

# "OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey  
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

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## EMPEY LEARNS THAT SOMETIMES A STREAK OF YELLOW CAN TURN PURE WHITE.

**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. His next experience is as a member of a firing squad which executes a sentence of death.

### CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

On his left, in the darkness, he could make out the shadowy forms of trees; crawling on his hands and knees, stopping and crouching with fear at each shell-burst, he finally reached an old orchard and covered at the base of a shot-scarred apple tree.

He remained there all night, listening to the sound of the guns and ever praying, praying that his useless life would be spared.

As dawn began to break, he could discern little dark objects protruding from the ground all about him. Curiosity mastered his fear and he crawled to one of the objects, and there, in the uncertain light, he read on a little wooden cross:

"Pte. H. S. Wheaton, No. 1670, 1st London Regt. R. F. Killed in action, April 25, 1916. R. I. P." (Rest in Peace).

When it dawned on him that he had been hiding all night in a cemetery his reason seemed to leave him, and a mad desire to be free from it all made him rush madly away, falling over little wooden crosses, smashing some and trampling others under his feet.

In his flight he came to an old French dugout, half caved in and partially filled with slimy and filthy water.

Like a fox being chased by the hounds, he ducked into this hole, and threw himself on a pile of old empty sandbags, wet and mildewed. Then—unconsciousness.

On the next day, he came to; far distant voices sounded in his ears. Opening his eyes, in the entrance of the dugout he saw a corporal and two men with fixed bayonets.

The corporal was addressing him: "Get up, you white-livered blighter! Curse you and the day you ever joined D company, spoiling their fine record! It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of him, men, and if he makes a break, give him the bayonet, and send it home, the cowardly sneak. Come on, you, move, we've been looking for you long enough."

Lloyd, trembling and weakened by his long fast, tottered out, assisted by a soldier on each side of him.

They took him before the captain, but could get nothing out of him but: "For God's sake, sir, don't have me shot, don't have me shot!"

The captain, utterly disgusted with him, sent him under escort to division headquarters for trial by court-martial, charged with desertion under fire. They shoot deserters in France.

During his trial, Lloyd sat as one dazed, and could put nothing forward in his defense, only an occasional "Don't have me shot!"

His sentence was passed: "To be shot at 3:38 o'clock in the morning of May 18, 1916." This meant that he had only one more day to live.

He did not realize the awfulness of his sentence; his brain seemed paralyzed. He knew nothing of his trip, under guard, in a motor lorry to the sandbagged guardroom in the village, where he was dumped on the floor and left, while a sentry with a fixed bayonet paced up and down in front of the entrance.

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheero, laddie, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before morning. I know the way they run these things. They're only trying to scare you, that's all. Come now, that's a good lad, eat something. It'll make the world look different to you."

The good-hearted sentry knew he was being about the pardon. He knew that a short of a miracle could save him.

He listened eagerly to his sentry's words, and they seemed to have a magic about them. A look of hope came into his eyes, and he ravenously ate his supper.

At that time, the chaplain came. Lloyd would have liked to have seen him, but he was not wanted no more.

The lines suddenly moved. Everything they

had. An intense bombardment of the enemy's lines had commenced. The roar of the guns was deafening. Lloyd's fears came back with a rush, and he cowered on the earthen floor with his hands over his face.

The sentry, seeing his position, came in and tried to cheer him by talking to him:

"Never mind them guns, boy, they won't hurt you. They are ours. We are giving the Boches a dose of their own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take their trenches. We'll give 'em a taste of cold steel with their sausages and beer. You just sit tight now until they relieve you. I'll have to go now, lad, as it's nearly time for my relief, and I don't want them to see me a-talkin' with you. So long, laddie, cheero."

With this, the sentry resumed the pacing of his post. In about ten minutes' time he was relieved, and a D company man took his place.

Looking into the guardhouse, the sentry noticed the covering attitude of Lloyd, and, with a sneer, said to him:

"Instead of whimpering in that corner, you ought to be saying your prayers. It's bally conscripts like you what's spollin' our record. We've been out here high onto eighteen months, and you're the first man to desert his post. The whole battalion is laughin' and pokin' fun at D company, had luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the mornin'!"

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a faltering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why,



He Betrayed His Country.

the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was jest a-kiddin' you. Jest like old Smith. Always a-tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance o' bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my 'batt.'"

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, to die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and covered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells

were bursting all around the guardroom, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home. I don't want to go to the trenches no more. Where the "whizzbangs" and "sausages" roar galore. Take me over the sea, where the Allemand can't get at me. Oh, my, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafening report, and the sandbag walls of the guardroom toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home." He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Allemand.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through. It was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company who were in the front line. He was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. D company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blind-sap, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retire. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But D company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way. Turning to his company, the captain said:

"Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every trust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and at them. Give them h—! Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men!"

British prepare for the "Big Push," the forerunner of the battle of the Somme. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Striving After Strength.

We think that we shall win truth by striving after strength, instead of knowing that we shall gain strength just in the degree that we become true.—Phillips Brooks.

## Matron's House Dress of Gingham



Now is the day of all sorts of service suits—overettes, war overalls, coat and breeches, mountain suits and others that mark the departures of women into new fields of work and into new kinds of convenient clothes for outdoor and even for indoor wear. Meantime the reliable and time-honored gingham house dress is a service suit that shows no sign of losing its popularity.

