

—and rescued the lone occupant. He was found crouched in a "funk-hole" he had dug in the side of the trench—absolutely driven crazy merely by the sound of the passing and exploding shells. He was brought out and taken to Dunkirk—but he was beyond cure.

In the ambulance, in the train, and in the hospital, he went ceaselessly through the same performance: he crouched down on his knees; then he would look up into the air as the imagined shriek of a shell struck his ears—with the most awful look of horror I have ever seen on a man's face; and finally, with a terrible yell of fear, he would dive head-foremost into his pillows.

This he kept up for another day, refusing food and resisting all the opiates we gave him, until at length he died of exhaustion. And when we reflected that every one of those imaginary shells was as real to him as those that flew over him for that two days—well, we were not sorry for him when we folded his hands and inscribed against another name: "Died for his country."

And yet—after a time you get used to it. Perhaps not exactly used to it; possibly "careless of it" may be a better term. You live on your nerves—and pay the

score later. There comes the time when you laugh after a narrow escape from death or see something humorous even in the death or wounding of another man. For instance:

A French soldier was riding in an ambulance along the road. He was not badly wounded and could have walked in, but the driver had nobody else in the ambulance, so he took him on board. A shell hit the ambulance, killing the driver, the orderly, and the wounded man. The comment I heard most on the matter was that "it was a great joke on the French Tommy, for if he'd walked in he would have been all right, while a free ride cost him his life."

When a Break Is Near

BUT the ability to see the "humor" of such incidents is a bad sign—for the breaking-point is coming. Lucky the man who recognizes it, and can have himself changed to the base or given other work for a time. Otherwise, he is going along for a short time longer, until one day his nerve gives way—and the remembrance of that break is not going to be pleasant.

Taking it all in all, I think the man who

is afraid, who *knows* he is afraid, but who is afraid to have his fear known, is in the majority. He is the man who leads the charges, who takes the desperate chances. It is my experience and firm belief that the man who has not his moments—yes, hours—of fear is devoid of imagination and is of small use as a leader.

Although I was under practically continuous shell fire for more than a year, during which time I was also on many occasions subjected to heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, I never became really used to it. I never failed to seek the nearest shelter, or at least to throw myself on the ground when I heard the shriek of the oncoming shell. Possibly we doctors and bearers might have felt it more because we saw so much of the effects of shell fire—and anybody who has seen a person struck by a fragment of shrapnel or high explosive will have a vivid recollection of it for some time. Nevertheless, it can hardly be said that the men of the medical departments are cowards: the records show that, in proportion to the numbers engaged, they have lost more officers and men than any other branch of the service, with the exception of the engineers.

"To each man is his fear," and mine

was the gas. So I suppose that is why I got it. It was in the vicinity of Ypres that I saw a light-cased shell break just in front of me along a communication trench. One deep breath as I fell forward, and the next second red-hot needles were tearing at my throat and lungs. Luckily it was a light gas, and it passed over me without doing more damage.

Came the trip to Boulogne, a quick passage across the Channel, and rest in a hospital in London—only to be awakened by a Zeppelin raid. Afterward a grant of sick leave and a journey here for rest and quiet.

Yes, I'm Afraid

AND some time—very soon now—I expect to go back. Am I afraid to go back?

Yes!

But when I remember how my friends are facing it, how they will need me again before very long, how much I may be able to do, and how little a thing my life is, after all, in the scheme of things, and how so many have given up their lives for this ideal of duty and country—well—

I'd be more afraid not to go.

A Grabber of Goats

By JOSEPH ERNEST

IT was just like young Kitty Gleeson to frame things so the Count and Bill Duggan would meet up. She must have known that Bill would have been sore enough to chew rivets, because she had stood Bill up so we could go and eat dinner with the Count in his apartment at the Fitz-Carlton. Of course, nobody would have thought that Bill, who was always so meek, could rib himself up to pull anything so rough as he done; and I expect Kitty figured that she would just spend a pleasant half a' hour getting Bill's goat. They didn't call Kitty the Goat-grabber for nothing.

