



# "OVER THE TOP"

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

### ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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CHAPTER I.

From Mufti to Khaki.

It was in an office in Jersey City. I was sitting at my desk talking to a lieutenant of the Jersey National Guard. On the wall was a big war map decorated with variously colored little flags showing the position of the opposing armies on the western front in France. In front of me on the desk lay a New York paper with big flaring headlines:

**LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN LIVES LOST!**

The windows were open and a feeling of spring pervaded the air. Through the open windows came the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost"—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." To us these did not seem to jibe.

The lieutenant in silence opened one of the lower drawers of his desk and took from it an American flag which he solemnly draped over the war map on the wall. Then, turning to me with a grim face, said:

"How about it, sergeant? You had better get out the muster roll of the Mounted Scouts, as I think they will be needed in the course of a few days."

We busied ourselves till late in the evening writing out emergency telegrams for the men to report when the call should come from Washington. Then we went home.

I crossed over to New York, and as I went up Fulton street to take the subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the tall buildings of New York seemed to be burning brighter than usual, as if they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wigwagged the message, "Repay!"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one momentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the flag from the war map and returned



Guy Empey.

to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was squirming in his chair and I felt depressed and uneasy.

The telephone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-of-town assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After listening to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank astonishment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. I landed at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six—fire extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtains was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the telephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see scenes of awful devastation and a cow-

ering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceeding to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobble with:

"Can you direct me to the place of damage?"

He asked me, "What damage?"

In surprise, I answered, "Why, the damage caused by the Zeps."

With a wink he replied:

"There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries of the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the accusing finger followed me. I was an American, in mufti, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my coat. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and ill at ease. I got off the bus to try to dissipate this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks.

Presently I came to a recruiting office. Inside, sitting at a desk was a lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?"

I looked at him and answered, "Well, whatever that is, I'll take a chance at it."

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know if I cared to join the British army. He asked me: "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fusiliers?" Well, in London, you know, Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure."

After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain. He asked my nationality. I immediately pulled out my American passport and showed it to him. It was signed by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me.

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a block when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a 'leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training Corps) and does not know what neutrality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army."

He looked at me in a nonchalant manner, and answered, "That's all right; we take anything over here."

I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over his head.

He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, "Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintype." "I beg your pardon?"

Then I explained to him that I would not sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of war. Some of the recruits were lucky. They signed for seven years only!

Then he asked me my birthplace. I answered, "Ogden, Utah."

He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of New York?"

With a smile, I replied, "Well, it's up the state a little."

Then I was taken before the doctor and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported back to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on recruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into joining the army.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see a young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you know that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not

enlisted. Why don't you join? Now is the time.'

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out and see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was to be worn on the left side of the cap.

Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette, I went out into Tottenham Court road in quest of cannon fodder.

Two or three poorly dressed civilians passed me, and although they appeared physically fit, I said to myself, "They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not accost them.

Coming down the street I saw a young dandy, top hat and all, with a fashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick, saying:

"You would look fine in khaki; why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American,



Swearing in a Recruit.

came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform; come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles, no one asked you to," and he walked on. The girl gave me a sneering look; I was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest stunt in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmaid, who helped kill time—I was not as serious in those days as I was a little later when I reached the front)—well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket—barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks—so I looked around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets a "bob" or shilling for every recruit he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar was a young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic—he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand, two fingers were missing, but I said that did not matter as "we take anything over here." The left hand is the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England is "by the left," even general traffic keeps to the port side.

I took the applicant over to headquarters, where he was hurriedly examined. Recruiting surgeons were busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as "fit" by the doctor and turned over to a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

The doctor came over and exploded, "What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

Looking out of the corner of my eye I noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and I could not help answering, "Well, sir, I was told that you took anything over here."

I think they called it "Yankee Impudence," anyhow it ended my recruiting.

(To be Continued.)

Debate at Pomona School.

On Friday night the 15th of March there will be a Debate at Pomona School between the debating societies of Pomona and Brogden Schools. Ice Cream will be served for the benefit of Sanders Chapel Church. Everybody invited.—Teachers.

