

Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew
Gunner and Chief Petty Officer,
U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign
Legion of France—Capitaine Com-
mandant, French Battleship Cas-
sar, of the Croix de Guerre

SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, enlists in the United States Army, serving four years and attaining the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner.
CHAPTER II—The great war starts soon after he is honorably discharged from the navy and he sails for France with a determination to enlist.
CHAPTER III—He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Casar where his marksmanship wins him high honors.
CHAPTER IV—Depew is detached from his ship and sent with a regiment of the Legion to Flanders where he soon finds himself in the front line trenches.
CHAPTER V—He is detailed to the artillery and makes the acquaintance of the sergeant. He is wounded in a battle and is ordered back to his regiment in the front line trenches.
CHAPTER VI—Depew goes "over the top" and "meets" his first German in a bayonet fight.
CHAPTER VII—His company takes part in another raid on the German trenches and shortly afterward assists in stopping a fierce charge of the Hun, who are proved down as they cross "No Man's Land."
CHAPTER VIII.

On Runner Service.
One night a man named Bartel and I were detailed for runner service and were instructed to go to Dixmude and deliver certain dispatches to a man whom I will call the burgo-master and report to the branch staff headquarters that had been secretly located in another part of town. We were to travel in an automobile and keep a sharp watch as we went, for Dixmude was being contested hotly at that time and German patrols were in the neighborhood. No one knew exactly where they would break out next.

So we started out from the third-line trenches, but very shortly one of our outposts stopped us. Bartel carried the dispatches and drove the car too, so it was up to me to explain things to the sentries. They were convinced after a bit of arguing. Just as we were leaving a message came over the phone from our commander, telling them to hold us when we came. It was lucky they stopped us, for otherwise we would have been out of reach by the time his message came. The commander told me, over the telephone, that if a French flag flew over the town the coast would be clear; if a Belgian, that our forces were either in control or were about to take over the place but that German patrols were near. After this we started again.

When we had passed the last post we kept a sharp lookout for the flag on the pole of the old fish market, for by this time we would get our bearings—and perhaps, if it should be a German flag, a timely warning. But after we were down the road a bit and had got clear we saw a Belgian flag whipping around in a good, strong breeze. But while that showed that our troops or the British were about to take over the place it also indicated that the Germans were somewhere near by, which was not so cheerful.

As we went through the suburbs along the canal which runs on the edge of the town we found that all the houses were battered up. We tried to hall several heads that stuck themselves out of the spaces between buildings and stuck themselves back just as quickly, but we could not get an answer. Finally we got hold of a man who came out from a little café.

He told us that the Germans had been through the town and had shot it up considerably, killing and wounding a few inhabitants, but that shortly afterward a small force of Belgian cavalry had arrived and driven the Boches out. The Germans were expected either to return or begin a bombardment at any moment and all the inhabitants who sported collars were hiding in the tunnel. They were trying to get out of town with their belongings as best they could.

On reaching our objective we made straight for the Hotel de Ville, where we were admitted after a short wait taken to the burgo-master. We questioned him as to news, for he had been instructed to pick up any information he might have as to conditions. But we did not get much, for he could not get about because of the Germans, but had made it policy to terrorize the people of the town.

We had just got into the car and were about to start when the burgo-master himself came running out. He ordered us to leave the car there and said he would direct us where to go. He insisted that we go on foot, but I could not understand when he tried to explain why.

We soon saw the probable reason for the burgo-master's refusal to ride in the car. A crowd of about a mile the road was heavily mined and small red flags on iron staves were stuck between the cobblestones, as warnings not to put in much time around those places. Also, there were notices stuck up all around warning the people to be on their guard, when we got off the road I breathed again!

After a great deal of questioning we finally reached our destination and made our report to the local commandant. We could him all we could and in turn received various information from him. We were then taken over to the hotel. Here we read a few Paris newspapers, that were several weeks old, until about eight, when we had dinner, and a fine dinner it was, too.

After we had eaten all we could, and washed for more room in the hold, we went out into the garden and yanked a while with some gardenias, and then went to bed. We had a big room on the third floor front. We had just turned in, and were all set for a good night's rest, when there was an explosion of a different kind from any I had heard before, and we and the bed rocked about, like a canoe in the wake of a stern-wheeler.

