GUNNER DEPEW

by Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

Copyright, 1918, by Reilly and Britton Co., Through Special Arrangement With the George Matthew Adams Service

CHAPTER XXI.

—18—

A Visit From Mr. Gerard.

Late that night we arrived at Dulmen, Westphalia. We were rousted out of the carriages, mustered on the platform, counted, then drilled through the streets. In spite of the lateness, the streets were pretty well filled with people, and they zig-zagged us through all the streets they could, so that all the people would have a chance to see the crazy men, as they called us. Most of the people were women, and as soon as they saw us coming, they began singing the "Watch on the Rhine" or some other German song, and it was funny to see windows opening and fat fraus, with night-caps on, sticking their heads out of the windows. They would give us a quick once-over, and pipe up like a boatswain: "Schweinhund—Vaterland—Wacht am Rhein"—all kinds of things and all mixed up.

So we gave them "Tipperary" and "Pack Up Your Troubles," and showed them how to sing. Our guards had no ear for music and tried to stop us, but though they knocked several men down, we did not stop until we had finished the song. Then, after we had admitted to each other that we were not downhearted, we shut up.

We would have done so, anyway, because by this time we were on the outskirts of the town, and we needed all the breath we had. The road we were on was just one long sheet of ice, and we could hardly walk more than four steps without slipping and falling. My shoes had wooden soles, and it was just one bang after another, with the ice and myself trying to see which could hit the hardest. Every time we fell—smash! came a rifle over the back.

I was getting pretty tired, so I said to some of the fellows that I was going to sit down and rest, and they said they would also. So we dropped out and waited until the guards behind had just about caught up with us, and then we would go on. We did this several times until they got on to us, and we could not do it any more.

Up the road a piece I fell again, and this time I did not care what happened, so I just sat there in the middle of the road until Fritz came up. Instead of giving me the bayonet, he made me take off my shoes—that is, he took them off of me with a knife through the strings—and I had to walk the rest of the way in my bare feet. It was about four miles altogether from the station to the camp.

When we got near the camp, all the boys came out of the barracks and lined up along the barbed wire, and yelled us a welcome. We asked them if they were downhearted, and they said no, and we said we were not either. We could hardly see them, but they began yelling again when we got nearer, and asked us, "Is there anyone there from Queenstown?" and then Hull, and Portsmouth, and Dover, and Toronto and a lot of other places.

I did not pay much attention until I heard, "Any Americans there?" and I yelled back, "Yes, where are you?"

"Barracks 6-B, Gruppe 3."

"Where from?" I yelled.

"Boston. Where're you from?"

"The U. S. A. and Atlantic ports. See you later."

So, the next morning, I went over to his barracks and asked for the Yank. They pointed him out to me, where he was lying on the floor. I went over and laid down with him, and we had quite a talk. I will not give his name here for certain reasons.

He had received several wounds at the time he was taken prisoner. He had been in the Canadian service for two years. We used to talk about New York and Boston and the different places we knew in both towns, and we also talked a lot about the rotten treatment we were receiving, and tried to cook up some plan of escape. But every one we could think of had been used by some one else, and either had failed, or the Huns had fixed it so the plan could not be tried again. We doped out some pretty wild schemes at that. Altogether, we became great pals, and were together as much as possible at Dulmen. The day I left the camp, he gave me a ring made from a shell, and told me to get it safely back to the States, but some one stole it at Brandenburg.

One day while I was in his barracks an Englishman stepped out of the door for some reason or other, and though he did not say a word to Fritz, in two minutes he was dead, in cold blood. We never knew why they killed him.

At Swinemunde and Neustrelitz, I must admit that the Germans had us pretty badly buffaloed, but at Dulmen the prisoners were entirely different. Dulmen was the receiving camp for the whole western front, and the prisoners there got to be pretty tough eggs, as far as Fritz was concerned, before they had been in camp many days. They thought nothing of picking a fight with a sentry and giving him a good battle, even though he was armed with rifle and bayonet. We soon learned that unless his pals are around a German will not stand by his arguments with his fists. In other words, if he can outtalk you, he will beat you up, but if he cannot, it is a case of "Here comes Heinie going back."

