

WAR

Stories

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Every Other Thursday
Nov. 10th Number
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"PEEL THEM SPUDS"
By
Clarence A. Mayberry



EVERY OTHER THURSDAY

WAR STORIES

Vol. 6

Nov. 10th, 1927

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WAR STORIES is now published EVERY OTHER THURSDAY. The Next Number, dated November 24th, will be on sale THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10th. Ask your dealer now to reserve YOUR copy.

Heap Bad Medicine

By

WILL R. BIRD

This business started when Eagle Eye thought up a way to connect with a couple of bottles that belonged to the major. They had to beat it away from that dugout quick. Did you ever hear of that cute little custom of the Indians—burying people in the tops of trees? It was no stunt to pull in the front-line trenches.

THE long hot June afternoon was at an end. "Scotty" MacBeth lay draped over bags of chalk fragments in a corner of a trench near company headquarters. The twenty-fifth Canadians were holding a Front that fringed Avion, and as Scotty opened his eyes at occasional intervals he could watch the lazy blossoming of black shrapnel over the remnants of Petit Vimy. Beside Scotty lounged another member of the twenty-fifth, but this individual's countenance was dyed a deeper red than sunny France had bestowed on the majority of those who wore the Maple Leaf. His cheek bones were unusual, high and prominent, and it needed no advanced scholar of physiognomy to decide that MacBeth's partner had ancestors who trailed through American forests with tomahawk and scalping knife before Quebec was a village.

Over on the Somme Front the German guns commenced their evening "hate," and the Indian sat upright, listening attentively.

"There you go again," said Scotty plaintively.

The red man made no response. Without visible effort he gained his feet and peered through the gathering dusk.

"Here come—one—two brass hat," he commented drily.

"My sad-eyed aunt! Whatever is going to happen? Stand by for dirty weather," Scotty ejaculated. Sighing deeply, he rose, adjusted his respirator and moved around the bay to the timbered dugout entrance.

When the "brass hats" arrived the two privates saluted, but not a word was spoken until the staff had descended from view. Then Scotty's whisper was sibilant with expression.

"Did you pipe them, Eagle Eye?" he asked. "Two lovely long boys with their crown of gold still in place, two bottles of the best Scotch Whiskey obtainable in the United Kingdom—going down there to be sampled by an outfit that don't know cherry brandy from spruce beer. It's a crime—and me suffering from a bad cold."

Eagle Eye remained impassive.

A runner poked his head out of the dugout doorway. "Privates MacBeth and Knockwood are to report to the major at once," he announced, and jerked back from view.

"That's right, fade from my sight you croaker of bad news," Scotty shot after him. Tightening his belt he nodded to the Indian.

"Come on, Eagle Eye. We may as well hear the worst. His Lordship ought to cook up something original for to-night's entertainment."

In the candle-lit apartment below, the major and his visitors sat around a packing case that served as a table, on which was spread a crude, much-abused map. Orderlies, runners, and a sergeant-major stood in the background and a signaller sat at his phone.

The major, known to his company as "His Lordship," bore himself like an English nobleman, was possessed of red hair and a fiery temper. He pointed at Scotty and his mate.

"These are my two best scouts, Captain Poole," he said briskly, "and are just the men for such a mission. Listen, MacBeth, you will take the lead. As soon as it is dark enough, you and Knockwood are to go to the lane in our wire at number three post, and from there crawl out in a direction that will take you close to those brick ruins,"—he indicated a smudge on the map,— "and from there proceed on your own initiative—with the hiding place of the sniper who has been so aggressive lately as your objective. That Boche must be located. Brigade has demanded it. We have lost five men in this sector within a few days. Have something to eat if you like, you may be out all night, and don't come back until you have something to report. Any questions?"

There was a moment's silence, and Scotty seemed to be thinking hard. "No-o," he said at last, "I guess not. I was just thinking about my health, though. I've a bad cold, sir. One of these a man can't shake when there's nothing to be had. Now a shot of—say, good whiskey, would probably fix me up."

As if worked by a single lever, every head turned and every occupant of the dugout eyed silently two long bottles, placed at the head of the improvised table. The major broke the silence, and he broke it harshly.

"This is no time for trivivialities," he rasped, "and your acquaintance with liquor has filled your crime sheet. Dismiss."

UP in clearer air and out of earshot Scotty relieved himself.

