

**THE BOY ALLIES WITH THE
GREAT ADVANCE : OR,
DRIVING THE ENEMY THROUGH
FRANCE AND BELGIUM**

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The boy allies with the great advance : or, Driving the enemy through France and Belgium by
Clair W. Hayes

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CLAIR W. HAYES

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"You dropped him just in time," said Chester. "Great Scott! what a grip he had," he added.

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The Boy Allies

With the Great Advance

OR

Driving the Enemy Through France
and Belgium

By CLAIR W. HAYES

AUTHOR OF

"The Boy Allies With the Army Series"



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THE BOY ALLIES

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CHAPTER I

STUBBS HAS AN IDEA

"YES," said Top Sergeant Bowers to the little group that surrounded him, "this war game is a great trade and it's an easy trade to pick up at that, if you go about it in the right way."

"Is that so?" demanded Anthony Stubbs, war correspondent of the *New York Gazette*, who, through devious ways known only to members of the newspaper craft, had wormed his way into the uniformed circle gathered in an unexposed position close to the American front just to the east of Chateau Thierry.

It was two days after American marines and American soldiers had turned the tide of war by their heroic actions in Belleau Woods and, unaided, had stemmed the tide of the German advance and

opened the way for the grand Allied offensive that was to follow.

"You may be right," Stubbs continued, "but to my mind the war trade, as you call it, sergeant, is one that I never could pick up."

Sergeant Bowers sniffed contemptuously.

"No one would expect you to pick it up," he said somewhat disdainfully. "All you will ever be able to do is pick up news, as you call it, which amounts to nothing, after all."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed a voice a short distance away.

Stubbs wheeled angrily.

"That remark may be funny to you, Hal Paine," he exclaimed, "but it's bad taste, if you ask me."

"Come, Mr. Stubbs," said Captain Hal Paine, "don't be angry. I didn't mean anything, I assure you."

"Maybe not," growled Stubbs, "but I'm not convinced of it."

"You're never convinced of anything, are you, Mr. Stubbs?" asked another voice, that so far had not entered the discussion.

"You'll oblige me by keeping quiet, Chester Crawford," said Stubbs angrily.

"Oh, all right," said Captain Chester Crawford, and turned to his companion with a whispered remark. "Little man's peeved again, Hal," he said.

Stubbs' astute ears caught the remark.

"Look here, you boys," he said, "Sergeant Bowers is trying to explain a few things to me, and I'll thank you if you'll keep quiet."

"Very well, Mr. Stubbs," said Hal. "We will consider ourselves most properly called down. Continue, sergeant."

"Well," went on Top Sergeant Bowers, "as I was saying, this war game is easy enough. All you've got to do is remember a few things. But you've got to keep on remembering those few things all the time. If you forget one of 'em, it's liable to be the last opportunity you have to forget anything."

"What sort of things, sergeant?" asked Stubbs. "It seems to me you fellows have got things down pretty pat."

"Oho!" replied the sergeant. "It does, eh? Well, let me tell you, some of these men here don't know half as much as they think they do."

"You talk like a veteran campaigner, sergeant," declared Stubbs.

Sergeant Bowers glowered at Stubbs suspiciously.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "are you trying to have some fun with me? I've only been over here a few months and you know it. Don't you try to play with me like that."

"No, no, sergeant," Stubbs hastened to say. "I meant no harm, I assure you."

"Well, maybe not," growled the sergeant, but he was plainly unconvinced.

"Please explain further, sergeant," interposed Hal. "Mr. Stubbs here is always a good listener."

"Well, I don't know why I should," declared Sergeant Bowers. "He's not a fighting man and the information won't do him any good. However, I'll proceed. Now, there aren't so many things to remember after all. Learn to duck when a Minnie grunts or a whiz-bang cuts loose; or a five-nine begins to whine. Learn not to bother to duck when the rifles get to talking—for you'll never hear the bullet that gets you. Study the habits of the machine guns and the way the snipers act. And here's the thing that you want to say to yourself: 'The bullet ain't ever been molded than can get me.' Mean it when you say it. When you've learned those few things the rest of the war game is dead easy."

"You've forgotten one thing, sergeant," said Hal at this juncture.

"Have I?" said the sergeant, somewhat nettled. "What is it, sir?"

"Why," said Hal, "you've forgotten one of the most important features of all. How must a man act when he finds himself in that place where eyes are of no use?"

"Right, sir," said Sergeant Bowers. "I forgot to mention that, but it wouldn't do any good. There is nothing I can say that will be of benefit to a man when he finds himself there, sir."