There were seven more explosions, and then they stopped, though we could hear the rattle of a machine gun at some distance away. Bartel said it must be the forts, and after some argument I agreed with him. He said that the Germans must have tried an advance under cover of a bombardment, and that as soon as the forts got into action the Germans breezed. We were not worried much, so we did not get out of bed.

A few minutes later we heard footsteps on the roof, and then a woman in a window across the street, asking a gendarme whether it was safe to go back to bed. Then I got up and took a look into the street. There were a lot of people standing around talking, but it was not interesting enough to keep a tired man up, so into the bay.

It seemed in the middle of the night when Bartel called me, but he said it was time to get out and get to work. We found he had made a poor guess, for when we were half dressed he looked at his watch and it was only a quarter past seven, but we decided to stay up, since we were that far along, and then go down and cruise for a breakfast.

When we got downstairs and found some of the hotel people it took them a long time to get it through our heads that there had been some real excitement during the night. The explosions were those of bombs dropped by a Zeppelin, which had sailed over the city.

The first bomb had fallen less than two hundred yards from where we slept. No wonder the bed rocked! It had struck a narrow three-story house around the corner from the hotel, and had blown it to bits. Ten people had been killed outright, and a number died later. The bomb tore a fine hole and buried pieces of itself several hundred yards. The street itself was filled with rocks, and a number of houses were down, and others wrecked. When we got out into the street and talked with some army men we found that even they were surprised by the force of the explosion.

We learned that the Zepp had sailed not more than five hundred feet above the town. Its motor had been stopped just before the bomb was let go, and it had slid along perfectly silent and with all lights out. The purr that we had thought was machine guns, was the starting of the motor, as the Zepp got out of range of the guns that were being set for the attack.

The last bomb had struck in a large square. It tore a hole in the cobblestone pavement about thirty feet square and five feet deep. Every window on the square was smashed. The front of the houses on either side of the big road table. The next time I sit under a glass skylight in Dixmude, I want a lad with a live eye for Zeppelins on guard outside.

Something about the branch headquarters ruins made us think of breakfast, which we had forgotten, so back to the hotel. Then we started back to the main road all the way back, or we would be shot on sight, and to report to headquarters immediately on our return. I thought if the sight of me was so distasteful to anybody, I would not take the chance of offending, being anxious to be polite in such cases. So we stuck to the main road.

Fritz did not give us any trouble and we were back by five, with all hands out to greet us when we have in sight, and a regular prodigal son welcome on tap, for we were later than they had expected us, and they had made up their minds that some accident had happened.

While I was around Dixmude, I saw many living men and women and children who had been mutilated by the Germans, but most of them were women and children. Almost every one of the mutilated men was too old for military service. The others had been killed, I guess.

The Germans had absolutely no respect whatever for the Red Cross. For instance, they captured a wagon loaded with forty French wounded, and shot every one of them. I saw the dead bodies.

When the Germans came to Dixmude they got all the men and women and children and made them march before them with their hands in the air. Those who did not were knocked down. After a while some of them saw what they were going to get, and being as game sports as I ever heard of, tried to fight. They were finished off at once, of course.

The former burgo-master had been shot and finished off with an ax, though he had not resisted, because he wanted to save the lives of his citizens. They told me of one case, in Dixmude, where a man came out of his house, trying to carry his father, a man of eighty, to the square, where they were ordered to report. The old man could not raise his hands, so they dragged his son away from him, knocked the old man in the head with an ax, and left him there to die. Those who were spared were made to dig the graves for the others.

There was a doctor there in Dixmude, who certainly deserves a military cross if any man ever did. He was called from his house by the Germans at 5:30 one morning. He left his wife, who had had a baby two days before, in the house. He was taken to the square, lined up against a wall with three other big men of the town.

Then he saw his wife and baby being carried to the square on a mattress by the Germans. He begged to be allowed to kiss his wife good-by, and they granted him permission. As he stepped away, there was a rattle and the other men went West. They shot him, too, but though he was riddled with bullets he lived, somehow, and begged the German officer to let him accompany his wife to the prison where they were taking her. This was granted too, but on the way, they heard the sound of firing. The soldiers yelled "Die Franzosen!" and dropped the mattress and ran. But it was only some of their own butchers at work.

Doctor Laurent carried his wife and baby to an old aqueduct that was being rebuilt by the creek. They lived for three days and three nights, on the few herbs and the water that Doctor Laurent sneaked out and got at night. Doctor Laurent says that when the Germans killed and crucified the civilians at Dixmude, they first robbed them of their watches, pocketbooks, rings and other things. Then they took Madame Timmans' watch, who had three thousand francs stolen from her and was misused besides.

