and comprehend the feeling of indignation, and hate which permeates to the remotest comer of the lands of our allies. We at last begin slowly to realize the colossal calamity of an immature peace.

Until the cancer has been cut out to its last fibre, until the thing has been utterly crushed, it were vain to even think of peace.

Shall We Ship Them Home?

What to do with those several thousand Kaiserites in this country is worth thinking about. With German deleted from the public schools and the near prospect of no beer, life here will lose all charm for them; and probably they never wanted to come, anyway. Seems as though they must have been shanghaied, or chloroformed, or mesmerized in order to leave all the advantages of the fatherland and the Kaiser for the disadvantages of the U. S. A. and President Wilson. It is true most of them have prospered far beyond any possibility of what they could have done in Germany. But what of a mere detail like that! It is also true that since they have been obliged to live the exclusive life set apart for internes they are more of a liability than an asset to us, really a liability net, with no chance for realizing anything on them in the end.

And they are so homesick for the fatherland; yes, in spite of good meals and warm shelter and comfortable beds, with nothing to do but rest and enjoy life, yet do they long for home. It does seem a bit unhospitable to force our unwilling guest to remain in one's house when that guest is pining to be on his way.

I have talked with many German prisoners and found them practically united in a purpose to come to America as soon as the war ended. They believe they will be received here with open arms and that America is the land of wealth and promise.

The complacent remark of an arrogant German officer to the effect that he intended to come to the United States and settle down "as soon as the Americans cooled off," to which I replied that he may find that—

"The cooling off process is too slow for such as you; you may find that there is a lingering remembrance in our country of the misery which your kind has caused in the world. Some way will be found, at the proper time, to prevent just such characters from coming here and settling down.' We shall demand that they stay at home and 'settle up.' "

We have on our hands a big task in making Americans out of the some millions of German-Germans now in this country, and need not add to it by admitting any more now.

We do not want those German soldiers who during the four years last past, have looted homes, tortured prisoners raped women, and bayoneted babies. In other words, we do not want at least nine out of ten German ex-soldiers. Further we do not want any one from Germany who defends now or ever has defended the fiendish Hun fighting men or the Kaiser's barbarous government. Such people would be dangerous citizens. Given the opportunity, they would most certainly commit in America the crimes they have committed or condoned in Europe. There has been much said recently for and against the use of foreign languages. Those in favor of a plurality of languages set up the claim that had it not been for foreigners this country would now be a howling wilderness, the Indian and buffalo would now be roaming over the country a of yore and that for this reason they are entitled to special privilege.

Why did the foreigner come to this country anyway? Was it for the purpose of cleaning up this country, making it a nice, healthful place for Americans to live? Did they have no selfish motives in coming? Let us see. They left their native country, where they worked all their lives for about 25 cents a day under tyrannical laws, and settled down on the best land in the world, which they bought for a few dollars per acre and which is now worth $150 to $200 per acre. They were protected by our law, raised their families and educated them at public expense.

For the privilege of coming they should be willing and glad to leave their old country customs and habits and language behind them and be Americans, not hyphenated-Americans. If we are to

maintain our greatness as a nation we must be a unit in all the essentials of a free, united people. The only use we have for foreign language is to accommodate foreigners. We cannot afford to jeopardize the peace and prospects of this country to accommodate foreigners. Our law makers and immigration authorities should know that the American people feel a resentment toward the devastating, murderous Hun that is implacable and will never cool. We want none of his kind in this country. And if the Government fails to keep him out there is danger that America's ex-veterans of the Great War will take the law into their own hands.

We could go still further and clinch the problem by deporting every German, pro-German, conscientious objector, Bolshevik, industrial Worker of the World, and other disturbing elements out of our land. These elements have no use for America, except to live off the fat of the land, exploit themselves and their accursed doctrine, and strive to force them on a long-suffering people.

Not only should we keep out immigrants of the type just mentioned, but we should also "make certain that no interned aliens are allowed to remain, and that every alien now in jail for disloyalty shall be deported after his sentence expires," and this "ought to include naturalized disloyalists, whose citizenship should be revoked."