"Here go two soldiers of the king on

a mission that may mean death," he orated mournfully, "and the farewell we get is a reminder of the mishaps in our lives. Eagle Eye, I'll have double pneumonia if I get cold to-night."

Eagle Eye grunted without evincing much sympathy.

"And furthermore," continued Scotty, "as we shall probably be killed, why not risk our lives in our own trenches? Let's get one of those bottles."

"How?" The response was laconic, but Eagle Eye had halted, indicating interest.

"Well." Scotty leaned against the bags, took off his steel hat and rubbed his head. "Let me see. Personally I prefer strategy, but if we have to resort to force—Let's see—h-mm." Then he dropped his affected speech-making. "Use your bean, Eagle Eye," he urged. "You've thought up some pretty cute stuff before. Will we hold that gang up or cave in the dugout?"

Isaac Knockwood's "eagle eyes" began to glitter.

"Lis'sen me," he said quietly. "You—me should have one smok' bomb for surpris' wi't Heinie—what? You ask major."

Scotty turned about with alacrity.

"I don't get your drift," he said cheerily, "but carry on."

The gilded staff had not reached the bottle line when the scouts reëntered. "What now," barked His Lordship. "Isn't it dark enough yet?"

"It is, sir," Scotty was very deferential, "but there'll be a moon later on. I wish you would give us a smoke bomb in case we get cut off."

"A smoke bomb!" Never heard of scouts using one. But we've got a few here. Give them a couple, sergeant-major."

They were produced. Scotty accepted his rather gingerly, knowing how easily they were ignited by careless use. Eagle Eye apparently had no such fear. He stepped forward eagerly to get his and due to the crowded space tripped over some equipment, falling heavily beyond the table. The next instant the dugout was a miniature Hades. Smoke fumes blinded, choked, and sickened in that

confined space. A general stampede for the exit resulted, and the first out were the two scouts. They increased their speed as they emerged and before the bellows of His Lordship had subsided they were in No-Man's-Land.

Once out there in the thickening gloom Scotty turned and gripped the right hand of the Indian. "Eagle Eye," he wheezed, "you're worth your weight in gold. Those brass hats were shell-shocked."

About fifty yards from the Canadian wire were the ruins of a French home. A yard of brick wall still leaned over the rim of a cellar partially filled with debris. On a previous patrol Scotty and his pal had explored the cavity and discovered a passage leading back into the chalky soil. As there was little timbering to support the tunnel roof they had refrained from entering. Scotty now realized that it would make a safe cache for their smuggled goods.

"We'll put the tall boys in the tunnel," he explained as they slid into the cellar," and do a turn toward the brick piles the major mentioned. Then we'll slide into the trench for a few words with the sergeant, so's he can swear we were sober at midnight. That'll give us an alibi in case His Lordship investigates—see."

The Indian grunted assent, but he was not enthusiastic over arrangements.

"Listen, Eagle Eye, we'd be fools to go monkeyin' with that whiskey now." Scotty had read signals before. "It'd be just like the major to come out here lookin' for us himself. We'll fool them."

Without meeting protest he relieved Eagle Eye of the two "long-necks," fondled them lovingly, and then set them inside the tunnel.

THE night was very dark and still and warm, seemingly donated for mystic maneuvers, and as they left the cellar and commenced their tour Scotty felt in his bones that other gentlemen with roving commissions were abroad. A spasmodic shooting to the left drowned nearer sounds for a time and when the guns quieted he found himself deserted. Eagle Eye had van-

ished in the gloom and Scotty solved the reason without incurring brain fatigue. As he turned to hasten to the rescue of the whiskey someone stumbled, very close at hand. Scotty waited, tensed, scarcely breathing. Again he heard the mysterious prowler, and then commenced a cautious retreat, uncertain as to the direction or number of the enemy. There was a roomy crater nor far from the cellar and could he gain it he could escape a sudden burst of machine-gun fire.

Step by step he backed, feeling his way, his automatic held ready, and had almost reached the crater when there was a dull report in the German trenches and a flare soared aloft, burst and spread a misty brilliance that revealed strange moving shadows in the weird desolation between the wires. The light died quickly, but not before Scotty's quick survey had shown him a very stout German, accoutred for war, a few paces distant. And the Hun was looking directly at him. Scotty plunged feet first into the big crater which yawned beside him. Simultaneously another figure landed in the huge shell hole. It was the German.

