

# INTO VALLEY OF SHADOW OF DEATH AND BACK AGAIN WITH BRESSAC, A FRENCH PRIVATE

## For a While Poilu Didn't Care Whether He Lived or Died But Who Could Die with Villiere and Ruvel and Etienne Hanging Round Just to Keep Heroes from Dying?

This is the thirteenth article on FRANCE TODAY written by George Randolph Chester, originator of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and his wife, Lillian Chester, who went to France to get story expressly for the Daily Tribune and other members of the Newspaper Enterprise Association. These stories will appear in no other Bismarck newspaper.

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.) Paris, March 4.—Bressac lay listlessly in his little white cot in his little white room, oblivious to all the sounds of the big hospital. His eyes were staring at the dim, high ceiling, and his hand lay motionless on the coverlet. The only movement in him was at regular intervals of about 15 minutes when his brows knotted tensely, after which he closed his eyes for a while.

The reason for that momentary slight movement was this: Bressac was in the fog with Janet and Maupeta, and it was a raw, chilly morning. The ground was hard, pitted and scarred with bullet holes. There was a barbed wire scattered all around, and from some place nearby came the rattling purr of the machine gun they had been sent out to find.

Dimly he could distinguish the half dozen other men of the detachment. Coulon in the lead, standing out a little way from the rest; and Coulon, advancing, and peering all about him for stray sharpshooters who might be concealed in heavens knows what mud hole, was bending his elbow regularly and putting something to his mouth. He was eating a piece of bread!

Suddenly there was a veer in the direction of the sound of the machine gun fire, and Coulon fell face downward, and lay perfectly still. A man came running from the group of which Coulon had been a part. It was Lieutenant Lombardin, followed by the rest of his men, and, as he passed Bressac and Jamet and Maupeta, he called out:

"Over there they are!" Just that. No dramatics about Lombardin. They all ran after him, stumbling over strands of half buried barbed wire and scrambling down into little declivities, and up on the other side; and suddenly, through the mist, they came in sight of an old shell crater which had been supplied with very carefully concealed fortifications, and from there three machine guns were pumping lead at the scattered Frenchmen, with all possible vim.

"Here they are!" cried Lieutenant Lombardin triumphantly, and, with his pistol in his hand, led the way straight into that murderous fire.

The man next to Bressac dropped, as they ran side by side. It was Janet. He was Bressac's best friend. The man just ahead of Bressac fell, rose, staggered forward, jumped for the crater, and tumbled over and over down inside it.

That was Lombardin. There were half a dozen of them rushing together right at the edge of the crater, when Bressac suddenly ceased to remember, to know, to feel, to exist.

When he comes to that point his brows always knit; then he closes his eyes in exhaustion for three or four minutes. As soon as his mind has rested itself, it goes back to him in the fog with Jamet and Maupeta, and from then on, always including Coulon eating bread, to the edge of the crater, where he knows nothing more.

All this is automatic. Bressac has no interest in it, or in anything else. A gentle-faced sister came in, moving softly as a thistledown, and bent over him, her wide, stiff black cap sticking out in the dimness like wings.

Bressac allowed his eyes to remain shut. He did not want to explain why he had not eaten his dinner, or how he felt. He did not care how he felt. The sister moved out again, as softly as she had come in, taking his tray with her.

The director came in, a tall, lean old fellow, with a glistening bald head and a fringe of white hair, and the wrinkles of humor around his eyes. He too, gazed down at Bressac contemptuously; but he was a man who had inside eyes as well as outside eyes and he had seen countless Bressacs since his war began.

"Good evening, Bressac." A very gentleness, one calculated not to arouse a sleeper.

No movement.

"The doctor says you are getting on splendidly for so short a time after your operation, Bressac."

"The doctor says you are getting on splendidly for so short a time, after your operation, Bressac."

An irrespressible "titter" of weariness.

The director smiled, and his eyes twinkled, and he noiselessly drew up a chair and sat before the disinterested patient.

"You're going to recover nicely, the doctor says. How do you feel?" The eyelids relaxed. Bressac was going back to the fog; automatically.

"Well, have you out in a couple of weeks, Bressac, my boy!"

Would they? No stirring of vitality in Bressac over that cheerful announcement.

He was at that ebb in the struggle between life and death where it made no difference to him whether he lived or not.

all the world is familiar, under various names; the fundamental ragtime tune.

"I have only played the mandolin one month, since I have been here," explained Villiere with naive pride. "I know another song," whereupon he played it, but no one could guess the name, much less Bressac, who was now asleep.

Music in the corridor, and it was morning! Bressac had heard that music being, but had paid no attention; the quartet from the big convalescent ward across the hall.

Etienne brought them in, and they sat in a row on the empty bed of Joisseau, who was out of bed now, on his crutches, and taking his breakfast downstairs, with a dozen other good fellows; at a table. The quartet sang very low, and Bressac went to sleep.

When he awoke again he was in the cold gray fog, with Jamet and Maupeta, and—no, he wasn't! He heard laughter. He looked around quickly. Joisseau was back, and was playing a game of Jaquet with Hamotaque; and Villiere, from across the room, was uninvited referee. A droll fellow, that Villiere, and Bressac smiled; smiled!

