



**"OVER THE TOP"**  
**AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT**  
**ARTHUR GUY EMPEY**  
 MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

**EMPEY IS MEMBER OF FIRING SQUAD WHICH CARRIES OUT DEATH SENTENCE.**

**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, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Exciting experience on listening post detail. Exciting work on observation post duty. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play. Once more in the front trenches, Empey goes "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German lines. Soon afterwards Empey and his comrades repulse a determined gas attack launched by the Germans.

**CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.**  
 —20—

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best o' luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions was distinguished in swearing.

stumble, he would turn the air blue. A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry batted in with:

"None o' that gassin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman tied to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

**The Firing Squad.**

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty miles behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with: "Don't ask questions. It's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief.

We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I knew I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—Shut! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unple arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and



Photo by Western Newspaper Union  
**Buried With Honors.**

country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:28 a. m. this date. Thy sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—Shut!"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

Empey, in the next installment, tells the gripping story of a "coward," whose streak of yellow turned white.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Inculcating the Spirit.**

It was holiday week, but a mother and child had managed somehow to get a whole seat on the car. Suddenly the little girl slid off the seat, and facing her mother, cried out, with anguish in her childish voice: "Oh mother, I forgot to get anything for teacher."

"Well, what uv it?" the mother answered tartly. "She didn't git nuthin' for you," and she sat the child down hard on the seat, partly to keep the woman in the aisle from taking any privileges, and partly, perhaps, to impress on the child the Christmas spirit—as she saw it.

**Still on the Job.**

"The old-fashioned door-knocker seems to have gone out of style," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but, don't make any mistake opportunity is still on the job."

**LIVE LIKE A MAN  
 WORK LIKE A HORSE**

**That Is What Every American Must Do in Order That War Shall Be Won.**

**DEMOCRACY BEING TESTED**

Victory Over Teuton Despotism a Matter of Money and Each Patriot Will Deny Himself All but Necessities That It May Be Achieved.

**By HERBERT QUICK.**

It has become a common saying that democracy is inefficient. We have often read that it takes a despotism to do things.

The Germans believed that they could win this war and conquer the world for two reasons; first, because, in spite of some things which look democratic, the German empire is a despotism; and, second, because it is the first despotism in the history of the world which has reached a very high point in general physical and mental development. They and many people in the democratic countries believed that they could win against the democracies of the world.

Democracy, they said, would be the anvil; despotism the hammer.

Democracy would be the whale; despotism would be the swordfish.

Democracy would be the target; despotism the gun.

Democracy would be the deer; despotism the wolf.

Democracy the huge, unwieldy grazing animal; despotism the flesh eater with fangs and claws.

**Surprises for Despotism.**

The splendid resistance of Belgium and France, the magnificent rallying of Great Britain to the trumpet call, and the intrepid decision of Italy to join in resistance to the German attack, were the greatest surprises which up to that time had ever been encountered by a despot. Before the war had been going on for six months some of the wisest of the cold and cruel minds of Germany began to wonder whether after all the democracies of the world were not too strong to be overcome.

And then came the biggest surprise of the war. The greatest democracy of the world—the United States—slowly began to realize that the whole cause of freedom for the common man, not only in Europe and in Asia, but here in America, was at stake in this war. Slowly the idea began to penetrate the American mind that the machinations of Germany constitute a greater peril to this country than did the issue fought out in the American revolution or the decisive strife of our own war between the states.

America saw at last that if Germany wins this war democracy will have failed; not only the democracy of European countries, but the democracy of the world. There would be nothing left for us through all the future but a losing fight against the most cruel and efficient despotism of all time.

And finally, in spite of our own peaceful history, in spite of our own love of peace, in spite of German lies and German propaganda, and the damnable plots of German spies, the United States acted.

The nation reached slowly for the sword, drew it, and plunged with all her mighty power into this dreadful fray.

And so, on some of the bloodiest battlefields that ever desolated the soil of any country, our splendid American soldiers are bearing the Stars and Stripes to victory.

**DEMOCRACY IS PROVING ITSELF EFFICIENT.**

They carry the Stars and Stripes to victory alongside the flags of Great Britain, France, Italy and a score of other nations, because they know that they are fighting the old battle of right against wrong, of democracy against despotism, and that if they lose, the whole history of the United States becomes at once as if it never had been.

**Democracy is Proving Efficient.**

That is the thing which most strike terror to the hearts of the poisoners, violators and baby killers of Berlin.