The crater's sides were fairly steep and the soil so loosened that despite Scotty's struggles, during which he lost his gun, he slid to the pocket-like bottom, arriving in time to connect solidly with a bulky object traveling in the same direction. The contact was heavy and each wiggled frantically, but in an eye-wink they were transfixed waist-deep in the depths of the crater, its bottom having yielded curiously. They were back to back and practically helpless.

In the inky blackness sounds of firing seemed to come from a great distance and every rattle of loose chalk was terrifying. Much dislodgment of soil would bury them completely.

Scotty raised his voice in a loud shout: "Eagle Eye! Hoo-oo—help! Hell-lp!"

But at that moment Eagle Eye was elsewhere out of hearing. The call seemed smothered in the murk, and the next second his fellow sufferer raised a

very unmelodious voice. The words were blurred beyond Scotty, but their import was unmistakable. The stout German tried to call again, but, wedged as they were, Scotty sensed the preparatory intake of breath and timed a backward surge. The result was a dismal, coughing bellow—and the Heinie surged in turn. Being by far the stouter of the two he had the advantage, and Scotty was rendered exceedingly uncomfortable. Maddened by this type of hostility he redoubled his efforts and brought forth a pig-sized grunt from his opponent. The back-wash, however, was disconcerting, and a hair-raising happening resulted. They settled deeper—to their armpits!

Scotty had heard vivid details of men found buried alive in blasted trenches and blown-in dugouts, and his body was bathed in sweat. The German made another heave with his avoirdupois and the resultant lowering forced their arms upward.

"Keep still, you blasted fool," yelled Scotty, "or I'll crown you!"

The German seemed to grasp the situation and his voice was raised in a whining moan. This symptom of fear comforted Scotty. The Heinie would now stay still. And then something occurred that drove him on the verge of insanity.

He was sinking, unaccountably being sucked into the earth by some invisible force. Two great feelers from somewhere in the bowels of the underworld had entwined his legs and were pulling him. It was too awful to comprehend. Agonized by his helplessness, he suffered torture indescribable as with a steady downward pull he was dragged from the reach of men. A despairing scream from the German, that was choked by loose chalk, increased the horror of the situation. Scotty's last impression was that some giant octopus of the lower regions had reached surfaceward for human prey. Then came roaring sounds—flashes of light—dust in his nostrils—thumpings—a violent shock. He was conscious of a "feeler" gripping his shoulder and he was roughly shaken. He opened his eyes. Light

flickered near, and over him bent—Eagle Eye Isaac Knockwood!

SCOTTY rose to his elbows and stared. He was lying in a tunnel, and at his feet lay the stout German, bleeding at the nose and blinking rapidly. Fumes of disturbed chalk mingled with the stale odors of the underground and the scout realized what had happened. The crater had been directly above the tunnel that ran from the cellar. They had broken through and Eagle Eye had heard the falling earth, had investigated, found their legs protruding and had tugged downward. The Indian's eyes gleamed with amusement, but he did not speak. Scotty saw that he had been indulging freely, and the liquor had stirred him mightily.

Scotty's first anxiety was in regard to the amount of whiskey remaining, his next worry was acute and immediate. Eagle Eye had straightened, his tall form accentuated in the candle glow, and from a sheath inside his tunic drew a long-bladed knife, his pet weapon. All the while his look was fixed on the fat German. There was murder in the air.

"Say, Eagle Eye, you are a blighter leaving me that way. I sort of expected you'd gone back to guard the bottles. What are you going to do?" Scotty scrambled to his feet, though every sinew complained.

"Eagle Eye—him Micmac chief—one beeg warrior—one time own all Nova Scotia," intoned the red man. "Him fat'ers took many scalp for fast' to wigwam pole. Eagle Eye take one—two—ten hondred scalp' dis war. Him firs'."

He pointed a wavering finger at the German and that member of the kaiser's forces fairly shriveled. The Hun's eyes were fixed on the knife. Small gusts of night air came down the opening in the tunnel roof, threatening the candle that Eagle Eye had set on a ledge, and Scotty knew he must work fast.

"You stop right where you are," he ordered sharply. "I'm in charge here and that's my prisoner. Didn't I capture him? Shame on you Eagle Eye. You've been at our whiskey."

Eagle Eye pondered a moment and then replaced his knife with difficulty. "Captain Scotty—him boss. Me get um bottle," he stated calmly and made a laborious exit.

