



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

EMPEY TAKES HIS FIRST TURN ON THE FIRING STEP OF THE TRENCH WHILE BULLETS WHIZ OVERHEAD.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells.

I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes—I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely blocking it with a wall of tumbled earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an awful sight met my gaze—his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste. Stretcher-bearers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddy forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, had died without firing a shot, but their services were appreciated, nevertheless.

Later on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft.

I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of rebuilding the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was soaked with sweat.

Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed—you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixie of hot stew.

I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud. The man on my left noticed this, and told the corporal, dishing out the rations, to put my share in his mess tin. Then he whispered to me, "Always take care of your mess tin, mate."

I had learned another maxim of the trenches.

That stew tasted fine. I was as hungry as a bear. We had "seconds," or another helping, because three of the men had "gone West," killed by the explosion of the German trench mortar, and we ate their share, but still I was hungry, so I filled in with bully beef and biscuits. Then I drained my water bottle. Later on I learned another maxim of the front line, "Go sparingly with your water." The bully beef made me thirsty, and by tea time I was dying for a drink, but my pride would not allow me to ask my mates for water. I was fast learning the ethics of the trenches.

That night I was put on guard with an older man. We stood on the fire step with our hands over the top, peering out into No Man's Land. It was no work for me, but the other fellow had to take it as part of the

shot past my face. I ducked and I ducked the parapet. A soft

It was not long after this that I was one of the "20 lying."

I soon hit the hay and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orderly, and to report to the cooks and give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, carry water from an old well, and fry the bacon. (Lids of dixies are used to cook the bacon in. After breakfast was cooked, I carried a dixie of hot tea and the lid full of bacon to our section, and told the corporal that breakfast was ready. He looked at me in contempt, and then shouted, "Breakfast up, come and get it!" I immediately got wise to the trench parlance, and never again informed that "Breakfast was served."

It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed, they lined up with their canteens and I dished out the tea. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before. Then I had the pleasure of seeing them dig into the bacon with their dirty fingers. The allowance was one slice per man. The late ones received very small slices. As each Tommy got his share he immediately disappeared into the billet. Pretty soon about fifteen of them made a rush to the cookhouse, each carrying a huge slice of bread. These slices they dipped into the bacon grease which was stewing over the fire. The last man invariably lost out. I was the last man.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the billet and got busy removing the trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a. m., they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and woe betide the man who was unshaven, or had mud on his uniform. Cleanliness is next to godliness in the British army, and Old Pepper must have been personally acquainted with St. Peter.

Our drill consisted of close-order formation, which lasted until noon. During this time we had two ten-minute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag and lighted it.

Fags are issued every Sunday morning, and you generally get between twenty and forty. The brand generally issued is the "Woodbine." Sometimes we are lucky and get "Goldflakes," "Players" or "Red Hussars." Occasionally an issue of "Life Rays" comes along. Then the older Tommies immediately get busy on the recruits and trade these for "Woodbines" or "Goldflakes." A recruit only has to be stuck once in this manner, and then he ceases to be a recruit. There is a



Resting Back of the Lines.

reason. Tommy is a great cigarette smoker. He smokes under all conditions, except when unconscious or when he is reconnoitering in No Man's Land at night. Then, for obvious reasons, he does not care to have a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

Stretcher bearers carry fags for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher bearer arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer—"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers, "Yes. In the leg."

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, bully beef, Maconochie rations and water—plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.

Back on the front line, after a stay in rest billets, Empey gets a shock when a German bullet cuts down his first friend of the trenches. He tells the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Make Light of Heavy Loads.

