

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE- FIELDS OF FRANCE.

Copyright by W. G. Chapman.

CHAPTER XV.

When he slowly grew conscious it was with the glad realization that he had found her. He felt her hands, quick and warm, binding a bandage round his arm. He opened his eyes to see her face bent over his. And it was dawn.

Vague cries rang in his ears, distant cries, blending, surging, swelling and dying down, but never ceasing. The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud timbre of guns.

He was lying amid a heap of debris that had been the village jail. Not far away he saw the colonel sitting with eyes closed, propped up against the fragments of a wall, a blood-stained bandage round his head.

"Oh, thank God!" cried Eleanor. "You have not been unconscious so long, Captain Mark! And the colonel is badly hurt. I saw the Red Cross wagon pass and cried, but they could not hear me."

She was speaking at the top of her voice, but Mark could scarcely hear her words in the uproar.

All round them the guns were booming, all round them they saw khaki-clad Americans swarming over the fields, and yet the village seemed deserted. They were alone in a little oasis of calm amid the tumult.

"What are we to do?" cried the girl. "Can you walk? Try to stand on your feet. Let me help you. We must get the colonel somewhere."

The question on Mark's lips died away as there came the howl of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks spouted into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust.

An interval, and again there came a missile from the monster gun. A house in the next street went down like a card-board.

High overhead circled an aeroplane, evidently directing the aim of the invisible monster. White clouds of shrapnel burst around it. Underneath the columns of khaki figures surged forward. And Mark understood.

It was the threatened attack on the American lines. The enemy was in force somewhere across the fields, the reserves were rushing up to repel them.

Mark staggered to his feet and found that he could stand. His arm ached under the bandage, but it was not broken. Probably a splinter had struck him. He made his way toward the approach.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me, Mark," he said, in a choking voice. "I'll take you both, sir. This can't last long. Our men will be in the village in a few minutes. Or an ambulance will pass."

Eleanor was at Mark's side. "There must be cellars," she cried. "I can help you lift him, Captain Mark. We can find some place of safety."

Mark put his hands beneath the colonel's arms and tried to lift him. With a great effort he got him on his feet. But Colonel Howard was like a stricken tree. The soldier had inflicted a gash across his forehead, cutting one of his superficial veins, and loss of blood had dazed and weakened him. As he tried to find his feet he collapsed forward in Mark's arms. He looked at Mark pitifully.

"Take her and leave me," he whispered. "And listen to me, Mark. She cares for you. All will come out right, if I can keep my worthless carcass alive until I've seen the general. But I never counted on being done up like this."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Forgive me, my boy," he muttered, and fell into unconsciousness.

Mark set him down on the ground, and tried to get Eleanor to move him. It was Eleanor's help, at least with even without a slow and arduous journey over the shell-plowed terrain. And bullets were beginning to fall in the village. The sound of the guns, which was a continuous roar, drowned the crackle of the machine guns, but Mark knew the meaning of the ugly splashes in the dust all about them. Here was some sort of shelter.

Mark looked at Eleanor. "It's safest here," he said. "The village will be occupied soon. Help will come."

He broke off abruptly as another of the heavy shells dropped nearer, sending the brick fragments flying in all directions. Of a sudden it had occurred to him that the reason why the Americans did not enter the village was that it was a death-trap; its ranges were all mapped and plotted, and the Germans were bent on its systematic destruction.

Mark stood by Eleanor in irresolution, cursing his fate. He did not know what to do. He could not leave her; and yet he felt a burning impulse to play some part in affairs. His eye, trained by long years of practice, looked in the tactical situation at a glance.

The Germans must have made a prodigious thrust in the night, bursting through the center; the reserves, still rushing over the fields, were trying to fill and hold the gap. And the little headquarters village was the key to the whole battlefield.

Wounded men came streaming down the street, followed by the merciless shells. The aeroplane above was still circling like a hawk; it seemed incredible that no aeroplane attacked it. And it was quite clear to Mark that only treachery, calculated and long planned, could have brought about the situation.

For the Germans must have advanced four miles since nightfall.

bullets were whirring overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, stood tense beside him; Mark saw that she understood, and the two held their breath as the dust clouds eddied along the ridge.