Scotty's mind whirled. He must hide the German until they were ready to report, must get Eagle Eye so drunk he would sleep the same length of time, and he must save his share of the Scotch dew. Scotty MacBeth had graduated from an English university partially equipped for the battles of life, and had emigrated to Canada; in six months he had been graduated from the school of experience with a zero average—to a recruiting office. Eagle Eye was then busy proving he was the best shot in the battalion and that he could get drunk the easiest and quickest of any man in uniform. Such feats interested Scotty immensely, and the odd pair became inseparable. Scotty became an expert with the rifle, but Eagle Eye remained an amateur with hard liquor.

The pair now provided as strange a tableau as any enacted in that land of eerie happenings. Scotty knew of only one way to preserve the Hun intact while Eagle Eye was in his vicinity. The Indian held an awe of the "good book." So the scout produced a Testament a well-meaning Y. M. C. A. had presented him and made Eagle Eye first kiss it and then repeat after him a pledge that he would not harm the German. After this performance Scotty begged the thongs that held Eagle Eye's secret knife sheath in place and with them bound the Heinie.

Eagle Eye had consumed about two-thirds of one bottle. After helping himself to a generous pull Scotty asked the Indian to finish that "soldier." No urging was necessary, but the mellow liquid had so warmed the cockles of Scotty's heart that he could not refrain from tapping the remaining "tall boy." He held the bottle high.

"This beverage is simply ambrosial, Eagle Eye," he declared.

Eagle Eye did not dispute the statement.

Two more drinks and all fears of

His Lordship's wrath had flown. The Indian was still on his feet and eying the last bottle in an envious manner. Scotty retreated to the cellar. Eagle Eye followed—too hurriedly. The representative of the Micmac nation missed his step and fell heavily among the debris, and at the crash the overhanging yard of wall collapsed inward. Eagle Eye miraculously escaped injury, but a brick struck Scotty on the temple. His activities ceased abruptly.

SCOTTY knew it was day. He was warm, uncomfortably so, but other items claimed his attention. He knew not where he lay nor what it was all about. Dimly he remembered being in the crater—something at his legs—Eagle Eye's knife in the candlelight—reciting over a Testament. He pieced these pictures—and recalled the half-empty bottle. Where was it now? His head ached horribly and something smelled vilely. He was lying flat on his back, but his limbs were cramped awkwardly and were so stiffened that he could scarcely move.

He opened his eyes—and could not see—some covering rested on his face and it smelled strangely—then he recognized the odor and forced his muscles into action.

That cloth was of German vintage. He groaned with the effort, but pushed it from his face. The sun smote him fiercely and his hands rested on wood.

For a time he shut his eyes to ease the throbbing in his head, and then the absence of voices or sounds of human occupancy of the trench or dressing station wherein he lay, aroused him.

Summoning his strength he turned his head and stared for thirty seconds—closed his eyes and shuddered like a man in convulsions. Not two feet from his own was the pallid face of a Hun, coarse-lipped and unshaven. Yet it was not the nearness of one of the enemy that was so startling, but evidence of gross butchery belonging to the Dark Ages. The German's head had been almost severed, it lolled at a nauseating angle, and his scalp had been slashed

hideously. Cruel pain had permeated every fibre, but now a cold perspiration broke from Scotty, a dreadful sickness engulfed him. He had felt so sore and paralyzed that action seemed impossible, but now he must get away from this awful thing without delay.

For an instant he was tempted to call for help, but some premonition of danger forbade it. Groaning with the cost of his exertion he raised himself on an elbow and peered beyond the dead Hun—shut his eyes—opened them—sank back with every nerve quivering, rose again and repeated the performance. It was unbelievable, but he must credit his sight and senses. He and the dead German were on something in mid-air, and he was gazing directly into a Hun trench! How he had gotten up here, wherever he was, he could not understand.

The familiar "coal-scuttle" helmet of a sentry who gazed in a periscope could not be mistaken. Another Heinie was seated farther along, munching food. No others were in sight. Evidently he was not a prisoner. He would have to make immediate tracks away from this vicinity. Realization of his plight helped Scotty to conquer his sufferings. Beyond all else he abhorred dead men. He felt that he had been grievously misused sometime during the night, but no bones were broken and outside of a bad cut on his head there seemed nothing serious.