The streets of Jerusalem within the walls are as narrow and crowded that it is impossible to drive a wagon through them, and many of them are built of a series of steps upon the hillside, so that it is a task to lead camels or donkeys through them after sunrise. Therefore most of the carrying and portering is done by men. They carry the most surprising loads. I am told that they will step along briskly with 600 pounds on their backs, with stout ropes holding the bundles to their foreheads.—Exchange

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Capital City Full of Uniforms Without Glitter

WASHINGTON, Washington, in a few central respects, must in these days remind a Civil War veteran of the time when the capital swarmed with the soldiers of the Union. There were certainly never more generals and admirals on the streets in 1861-65 than there are today, writes "Nomad" in the Boston Transcript. Uniforms are as numerous on Connecticut avenue as civilian suits. The atmosphere of the place is military. But the Civil War veteran, suddenly dropped down in Washington now, would not know the city for a war city nevertheless. This drab dress, this intensely neutral cloth, would not represent soldiering to him at all. It would seem to betoken some sort of custodianship at a club or a public institution. Not a sword at a man's side—not a gun on a man's shoulder! Gold lace conspicuous by its absence—from soldiers, though to be sure, the admirals are still permitted to wear it. All the people bustling madly about like a lot of bank messengers or parcel boys, intent upon nothing but business. Instead of soldiers bivouacked on vacant lots, as in the Civil War, Washington is full of great barracklike, temporary buildings, mostly made of some kind of stucco, though some are of wood, within which hundreds of women are writing in a whirling fashion on typewriters. Mixed up with these women are men in these drab suits, either superintending or interfering with their operations. This war, so far as the casual visitor at Washington can observe, is being fought by a woman with a typewriter.



All the space that was occupied during the Civil War by the war department and all its officers, clerks and servants would scarcely suffice today for one of the numerous bureaus of the department which were entirely undiscovered in 1865. And consider that in 1861-65 the typewriter did not exist, and that every letter, order, memorandum, record and reference was written by hand!

There are times when argument is so much language gone to waste, and this seemed to be one of the times, besides; The woman who had backed Angelo knew that the patron of sand art was visioning with memory-eyes, some dabber under the board walk, who was doing fat angels and things to the fall of nickels, while she leaned over the railing with a companion who had kept loving step with her womanhood until they came to a cemetery gate. Then she began to recall past pictures.

Patron of Sand Art Reminds of Other Pictures

THERE is one woman in this town for whom Michael Angelo lived in vain. You couldn't call it a personal grudge, seeing she had never heard tell of him until another woman happened to say things about his art—and at that, all she did was to claim that no painter ever made better pictures than the ones she saw on the beach at Atlantic City.

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Here's one: A blue sea billowing into a beach, with two soldiers drawing straight lines on the sand to let the waves know how far they may roll in. His Royal Foolishness, inside the lines, sits in his throne chair to see that the sea obeys his orders, and while he does it the breakers crash in—and in—and in; over the lines, up to the throne chair—as if any Canute that ever lived can hope to own a world that belongs to the people thereof—

Here's a better one: A park in Syracuse, with Archimedes on a bench drawing mathematical circles in the sand. You can see that the Roman invader rushing toward him is about to cut him down, and that Archimedes knows it. But there are more important things to be considered.

"Don't spoil the circle!" You can hear his warning cry as his blood soaks into the sand, but you know that Archimedes did not die, because he is living now. And will keep on living so long as there is an earth and men on it, with stars above and waters beneath, and—

This is the best one of all: Another place of sand—with a white-robed figure stooping to write a sentence—

Changes Wrought in Washington by the War

PENNSYLVANIA avenue used to be a stately thoroughfare on which you could promenade nonchalantly from the capitol to the White House, viewing at leisure the massive government buildings, the souvenirs in the curio shops, the marble statuary and the creeping trolleys. It still has the same old shooting galleries, and the "rooms for 50 cents," and the hand-painted Martha Washington china plates and the miniature Washington monuments, with thermometers attached, in the shop windows, but Pennsylvania today is an Applian way along which surges constantly a continual stream of elbowing, energetic, endless humanity and vehicles. Potomac park used to be a place where you could ride dreamily along in your open barouche on a Sunday afternoon with an occasional nod to a passing cabinet officer or congressman; now it is a North sea, where on a splendid spring Sabbath is mobilized a fleet of allied "joy wagons" that strive constantly for the sane privilege of pursuing the even tenor of their way unmolested.