These were just a very few of the things that happened at just one place where the Germans got to work with their "kultur." So you can picture the Belgians agreeing on a German peace, while there is a Belgian alive to argue about it. They will remember the Germans a long time, I think. But they need not worry; there are a lot of us who will not forget, either.

Turtle's Instinct.
It has long ago been ascertained that the eggs of the loggerhead turtle are laid in the sand at some distance from the sea. As soon as the young are hatched, however, they move with unerring instinct to the water. It is found that newly hatched loggerhead turtles move away from red, orange and green, but are attracted by blue. Under normal conditions, then, the blue gleam of the sea may be supposed to attract them, while they will turn away from the reds and greens of the land.

Saline Plants.
Saline plants are plants such as saltworts, seaweeds, grasswack, sea purslane and sea purslane, which grow on the seashore, or by the side of salt lakes, or in the beds of lakes which have dried up. They are rich in saline constituents, and when burnt their ashes were formerly used in the production of soda. This used to be employed in the manufacture of soap, glass and other products.

Never Molest Dragon Fly.
The dragon fly is a tireless hunter and eater of mosquitoes. This is his one purpose in life. He and his children from the day they are born until they die are busy with the praise-worthy fight of mosquito extermination. The big dragon fly pursues the adult mosquitoes and the little ones hunt and eat the young mosquitoes. A splendid family arrangement. The body should ever injure a dragon fly.

Learn Road Building From Romans.
Good and properly permanent roads are still something of an unsolved problem. It has been suggested in Scientific American that road engineers might get much useful instruction in road building by studying the roads built by the Romans a thousand years ago, which, except for neglect of the surface, are still giving good service.

IF WE FAIL THE WORLD IS LOST

American Soldiers Can Crush the Hun Only if Equipped with American Dollars.

DUTY OF ALL IS CLEAR

War More Than Armies—To Provide Food, Clothing, Weapons and Hundreds of Other Things is Opportunity of Those Who Do Not Offer Lives—Buy Bonds!

America is the Atlas on which the world is resting. Not only must American soldiers fight and win the war for democracy, but American dollars must equip and maintain American armies and, in addition, they must maintain the armies of the Allies. Never has so colossal a task fallen to the lot of any nation; never before in the history of the world has any nation been in a position to accomplish such a task. America can do all that she is expected to do, but she can only do it if every citizen of this greatest republic does his full share.

The war in Europe is more than the splendid army of young American manhood fighting under our banners in Flanders; it is a matter of food, shelter, clothing, munitions, weapons, roads, engines, cars, ships, hospitals, medicines, of hundreds of other important things that take labor and



Shell out whoever's for me!

money to produce. To provide these things is the opportunity and duty of those who do not offer their lives.

Winning this war is a matter of money. When you buy a Liberty Bond it means money for the United States Treasury. During the coming year, this nation must raise \$24,000,000,000. About \$16,000,000,000 of this must be raised by loans and \$8,000,000,000 by taxation. If we do not raise this money, the United States Treasury will have failed. When the United States Treasury fails, the war is lost. If the war is lost, democracy is lost—the world is lost.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

First Liberty Loan—	Amount subscribed by country	\$4,038,326,850
Amount subscribed by Ninth District	7,915,350	
Number of subscribers in country	4,500,000	
Number of subscribers in Ninth District	Not recorded	
Second Liberty Loan—	Amount subscribed by country	\$4,617,532,300
Amount subscribed by Ninth District	1,812,350	
Number of subscribers in country	9,500,000	
Number of subscribers in Ninth District	600,000	
Third Liberty Loan—	Amount subscribed by country	\$4,170,019,850
Amount subscribed by Ninth District	189,250	
Number of subscribers in country	17,000,000	
Number of subscribers in Ninth District	1,221,504	

WHAT MUST BE DONE

Probable amount asked from country \$6,000,000,000
Probable amount asked from Ninth District 200,000,000
Probable number of subscribers in Ninth District 1,500,000
The people of the states of Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan have developed patriotic co-operation faster than the rest of the country. Will they continue and better their splendid showing during the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign? They will.

VITAL STATISTICS

Your country is financing Democracy's war.

Your district ranks first in doing its full share.

