

COMING
ROBT. L. RUSSELL
 DRAMATIC SHOW
UNDER CANVAS

30 — PEOPLE — 30.

NEW
 PLAYS
 PEOPLE
 SCENERY



ALL
 NEXT
 WEEK
 Beginning
 MONDAY,
 MAY 20

LOCATED AT SIXTH AND CLAY STS.

that better weather was on its way and as long as we were in for it we might as well go through.

"On our front the trenches, which they called the front line trenches, were lined up back of each other. There were three lines, and I got in the third line. There is much difference between the first three lines. They're not very far apart, and its easy to go visiting from one to the other. We usually knew most of the gossip of what was going on in the lines the other companies were living in.

"In my company they served out twelve sets of high powdered glasses. You can't find any fault with them glasses, they're the best money can buy. Our line was about 900 yards from the German trenches, but when you took a squint through the glasses the Germans seemed to be about twenty-five yards away. Some of the sharpshooters had telescopes mounted on their guns, but some of us got almost as well using the double glasses. At that we could dump a bullet most any place we wanted to on the German line without using glasses.

"This is the way we worked in the daytime. The dugouts were built right into the trenches. It was just as if you made a hole in the breast-works and dropped a box in it and piled dirt over the top. Of course, that isn't the way it's done. The dugout is built up of timbers and shoring just the way a mine tunnel is. But the top of the dugout is usually of boards.

"Then another set of boards is laid over the roof, but a space is left between the roof and the second layer of boards, the dirt being piled up on the second set of boards. This leaves a narrow slit open which is your shooting station. You can see the German trenches fine, but they can't see you, unless they are looking at your section of the trench just when you shoot and see the flash of the rifle.

"The first time we went into the trenches we stayed ten days. We were all crazy to get a shot, but it rained most of the time and the Germans kept pretty low. But we got a few shots at some of the wagons we saw on the other side and tried out some shots at places where the officers had doped it out that the German snipers were laying.

"On our second trip in we got more chances, for the weather was better and we could get the range better. Then we'd had a chance to talk things over when we went back to our billet for a rest and some of the officers give us some good dope.

"I got as good a place to shoot from on the second trip as I had the first time up. About the first day we were in the Germans put some tin cans up and we sure did pepper them cans. Then, of course, we were always watching for the periscopes. But it's getting so that it is hard to knock them down, because the Germans keep moving them and you got to dope out which way the stick is going to move and get it on the wing. It takes some shooting even from good rests like we had to get a moving little box like a periscope on the wing.

"The best time of the day for us was early in the morning. It seemed like as if the Germans weren't so careful then. Anyway, the light seemed better, after the mist was burned out, and we sure used to put in some good licks after breakfast. It doesn't do for a man to be always shooting. The first thing he knows, his shooting post will be spotted. We got so we used to do our looking from one peephole and when we saw something that looked suspicious or something that was moving in one of the traverse trenches, we'd jump over to our firing stations and try one on it.

"By this scheme we didn't stand much chance of getting hit, because we never did any shooting from the place where we did our spotting and we spent most of the time trying to find a good mark to shoot at.

"I don't know what it was that made my gun bust. Maybe some water got into it some way. I never did find anybody who could explain it very clear. But the old gun decided to bust and my left hand got some of it. They say it won't ever be of any use to me and from the looks of it I guess it won't. It happened on December 23, just two days before Christmas. I sure had a rotten Christmas!

"But I'm not worrying much. My luck wasn't so bad. Some of our bunch got killed, you know. One man in a company right near mine got a bullet clean through his head. And he was sitting in the trench at the time. It was a stray bullet, I guess. Probably was shot from a trench over to one side and hit something and bounded straight along one of our trenches. I guess they can fix this hand up so it will help a lot in holding a steering wheel and I know machines good enough so I can get a job as chauffeur. From what I hear chauffeurs are making bigger money than they ever did.

"Then the Government will fix it so I can learn to telegraph if I want to. I guess there ain't no reason for me to worry."

**UNDERGOING
 TREATMENT**

FOR SHATTERED HAND, DE-
 SCRIBES JOY OF SNIPING
 THE BOCHES.

(By GUY CARPENTER, Staff Cor-
 respondent International News
 Service.)

Washington, May 16.—George H. Bishop, crack rifleman of Company G, of the Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has closed his record as a sniper. He has been sent back to this country and is at the army hospital at Fort McHenry undergoing treatment for a shattered left hand, mangled when the barrel of his rifle burst on the twenty-first day of his service in the third-line trenches northwest of Toul.

"No, it don't look like I would ever do any shooting of any account again," he said today. "But I'm glad I got in the few good shots I could while the going was good. When I get this hand fixed up I'll get back on some job. It's been awkward trying to get used to having only one hand, but I'm getting so I don't have to have much help."

Bishop's story of the long days in the trenches, of the never-ending search on the horizon for the bobbing head of a German, or a moving object, of the skill of the Yankee marksmen and his stoic attitude toward the discomforts of his life, gives a clear picture of the part the boys from home are playing in the struggle to smash the Kaiser's cohorts.

Bishop is a six footer, with dark brown eyes which bring back to the mind the eyes of the native Americans famous for their length of vision. He is tanned to a deep brown and even though he may never again be able to use his left hand, he still would prove no unworthy foe to any German soldier.

This is Bishop's story of how he went to the trenches and what he did in the sniper's nest.

"I went into the army several weeks after I left my home in Youngtown, Ohio. I had been a chauffeur, but friends of mine wanted to join up with the regulars. I was sworn in December 15, 1916. I got my hand blown up just a year and one week after that date.

"I was sworn in at Douglas, Ariz., and stuck with my outfit right straight through, being in the second battalion. There was much to do around Douglas, where we were stationed most of the time. The best fun we had was getting used to our rifles and getting so we could hit that old bull's eye nine times out of ten. Somehow I got the hang of the trick pretty early.

"And I was glad I had when we got to France, because I was given a chance to do more shooting than lots of the fellows got. After we had been in training awhile, we went up in auto trucks to the front.

"Almost as soon as we got near the Verdun sector, that is near this town of Toul, we were sent into some trenches to relieve some Frenchmen. It was rotten weather when we went in, too. Rained most of the time and cold. For all that we just figured

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