The Russian prisoners at Dulmen were certainly a miserable looking bunch. They spent most of their time wandering around the Russian barracks, hunting for rotten potato peelings and other garbage, which they would eat. When they saw Fritz throw out his swill, they would dive right through the barbed wire one after another, and their hands and face and clothes were always torn from it. It was unhealthy to stand between the Russians and their garbage prey—they were so speedy that nothing stopped them.

One morning, just after barley-coffee time, I came out of the barracks and saw an Australian arguing with the sentry. I was not only curious, but anxious to be a good citizen, as they say, so I went up and slung an ear at them. The Australian had asked Fritz what had been done with the flag that the Huns were going to fly from the Eiffel tower in Paris.

That was too deep for Fritz, so the Australian answered it himself. "Don't you know, Fritz? Well, we have no blankets, you know."

Still the sentry did not get it. So the Australian carefully explained to me—so that Fritz could hear—that the Germans had no blankets and were using the flag to wrap their cold feet in.

This started a fight, of course—the German idea of a fight, that is. The sentry, being a very brave man for a German, blew his whistle very loudly, and sentries came from all directions. So we beat it to the Australian's barracks, and there I found the second American in the camp. He was a barber named Stimson, from one of the Western states. He had heard I was there as well as the Boston man in the Canadian service, but he had been too sick to look us up, and in fact did not care what happened, he was so miserable. He had been wounded several times, and died in a day or two. I never knew how he came to be in the Australian service.

Those two and myself were the only Americans I knew of in this prison camp—whether in Canadian, Australian or French service. The other two had been captured in uniform, so there was no chance of their being released.

Dulmen was very near the Dutch border and as it was quite easy to get out of the camp attempts at escape were frequent. Most of those who ran away were brought back, though. The Germans were so easy on those who tried to run away that I almost thought they were encouraging them. One chap was doing his ten days in the guardhouse for the sixth time while I was there—that is, he had just about completed his period of detention. He claimed that the sixth time he had really got across the border and was arrested in a little town by the Dutch authorities and turned over to the Germans. That is against the law in most countries, but he swore it was the truth. I am not so sure, myself. He got away for the seventh time while I was at Dulmen and was not returned.

Ten days in the guardhouse is not such a light punishment after all, because water three times a day is all the prisoner received during that time, but it is pretty mild compared to some of the things the Huns do.

One morning I thought for sure I was going cafard. I was just fed up on the whole business and sick of doing nothing but suffer. So I strolled along, sticking my head into barracks doors, sometimes trying to have a talk, other times trying to pick a fight. It was all one to me: I just wanted something to do. I found what I wanted, all right.

I had quite a talk with a sentry in front of a barracks. It must have lasted three-quarters of an hour. He did not know what I was calling him, and I did not know what he was calling me. I could have handled him all right, but another sentry came up on my blind side and grabbed me and the talk was over.

They dragged me to the commander of the camp and he instructed them to give me a bath. So they took me to the bathhouse, where I was stripped and lashed. All the time they were whipping me I was thinking what a joke it was on me, because I had been looking for excitement and had got more than I wanted, so I laughed and the Huns thought I was crazy sure.

I was dumped into a vat of hot water and at the same time my clothes were given a boiling, which was good for them.

Then I was forced into my wet clothes and marched back to the barracks. This bath and the stroll through the snow in wet clothes just about did for me. Nowadays, when I sit in a draft for a second and catch cold, I wonder that I am still alive to catch it. Having gone through Dixmude and the Dardanelles and the sinking of the Georgic and four German prison camps and a few other things—I shall probably trip over a hole in a church carpet and break my neck. That would be my luck.

There were all the diseases you can think of in this camp, including black cholera and typhus and somebody was always dying. We had to make coffins from any wood we could find. So it was not long before we were using the dividing boards from our bunks, pieces of flooring and, in fact, the walls of the barracks. The officers were quartered in corrugated iron barracks, so they had to borrow wood from us for their coffins. We would make the box and put the body in it, give it as much service as we could, in the way of prayers and hymns, and put it away in a hole near the barracks. There was so much of it that a single death passed unnoticed.