We have met and vanquished the submarine. We are now placing in the field in Europe our second million of men, and back of that second million there is a third million, a fourth million, a fifth million and still other millions of men.

We have shown ourselves efficient in production. We have more than made good our promise to send food to our allies. We have organized our industries for war.

We have firmly resolved that having drawn the sword we will throw away the scabbard and never sheath that sword except in victory.

**Victory a Matter of Money.**

But this war is a progressive thing. It cannot be won through things we have done, but must be carried on to victory through things which we must do in the future. On one side we see that splendid host of young men carrying our banners in the battlefields of France and Flanders. On the other side we must remember that war, and this war more than any other war which was ever waged, is a matter of food, of shelter, of clothing, of munitions, of weapons, of roads, of engines, of cars, of ships, of hospitals, of medicines, and of everything which

struck the German soldiers... In other words, winning this war is a matter of money. It is a matter of money not only for the treasury of the United States, but for all our allies. When you buy a Liberty bond or a War Savings stamp it means money for the United States treasury. When you pay your income taxes or any of your other contributions to the government it means money for the United States treasury. But money is only a representative of value and a medium of exchange. Do not look upon your dollar as a mere piece of currency. Do not look upon the United States treasury as a mere repository of your funds.

**Our Treasury Upholding World.**

The United States treasury today is the god atlas who holds the world upon his shoulders. It furnishes money to everyone of our allies which needs money. It breathes hope and confidence into any allied army which is losing heart. It puts in the field the great gun which answers the German gun with shot for shot. It keeps our armies going forward instead of backward. It holds the line against the German onslaught.

The treasury of the United States is the power behind our own army and all the armies of our allies.

During the coming year this nation must raise \$24,000,000,000. We have called these loans in the past Liberty loans. It is about time to begin calling them Victory loans. Whatever we call them, however, \$24,000,000,000 during the next year the United States government must have to carry out our great, magnificent and world-saving program. About \$16,000,000,000 of this must be raised by loans, and \$8,000,000,000 by taxation.

If we do not raise this money the United States treasury will have failed, and when the United States treasury fails the war is lost. If the war is lost, democracy is lost—the world is lost.

**Must Give Half Our Earnings.**

The whole earning power of this country is about \$50,000,000,000 a year; so that out of every \$50 produced in this country during the next year the government must have \$24. The division of our wealth during the next year must be practically on a 50-50 basis with the government.

Now, anyone can see that this thing must be done.

**IT MUST BE DONE!**

Anyone can see that if we give 50 per cent of all we produce to the government we cannot live as we always have lived.

During the past year or so we have just been scraping up the loose change and handing it to the government to finance the war. We must now go to the very heart of our ability and give until this great piece of financial work is accomplished.

He who pays taxes in whatever form they may rest upon him, must pay, and pay cheerfully, to make up that \$8,000,000,000 which we must raise by taxation.

He who has money must invest it in Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps, so as to furnish his share of that \$16,000,000,000 which the government must borrow.

He who has no money to invest must save, and invest his savings.

**Must Become Even Stingy.**

We must become a saving, an economical, a thrifty, a stingy nation towards everything but war.

We must turn and dye and renovate our old clothes.

We must postpone repairs and betterments.

We must put off the building of the new house.

We must do those things only which are of productive value.

We must economize in motor cars, in gasoline and in all forms of fuel.

We must burn wood where possible. If we burn coal we must sift the ashes.

We must simplify and cheapen our diet.

We must cut out luxuries and things which are unnecessary.

We must have our shoes patched and wear them as long as they will hang together.

We must buy nothing which must be shipped over the railroads, except where necessary.

We must draw our supplies from the nearest port.

We must live like misers and work like horses.

We must regard the smallest economy as of the most tremendous importance, no matter whether we are rich or poor.

We must save electricity.

We must spend our vacations at home.

We must get along without hired help except in case of absolute necessity or for the promotion of production.

We must put nothing savable in the garbage barrel.

We must recover from garbage everything savable put into it.

We must throw overboard all the dead weight of life so that the ship may not sink.