Suddenly they dissolved, and that-tacking swarm poured like a great flood into the village. It looked as if all were lost.

But an instant later Mark saw a little company of Americans thrust out a Maxim gun from behind a wall, where they had hidden it. The gunner took his seat, and, just as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forced its way through the wreckage of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

"Weston," he answered.

And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd. It opened to make way for him; soon he was wending his way into the village among the piteous stream of wounded men. And now the reaction came upon him. He could hardly drag one limb after the other, and his heart beat in fear at the thought that Eleanor might be missing or gone.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, haversacks, all the paraphernalia of battle strewn the streets. The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with his last reserves of strength he staggered forward.

Then he saw Colonel Howard within the office in the wall, and Eleanor kneeling beside him, holding a water-bottle to his lips. She turned, saw him, and ran to him, folded her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

(To Be Continued.)

THEY HELP US TO HELP

Why the People Should Buy Thrift Stamps.

Editor Yorkville Enquirer.

Our state has done magnificently on Liberty loans and Red Cross; now we have savings stamp campaign in on. We are expected to put at least 3,000,000 in France and it will require untold billions to maintain them. We must produce and give, then produce more and give again.

Our people are just awakened to the magnitude of America's task. Public sentiment in South Carolina is thoroughly aroused. It will tolerate no idiosyncrasy. The bold slacker preaching opposition to the war has been converted into a miserable slacker, dodging issues, voluble in protestations of patriotism which do not convince and expert in explanations which do not explain.

Germany is making tremendous efforts to win the war before our army can get there. It is not probable that the war can end before another year. Our allies can only hope to hold the Hun until America comes. Our time is at hand. Our young men are offering their lives. Can we afford to haggle over dollars and cents?

The Kaiser's seat, and it has been empty.

BRITISH OUTNUMBERED

All I know is that on this part of

we had been expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out, and our plans of counter-attack had been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m. March 21 with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to," was sounded, we turned out, dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 30 minutes. Then we sat down and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then less intensely, sometimes seemed to be to the north and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light, and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a half of shrapnel on our camp and we took cover, but three men were hit. Why is it a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron at like paper?

Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. In a large wood there was a battery of heavy artillery and shells were dropping in there two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshoot the big wood and shells were landing near where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little camp we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little copse there must have been at least 2,000 men. What a chance if the Germans only knew! Front of the shells continued to drop in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shrapnel that had preceded, over another crest, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an aid post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I look back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead and our guns behind us were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

SHELL MISSES TRAIN

A railroad ran through the valley

FROM OVER THERE

Things Not Covered in Official Dispatches.

PARTICIPANT TELLS OF BIG DRIVE

Scenes and Incidents Along a Battle Front that Tell Exactly What the Soldiers Are Up Against and How They Look at the Situation Generally.

The first great eyewitness picture of the German drive by a participant in the fighting, has reached the world via Ottawa, Ill.

"It's the story of a soldier—an American officer in the thick of the battle. He is First Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, recently transferred from the British medical corps to the American expeditionary force.

It is contained in a letter written to his father, Dr. J. W. Pettit, of Ottawa.

Although he saw only a small part of the battle which resulted in the retreat of the first British army at St. Quentin, Lieutenant Pettit's account thrills with the stress of one of the greatest conflicts of world's history, as the letter was written immediately after he had left the firing line and is not confused with after-impressions. The letter follows:

Dear Father: Now that the show is over for me for the time being, and I have time to breathe and sleep and eat and write, I'll try and tell you about the battle. Before you receive this you will have had the whole story from the papers, but I know you will be interested in knowing what I did in the affair.

Of course the things I saw were but an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole and it would be impossible for me to give a correct description of the battle. And as I write this, I do it with no knowledge whatsoever of what has been going on even a few miles from me.

I have not seen a paper in eight days. I have received no mail and the only information we have received has been by word of mouth, and most of what we have must be wild rumors. For example: The French have advanced 20 miles at Verdun, the Americans have taken Ostend, and are on their way to Zebrugge, and a great naval battle has been fought in the North Sea.

