

MIRACLE OF BATTLEFIELD BURNS ALL SELF-THOUGHT OUT OF YANKS

Hard-Boiled Boys, Dropped Into the Furnace of War, Come Out With the Dross Burned Away, Self-Sacrificing Heroes— Hold Back in Suffering for One in Greater Suffering to Be Cared for First.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND.

They were coming back out of the hot blast of the great battle—those boys of a certain division now famous throughout France and one day to be famous throughout the world. They were not coming back because they wanted to; nor because they had had enough of it; they were being brought on stretchers, wounded, gassed, shell-shocked, to an advanced dressing station. Some of them seemed just boys. One could see them grit their teeth to hold back the moan of pain.

"Hard luck, pal?" said a doctor interrogatively, as the bearers set down a stretcher in the courtyard.

The boy shrugged his shoulders, actually shrugged them as well as he could, bundled up on that stretcher, and grinned wanly.

"Comin' fine, if I can get you fellers to save that foot. She's smashed plenty. If you can't—all the same." "We'll run you right in."

"Nix, bo, not me. I'm gettin' past all right, nothin' but my foot. You jest lemme be here and git busy with them guys that's hurt. I'm on the waitin' list."

That was one boy. He belonged to an outfit that bears a name far and wide for being boiled hard. Tough birds, you hear them called, rough talking boys with the crust outermost. If you had seen them a month before or two months before when they had not had their purifying in blood and fire, you would not have prophesied that they would hold back in suffering to wait for one in greater suffering to be cared for first. It was an attribute that was not apparent to the casual eye. Hard-boiled, you would have agreed, and you might have felt a trifle sorry for the enemy that had to encounter them. But you would not have stood by with tears in your eyes—not in your eyes, but rolling down your cheeks—and have muttered again and again: "Here are men!"

Dross Burned Away.

But now they have felt the scorching breath of war. Suddenly they had been dropped into the furnace and had come out with dross burned away. Something had happened. They were still hard-boiled. Their language was made up of the same words, but the words had taken on a new meaning, their very faces had taken on a new aspect. In spite of blood and grime, and the discoloration and burn of gas, you could see that something was present there which had been absent before—until you could not see at all for the flooding of your eyes.

"I—got mine . . . No use—sport . . . Can't do—nothin' for—me . . . Git—busy with some of them boys—you kin—help."

That was the spirit. That was the thing that had been burned into their souls by the hot breath of war. They had forgotten themselves. Jim was not thinking of Jim but of Mike. Mike was not thinking of Mike, but of Jack. Each passed it on.

The dressing station was small and many must lie outside until the men who were taken in first could be evacuated. You heard groans, but amid the groans you heard cheery, gritty words. "Oow, that d—leg . . . How's Charlie makin' it? Anybody know? I seen him git it . . . Oow . . ."

"They just took Charlie in. He wasn't sayin' much."

"Say, them stretcher bearers ought to git the Croy de Gier, them birds ought to. See 'em fetch me back with them shells bustin' like it was rainin'? And would they hurry? Not a d—bit. I hollered to them to git a move on or they'd git busted on the dome, but that little shrimp says for me to mind my own business, he was carryin' that stretcher . . . Afraid if he hustled he'd shake me up and hurt me some. Can you beat that? . . . Ooow!"

"Out of Luck Nothing."

"You're next, son," said a lieutenant doctor. "Where'd you get it?"

"Leg and a chunk somewhere in the chest."

"Out of luck."

"Out of luck nothin'. Didn't I buyonet three of them Germans before they got me? Eh? . . . Luck?"

The story goes that this division was called upon to stop the rush of five times its number. The story goes farther, and says they not only stopped the rush but caused a movement in the other direction. It was not an affair of hours but of days, days of constant bitter, hand-to-hand fighting, with horrors added by the fact that no American soldier has

ever been called upon to face. But they had dammed the flood; had even swept it back for a little, and they were proud.

