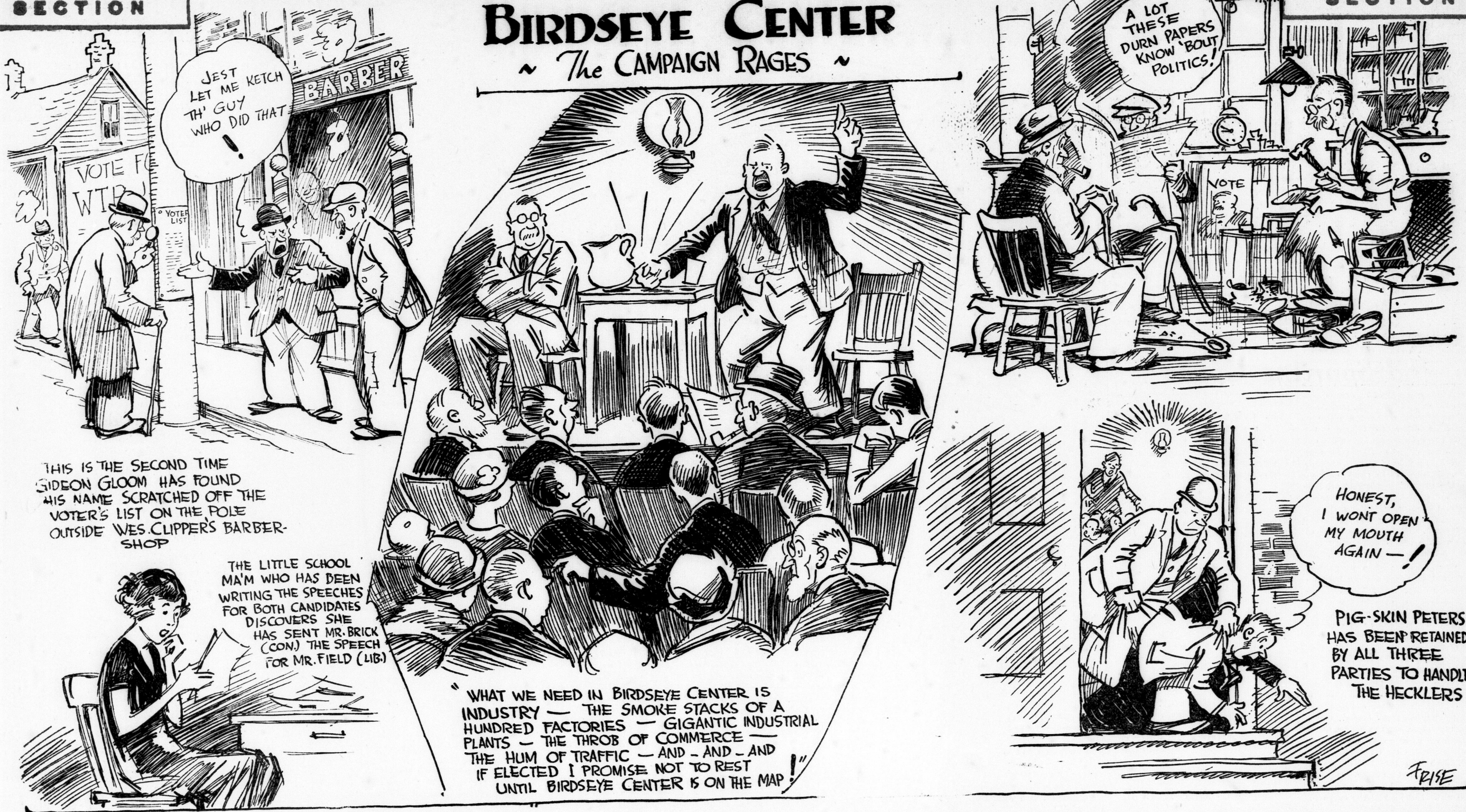


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~ The Campaign Rages ~

## Business is Business by Gregory Clark



"WHAT we need," said Marrigat, "is a stick of dynamite about twenty feet long."

"Or," said Sir John Hawkins, "a derrick and one of these 'ere' looks."

"A keg of stumping powder," added Beaubien. "Well, why not make a stick of dynamite twenty feet long?" asked Brown. "Take a piece of one-inch pipe, iron pipe, and fill her full of ammonal and a fuse to her—bingo."

Marrigat got up and said:

"Come on. That's done already."