If the city of Washington is ever threatened by an unexpected invasion, as was Paris in the early days of the war, the secretary of war has only to commandeer the motorcars in the District of Columbia as Gallieni mobilized the taxicabs of Paris, and he can rush up troops enough from Camp Meigs and Camp Meigs and marines from Quantico, Va., to save the day.

What She Thought About the Early Spring Hat

SHE looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion sheet into the car. Being a sunny day with chill streaks in it, she had combined a fur coat that rippled down to boot tops of gray kid with a hat of glazed gray straw guarded in front by a steel quill cut in the shape of a sword. But you can't always tell what sort of impression you are going to make on the everyday human mind. Two passengers—good-hearted, double-chinned daughters of the people—seated across, considering Madam Fashion Sheet from the viewpoint of wearers of tabby black velvet hats bought last fall to wear until warm springtime—and maybe after. The one who was pony-skinned whispered admiring astonishment, but the other, coated in a weave that began somewhere in New England as Persian lamb, voiced criticism with a loudness that showed for excellent lungs.

"Well, sir, before I'd wear a light straw hat on a cold day like this, with a fur coat like that, I'd stay home. Don't look worried over it, neither."

"Well, it's the fashion—an' you gotta follow fashion if you got the spurs—everybody does. I think it's kinder stylish, myself. Must be cold to the head, though."

"I should say so. You don't hafta wear straw hats before Easter just because the stores put 'em in the wind'rs. A woman with all theta clothes oughta sure have some scraps home to make herself a warm hat for weather like this. Before I'd come out in a summer hat like that on a day like this I'd cut off a piece of my coat and make me a turban—you can get any shape you want for ten cents."

"My gracious, woman, you wouldn't ruin a dandy coat like that, would you? That coat cost money—and look at Daisy Blankers. She had on a white straw hat at the movies the other night."

"She's nothin' to go by—the poor coot—only gettin' five a week and wearin' yell'r shoes almost up to her knee joints! That woman ooks as if she made good money—but all I gotta say is she don't show sense to match."

But she did have more to say, only—enough is always enough



YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS" IF CROSS, BILIOUS OR FEVERISH.



No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out of sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs;" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

The Last to Use Them.

"Started your garden yet?" "No. You see I have to wait until the neighbors get through using my garden tools."

FOODS TASTE BETTER COOKED—TOBACCO TASTES BETTER TOASTED

Since the day of the caveman, who liked his meat raw, civilization has learned a lot about the scientific treatment of the things we eat.

Naturally none of us would now prefer to have our meat raw, our potatoes as they come from the ground, our coffee unroasted.

And naturally follows the great discovery recently made by The American Tobacco Co.—that tobacco tastes better TOASTED!

This wonderful new idea—simple like all great inventions—was first used in producing the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette—made of toasted Burley tobacco.

Burley has a mellow flavor, entirely different from the tobacco usually used for cigarettes. It is a pipe tobacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes taste like a pipe. Adv.

Naturally.

"Do you remember the time when here was such a rage for red hair?" "Oh, red hair is dyed out."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE CURE OF PILES

Offered to be sent to any address, this little booklet, easily understandable by anyone, will be beneficial in explaining the cause and cure of piles without the use of the doctor's knife or the need of a physician while being treated.

Send a postal today to the Reed Distributing Co., 146 Godwin St., Paterson, N. J., makers of the 20-year famous Eagle Pile Remedy. A copy should be in the hands of every sufferer.

Eagle Pile Remedy is the only treatment of its kind, which is an internal treatment that reaches the cause and permanently effects the cure. Harmless to take, and pure in ingredients. Your druggist will supply you a box, sufficient for a week's treatment for one dollar, the standard price brings you a supply direct from the makers. Send today to the above address.—Adv.

Many a man looks upon marriage as sort of a blotter with which he expects to blot out all his past.

To Be Strong and Healthy You must have Pure Blood. GHOVE'S FASTEST AND TONIC Purifies and Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. It contains the well known tonic properties of Iron and Quinine. You can feel its good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. Price 60c.

Many a man's dyspepsia is due to the mistaken belief on the part of his wife that she can cook.

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York, Adv.

It is often but a single step from the divorce court to the stage.