

whistling of the shells, came the roar of cannon. We could hear the groans of the wounded mingled with the shouts of men and officers.

Jones was vigorously shooting away at the German trenches not far away. I noticed that he was persistently shooting at a helmet, the owner of which, in his turn, seemed to be aiming at Jones. At last he shot successfully, for Tommy groaned beneath his breath as a bullet hit his left arm. It fell powerless by his side. He fired again, and with a loud cry the helmet and its owner disappeared.

Suddenly there came a shout from one of the officers. The Germans were using their poisonous gas. We could see it in the distance on our left. It looked like a thick yellowish green cloud low on the ground. It was blown quickly towards us by the wind, and suddenly we found ourselves surrounded by it. The taste and smell were horrible. Although the men wore respirators, the gas overpowered us. Tommy fared no better than the others. He clutched at his throat and fell back unconscious. When three hours had slowly passed by, the gas cleared, and Red Cross men came to carry away the wounded. When Tommy had regained consciousness his arm was bound up, and the doctor told him he was well enough to go back to the other soldiers. He went, and on the way I heard him say that I was of no use, except to rub boots with. I was speechless with indignation. He flung me down, and began to talk to his friends.

I had always had a good opinion of myself, and was proud of my snowy appearance, but when I saw my reflection in a bayonet which a soldier was polishing, I nearly collapsed with surprise. I was black and ragged, strings of cotton were hanging from me; my elastic was worn and useless, and I doubt if my own brother would have known me. When I had—but here is Tommy coming for me. Perhaps he has changed his mind about using me as a polishing rag.

But what is that he is saying? Going to burn *me*? Me! a respectable white respirator! But I am forgetting—I am no longer white. My voice is failing with fright. Oh! he is coming! If I had legs I would run away, but there, I—oh!

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