The sister came in, to bring the flowers for that room.

"Oh, Monsieur Bressac!" she said, glowing with pleasure. "You are better!"

"Yes, thank you," returned Bressac. A spirit of gentleness seemed to have fallen on the room.

It seemed full of peace. Oh this was a good place to be, this hospital of France, run on the basis of gentleness and cheerfulness, run on the basis that put the men together raised their spirits, roused them from their lethargy, made them want to live, gave them renewed interest in life and in the things life meant.

You could only pursue that system with men of a brave spirit. If they were morbid-minded fellows, like the Germans, they would help to deny France her more morbid. Suddenly Bressac remembered what some one had told him about the German hospitals, how a wounded soldier was taken up and put through the curative processes like clock work, how the isolation system was practiced as much as possible, how there was a marked difference in the treatment of the soldier who could be used in the ranks again, and the one who would be a burden after his recovery.

Efficiency! The memory of the very word made Bressac's temper come up, his first temper since he had been wounded.

If the Poche were to have his way, if he were to establish his dominion over France, for instance, and German kultur and efficiency were to supplant all this gentleness and cheerfulness and human fellowship, and men here, as in Germany, were to be reduced to mere automatons without hearts and emotions, and valuable only for the strength of their limbs—Bressac, in the nergy of his emotions, tried to rise, but sank back, exhausted.

When he next awoke he was not at all in the cold gray fog. Far from it. He was burning with a question which it was curious had not come to him before.

"Tell me!" They were so startled at the vigor of the tone of this man who had not cared whether he lived or died, that Ruvel, who was eating his luncheon, swallowed a fishbone.

"Is there anyone here of my company?" went on Bressac, and named his regiment and division.

"Why yes," Etienne from the doorway, lighting his after luncheon cigarette. He knew everybody in the hospital. He was going out day after tomorrow. "Over in the big ward and almost well; Jamet."

"JAMET!" Bressac's mouth dropped open, and his eyes rounded.

# THE LAST WORD IN COMMANDEERING!



There's no limit, it seems, to what the armies will commandeering. This poilu appropriated a baby carriage—the only vehicle handy—when the barrel of wine he was taking to his comrades in the trenches became too heavy.

"Jamet! Jamet!" He repeated it incredulously, then suddenly his excitement came back. "Tell him Bressac is here, and ask him, ask him, if you please, IF WE TOOK THAT SHELL, HOLE!" Etienne was away like a shot in that room suspended luncheon and waited breathlessly. They heard

# GERMANS TEAR DOWN FLAG AND DEFILE LINCOLN

Outrage Perpetrated at Mercer County School Is Being Investigated

Zap, N. D., March 4.—There has just been reported to a member of the local exemption board at Stanton, and by him referred to the United States marshal at Fargo, a disgracefully disloyal demonstration staged at the Expansion school on Lincoln's birthday, when it is alleged a program arranged in honor of German parentage, encouraged and aided and abetted, it is alleged, by their elders. It is charged that the boys tore down and trampled under foot the American flag vilely mutilated and then destroyed a picture of Lincoln and in other ways displayed their contempt for every thing American. A careful investigation is being insisted upon.

Tribune Want Ads Bring Results.

**DODGE CARS FOR SALE**  
If you intend to purchase a Dodge car, we have some of all the latest models on hand, and it will be to your benefit to see us regarding price and service.  
MISSOURI VALLEY MOTOR CO.

**SPECIAL—MEN'S MADRAS AND PERCALE SHIRTS**  
SOFT CUFFS, DETACHED COLLARS—\$1.50 VALUES  
**\$1.00**  
ROSEN'S CLOTHING SHOP  
MCKENZIE HOTEL BLDG.  
ONLY ONE STORE

# Boys Wanted

—in every town to sell Tribunes. Boys, look! Here's YOUR chance. Wide awake boys are making as high as \$5 a day selling the Bismarck Tribune.

Write the Circulation Dept. for further information.

SAY ECHO, YOUR HAT MAN WILL SHOW YOU THE SEASON'S BEST HAT—OF COURSE IT'S A Lanpher Hat

**SPECIAL—MEN'S MADRAS AND PERCALE SHIRTS**  
SOFT CUFFS, DETACHED COLLARS—\$1.50 VALUES  
**\$1.00**  
ROSEN'S CLOTHING SHOP  
MCKENZIE HOTEL BLDG.  
ONLY ONE STORE

**Galli-Curci sings a joyous love lyric**

Marriage of Figaro—I Know Not What I'm Doing (Mozart) Amelita Galli-Curci  
Victrola Red Seal Record G4748. Ten-inch, \$1

The passionate love song of the saucy young page Cherubino in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" is an aria that merits the interpretation of a Galli-Curci.

It is a number that is alive with melody; that gives color to every fleeting change of the emotions.

This famous coloratura soprano sings it with a sympathy that vividly portrays the eagerness and joy and tenderness surging within the heart of the love-sick youth. It is a record that will delight every lover of fine music.

Go today to any Victor dealer's and he will gladly play this new Galli-Curci record for you. Victors and Victrolas, \$10 to \$400.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

**Important Notice.** Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

# Victrola

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.