Gingham and gingham patterns in other materials lead in point of popularity—percale and some heavier cottons; chambrays and cotton crepes—even printed lawns and voiles have a place in this considerable company of house dresses and designs are varied to suit the ages of wearers—and the sort of service the dress is to give. In the picture a gingham dress designed for a matronly wearer is equal to all the emergencies of an average day at home. It is a one-piece dress easily put on, has jacket fronts on the bodice with vest and collar in white figure. There are pockets at the side that prove to be both practical and decorative. They are faced with pique and

turned back in two tabs fastened down with buttons.

Old-fashioned rickrack braid has come back into favor as a trimming for house dresses and is also used on afternoon frocks of organdie. Combinations of plain and plaid ginghams are and always will be good in dresses of the kind shown above. For kitchen work designers make shorter sleeves and plain waists joined to skirts with wide belts. The frock illustrated will do for marketing. Because gingham is used for aprons and house dresses is no reason to infer that it is not made up into frocks for other wear. Handsome gingham frocks, made up with organdie collars and cuffs or with fine Swiss embroideries are taking the place of silks in many a war-time wardrobe. They do not suffer by comparison, for they are smart, with a flavor of their own.

Double Knot With Loops.

Fasten your belt in the back with a double knot with loops.

## What Expert Designers Are Making



The advantage of leaving the designing of children's clothes to specialists in that line of work is apparent. They are less apt to make mistakes than other people are, and only the efforts in which they are successful get beyond the designing room and into the workrooms of manufacturers of children's frocks and other garments. Early in July the advance guards of the new styles for fall make their appearance in the large shops and department stores, and mothers with foresight investigate them, either to buy for the coming season or to become familiar with whatever new style features are introduced.

Those who have their children's clothes made at home can gather from these early displays ideas worth copying. The question of economy is one that the individual must settle for herself. The simplest cotton dresses can probably be bought ready made as cheaply as they can be made at home, but the better grades in cotton or wool

or silk are considerably higher in price than for several seasons past and the chances are that there is a considerable saving in making them at home.

The pretty model pictured above, for a girl of eight to twelve or thirteen years, is suited to any of the materials used for the dressier frocks for little girls. It has single box plaits across the front and back of the skirt with pockets at each side on the unplaited portions. The bodice simulates a little jacket with tabs at the front that extend over the flat plain belt. This belt is in a contrasting color and might be made of silk for a wool dress. A little embroidery in the simplest designs embellishes the collar, cuffs, pockets and tabs, done in floss the color of the belt. Flat silk buttons fastening with cord loops, form another decorative feature.

Julia Botta

## Show Thyself a Man

By REV. W. W. KETCHUM  
Director of Practical Work Course,  
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man.—1 Kings 2:2.

An old man lay dying. Behind him was a checkered and romantic career.

In his youth he was a shepherd. He became king of Judah, and upon Saul's death was elected king of Israel as well. His sons Absalom and Adonijah, separately and at different times, tried to wrest his throne from him. At last, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the son whom he had chosen to succeed him crowned king. As he lay dying he called the young king into his presence, and this is what Solomon heard David, his father, say: "I am going the way of all the earth. Show thyself a man."

Not by Clothes. Solomon must have pondered the meaning of these words, and as we look back over his life it might be wondered if he did not interpret, "Show thyself a man," to mean that he should wear costly and ornamental array. His magnificent clothes made such an impression that our Lord, holding forth a lily, said: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Strange, is it not, that even in these days, when the realities of life are being borne in upon us as never before, there are folks who act as if they thought clothes instead of character make the man.

You can test this in most any social gathering. Two men enter; one, with heart as black as hell, but dressed like a fashion plate and with the airs of a gentleman; the other, with sterling character, but green and awkward, wears ordinary plain clothes. The first is a center of attraction while the second is unnoticed unless some one, out of pity, keeps him company. I do not say this would be so if the real value of each man was known, but in the absence of such knowledge, is it not true that often we act as if clothes and not character, make the man?

Not by Wealth. It may be Solomon thought his father meant that he should acquire wealth, for he amassed a great fortune and became the richest man of all time. He erected a palatial residence that took thirteen years to build, and had such sumptuous surroundings and so much wealth, that the queen of Sheba, hearing of his glory, came to visit him and when she saw it all, exclaimed: "The half was never told." How many there are today to whom wealth is an indication of manhood. Let it be said that one is rich, and immediately these people do him honor, as if what he possesses, instead of what he is, makes him a man. It is a bad custom we have of asking how much a man is worth, rather than what is his character. A man may have a good character with dollars, and just as easily, he may have a bad character without them. It is not money, or the want of it, that determines a man's character. It is what he actually is.

Not by Culture.

Possibly Solomon thought that culture makes a man, for we read that he became the wisest of all men. Yet after acquiring understanding in many things, it was he who said at last: "Trust in the Lord and lean not to thine own understanding."

We should remember that God puts no premium upon ignorance. He expects us to develop and increase in knowledge.

The splendid schools and colleges of our day offer youth great opportunities for development; but should all the culture and learning of the world be acquired, and one know not God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, he is still ignorant of the greatest and most vital truth—truth that is essential to his character, and without which he lacks the power to build that Christian character which alone can stand the testings of God, and having stood them, endure throughout eternity.

The apostle tells us that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." And he says: "If any man build upon this foundation"—not learning, not culture, but Christ—"he shall receive a reward," provided of course, his building be of such material as will stand the test of fire. And so he adds: "Take heed how ye build thereupon."

Yes, let us take heed how we build thereupon; what kind of Christian characters we erect; but first of all, we need to be definitely sure that we are building upon the only foundation, which is Jesus Christ our Lord. Then as we build our Christian character upon him, may each one of us show himself a man.

Christ's Desire.

In our business Christ wants not so much ours but us.