But their achievement on the field was not the great thing that came into view in those days. It was the spirit that flamed up in their hearts—not merely a spirit of courage, of daring, of heroism against odds, but a spirit of altruism, of love for the other fellow. Somewhere in that holocaust those hard-boiled boys had gotten it, and the manifestations of it that night in the little courtyard before the dressing station made the spot one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A hurry call was sent to the distant Y. M. C. A.

"Can't you do something for these boys who are being brought in here?" the officer in charge demanded.

"What can we do?" "Something to eat and smoke. Coffee. A bite and a smoke do a wounded man more good than anything else. Do you know, some of those boys have been out there in 'that' for two days with nothing to eat but hardtack?"

So the Y sent its men and its trucks; it made coffee, it brought such fruit as it could; it carried chocolate bars.

"Here you are, sport," said one of them, coming into the courtyard. "Here's a cup of chocolate."

The boy raised himself painfully on his elbow and reached for the cup—then he motioned it away.

"I hain't hurt much—and there's a lot of guys here that's messed bad. You hain't got enough to go around. Git busy."

"I've got smokes and hot chocolate for every man. Go ahead."

"Honest? I won't be robbin' none of them birds?"

"Honest."

The boy drank—and was transformed.

"That's livin'," he said softly. One boy was brought in with a broken leg. It had been an accident and not a wound won in battle. He had got in the way of a motor-truck.

"Jest fix me up out here what you can," he said.

"You go to the hospital, son."

"Nix. Hospital's for those fellows that's hurt. I just got a busted pin. You fix me here and leave me here . . . When you git a chance."

Language Needs New Word.

Somewhere, some time, they had all got this thing. It had come to them out of the flame and crash of battle; it had been carried to them on clouds of searing, noxious gas; it had awakened in them through suffering and through the sight of suffering. They were the same, yet they were not the same. They were not gentle, yet one fancied he could detect a gentleness in their voices. But out of the battle and the suffering, something better than they had ever known came to them. There was utter ignoring of self, and it was a thing wonderful to witness.

"We've got to have a new word in the language," said a captain-surgeon. "Game won't do. These boys are something more than game. I've never seen anything like it. I don't know what it is." Even he, inured to suffering and to scenes of bloodshed, wiped his eyes. "They're—they're—why, damn it all, they're 'something!' Nobody was ever like them!"

One boy lay inside on a mattress on the floor. His chest was rising and falling as he struggled for breath.

"He's on his way," said the doctor to a Y man who was acting as orderly, nurse, assistant, anything.

The Y man went over and touched the boy's forehead.

"How about it, old man?" he said.

"Kind of—lonesome . . . Maybe you . . . could sit . . . here till . . ."

The Y man sat down and a hand struggled toward him. He took it and held it in his own, and he whispered to the boy a moment. Maybe it was a prayer. Whatever the words, it was a prayer. The wounded man lay still, his hand in the hand of the friend who had come to him in his last dark moment—his last glorious moment.

Another Kind of Courage.

The courage of the battlefield seems to be a common commodity; but the courage to bear pain without flinching; to realize the approach of death without crying out; to reach a moment when you know you must face life maimed, without arm, leg, eye—and not to curse with black rage or cry out with despair—that is another kind

of courage. But it was there. Not one man had it, but it seemed as if all those wounded had it—it was not the gameness of the bulldog. It was something that had to do with the soul. It was greatness, it was fineness, it was a thing that compelled the watcher to uncover his head and stand bared in its presence.

They were Americans. Perhaps it was their birthright. More likely it was a new thing; newly born of the day and the business of the day. Whatever it was, whenever and however it came, it was present. This has been written with repression, with a striving for understatement, with a wish to tell the truth. The thing was there. They brought it back with them.

"How are you making it, sport? . . . Here's a cup of coffee."

"You come around to me after you've given some to the boys over there. They need it."

That is what was there. It has read something new into the meaning of the words American soldier. As the doctor said, some new word must be coined to designate it. It was born of battle and agony.

FOUND ONE SENTRY ALERT

Captain Satisfied No Enemy Would Get by the Colored Soldier Who Challenged His Commander.