One morning the German sentries came to our barracks—they never came singly—and told us that an officer was going to review the prisoners and ordered us to muster up, which we did. I was the last man out of the barracks and on account of my wounds I was slower than the rest.

You understand I had had no medical treatment except crepe-paper bandages and water; my wounds had been opened by swimming from the Georgic to the Moewe and they had been put in terrible shape in the coal bunkers. On account of the poor food and lack of treatment they had not even started to heal. Incidentally, the only cloth bandages that any of us had were what we would tear from our clothes and I have seen men pick up an old dirty rag that someone else had had around his wound for a long time and bandage his own wounds with it.

So it was all I could do to drag myself along. The officer noticed that I was out of line and immediately asked my name and nationality. When he heard "American" he could not say enough things about us and called me all the swine names he could think of.

I was pretty thin at this time and getting thinner, so I figured I might just as well have it out before I starved. Besides, I thought, he ought to know that we are not used to being bawled out by German swine in this country.

So I told him so. And I said that he should not bawl Americans out, because America was neutral. He then said that as America supplied food and munitions to the allies she was no better than the rest.

Then I said: "Do you remember the Deutschland? When she entered Baltimore and New London she got all the cargo she wanted, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you send over your merchant marine they will get the same." For that answer he gave me ten days in the guardhouse. He did not like to be reminded that their merchant marine had to dive under to keep away from the Limeys.

I admit I was pretty flip to this officer, but who would not be when a slick German swine officer bawled him out?

It was while I was in the guardhouse that Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador, visited the camp. He came to this camp about every six months, as a rule. Even in the German prison camps the men had somehow got information about Mr. Gerard's efforts to improve the terrible surroundings in which the men lived. Some of the men at Dulmen had been confined in various other camps and they told me that when Mr. Gerard visited these camps all that the men did for a week or so afterward was to talk about his visit and what he had said to them. We knew Mr. Gerard had got the Germans to make conditions better in some of the worst hell-holes in Germany and the men were always glad when he came around. They felt they had something better to look forward to and some relief from the awful misery.

Mr. Gerard was passing through the French barracks and a man I knew there told him there was an American there. The Germans did not want him to see me, but he put up an argument with the commanding officer and they finally said he could interview me. I never was so glad to see anyone as I was to see him. The picture is still with me of him coming in the door. We talked for about an hour and a half, I guess, and then he got up to go and he said I would hear from him in about three weeks. Just think what good news that was to me!

They let me out of the guardhouse and I celebrated by doing all the damage to German sentries that I could do. The men in the camps went wild when they learned that Ambassador Gerard was there, for they said he was the only man in Germany they could tell their troubles to. The reason was that he was strong for the men, no matter what nationality, and put his heart into the work. I am one of those who cannot say enough good things about him. Like many others, if it had not been for Mr. Gerard I would be kaput by now.

A few days after this I was slow again as we were marching to the bread house and the guard at the door tripped me. When I fell I hurt my wounds, which made me hot. Now I had decided, on thinking it over, that the best thing to do was to be good, since I was expecting to be released, and I thought it would be tough luck to be killed just before I was to be released. But I had been in the American navy and any garby of the U. S. A. would have done what I did. It must be the training we get, for when a dirty trick is pulled off on us we get very nervous around the hands and are not always able to control them.

So I went for the sentry and walloped him in the jaw. Then I received his bayonet through the fleshy part of the forearm. Most bayonet wounds that we got were in the arm. But

Most of Those Who Ran Away Were Brought Back.

those arms were in front of our faces at the time. The sentries did not aim for our arms, you can bet on that. A wound of the kind I got would be nothing more than a white streak if properly attended to, but I received absolutely no attention for it and it was a long time in healing. At that, I was lucky; another bayonet stroke just grazed my stomach.