Third Liberty Loan records show you responded promptly and generously to your country's call.

The Fourth Liberty Loan has been announced.

Subscriptions must be made before the date of September 25th and October 3rd.

Interest and terms will be liberal, but they don't matter.

The amount will probably be double that asked for in the Third Loan.

Your allotment will be higher than ever before.

Your Government isn't worrying about you because your patriotism has been proved—your life in the Patriotic Ninth. It is up to you to see that this confidence is not misplaced.

You must not fail to do your full share.

If you individuals fail, your Government will fail.

If your Government fails, the Allies will fail.

If the Allies fail—freedom, justice, brotherly love, the spiritual ideals that make life worth while will fail.

None of these can fail.

You and a million and a half more like you, in the Ninth District, will buy Liberty Bonds on September 25th, 1918.

To loan your full share, you will sacrifice luxuries and comforts. You will work and save and when it all over you will have proved your loyalty and increased both your spiritual and your material possessions.

When you think you are asked to do a good deal, just stop and think of the over there.

SAVE SEED CORN WITH EXTRA CARE

This the Slogan of One Million Bushel Seed Corn Drive in Minnesota.

It Insures Rapid Drying and Leaves the Corn Ready for Testing in Early Spring.

(Published by the Federal Food Administration for Minnesota, Prepared in the Office of Publications, University Farm.)

In the 1,000,000 bushel seed corn drive to be carried on in Minnesota during Seed Corn Time, September 25th to October 3rd, in cooperation with the Agricultural Extension Division of the University of Minnesota and the Federal Food Administration, are putting great emphasis on three things:

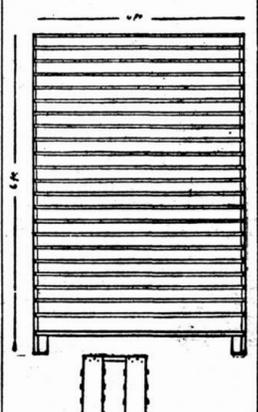
Method of selection.

Curing.

Storing.

In selecting seed corn, corn growers are urged to choose, from standing stalks in the field, medium-sized well shaped ears of a variety that has been grown in the locality for some time; ears nearly as large at the tip as at the butt, with straight rows of uniform well-shaped kernels and not more than 16 or 18 rows of kernels to the ear; ears with kernels that fill all the space on the cob.

In curing farmers are urged to put their seed corn in a warm dry place each day as it is picked, in order to avoid danger of exposure to freezing weather. For curing, it is also urged that the corn be placed upon racks or hangers of some kind so that the air may circulate freely about each ear, and thus enable it to dry thoroughly before freezing weather can injure it.



Seed corn should be stored in the attic, in some unused second story room which is well ventilated, or in a cellar in which there is a heating plant.

Both for curing and storing a simple wooden rack has been devised by Knute Bjorka, county agriculture agent of Isant county. Drawings giving end and side views of this rack follow:

OF WHAT ARE WE THINKING?

By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
Of The Vigilantes

What is in the mind of the American citizen while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played? Of what are we thinking? Are we thinking of the flag and all that it stands for, or are our minds otherwise engaged?

Of course, it is reasonably certain that we are thinking of something, but have our thoughts the slightest connection with the message our flag is carrying to the enemy? We obediently arise with the first somnorous note of the anthem and we remain standing till the end. We have learned, or we are learning, to "face the music" more or less at attention, and we are developing the conviction that it is an offense to chatter while the strains of our war song, perhaps our death song, fill our ears. But are we thinking of "The Star-Spangled Banner"?

Or are we silently urging the musicians to hurry up and be done with it so that we may resume an interrupted occupation? Are we impatiently waiting to take up a broken conversation; a game of bridge; the telling of a story; the reading of a newspaper; the liberal art of criticizing the war department, the navy or the administration; or what is infinitely more incomprehensible, exploiting the hateful efficiency of the foe?

"The Star-Spangled Banner." We sit in public places, and we arise because we are in public places. We suspend for the moment our physical interests and we look about us to see if other people are doing the same? Some of us get up grudgingly and stand as we happen to be sitting, with our backs to the music; some of us go on knitting; others continue to keep our hands in our pockets and our cigars in our mouths; others think that nothing more is required of them than the lowering of the voice to an undertone; others consider a bland expression of resignation to be efficient; and some fall into an attitude of tolerant subservience. There is little or no evidence of exaltation, no sign of an inward thrill, no suggestion of a profound emotion. The beautiful, inspiring concentration of thought that attends the "Marseillaise" is lacking; the full-hearted sensation that glorifies "Rule Britannia" is absent; even the fervor of the Teuton as symbolized in guttural acclaim is sadly wanting. We, the most imaginative, the most alert people in the world, are totally devoid of imagination during the rendition of our war-song.