These four, Marrigat's gang, had been notified to stand by for a raid, an identification raid. The major had discovered Marrigat's gang in the midst of his company at Vimy, where these four inseparables, who marched abreast, bunched together, ate together, played together and shared all, had performed at least half a dozen miracles; outflanked a pair of machine guns, cut the main cable of the enemy telephone system, catapulted red ground flares an enormous distance so that the enemy guns, thinking this to be the new British line, shelled short and destroyed their own last line of defense; and that four, volunteering as crew to a Stokes gun sergeant, induced him to fire air-bursts at a low-flying aeroplane that was trying to solve the riddle of the ground flares. It was those air bursts, fuses cut down to three seconds, that took the major over to the gun and to the discovery of Marrigat's gang in the innocent midst of his own command.

"Who the blazes?" demanded the major, kneeling on the rim of the large shell hole where the Stokes was uplifting its stove-pipe snout.

"Whuff!" coughed the Stokes, as Marrigat himself leaned smartly away from the gun. A whiskey-bottle shell leaped soaring into the sky; the German machine, hastening now, roared over, and the short-fused shell, dangerously short, burst with a grey smash to one side of the banking Hun.

Marrigat, watching, turned a happy face to the major.

"What's the idea?" said the major, in his party manner. "Are you aware that you are likely to get your bloody head blown off? Get back to your platoon. Are you the sergeant of this gun?"

"Yessir. I lost my crew. These men came and offered to run it, if I would show them."

Marrigat said:

"The Hun has went home."

All looked, and the machine was speeding away into the east.

"Well," said the major, "Marrigat, you stay here with these three and serve the gun until the sergeant gets his own relief for you. But don't tinker with fuses, you hear? Stokes guns are not Archies."

The major was slightly elated as he scuttled



Around the bend came a German bayonet, thick broad and gleaming.

back to the trench where his company lay. "I've got to use those boys."

That was how Marrigat's gang was discovered. Vimy won Marrigat and Sir John Hawkins the military medal. A raid five weeks later placed the same decoration on the tunics of Beaubien and Brown.

They were excused duty, in and out of the line. They were designated as raiders. The time they had on their hands was left to them to think up new ways of distressing the enemy.

"A little raid," said the major, "an identification raid. Brigade wants only one identification, still in good condition if possible, still able to speak. Now, let me know to-night what you would like to do. Take a look at the lay of the land. Have a talk with the scouts."

With the scout sergeant they made a tour of No Man's Land at dark and found a place where the wire was only twenty feet across, good and thick, matted. And beyond the wire they heard a German with a bad cold.

Beaubien, when they got in, said:

"Now, if he has got a bad cold, likely the whole platoon has got a bad cold, eh?"

"In effect, yes," said Sir John.

"That's where we go in, then," said Beaubien. Here Marrigat said:

"What we need is a stick of dynamite, twenty feet long."

So, with Brownie's suggestion of a pipe full of ammonal, the Mills bomb explosive and a very pretty one, the four went back to a ruined village to find a piece of pipe.

They had not long to look. In the best house in the village they found a length of inch pipe about thirty feet long, and they carried it back to the support trench where bomb stores were.

With an enormous pull-through and emery paper they wiped the rusty pipe clean, poured it full of explosive, bored a small hole in a lead plug, for the fuse, and plugged her tight.

With this strange weapon they crawled out, at nine o'clock, dark, sliding it with them as they crawled. It took them an hour and a half to insert the awkward length of pipe under the matted, tangled barb wire. It met obstruction time after time, but at last they thrust it home—all the way.

Uncoupling the fuse, they withdrew forty feet, and sent Brown back to tell the major to get ready for a bang.

Brown came back and whispered "O.K."

Sir John Hawkins, the derrick worker, accustomed to mines and quarries, fired the fuse with the major's cigarette butt that Brown had brought out from the trench, reversed, in his mouth.

The instantaneous fuse hissed, and forty feet away a huge flame and roar leaped up. Marrigat and his gang lay with eyes tight shut, face to the ground. While the debris was still falling the four scrambled up, charged the spot of the explosion and found, as they had expected, a large lane torn in the belt of tangled barb wire.

Marrigat in front, pistol in hand, slid into the splendidly planked German trench. Brown behind him had a large iron nut slid on to the

handle of his trenching tool. This made a little club called a whiffer. Sir John and Beaubien followed, carrying fusesbags full of Mills bombs.

Their ears, dulled by the explosion, could still make out the clatter of near-by machine guns in the night. Their job was immediately lighted by a cloud of German flares shot aloft, from right and left. In the vivid boarded trench, scattered full of dirt and torn wire, they stood, waiting for an identification to show himself.

"Not more than twenty steps either way," shouted Marrigat. "Beaubien, this way." And he went left, making a grotesque shadow in the vivid trench. Brown with his whiffer, and Sir John on his heels, with bombing arm laid back, ready to throw beyond, went right.

