

# AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

### FOREWORD

"Over the Top" is a true story of trench warfare on the French front, written by an American soldier who got into the great war two years ahead of his country. Sergeant Empey tells what the fighting men have done and how they have done it. He knows because he was one of them. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and they are lightened by a delightful touch of humor.

## 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

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 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 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 by Lansing. After looking at the squirming in his chair and I felt depressed at a uneasy.

The telephone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, retown assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After listening to the proposition I captain would not enlist me. seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, next week," and hung up the receiver, tapped me on the shoulder with his over me, but I defiantly answered his can do anything. He has just come look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. I landed at Tilbury, England, then got and accepted his invitation for an ininto a string of matchbox cars and troduction to the lieutenant. I entered proceeded to London, arriving there the office and went up to him, opened about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel up my passport and said: near St. Pancras station for "five and six-fire extra." The room was minus that I am an American, not too proud the fire, but the "extra" seemed to to fight, and want to join your army," keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much manner, and answered, "That's all of it, because the slit in the curtains right; we take anything over here." was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the lalephone bell rang, and someone asked, his head. "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 cowering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceeding to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobbie with:

damage?"

He asked me, "What damage?" ge, I answered, "Why, the by the Zeps."

With a wink he replied:

"There was no damage; we missed hem 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 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?"

whatever that is, I'll take a chance

found out that Tommy wanted to know 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 spending a good lot of my recruiting fabrics are an inspiration for new



Guy Empey.

passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it "fit" by the doctor and turned over to would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, bequesting my services for an out-of- cause to me it seemed that a real big things were in progress, but the

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a "I am sorry that I cannot accept your | block when a recrulting sergeant who offer, but I am leaving for England had followed me out of the office The lieutenant swung around in his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can chair, and stared at me in blank aston- get you in the army. We have a 'lefishment. A sinking sensation came tenant' down at the other office who out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training corps) and does not know what neutrality is," I decided to take a chance,

> "Before going further I wish to state He looked at me in a nonchalant

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

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?"

not sign it without first reading it. I On the occasion of one, it may have read it over and signed for duration of been the first, of a certain Captain war. Some of the recruits were lucky. "Can you direct me to the place of They signed for seven years only!

Then he asked me my birthplace. inswered, "Ogden, Utah." He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of

New York?"

With a smile, I repited, '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 jo'ning 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, physfeally 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

Two or three poorly dressed civilans 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 beill at ease. I got off the bus to try side 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. saving:

"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 I looked at him and answered, "Well, trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to Without the aid of an interpreter, I fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniif I cared to join the British army. He form; 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; was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and neargot one recruit.

he officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been and sturdy in wearing qualities. New time in the saloon bar of the Wheat blonde barmaid, who helped kill timewas not as serious in those days as and my recruiting report was blank. who cannot buy drinks-so I looked recruit is supposed to get this, but he and back. The skirt is plain and a lit- to this type. 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 head. quarters, 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 a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of American could not be neutral when 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

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruit-

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communication with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all Then I explained to him that I would eagerness for the news from home. Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news." Hence the name, now shortened to Its present form.





SILKS FOR TAILORED GARMENTS.

when it must be depended on to make up for the scarcity of wool and they are turning out substantial and smart This perhaps was not the greatest looking new fabrics for street and tant in the world, but it got back at sports wear. These are heavy and rough in texture, brilliant in surface modes; designers discover possibili-Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive | ties in them and the tallored suit, in employs a familiar silk for a formal composition of the suit. The designer

Silk is taking a new position in the title wider than wool skirts are in spring realm of tailored garments. Weavers suits. It is correct as to length for all of it realize that the time is at hand kinds of skirts and its plainness is modish for that is the destiny of all its kind this season,