And say, that dinner! I don't know what the things was, because they was faked till you couldn't recognize them; but they was all right, believe me. It was after dinner, when the Count was wondering what to do with us, that Kitty gets this bright young idea to go to the school dance at Forty-fourth Street.

She had wised me up to the chaperon business, which is just being the odd girl out and staying around where you know you're not wanted; so of course I says that I'll come along too. But I reminded her how mad Bill would be, and how he was sure to be around there. The Count pricks up his ears at that, and he starts to rubber.

"And who, if you please," says the Count, "is this Bill person? Is he anything to you, Mees Kitty?"

"No, he ain't," says Kitty. "He only wants to be."

"He's a showfare," I says, and the Count stares. "You stall that you can talk French, and you don't know what a showfare is? That's French for a man that drives a auto."

"Ah!" says the Count. "How stupid of me!" And he turns to Kitty again. "Mees Kitty, do you know," he says, "that you mek me very seek to my heart?" And he throws his cigar into the open fire like it was too strong for him.

Kitty tips me a wink, and hands him her goo-goo smile.

"**WHY,**" says the Count, getting quite excited, "you have hair that glows with the color of a ripe orange in the sun, my child. Your eyes—they are the true shade of absant!"

"What's that?" says Kitty.

"It is a dreenk," says the Count, "that drives men mad. But you are wonderful, you are a type! Yet I find you working at Bettman's store for a few pitiful leetle dollars a week, and—you have a showfare for your beau. It ees detestable!"

"And you, Bill Duggan," she says—"you got anything to say to my face about my friends?"

"He ain't my beau," says Kitty. "Ain't I told you I don't play no favorites? And as for working, I don't have nothing to do but sell perfumes, and I love them. Perfumes are beautiful things. I love to see them all around me, in their eute little bottles and their soft little satin beds. Besides, I gotta have some sort of job till Mr. Real Man comes along. Say, that's a swell ring you're wearing, ain't it?"

"It is entirely at your disposal, little lady," says the Count, in that wonderful way of his; and quick as a wink he takes it off his finger and sticks it on to Kitty's. Kitty begins to get interested.

"Do you always give your lady friends anything they admire?" she says. "Because I like so many of your things that you'd find me coming a bit expensive." "All that I have is at your servee,"

says the Count. "Only one thing you will please not to admire, and that is my cigarette-case with the royal arms of Nadrapore. It was a leetle souvenir from my friend the Maharajah, whom I shall not see again."

HE shows it to us, explaining that a Maharajah is a kind of a kink in India or Australia or some heathen place like that. He was sure some sporty old kink, too, to stake his friends to cigarette-cases made of solid gold, with a crown and a trademark thing on the front of it in diamonds and rubies.

"I ain't admiring it," says Kitty. "I don't smoke myself, anyway. But it's sure one swell piece of goods. Now let's be going; I'm just crazy to get a dance." And she stretches out her arms, like she often done, and goes twirling down

Illustrations by
Harvey Emrich



the soft carpet to the door, looking at the Count out of the corners of her green eyes like the little devil she was; and the Count watching her like he could eat her.

So we slips down the elevator and piles into the Count's auto, and pretty soon Kitty stops the machine at the corner of the school block in Ninth Avenoo. The dance was in the school yard, a little raised from the sidewalk, with electric lights strung from the buildings all around; and across the street the windows of the tenements was packed with people watching and getting an earful of the music. 'Most all the boys and girls we knew was there, and they was so many dancing you could hardly see the old band scraping away in the middle.

"Now, Count, you can see how the poor working class have a good time," says Kitty.

The Count pulled at his mustache like he was a bit nervous at first, and he was quite startled when the man on the stairs called him back and made him come across with thirty cents for the three of us.

They was the usual various mob. Most of the girls was pretty, and some was dressed smart; but there was the regular bunch of toughs from Ninth Avenoo that didn't wear no hats.