He turned and inspected the other side of the platform and was equally startled. The floor on which he lay had been ingeniously constructed. It was mainly supported by a tree trunk that stood close to shattered brick ruins. In one corner the wall remained as high as the first story. The British, from their side, could see it contained no hiding place for snipers, but the contours of the trench were such that they had never suspected the tree that stood so conveniently just behind. The sniper had lain on the platform and could fire at leisure through different slits made in the brick wall, and covered with bagging. No wonder his toll was high with such a vantage point.

Scotty knew that it was certain death to show himself and yet every moment seemed a year. His torment increased when a swarm of flies began buzzing about the corpse, and he got as far to his side of the platform as he dared. His movements were unfortunate, for with a ghastly inward gurgling the dead Hun rolled toward him as the floor sagged. Some sticky part of the frightfulness grazed Scotty's cheek.

With a wild yell he swung himself into space and dropped fifteen feet to terra firma. Luckily he alighted on a pile of loose earth and was not damaged, but he barely avoided the body as it fell from the platform as if in pursuit. Giving vent to another yell, Scotty ducked around the corner of the ruins and shifted into high gear as he hit for the trench of the Canadians.

The German sentries had been so taken by surprise that they did not shoot until the scout was well across No-Man's-Land and then their aim was poor. But a machine gunner to the left was more active. He swept a stream of bullets in the direction of the fleeing man and forced him to fall into a loathesome shell hole. And there Scotty lay, partially immersed in a greenish slime, until the fusilade died away. Then he raced forward again and managed to gain the big crater before the gunner recovered the range. His descent was speedy as he dropped into the tunnel and a fear-driven groan was his greeting. The candle was gone, but by light of a match he saw that the stout prisoner was as he had left him.

In the cellar, sprawled in the sunshine, lay Eagle Eye. Placed together in a corner of the brick remnants were the two "tall boys," both empty. Scotty ground his teeth in rage.

THE Indian was hard to wake and when he first glimpsed Scotty regarded him as a ghost. After much persuasion, with repeated shakings to keep him awake, Eagle Eye grunted enough information to explain the proceedings of the night. Scotty's injury had sobered the red man considerably, as he thought his comrade dead.

Thereupon, according to the age-old custom of the Micmacs, he had sought vengeance, but remembered his oath not to harm their prisoner. Nothing remained but to visit the Heinie trenches. Gripping his trusty knife he had crawled away into the dark until he blundered into the brick ruins. While lying there, endeavoring to get direction, he heard someone pass him and ascend a ladder. This stirred Eagle Eye to investigate and after a long wait he climbed the structure and found his victim asleep.

The German had never awakened. While making an ineffectual attempt to remove his scalp Eagle Eye had recalled another ritual in connection with their honored dead. They were placed in a tree for a season and then interred in the earth. Was not Scotty an honored person? How simple to give him proper burial! After tremendous labor the Indian had got his burden out to the tree, and, after two or three failures, up on the platform. Content in a duty well done he had then come back to finish the whiskey.

Scotty could not go in alone as he knew the company would take any chance to recover their red-skinned sharpshooter. His only feasible plan was to get one of the stretcher bearers to come out with him and help carry Eagle Eye in as a casualty. The Micmac was blood-spattered and inert. Only his exhalations would destroy the illusion. Then a brighter idea leaped to the fore. Far more realistic would it seem were he to make the prisoner assist in taking Eagle Eye to the trench. With the German before his eyes the major might forget his wrath and never examine the Indian's "wounds."

Without hesitation Scotty went back into the tunnel and undid the ankle fastenings of the Heinie. The fat prisoner was very stiff, but managed to get to his feet and precede Scotty to the cellar, where he blinked like an owl in the sunlight. At that second another flare soared from the twenty-fifth Front, a red one, followed by two gold ones. Scotty gasped. The battalion was sending out a rescue party. He must work fast to get bandages on Eagle Eye. He

forced the Hun to a seat and retied the stout ankles; then tore the field dressing from Eagle Eye's tunic and commenced winding white coils on the red man's forehead. A sleeve was slit and another generous bandage enwrapped a red forearm. There came a low call from the left. Scotty hastily finished his task and ventured a glance.

Ten members of the battalion, headed by the major, were taking desperate chances in broken ground just beyond the crater. The sniper being out of business they had made their advance without hindrance, but even as Scotty looked there came a sudden whistling rush, a crash, and a fountain of debris and black fumes billowed from a spot close to the party. An anxious minute and again that whistling rush. After the second explosion the Canadians scattered, going in different directions, mostly trenchward. The major made an inspiring dive toward the big crater and disappeared. Scotty forced himself into the tunnel, quaking inwardly.