All I know is that on this part of the front we were expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out, and our plans of counter-attack had been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m. March 21 with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to," was sounded, we turned out, dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 30 minutes. Then we sat down and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then less intensely, sometimes seemed to be to the north and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light, and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a half of shrapnel on our camp and we took cover, but three men were hit. Why is it a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron at like paper?

Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. In a large wood there was a battery of heavy artillery and shells were dropping in there two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshoot the big wood and shells were landing near where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little camp we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little copse there must have been at least 2,000 men. What a chance if the Germans only knew! Front of the shells continued to drop in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shrapnel that had preceded, over another crest, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an aid post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I look back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead and our guns behind us were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

A railroad ran through the valley

and an engine pulling a couple of flat-cars was going by. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the rear truck of the train, and only missed the last car about 15 yards. Neither man was hit and the train went blithely on.

By this time it was getting along toward evening, the sun was sinking in the west, and finally went down in a great ball of fire. At the time, I remember, I noticed its color. It was blood red and had a sinister look. Was it my imagination, or might it have been a premonition?

The drumming of the guns continued, twilight gradually deepened into night, the signaller stopped their zig-zagging and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signallers and runners don't have an easy time.

Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump and it went up with a roar; then the rifle ammunition started going off like a great bunch of fire-crackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

Sleeps Under Fire.

It is reported that the Germans had broken through our line and we were to counter-attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an aid post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to the railroad, followed it around to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning and flopping down on the floor of some abandoned house along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Boches Shell Battery.

Just like some of the warm days we got the last of March at home, in going forward it was necessary for us to march 75 yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six in a battery. They shoot an 18" shell while we were there.

They were shooting twice to the "magazine the racket" out forty.

There was no way of getting out of the wounded that had collected, so the stretcher bearers carried them on their stretchers for six or seven miles. In fact, we all helped, and when we arrived at our destination at 4 o'clock in the morning of the fifth day we were all in.

I could hardly move, but after two bowls of hot tea and some hard bread I turned in on the floor and slept like a log for four hours, when we moved to another place and opened a dressing station.

On the way a German airplane came down and crashed near the road, but neither the pilot nor observer were hurt. They were a couple of rather neat looking lads about 19 years old.

And so it went for three days more, open a dressing station, retire (sometimes on the run) long marches, very little to eat, except what we foraged from abandoned camps and dumps, dog tired, sleeping when and where we could, and finally the division was relieved. We now saw our first civilians, and last night I slept in a bed, and had a lot of food, and the mattress was full of bumps, but to get my boots out of my sores and aching feet, I stretched out and know I wouldn't be routed out in 15 minutes—well, you couldn't have bought that bed from me for \$100.

Transferred to A. E. F.

Did you ever read Robert W. Service's description of the retreat from Mons. Well, that's the way I felt: Tramp, tramp, the grim road, the road from Mons to Wipers; I've ammered out this ditty with legs bruised and bleeding feet; Tramp, tramp, the dim road— We didn't have no pipers— A bellies that were 'oller was the drums we had to beat.

The ninth day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. R. C., is recommended by the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F., where he will report for duty."

I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the half of it hasn't been told. I hope I have not strung it out too much.

I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but will see what I can get here first.

Your son,
Roswell.

Fifty-seven nations were represented in the famous French Foreign legion where on March 26, in one of the bloodiest battles of the German offensive, it retook Hangard wood. This action with the simultaneous British attack on the left which resulted in the capture of Villers-Bretonneux, contributed immediately to the collapse of all nations—the details of which only became known when the legion was replaced by American units, and was withdrawn for reposition—ten Central and South American countries were largely recruited from these Latin American countries of the new world. Nations in the category which already have declared war against Germany thus have been enabled to contribute immediately to the Allied Soldiers from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Bolivia, Colombia, Uruguay, Peru, Cuba and Mexico acquired themselves with traditional legions of heroism. Among the other nationalities which participated in the great battle are Canadians, Filipinos, Japanese, Armenians, Russians, Luxembourgers, Spanish, Italian and Swiss. The three latter comprise many contingents in the legion. All of the Poles and Czechs recently were transferred to their own separate armies, and now are fighting on the French front.