The coat fastens to the left side at the waistline with a single big, handsome button. The collar is interesting, cut sailor fashion at the back and extended into wide, gracefully shaped lapels at the front. A very narrow chiffon collar overlays it at the back silk, of the immediate future fills us and the neck opening is low. The with pleasant anticipations. We look sleeves are moderately full and flare a I was a little later when I reached forward to exquisitely tailored clothes little at the wrists into long points the front)-well, it was the sixth day made of exquisite materials, less pro- over the hands. Along the forearm the saic than the regulation wool suit and almost inevitable row of buttons set I was getting low in the pocket-bar- equally refined and dependable. The close together appear to be the only maids haven't much use for anyone | tailored suit shown in the picture | purely decorative element in the whole around for recruiting material. You and strictly tailored coat and skirt. It must have had in mind the requireknow a man on recruiting service gets is of handsome moire-effective in all ments of tall and somewhat slender a "bob" or shilling for every recruit most any color-with coat cleverly cut women when he made a mental picture he entices into joining the army, the and having a double skirt at the sides of this model for it is exactly suited



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hold according

to the regula-

tions set forth

States

and sweet-

Sugar.

of bread require Oysters and sen 23/2 lbs. of flour food of all kinds: sired.

Poultry and Game: As much as desired. for table use,

Ment. Beef: fresh, salted, tinned, and hashed mutton, preserving % 1b. lamb, and veal (mutton by preference). Pork (The weekly al-

lowance of perk per person should meal, rice, homnot exceed half a lay, barley and pound) 2½ lbs. rye: As much aross weight. gross weight. Butter ..... 1/2 1b.

Cooking and kitchen fats: Margarine, Inrd substitutes, cotstred. Milk: As much tonseed off, peaas desired. nut oil, and olive 

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War Brend. Made necording and Administrain this card. .... 3 Mm. Signature

It is said that only about one-third of our population realizes the urgency for conserving foodstuffs, and that the rest of our people must be brought to understand the situation. There is a shortage of food in Europe and this must be met or the fear of famine will demoralize the people of our allies. Europe looks to the United States and Canada to make up the shortage--we 117 N. Lexington Ave. cannot afford to fail.

Very poor people conserve food through necessity, but only a small part of our population can be classed as very poor. The rich and the wellto-do must save the kinds of food needed by our allies-namely, wheat, fats and sugar. This is no real hardship and it is more than likely that eating less ment and less sugar will be beneficial to the health of Americans. The conservation of food depends upop women more than upon men. It le their most important work toward wins ning the war.

About three hundred representative New York women met recently under the leadership of Miss Florence Wardewell, who represented the United States food administration in Washington. It was proposed to inaugurate a system of voluntary rationing to be carried out by the well-to-do and rich in our country. A ration card has been issued and appears here. Every patriotic woman should adopt it for her own household and use her influence to induce others to do so. Here is a "definite form of patriotism that

will help win the war." ulia Bottomly

France is the best foreign patron of the United States patent office, will treat Britain following closely.

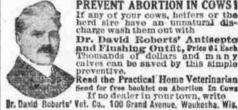


## MARCH TO VICTORY

Courage is a matter of the blood. Without good red blood a man has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, generally weak, tired and list-less, one should take a spring tonic. One that will do the spring house-cleaning, an old-fashioned herbal rem-edy that was used by everybody nearly 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. It is made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Oregon Grape root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark-extracted with glycerine and made into liquid or tablets. This blood tonic was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready-to-use form and since then has been sold by million bottles as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep this in tablet form, send 60 cents for a vial to Dr.

Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Kidney disease carries away a large percentage of our people. What is to be done? The answer is easy. Eat less meat, eat coarse, plain food, with plenty of vegetables, drink plenty of water between meals, and take an uric acid solvent after meals for a while, such as Anuric (double strength), obtainable at almost any drug store. It was first discovered by Dr. Pierce, Most every one troubled with uric acid finds that Anuric dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. You can obtain a trial package by sending ten cents to Doctor 'Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y.



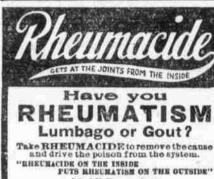
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