I had been at Dulmen for three weeks when we were transferred to Brandenburg, Havel, which is known as "the hell-hole of Germany" to the prisoners. It certainly is not too strong a name for it, either.

On the way we changed trains at Osnabruck and from the station platform I saw German soldiers open up with machine guns on the women and children who were rioting for food.

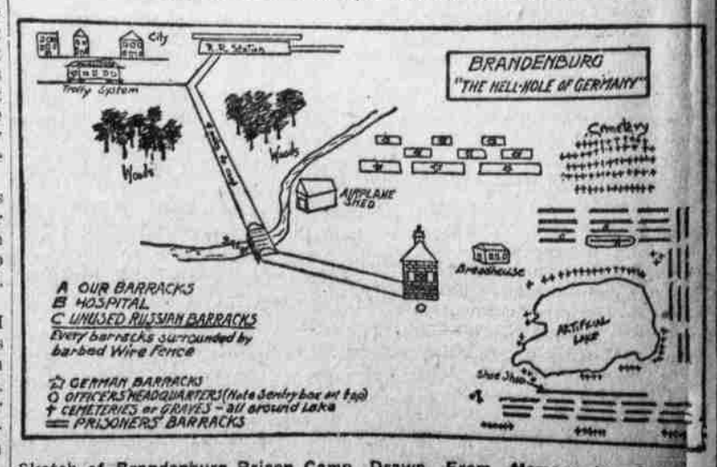
CHAPTER XXII.

"The Hell Hole of Germany."

On arriving at Brandenburg we were marched the three or four miles northwest to the camp. While we were being marched through the streets a woman walked alongside of us for quite a way, talking to the boys in English and asking them about the war. She said she did not believe anything the German papers printed. She said she was an Englishwoman from Liverpool and that at the outbreak of the war not being able to get out of Germany, she and her children had been put in prison and that every day for over a week they had put her through the third degree; that her children had been separated from her and that she did not know where they were.

She walked along with us for several blocks until a sentry heard her say something not very complimentary to the Germans and chased her away. When we arrived at the camp we were put into the receiving barracks and kept there six days. The condition of these barracks was not such that you could describe it. The floors were actually nothing but filth. Very few of the bunks remained; the rest had been torn down—for fuel, I suppose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Sketch of Brandenburg Prison Camp Drawn From Memory by Gunner Depew

Concrete bases to give longer life to worn-out fence posts are a New York inventor's idea.

God Will Have the Last Word

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.
Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein.—Isa. 42:5.

The text is found in one of the greatest passages prophesying the coming of Jesus Christ to this earth as Savior and Redeemer—an announcement of such tremendous importance that it was very proper that persons hearing it should know who gave it; and he is described as the Lord God, the creator of earth, and the giver of life to all who walk therein.

While there are many voices in the world and none of them without significance, as Paul says in his first letter to the Corinthians, there is one voice greater than all others, and yet one to which few listen—the voice of God.

It takes more firmness to keep one's balance in these days than ever before. The voices around us are so many, so insistent and so varied, that one hardly knows where he stands and what to believe. The voice of events is such that few men are making predictions any more. The world was full of prophets of the immediately impending golden age five years ago, but their occupation is gone. It seems unbelievable that in a little more than six months the victorious central powers have been broken to pieces by the entente allies, but it is so. Sir George Adam Smith said to President Wilson quite recently: "For four years I have been schooling myself in the incredible, till it has become terribly familiar to me."

We can believe almost anything these days, and the reason is that man has lost trust in his own forecastings. If man has lost this trust, is there any being in the universe that has not done so? We firmly believe there is, and that one is God, who sits "on the circle of the heavens" and calmly looks upon the commotions of this planet and the interests of thousands much greater. Is it not wise, therefore, to listen to his voice?

God speaks in creation and providence. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Eclipses occur to the second, and not a jar is felt in the revolutions of the innumerable worlds about us. In the study of our everyday life God speaks to us in law that never for a moment gives up its domination. His prosperity calls for our gratitude, his infliction of adversity for our penitence, and his faithfulness for the years gone by declares that because he is unchangeable that faithfulness will continue.