Why should we not think, or even pray, as the French, the English and the Germans think and pray while their song of hope is being sounded? "The Star-Spangled Banner" is our battle-song. It goes into the thick of the fight with our flag and our boys. It emphasizes our hopes, our aims, our longings; and of what are we thinking—those who stay at home—while its strains are falling upon our ears? Are we, so to speak, playing the game?

Should Offer a Prayer.
Why shouldn't we, one and all, great and small, think alike for as long as five minutes in each day? Let there be but one thought, one prayer, while the hymn is ringing. From one end of this great land to the other let this be the beginning of our prayer: the instant the band strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner!"

"God be with our flag and our soldiers and our arms wherever they may be!"

And let this be the end of our devout, intensified prayer as the last note dies away:

"God give us Victory!"

Not perfunctorily, not as a matter of duty, but with our hearts in it, our nerves quiver, our eyes glowing with the fire of enthusiasm.

One thought, one prayer in a hundred million minds!

Every heart full, every mind intent as we face the enemy! For, after all, this Star-Spangled banner of ours is facing the foe in a far-off land, and there is no other direction in which we may look.

Our men go with the banner to the music of guns; we stand at home and face, not the guns, but a group of fidlers! Our thoughts, our prayers, nevertheless should be the same as theirs. Our silent prayer, however brief, should be for Victory. Let us always utter it, one and all, while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played.

"God give us Victory!"

ON AMERICAN TOLERANCE

By CLINTON SCOLLARD,
of the Vigilantes.

Too long have we been lax and lenient; we have been patient, though we knew that we harbored the venomous viper, Treachery.

Ready to strike with foul and fell intent.

But now the day of tolerance is spent; let us have done with sleek hypocrites, with those who strive to work insidiously!

Be there at last some stern arbitration! Kultur's apostles, who are arrayed with the blasphemous Beast who drew the sword.

And slew the innocent while he prayed.

Shouldst thou, your heads there fall some should reward.

Yours is the blame who innocently have made

Ye lounge about and your race absorbed!

Telltale Count.

I was not drunk," said a woman "aged at Bradford." "I counted 15 buttons on the policeman's tunic." As the constable was wearing in court the identical garment, which bore eight buttons, she was fined—Lloyd's News, London.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

Tell us how to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have tried in vain to remove them, and who have died from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn, or callus, the surrounding tissue or skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little as any of the drug stores, but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hardened callus. If your druggist hasn't any freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.

(First Publication, Sept. 11,—4.)
ORDER FOR HEARING ON CLAIMS OF GUY
State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi.—ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, Sept. 9th, 1918.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of B. P. Anderson, Incompetent Person.

Letters of Guardianship of the personal estate of said Guy, being the late Guy Anderson, deceased, were granted unto J. S. Anderson of said County.

It is Ordered, That all claims and demands of all persons against said ward presented and filed herein, be heard and examined at the Probate Court office in the Court House in the City of Willmar in said County on the 17th day of March, 1919, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

It is Further Ordered, That six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said ward, and that the same be filed with this court on or before the 15th day of September, 1918, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

Ordered Further, That notice of the time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this Order, once in each week for three successive weeks, prior to the day appointed for such examination, in the Willmar Tribune a weekly newspaper printed and published at Willmar, in said County. Dated at Willmar, Minn., the 9th day of September, 1918.

By the Court,
IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

(First Publication, Sept. 11,—4.)
ORDER FOR HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT AND FOR DISTRIBUTION
State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi.—ss. In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ragnar Hillstrom, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota. To all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this Court his final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account, and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereunto entitled.

Therefore, You and Each of You, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have before this Court, why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 10th day of September, 1918.

IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

(First Publication, Sept. 4,—4.)
ORDER FOR HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT AND FOR DISTRIBUTION
State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi.—ss. In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Anna K. Lingren, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota. To all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this Court his final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with his petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account, and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereunto entitled.

Therefore, You and Each of You, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have before this Court, why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 10th day of September, 1918.

IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.