It took him some time to revive the red-thatched officer, who had made a forcible landing, and then his brain raced to answer His Lordship's questions. The first one was dramatic and came as soon as the major recovered speech.

"Where's my whiskey — you — you thieves?" he roared.

Scotty was thankful for the darkness of the tunnel that hid his expression.

"I—I don't know, sir," he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise. "Did you lose it?"

His Lordship gulped air, made frantic motions with his arms and then calmed to dangerous iciness. "Make your report," he snapped.

Scotty complied hastily, giving vivid details of their investigations about the ruins and the repulse of a hostile patrol which ended in their capturing a prisoner. He added a modest description of thrilling encounters with bombs and grenades as they haunted the Hun trenches until they located the sniper's post, and wound up with Eagle Eye in mortal combat with the sniper, in which the Indian was twice wounded. Scotty's graphic story warded off the whiskey question for as long as he

talked, but at his first pause the major thrust his red mustache very close to the scout's features.

"And now you tell me what happened to my whiskey," he announced grimly. "No more lies—I know you took it, you and that thieving Micmac, and the only way you'll escape a courtmartial is to produce those two bottles—untouched!

AT that moment there was a confused shouting in the distance mingled with scattered rifle fire. Scotty sped to the cellar, followed by the major. Both halted—dumbfounded. On the rim of the cellar, in plain view of the Hun trenches, stood Eagle Eye, weaving back and forth like a weed in a gale. His uniform was tattered and filthy, a huge bandage was round his head like a turban, another swathed a forearm, and he was clotted, streaked, and blotched with blood as if he had rolled in a slaughter house. In one hand he waved a peculiar knife, in the other was his automatic, and, wild and shrill above the clatter of the guns, came the war whoop of his tribe. Scotty scrambled out of the cellar, intent on saving his chum, and saw the reason he had not stopped a bullet. Directly in line of the enemy fire raced a very stout figure in field gray—their late prisoner.

He had attained a wonderful speed for one so corpulent, but Scotty was sure that the roar of the major lent extra incentive. One whiff of the Indian's breath would send the major into fits. Then Scotty froze in his tracks, lost power to move. Facing him, in a niche in the remaining brickwork, were the two "tall ones," very conspicuous in their drab surroundings.

The major still watched the fleeing German and at that very eye-flicker came another whistling rush, a terrific roar of explosion and chalky debris showered everywhere. Scotty was thrown down and saw the major slapped to earth. As the smoke cleared he saw that the shell had landed very close, just back of the cellar wall. Eagle Eye had gone down like a ninepin and Scotty hurried to his side as he saw the major come to life.

Eagle Eye was unconscious. He had a nasty flesh wound in the bandaged arm and a brick fragment had bounced off his scalp lock. Scotty yelled for a stretcher bearer.

"Everyone back to the trench!" bellowed the major.

Bullets were whining about. The fat Heinie had rejoined his kin and hostilities began in earnest. Scotty paused to look hopefully, fearfully, to where the bottles had been. There was not a trace of the "long necks."

As the last of the party dropped into the trench the major sought Scotty. "Private MacBeth," he said huskily. "I'm hasty at times. I know you couldn't have stolen the whiskey or you'd both be drunk. Get Knockwood to the aid post. Poor fellow—he was wild over that German's escape." He paused and mopped his brow. "That last one, MacBeth, was very close. You had a very narrow escape."

Scotty saluted. "I agree with you, sir," he said solemnly. "I had a very narrow escape."

They got Eagle Eye to the R. A. P. without mishap and the orderly who applied iodine was moved to bitterness. "It beats me how you guys get all the luck," he remarked as he sniffed deeply. "And," he continued, "havin' officers that 'll give a chap a decent hooker. Why this Injun is slobbered in it."

Scotty made no reply. He had lingered to see if the Micmac's wounds were serious or not, and now he examined his own person. He rolled back his shirt displaying some very painful bruises. The orderly gasped.

"Whatever," he queried, "happened to you? Did you get hit or did you have somethin'?"

"Both," came the enigmatic reply, "and a touch of delirious tree-men."

Eagle Eye roused and looked about him. He was still too drunk to take in the situation, but he recognized Scotty.

"Micmac no—break word," he grunted. "Kiss um—good book. Let—Heinie go—no hurt him—waugh. Liquor him—how you say—'brosial."