"One, two, three, four," counted Brownie, and paused at a bend. Around the bend came a German bayonet, thick and broad and gleaming in the light of the constant flares. Slowly it came. Brownie and Sir John pressed themselves against the side of the trench. The bayonet, with infinite caution, came around, followed by the muzzle of a rifle. Brownie's whiffer in his left hand, suddenly seized the muzzle and gave a great heave. The rifle exploded down the trench and a large German, with a vast shout, fell on his face at their feet. At the same instant Sir John lobbed a bomb lightly over the bend, where it fell, amid a furious thudding of feet, and exploded. Brown with his foot tipped the German's deep helmet forward and off, and cracked him neatly and lightly with the whiffer on the back of his head.

Lengthening each time, Sir John had rapidly thrown three more bombs, when, with a rush, Marrigat and Beaubien came from behind. Brown and these two took the German by the

armpits and dragged him back to where the lane in the wire was. Sir John, his long arm flailing, began to lob his bombs in both directions.

Then Marrigat removed from his side pockets two bombs that looked like black tins of salmon. With a match he lit them and threw one to the left and one to the right. Dense clouds of white smoke rose up and spread before them. The lane screened against the green calcium glare of the flares, the party, a leg and an arm apiece, hauled their identification up out of the trench, and through the lane.

The white smoke billowed and eddied around them, choking them. But they reached a deep hole and lay in it.

For fifteen minutes the flares leaped and lobbed, the machine guns raved, back and forward. From the Canadian trench, not a sound. The German field guns that had opened up died away. In a moment of darkness, Marrigat's gang and the identification scrambled up and on. Flare! Down they dropped at the tell-tale pop. In three minutes the major and ten men found them, took their burden from them and scuttled into the trench.

"Very neat," said the major. "Is he all right?" "I just tapped him," said Brown. "Just a little tap." He bent down and felt the German's head. "Yep! It's swelling. He's all right."

They poured cold water on the German's head and wrists, patted his wrists as if he had fainted, pillowed his head on Marrigat's lap.

He stirred, raised a hand to his brow.

They heaved him to his feet and led and pushed him, in dumb bewilderment, down towards the major's dugout. In the candle-lit chamber, they sat him down on a bench, and the four stood smiling at him, while the major took the phone and told headquarters they had got a feldwebel for an identification. "Two seven seventh Bavarians," said he.

Rum was handed around. The German got his first. The four, in turn, held their granite cup of rum up to him.

"Good luck," said Marrigat.

"The war's over," toasted tall Sir John.

"Hoch der Kaiser," said Beaubien.

"Gesundheit!" greeted Brown, who had cracked him.

The four saluted the major; he, helmetless, smiled upon them. Up into the chill night they went, back the trenches to the dugout and the soiled cribbage board.

## One of Those Foreign Pups

THE tourist was a sporting man. When he alighted from his train at a small country station, he enquired of the solitary porter as to a suitable hotel. Getting a satisfactory reply, he said:

"And now, will you take charge of my gun, my bag, and my dog, etcetera?"

The porter hesitated, and scratched his head in a puzzled manner. Then, as the tourist was hurrying off the platform, he rushed forward and touched him on the arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but does Etcetra bite?"

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.—Hans Christian Andersen.

The right of peaceful association is as sacred as thought itself.—Joseph Mazzini.

A man's eagerness to bet is never any indication of how well he can afford to bet.—Sheilburne Economist.

Frequently it happens that home is a place where some woman works for her board and clothes.—Ex.

There is a strange rumor current that a captain of industry has been discovered who hasn't written to the papers saying that the country is going to the dogs.—Punch.

After a man gets into a good fat office he begins to advise his friends not to have anything to do with politics.—Chicago Daily News.

A newspaper reports that a girl has promised to marry the first of three men who finds her a house. A case of love at first sight.—London Sunday Pictorial.

There would be no railways in England today if the nation had yielded to the opposition of the coach drivers.—Mr. L. B. Leex (Calico Printers' Association).

Coal oil is intended to give light but not to light a fire with. To save a few minutes on earth some people have lighted themselves into eternity by using coal oil for the latter purposes.—Kingston Standard.

How does a weak tire know you are all dressed up and ready for a party?—Akron Beacon Journal.

Young people attending college are called "students" for want of a better name.—Judge.

"Have you ever let any other man kiss you?" "Never, Henry, never—only a few college boys."—Pitt Panther.

Mr. Chester, when the lightning struck the barn, jumped over the cow he was milking.—Weekly Exchange.

Telegraph Despatches reveal that trains won all the games played with autos at level crossings in Canada Sunday.—Hamilton Spectator.

Glorious October: the month in which the leaves turn crimson and disappointed politicians turn blue.—Ottawa Journal.

I think that Christianity as a force might have effectively and lustily survived if it had not for centuries so notoriously forgotten the teachings of its own founder.—Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Very few men of genius talk like men of genius.—Mr. Robert Lynd.