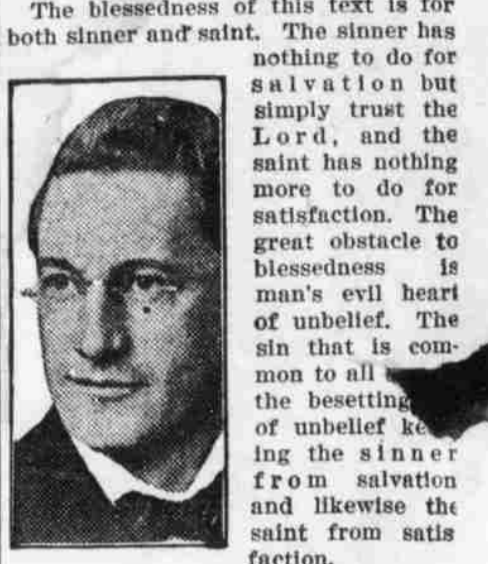
We must strip ourselves to the skin of everything which hampers our movements, so that we may win this fight.

This nation during the next year must become an athlete, abjuring every luxury, living on the plainest food, eating nothing, drinking nothing, wearing nothing except that which will make for victory.

**Trusting the Lord**

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE  
 Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord.—Jer. 17:8.



The blessedness of this text is for both sinner and saint. The sinner has nothing to do for salvation but simply trust the Lord, and the saint has nothing more to do for satisfaction. The great obstacle to blessedness is man's evil heart of unbelief. The sin that is common to all is the besetting sin of unbelief keeping the sinner from salvation and likewise the saint from satisfaction.

The word "trust" has several meanings. In Psalms 2:12, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him," it means to have confidence in the Lord as the Ruler or King. Not long ago a man held the high-sounding title of his majesty, czar of all the Russias. As such many put their trust in him. But he lost the high place and became merely Nicholas Romanoff without power to aid those who trusted him. But the one who trusts the Lord as Ruler and King has One whose title and throne is established forever.

In Ruth 2:12, Boaz speaking to Ruth concerning the Lord, says: "Under whose wings thou art come to trust." Here the word means "to find a refuge." It reminds one of the high winds and mounting waves threatening to engulf a laboring ship. But battered and blown, she comes tumbling over the harbor bar out of the stormy seas to the calm and safety of her refuge.

Or it reminds of the mother bird calling her young at the approach of an enemy and gathering them to safety under her protecting wings. So the saint upon life's stormy sea may find a refuge under the wings of the Almighty. Safety and rest from all storms and all enemies are his by simply trusting the Lord.

A slightly different meaning of the word is found in Psalms 56:3, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." Here it means "to lean on." The psalmist found himself surrounded by enemies. None came to his support. There seemed no help for him. Tired and weary in the unequal struggle his soul cried out for some one to lean on and to gather strength from. Facing the surrounding enemies alone the fear of failure and defeat gripped him until relief came by trusting in the Lord or leaning on his God. Perhaps, my reader, there is no way out of your difficulties, but there is a way over, and you may tread that way by leaning on your Lord. Trust him, lean upon him, and the harder you lean the more you please him.

Another meaning of the word is in Psalms 22:8. "He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him." It means here, "He rolled himself on the Lord." This psalm foretells the experience of our Lord upon the cross. He was there forsaken and alone. Even his God seemed to have left him and his followers had fled. His enemies rejoiced in his sorrow. The blackness of midnight gloom settled upon him. But then in spite of themselves, his enemies gave voice in this way to satisfaction. He could roll himself on the Lord. This is his desire for his people today. There may not be strength to rise and walk to him, but there is always power to roll oneself upon the Lord, to trust him and trusting, find that he not only carries the burden but the believer as well.

Still another meaning of the word is in Job 35:14, where it means "to stay upon." Job could not understand why such grievous sorrow and loss should be his. He desired to find the Almighty and plead with him, but God appeared to hide from him. How often it is so with Christians. They walk in sorrow's path and troubles spring out on every side. They pray, but the heavens seem as brass. They cry to God, but he appears to have forgotten them. They search to find the cause and can find none. Darkness surrounds them. What can they do? As Job did, and doing found complete satisfaction, simply trust or stay upon his God.

**Glory of the Christ Child.**

Christ on this festival honors infants, consecrates suffering, holds up to us the minds of little children, and it is another radiance and beauty added to the manger throne of Bethlehem, that from it streams the gospel of the poor, the gospel of the lonely, the gospel of the sick, the lost, the afflicted, the gospel of little children. The wisdom of Greece and Rome could only spare at this time a push, or a threat, or a curse, which said to the little, the poor, the weak, depart; get you out of the way; it was left for the glorious Gospel of the Blessed Lord to say: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."—W. C. E. Newbold.