

“ But there is one story, sir, that is almost the finest I have ever heard. Maybe you have heard it yourself—but it does not matter, for 'tis a story that bears the telling twice. There were wounded of both sides—us and them—between the trenches, and gradually they had all been brought in. Mistakes had occurred, 'tis true. Each side had plugged the others as they got out to pull them in, but people are jumpy up there, and guns go off quickly—and anyway both sides were equally to blame. They had them all in—all, that is, save one, and he was a German; wounded badly he was, and about half way between the two trenches. One of their lads getting out to bring him in was shot as dead as a door-nail by a lad who was a bit jumpy, and then another one did the same thing. 'Twas bad, but those things will happen. Then suddenly one of our own officers—furious he was with our lads for shooting—he jumps up on the parapet and goes out. The Germans promptly plugged him—but they did not kill him—and he went on steadily straight to the wounded German. Both sides was watching, for they could not understand what was occurring. He reached the Boche and