## NOT A LIVING CHILD UNDER 8 IN POLAND

ALL HAVE SUCCEEDED TO STARVATION, WHICH WE COULD HAVE ALLEVIATED.

### CRYING FOR BREAD WE WASTE

Editor Clarence Poe Sets Forth Need of Informing Our Rural Population of True Conditions.

(Clarence Poe in Progressive Farmer) She was a good woman and she talked much about how good the Lord had been to her and to her children. But at the same time she said: "No meatless and wheatless days for me! I've got wheat enough and I've got meat enough laid up in my pantry, and my children like it, and they are going to have it as often as they want it, and as much of it as they want."

After hearing this well-meaning woman talk, the writer picked up that night a European paper that comes to the home and read this paragraph:

It is said that there is not a living child in Poland under eight years of age.

"Not a living child in Poland under eight years of age!" With little bodies unable to endure the hardships and starvation of a war-ravaged land, they have died by thousands and tens of thousands. Thousands and tens of thousands of mothers as good as the woman who made this thoughtless remark, mothers who loved their children as much as this mother loved hers—they with heart-breaking helplessness have seen their children slowly starve before their eyes, while American mothers say, "No, I will not even vary my diet in a harmless way, I will not even make substitutions to save meat and wheat, in order that part of it may save the lives of starving babies and little ones in Europe!"

No, we don't mean that any American mother is saying this in words. Certainly the good woman of whom we write would not have said it or thought it—and yet by her acts, that was what she was saying. If someone could have shown her a photograph of one starving Polish child, with wan, pinched face and hollow eyes, crying to its mother for bread she did not have—oh, how quickly this American mother would have said: "Yes, I have plenty of wheat and I have plenty of meat, and I'll gladly divide my last crust to save the lives of little ones like that!" With such a picture before her eyes, how quickly would this American mother have called to mind the Last Judgment's awful curse on all the uncaring and hard of heart, "I was an-hungered and ye gave me no meat!"

But she didn't know. And thus again the Lord she tries to worship might lament as of old over His people, "Israel doth not know! my people doth not consider!" To this good woman the Hoover rules for meatless days and wheatless days were simply Government regulations—simply official red tape. She didn't know they were meant to save the lives of little ones once as fair, as merry, as bright-eyed, as love-inspiring as her own dear boys and girls!

And today there are thousands of others like this mother who do not know! Well-intentioned people, good-hearted people, God-fearing people! But they simply "do not know."

Friends and readers, it is our duty to help these people know! Let us give of our money, but let us also give of our time and effort for a campaign of education in these matters—to show the need of food regulation, War Savings Stamps, Liberty Bonds, Red Cross work, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. campaigns! We must save food for the starving; we must give money to protect the wounded and to provide wholesome moral recreation for our soldiers instead of unwholesome and immoral dissipation. And if our farmers—as is so often charged—have not supported these movements as they should, it is not because they are more selfish, more hard-hearted, less patriotic, than city people. It is only because they have not been informed. And all of us who do really understand must here and now resolve to help inform them. In every school, in every Sunday school, in every farmers' club, in every farm woman's club, and even as a part of almost every church service, our men and women of light and leading must do their part to arouse rural America. In the Revolutionary war it was the "embattled farmers" at Lexington who "fired the shot heard around the world!" In the Civil War it was the stubborn courage of our farm men and the steadfastness of our country women that won the world's applause for Confederate heroism!

Because this war is a little farther from our doors is no reason why we should play a less noble part. And there is little time to lose. Many people think that twelve months hence peace will be in sight. Let us resolve therefore that during the coming year our rural people in every county will make a record of patriotism that our sons and grandsons will mention with pride even as we take pride in the exploits of our ancestors of the 60's. What we do in the next twelve months will fix our place in history.

## RUFFED GROUSE

(Bonasa umbellus)



Length, seventeen inches. The broad black band near tip of tail distinguishes this from other grouse.

Range: Resident in the northern two-thirds of the United States and in the forested parts of Canada.