So far, the ferry which crosses the pond has been busy owing to a sudden expansion in the tourist business. Americans, many of them young men who never before had thought much about a European trip, have crossed the ocean in numbers breaking all former records. And the desire to go has reached all parts of the country, even to the most remote places. Naturally we must provide for our own people first, and so the internes have had no opportunity to sail. However, there seems just now to be a sort of revival in the shipbuilding business, and in the very near future there will be plenty of ships for everybody. Wouldn't it be splendid to celebrate the event with a grand coming-out party for those now interned at Ft. Leavenworth, et al? Even so fine a state as Kansas might easily become tiresome under such circumstances, and a change will surely benefit all concerned, the leavers and the left.

It might be necessary to hold enough of the passengers' property in this country to indemnify the possible non-return of the ship, but surely between the Kaiser and Gott and his sea lord some symbol might be provided which would pass the vessel into a German port and out again so she can hurry back and fetch another load. Naturally, most of the men folks would want to get into the German army right away, but doubtless even that could be arranged for, as there surely must be some vacancies by this time; and the women could help in the Cabbage Aid Society, and such. And besides, it would be nice for them to be in Berlin in time to witness the grand parade of the Sammies and their allies, which is sure to occur, even though the date is not yet determined.

If I were a congressman it would be hard to conceive a greater satisfaction than to introduce a bill which would provide this pleasant excursion on the water for these poor shut-ins. Moreover, they are entitled to pass out through Castle Garden, where most of them entered; but to avoid unnecessary offense, the ship might have to sail after dark, and even then the blaze from the Statue of Liberty is extremely trying for certain kinds of eyes.

And having passed out of the Land of Liberty and Opportunity, which such as they can never appreciate or understand, let the door swing shut, never again to open for one of them.

Feeding the Huns

Almost the first utterance from surrendered Germany was a demand on the allies for food, and as this demand was flashing across the ocean, Hun armies, in anything but a famished condition, were marching home. At the same time reluctant prison doors in Germany opened, and through these doors came, by thousands, such wrecks of manhood as the world has seldom seen—walking

skeletons who could barely walk, thrust out in rags, and shoeless, to make their way, as best they could and if they could, to the allied line. Many never reached that long prayed-for haven, but exhausted with cold and hunger, died by the wayside. And it is the people responsible for such fiendish wickedness that reach out their hands and demand the allies feed them!

It would be unchristian, though a just retribution, if the allies could be given the feeding of the Huns for a time, with food of the same nourishing value, and served in the same way as the Huns fed the prisoners of the allies. These same prisoners would know how to serve—those who were tied to stakes without food or water for two or three days at a time, with food in plain sight but just beyond reach. There are many yet alive who have witnessed this refined cruelty of the middle ages, and some who even survived the torture. These would know how Huns should be fed. And those others who had choice of putrid fish or nothing, and those in whose bowl of thin soup the Hun women spat as they handed it over to French and Belgian and English "dogs." These victims, too, know how Huns fed others. The starved millions in Belgium, and Poland, and Armenia, whose Red Cross supplies were intercepted and used by Huns, these skeletons would gladly rise from their unmarked graves and help feed the Huns. And innocent children who trustingly smiled as they ate the poisoned sweets, could tell in lisping words what should flavor the food for Huns. And those who died in torture from drinking at poisoned wells, these also would serve as cup bearers while Huns are fed.

The wicked prosper—for a time. With our narrow span of life we grow impatient because justice delayed seems to us as justice forgotten; but in days to come, retribution is inevitable, and children's children will pay the penalty for the sins of the fathers.

The Huns will be fed; and they will eat the husks of bitter punishment; as they have sowed so shall they reap, and the harvest will be one of sorrow, all in due time.

The War Ends

With a silence like that which follows the mighty crash of a great organ, the Great War came suddenly to an end. No longer do the weary soldiers at listening posts strain their ears through long night watches; star shells have ceased to burst and flame over No Man's Land; cannons have cooled; machine guns utter no sound; the exchange of all manner of deadly missiles has stopped. At last Peace, which for four slow, dreadful years has seemed afar off like a mirage, has come. The thousand and one activities of battle, intense to the last ounce of possible human effort, are relaxed. Ships now cross the ocean in safety; smoke from thousands of ammunition plants no longer darkens the sky; tired workers return once more to their homes; armies are demobilizing; reconstruction of devastated homes and farms and factories is contemplated; the dreadful military debauch has consumed itself; the world draws a great sigh of exhaustion aid relief; the conflict is ended.