"I was recently breaking in a squad of raw country negroes," remarked Captain C—, stationed at a Virginia camp not far from Washington, "and, despite their and my good intentions, it was not proving the easiest task in the world, since most of them knew much better how to follow a band than military rules. This particular group gave me a lot of hard work and I kept pretty close watch on them. One night I decided to give my sentries a surprise visit, but had not got far on my rounds when I was stopped with a peremptory:

"Halt! Who goes dar?"

"I gave the word, but was again brought up with a sharp: 'Halt agin! I wants to know who you is!'"

"Your commanding officer," was my answer, which did not suffice, as my sentry came back quickly with:

"Dat's all right, suh, but is you got de right to go traipsin' roun' camp at dis ungodly time o' night?"

"Don't you know whether or not I have such a right?" I answered him sternly. 'It's your business to know.'

"Excuse me, Cap'n, but I was'n quite sho', he said—and in a perfectly respectful tone—an' I axed you fer infohmation when I wanted to know ef you did have de right to go prowlin' roun' dis here camp like er hant (ghost)?"

"He got his answer, and I am sure of one of my sentries at least."

Modern Military Balloons.

Great improvements have been made in the construction of kite balloons in the past two years, according to Henry Woodhouse, the leading American aircraft authority. In Everybody's he says: "The old design based on the original German drachen balloon was sausage-shaped and could stand little wind above 30 miles per hour. The present design used by the allies, and to some extent by the Germans, is based on the design of Captain Caquou of the French army. It is pear-shaped on one side and has three huge fins, one on each side and one underneath the aft end of the gas-bag. On the ground these fins give it the appearance of a huge elephant.

"This type of military balloon is much steeper and safer than the old type and can stand a wind of up to 60 miles an hour. They are from 70 to 80 feet in diameter, and have a hydrogen capacity of from 20,000 to 25,000 cubic feet."

"Silver Bullets."

When Mr. Lloyd George used the expression "silver bullets" he probably took the idea from some Welsh legend about witches. It was once believed both in Wales and Scotland that only silver bullets could hurt a witch when disguised as a hare.

M. F. Reed went to Nashville the first of the week on business. He is expected home tonight.

Mrs. I. W. Michener, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is here looking at property near Vandever with a view to purchasing. Should she close a deal they will probably move here the coming spring.

Prof. C. A. Moores was here from Knoxville Monday and left on the afternoon train for Nashville.

Mrs. Henderson, who has been occupying the Anne McGuire cottage for some months, will leave for her home in Perry, Arkansas, today. The two little girls will remain here and attend school. They will make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter.

The most remarkable egg production that we have ever heard of is reported from Chas. Brown, of the Taylors Chapel neighborhood. He has a turkey hen that has just ceased laying and during her laying period she has laid 128 eggs. Thirty to forty eggs at a laying is usually considered good for a turkey, we are informed.

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Fall term opens September 24.

For full information apply to S. G. GILBREATH, President, Johnson City, or any member of the Faculty.

The men who lead are the men who read

Miss Winfred Loshough went to Livingston Monday to take a place as teacher in the city schools.

WILL MAKE BROOMS—We will make your brooms for 30 cents for first class brooms and 25 for second class, or they will be made on the halves if preferred. About 40 heads will make a medium broom. THE BROOM FACTORY, Mayland, Tenn.

Ensign Alva Potter expects to leave for Norfolk today to go aboard some merchant ship carrying supplies for the allies. He has been home for a week on furlough and has had a most pleasant time and has received the congratulations of many friends at his recent promotion.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Douglas and son of Nitro, West Virginia, Mrs. E. W. Grissom and baby and Mrs. Otto Dunbar spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lyles, Sparta, and to be with their brother, Dewey Lyles, who will leave for camp September 23. This will make four sons Mr. and Mrs. Lyles have in the army.

TEAMS WANTED—Can use 25 teams logging and hauling lumber, pay good prices. Address or come to see—Sharp & Ransom, Ozone, Tenn.

A pie supper will be given at Howard Springs school house Saturday night. Proceeds to go to salary of preacher.

E. C. Ervin, who lives three miles east of town, had a splendid brood mare killed by the T. C. train Sunday night. The animal was appraised at \$225.

