

## A TRICK OF THE TRADE

By Frank Filson

If anyone had told Jimmy Penderby five weeks before that on a certain day in summer he would be lying in a French trench among the men of the foreign legion and aiming his rifle at the periscope of a German sergeant he would have laughed. Yet such had happened. Caught in France on the outbreak of the war, while on his way home after a year's tour on his wealthy father's money, he had simply gone to see the fun. He thought it would be a matter of a month or two. So did many then.

The mail from home had been first angry and pleading, then resigned. His father, whose big house on 5th av. seemed strangely empty, tried to get Jimmy out through the American ambassador. But Jimmy was obdurate; he liked his taste of war.

"If you could only be here," his sister Mary had written. "Katz, the delicatessen man, who hurried off to Germany when war was declared, has inherited \$10,000 and his wife is frantic about him. The flowers are prettier than ever this year. Our new automobile is a dandy..."

"What's that?" asked Jimmy, as his neighbor, interrupting his reading, whispered something. He was a gigantic Turk named Crusoe, a sample of the miscellaneous population of that daredevil brigade, the Foreign legion. "Going to have a hit at the Boches?"

The Turk nodded. "In half an hour," he said. "Orders are to have bayonets fixed and a hundred rounds extra in our belts. See! There our artillery starts."

It was Jimmy's first chance of seeing anything but trench service. Instantly the letter was thrust into his pocket and forgotten. He moistened his lips; he felt a strange exultation, mixed with—not exactly fear, but something that made his flesh insensative and his hands clammy.

The artillery had opened a deafening attack. The shells, whistling overhead without cessation, filled the air with sound. Lines of smoke rose from the German trenches. It seemed as if the whole face of the earth was being blown away.

"Now, boys!" came down the line. Jimmy waited. The whistle sounded and instantly he was upon his feet and running like made against the enemy.

A line of men, extending as far as the eye could reach, hurled them-



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selves, upon the devastated rifle pits. At first, while their own shells continued to shriek over them, they seemed unopposed. Then, when they were within a hundred yards the shelling ceased.

Instantly an inferno of fire was opened upon the advancing legion. Men dropped by scores. To take the hostile lines was futile. The high ex-