But God speaks to us through his Son as in no other way, for the Son is "the express image of the Father." Many quickly accept the proposition that God thus speaks, but the voice of Christ is marred, because their Christ is a mere caricature. They have accepted what man has said about Christ as a true picture of Christ. Some conceptions of Christ are drawn from the paintings that are exhibited; some get their ideas of Christ from descriptions found in popular literature, especially fiction; some get their ideas even from such agnostics as Renan and Strauss; and some get theirs from what they see in those who profess to love him, this picture often being false.

Where do we get the right picture? We have no hesitation in saying in the Holy Scriptures. There we have foregleams of him in the Old Testament that are trustworthy; there we see it in what he says and in what he does in that wonderful life which ended on the cross; there is made plain the great plan of redemption that he came to give to men, with the whole future aglow with his coming glory.

There is no subject that most concerns men on which God has not spoken. This statement is made thoughtfully. It is not meant that every detail of man's life and experience is met by a specific word, but that as to the principles that should guide man, touching even the minutiae of life, there is nothing missing. The Bible tells man where he is going, what he is in himself, his standing before God; that he is sinful; that there is no hope except in simple faith on Jesus Christ; that heaven is a reality—and hell as well; that his only guide in this life is the Word of God, which is put into his hands in the form that he can read and study.

Has a single word that God has said about individuals, cities and nations in the past failed? Is there anything in the great pictures given in Isaiah, Ezekiel, Zechariah, Daniel, the Gospels and other Scriptures that is untrue? As his Word in the past has never failed, it is reasonable to believe that his Word as to the future will not fail. Find out what God says in his Word and act on it, for God will have the last word.

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GASES, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!

The moment you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain, dyspepsia misery, the sourness, gases and stomach acidity ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets cost little at any drug store but there is no surer or quicker stomach relief known. Adv.

An Empire to Let.

Asia Minor is an "empire to let," the oldest and most historic empire in the world. It is now lying derelict under our eyes, waiting to be rejuvenated and restored to the Garden of Eden it once was. The Germans have kindly spent hundreds of millions of marks on it in railway building and other public works.—London Mail.

If your druggist does not have Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms and Tapeworm, send 25 cents to 372 Pearl street, New York, and you will get it by return mail. Adv.

Slang of the Turf.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you promised me you would quit betting on horses."

"Y-yes—why, that is—er—"

"Well, I'm glad to hear you have kept your word. Bill Splujjem tells me that for the past three weeks you have been betting on nothing but dogs."

$100 Reward, $100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. $100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.
Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Right Spirit.

The work doesn't end with the hurrah; but the hurrahs demonstrate the spirit that will carry the work on.—Atlanta Constitution.

Constipation can be cured without drugs. Nature's own remedy—selected herbs—is Garfield Tea.—Adv.

There is no education like adversity.

Don't trifle with a cold—it's dangerous.
You can't afford to risk Influenza.
Keep always at hand a box of

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

You're Flirting With Death! Stop Kidney Ills Now.

Don't Die Early Because of Neglected Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills Give Quick Relief.

Take heed! Don't disregard nature's warnings—pain in back, loins, stiff or swollen joints, rheumatic pains, dizziness, nightly arising. At the first sign of kidney derangement take *Dodd's Kidney Pills*. Don't think, "I will be all right in a day or two." That leads to dreadful Bright's Disease.

Every druggist recommends *Dodd's*. You don't have to take box after box and wait weeks for results. The first box is guaranteed to help you. If it doesn't your druggist will gladly refund your money. Refuse substitutes. *Dodd's* do the work and it's *Dodd's* you want — the round, flat box with the three D's in the name.

Hooked to Death!

This may happen if your cattle have horns, or they may injure each other and keep the whole herd excited. BE HUMANE. Prevent horns growing while calves are young. It means a contented and more profitable herd. Use

DR. DAVID ROBERTS'
HORN KILLER
At our dealers or POSTPAID 50c
Consult DR. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for price list of medicines and get FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100 Grand Ave., Waukesha, Wis.