Mrs. L. W. Martin expects to leave next week for Seattle, Wash. to pass some time with her husband who is with the colors. He is working in a saw mill and has made himself such a useful man that he has received advancement and a substantial increase in pay.

LOST—A blue serge coat, for a boy about fourteen years of age, with collar, tie and stick pin in the pocket. Return to Chronicle office and receive reward.

Wm. Hembree is home from Crawford his week sick. He has been engaged in an extensive job of painting for the company there, but the work does not agree with him and he is forced to lay off this week but hopes to be able to return to work in a few days.

Mr. Fred Brown and Miss Lola Hardin were married by Rev. W. C. Martin, at the parsonage, Thursday evening in the presence of a few friends. Mr. Brown is the son of Trustee Thos. F. Brown and is a highly respected young man of splendid habits and full of industry. He is now arranging to enter the Tennessee Polytechnic School, Cookeville, as a government student. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fate Hardin, Daysville, and is universally respected and admired. They will make their home for the present with his parents.

MEATS

I handle fresh and salt meats and vegetables and can furnish you on short notice.

LUNCHES

and hot meals while you wait—the "wait" will be short and the eats long. Our soup is extra fine.

F. A. LOSHBOUGH

Indelible pencils at the Chronicle office.

For drilling wells see or write J. H. Graham, Pomona, Tenn. 6-6-1f.

Plenty of Time Books at the Chronicle office; two weeks' size and monthly, only 10c. Stenographers' note books also.

Mrs. E. J. Ducey left on the early train Saturday for Washington D. C. to take up her work with the Red Cross headquarters.

If you want pencils, fountain pens, pen points, ink wells, library paste, or paper fasteners come to the Chronicle office for them.

M. B. Bowden was here Sunday from Lenoir City shaking hands with old friends. Mr. Bowden is now engaged with the railroad and express company and for that reason had only a short leave of absence. He and family formerly lived here and they have many friends who will be much pleased to learn that he is holding a good position and doing well.

Crane's stationery by the quire and envelopes by the bunch at the Chronicle office. Nothing made better than Crane's.

A protracted meeting will be opened at Pomona first Sunday in October, which, will be 6th, by Judge C. E. Snodgrass and Rev. L. F. Smith.

J. T. Horn was home from White County for the week-end. He reports corn very badly damaged with drouth. Sowed feed is also badly damaged but the early clover crop was excellent.

FOR SALE—A few choice Plymouth Rock cockerels, \$1.25. Mrs. J. E. Converse. 9-11-2t.

John Q. Wyatt expects to move to his farm near Vandever in a short time and he will conduct the farm in person the coming year as Dan Kerley has purchased and is opening up a farm adjoining the Wyatt farm. Mr. Wyatt is arranging to handle hogs extensively on his farm the coming year.

WANTED—to buy some nice ewe lambs for breeding. J. E. Converse. 9-11-2t.

A recent letter from E. Myatt reports him in Akron, Ohio, holding down a good job and heartily in sympathy with the idea of pushing the war to final and complete victory. He is helping by buying bonds, thrift stamps and contributing to the Red Cross. He says he is ready to serve his country any time it may call him.

H. H. Glover was over from Crab Orchard the first of the week. Mr. Glover is a miner and is running a small farm at the same time, thus helping the country in a double capacity.

L. H. Bell has contributed \$60 to the Red Cross so far. It is doubtful if any other person in the county has given so much.

A few days ago Bob Ford received a card notifying him of the safe arrival of his son Hayden Ford, in France. It seems the young man was in the convoy in which one of the transports was torpedoed some 200 miles out from England, but all on board were landed safely.

TO CATTLE MEN.

Owing to poor health and scarcity of help, my cattle scattered on the range. A few are out yet. All are branded with a triangle on the right hip. All have a label in top of right ear, containing my name. Will pay for bringing them in. My steers and a few others will be subject to the best bids next week. Will sell or ship. See them. L. Harrod Bell.

Write Aberdeen Angus Cattle Company, Kingston, Tennessee. Registered Angus young cows, bulls and heifers at Farmers' prices.