Habits and economic status: The ruffed grouse, the famed drummer and finest game bird of the northern woods, is usually wild and wary and under reasonable protection well withstands the attacks of hunters. Moreover, when reduced in numbers, it responds to protection in a gratifying manner and has proved to be well adapted to propagation under artificial conditions. Wild fruits, mast, and browse make up the bulk of the vegetable food of this species. It is very fond of hazelnuts, beechnuts, chestnuts, and acorns, and it eats practically all kinds of wild berries and other fruits. Nearly 60 kinds of fruits have been identified from the stomach contents examined. Various weed seeds also are consumed. Slightly more than 10 per cent of the food consists of insects, about half beetles. The most important pests devoured are the potato beetle, clover-root weevil, the pale-striped flea beetle, grapevine leaf-beetle, May beetles, grasshoppers, cotton worms, army worms, cutworms, the red-humped apple worm, and sawfly larvae. While the economic record of the ruffed grouse is fairly commendable, it does not call for more stringent protection than is necessary to maintain the species in reasonable numbers.

Two North Carolinians to Speak Over South.

Washington, D. C., March 11.—It was announced today that Clarence H. Poe and Tait Butler will tour the south for the department of agriculture to encourage the production of more food crops. The North Carolinians will be the leaders in the movement. The message to be delivered by these speakers is: "A reduced food production in the south at this time would be a national disaster. Food for the south, produced in the south, is a vital item in national defense. The south must feed itself."

Secretary McAdoo announced today that a steamer would be sent to Wilmington to carry cotton to New England.

## Dwarf Wood's Seeds. Essex Rape

Is one of the quickest-growing green forage and grazing crops for cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. Is hardy and can be sown as early in the spring as weather will permit. Costs less to seed per acre and will give quicker green forage than any other crop. Also valuable for soil improvement.

WOOD'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG for 1918 gives full information and also tells about all other

### SEEDS for the Farm and Garden

Write for Catalog and prices of any seeds required. T. W. WOOD & SONS, SEEDSMEN, Richmond, Va.

FARM FOR RENT, ONE OR TWO horse, team furnished. Most any terms you want to rent on. Tobacco Cotton and Corn. 1 mile of Micro, on Selma road. J. F. Batten, Micro, N. C.

WANTED—TWO GOOD HANDS for saw mill and team driving. Good wages. House rent free with one acre of ground and use of team to plow same. Call on or write W. E. Parker, Atkinson's Mill—Luneford, N. C.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT of New Testaments, ranging in price from ten cents to \$1.40 each. Herald Book Store, Smithfield, N. C.

### THE RED CROSS NURSES OF EUROPE ARE GIVING TOASTED CIGARETTES TO THE BOYS

To anyone who doesn't know of the wonderful advances that have been made in the preparation of smoking tobaccos in the last few years it may sound strange to speak of toasted cigarettes.

Strictly speaking, we should say cigarettes made of toasted tobacco; the smokers of this country will recognize it more readily by its trade name, "LUCKY STRIKE"—the toasted cigarette.

The American Tobacco Company are producing millions of these toasted cigarettes and these are being bought in enormous quantities through the various tobacco funds conducted by the newspapers of the country and forwarded through the Red Cross Society to the boys in France.

This new process of treating tobacco not only improves the flavor of the tobacco but it seals in this flavor and makes the cigarettes keep better.

The Red Cross nurse is always glad to have a cigarette for the wounded soldier, as, in most instances, that is the first thing asked for.

## MULES

### A Full Car Load of Fine Young Kentucky and Tennessee Mules at D. H. McCullers' Stables Saturday, March 16th.

We will have twenty-five head of extra good Kentucky and Tennessee Mules for sale or exchange at D. H. McCullers' stable, Clayton, N. C., next Saturday, March 16. These are all fresh mules, young, good weight, well broke and ready for any kind of work, and if you are in a need of a mule or pair of mules this is your opportunity to buy. Everyone guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded. Be on hand early and get the mule you want.

### Kentucky Horse and Mule Exchange

Sam. Musgrave, Salesman, Clayton, N. C.

## FOR SALE

One Engine, Boiler and Saw Mill, 30 feet of line shaft and 2 pulleys. This machinery has been under shelter since used, and want it moved from the lot. The first one comes with \$200.00 will get it. If you need it you will buy it if you see it.

## D. O. Uzzle

Wilson's Mills, N. C.