In all history no message ever sped so gladly nor so fast, as the few words flashed through the air, and under oceans, and over land wires, until around the whole world and to its uttermost accessible parts the news was carried. What wonder that all civilization gave vent to a frenzy of joy almost barbaric; that men shouted and wept; and little children witnessed an event which years later they will relate to other wide-eyed children. In our joy let us not forget those millions of fathers whose voices refused to cheer, and those mothers and wives and sweethearts whose eyes were dry, because their hearts were bowed down with a sorrow no victory can ever compensate.

The Huns ceased only when physically exhausted; when their ammunition was spent; when the war had reached their own borders; when they no longer possessed the ability to murder the defenseless, to gas the brave. Their regret is that they failed, but not one single word of penitence for the harm they have done, the sorrow they have caused. Instead, they think only of their

bellies, and demand, not suplicate, the food they have so wantonly destroyed for years; they whine lest the very cars they stole from France and Belgium be returned to their rightful owners. They have been beaten in what was for nearly four years an unequal struggle, but for any word which has yet come out of Germany they are the same ungenerate Huns who, casting aside all the obligations of a civilized nation, marched into Belgium in August, 1914.

And what of that arch-conspirator, the Kaiser, and his associates in power, who with bags of gold have sought biding in near-by and so-called neutral countries? Is there no justice in the world? Are these, who through long years planned, and spied, and gathered war supplies, and made munitions and trained millions of fighting men; are these—after all their deliberations and crimes against the world—are these to live? Is there any crime in all the annals of which these men are not guilty? Is there anywhere in all the dark, bloody chapter, one single redeeming act which they can plead for mercy? Was there the slightest spark of remorse, had they possessed one element of true manhood, they would long ago have taken their own lives, and cheated justice of her dues. But, no! even at this writing there lacks any reliable evidence that the Kaiser is not even now still the Kaiser of the Huns, waiting only a turn of the wheel of fortune to return to his throne and insult the nations of the world be demanding recognition as one of its rulers.

As merely so many pounds of living, breathing tissue, the life or death of these beings means little. In a few years at most, nature will demand her due; but as a principle of right, as an act due those loyal millions who have suffered and died to perpetuate freedom for the world, the allies cannot, must not, hesitate to try, convict, and execute the Kaiser and his guilty associates.

Will There Be Future Wars?

And what of future wars? Will nation war against nation in the days to come, and will the refinement of cruelty in killing be still further developed from its present advanced stage? Just now, with the smoke and smell of battle still hovering in the air, with all its dead and injured and sick fresh in mind, we find it hard to imagine that another war could be. It is difficult to believe that any nation is likely to deliberately make war upon another nation so strong and powerful as to almost insure the defeat of the aggressor. Germany was positive in her belief of her super-strength to win, otherwise she would have postponed the day until she was sure.

We preserve order in our cities largely by prevention; there are people aplenty who dislike other people to the extent of wishing to assault or even kill them, who nevertheless refrain from doing so because of the presence of police and the fear of punishment. Except for those temporarily unbalanced, the great majority are peaceably inclined. Even were the police inadequate, there is the State Militia, and even the National Army.

That is a system which suffices to maintain order and administer justice and punishment. The citizens of any one country ought to be capable of expansion to maintain order between countries. Probably the one thing which most stands in the way is their lack of acquaintance, one country with another. It is much less easy to understand what a man whom you have never met says and does than after you come to know him. A remark which sounds offensive may prove on acquaintance to be intended as a compliment. In other words, if an international board to maintain order and administer justice between nations is to succeed, its member nations will have to know one another.

Now you have heard a soldier’s side of the story, mostly accounts, but nevertheless, I am again upon God’s free American soil, “Every Man’s Land,” and in these pages I have endeavored to tell only the truth and to make a contribution of facts to the history of this great struggle. This narrative which I have given you is very tame, as I could never picture those battles or scenes as they really were.