We stuck to it until about 4 in the morning when we saw our men retreating over a ridge in front of us keeping up a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, and we beat it back to another village and opened another post.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day Lord Thyme, my colonel when I was with the battalion, stumbled into the shack where I was sitting. He looked like a ghost. He had lost his hat, his face was covered with a four day's beard, the sweat had traced tracks in the dust from his forehead to his chin. His sleeve was torn and bloodied and he had a gash in his arm where he had been struck by a piece of flying shell case.

"My God, doc, are you here?" he said. "You got out just in time. The battalion is all gone. The sunken road is filled with dead—mostly Huns, damn 'em. The line broke on the right, we were surrounded, and at the last we were fighting back and back. Only 30 of us got away."

Germans Break Line.

So we knew the Boche had broken through to our right and our left, and it was a question of how long it would be before we were surrounded, but we wanted to stick it out as long as we could.

But not more than an hour later a medical officer rushed in from one of the battalions and between gasps for breath told us the Germans were on the edge of the village, had shot him through the sleeve with a machine gun bullet (luckily that was all) and for us to beat it.

Let me tell you we did. I threw my knapsack and made the first hundred yards in nothing flat and then settled down to a walk because I was so out of breath I couldn't run any further.

The incessant scream and crash and bang of the shells kept up and the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns never ceased. The village immediately behind us was a seething mass of brick dust, smoke, flame and bursting shells.

We were told on our way back that a stand was to be made behind the village and I took up position about a half-mile behind it at a cross road.

Unfortunately for us, a six-inch battery came into action about 50 yards from us and, aside from the harassing effect of the terrible noise, batteries are always unpleasant neighbors, as they invite shell fire. We stopped here until about 10 o'clock at night, when we were ordered to retire.

Carry Wounded Back.

There was no way of getting out of the wounded that had collected, so the stretcher bearers carried them on their stretchers for six or seven miles. In fact, we all helped, and when we arrived at our destination at 4 o'clock in the morning of the fifth day we were all in.

I could hardly move, but after two bowls of hot tea and some hard bread I turned in on the floor and slept like a log for four hours, when we moved to another place and opened a dressing station.

On the way a German airplane came down and crashed near the road, but neither the pilot nor observer were hurt. They were a couple of rather neat looking lads about 19 years old.

And so it went for three days more, open a dressing station, retire (sometimes on the run) long marches, very little to eat, except what we foraged from abandoned camps and dumps, dog tired, sleeping when and where we could, and finally the division was relieved. We now saw our first civilians, and last night I slept in a bed, and had a lot of food, and the mattress was full of bumps, but to get my boots out of my sores and aching feet, I stretched out and know I wouldn't be routed out in 15 minutes—well, you couldn't have bought that bed from me for \$100.

Transferred to A. E. F.

Did you ever read Robert W. Service's description of the retreat from Mons. Well, that's the way I felt: Tramp, tramp, the grim road, the road from Mons to Wipers; I've ammered out this ditty with legs bruised and bleeding feet; Tramp, tramp, the dim road— We didn't have no pipers— A bellies that were 'oller was the drums we had to beat.

The ninth day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. R. C., is recommended by the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F., where he will report for duty."

I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the half of it hasn't been told. I hope I have not strung it out too much.

I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but will see what I can get here first.

Your son,
Roswell.

Fifty-seven nations were represented in the famous French Foreign legion where on March 26, in one of the bloodiest battles of the German offensive, it retook Hangard wood. This action with the simultaneous British attack on the left which resulted in the capture of Villers-Bretonneux, contributed immediately to the collapse of all nations—the details of which only became known when the legion was replaced by American units, and was withdrawn for reposition—ten Central and South American countries were largely recruited from these Latin American countries of the new world. Nations in the category which already have declared war against Germany thus have been enabled to contribute immediately to the Allied Soldiers from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Bolivia, Colombia, Uruguay, Peru, Cuba and Mexico acquired themselves with traditional legions of heroism. Among the other nationalities which participated in the great battle are Canadians, Filipinos, Japanese, Armenians, Russians, Luxembourgers, Spanish, Italian and Swiss. The three latter comprise many contingents in the legion. All of the Poles and Czechs recently were transferred to their own separate armies, and now are fighting on the French front.

BOYS' WORKING RESERVE

A Fine Organization of Much Promise.