

a traverse, a grunting, snarling set-to in the dark, and all would be over one way or the other.

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Then one morning Jim's company got driven out of a forward piece of the trench they were holding. Worn out and tired, their faces grey with exhaustion, their clothes grey with chalk, heavy-eyed, unshaven, driven out by sheer weight of numbers and bombs, they fell back—those that remained—down a communication trench. But they were different men from the men who went into the place three days before; the primitive passions of man were rampant—they asked no mercy, they gave none. Back, after a short breather, they went, and when they won through by sheer bloody fighting, they found a thing which sent them tearing mad with rage. The wounded they had left behind had been bombed to death. The junior subaltern was pulled out of a corner by a traverse—mangled horribly—and he told Jim.

"They packed us in here and between the next two or three traverses and lobbed bombs over," he whispered. And Jim swore horribly. "They're coming back," muttered the dying boy. "Listen."

The next instant the Germans were at it again, and the fighting became like the fighting of wild