



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nimbly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotchies, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. At yawn he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said:

"Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company—"

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38."

"Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been 'duly carried out.'"

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push. Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communica-

tion and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A.," and I would remember that if I wore a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although pulled with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since been advanced beyond this point, so in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily cursed the one who had conceived the idea. The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Isinglass From Fish Sounds. Isinglass is made from the sounds or swimming bladders of fish. One ton of hake, says the Popular Science Monthly, will yield from 40 to 50 pounds of sounds. These are dried, soaked, cut in pieces, rolled into sheets and cut into ribbons. The ribbons are dried and wound on wooden spools. One ounce of isinglass will clarify from 200 to 500 gallons of wine and one pound will clarify from 100 to 500 barrels of beer. It is used for making cement for mending glass and pottery and for adhesive plaster and enters into the manufacture of many textiles and waterproof fabrics.

Tea Plant Purposely Dwarfed. In its wild state the tea plant grows to a height of from ten to twenty feet; in cultivating it its size is kept down to about three feet for convenience in picking. The tea of Japan is mostly of the green variety. Considerable black tea is exported, but is grown mainly on the island of Formosa. The seed is usually planted in terraces that extend from the bases of hills to their very crests, like giant steps that conform with the general contour of the hillsides. During picking time one may see large groups of tea-pickers (mostly women) gradually working their way downward from the top of a hill-

LISTENING-IN BY SIGNAL CORPS MEN

REMARKABLE DEVICES BY USE OF WHICH GERMAN MES-SAGES ARE CAPTURED.

WIRES FAR AWAY TAPPED

Student Army Training Corps Plans Changed to Conform to Lowered Draft Ages—Soldiers Want Lemon Drops and Soluble Coffee.

The listening-in service of the signal corps of the army is one of its interesting activities. Information of the enemy and his movements is always of use, and sometimes of great importance.

The signal corps operates numerous listening-in stations close to or within the enemy's lines, at which, by means of devices recently perfected, it is able not only to intercept any radio message but also to determine accurately the location of the radio instrument which transmits it. This information as to location is transmitted to the artillery, which proceeds to put the radio station out of business.

German telephone wires have been made to divulge their secrets, though such wires are well within German territory where it is impossible to tap their lines. This is accomplished by one of the most ingenious instruments that has been produced. By means of it our signal corps man can sit in his dugout on the front line with a receiver to his ear and hear any telephone message well within the enemy territory, even though several thousand Huns may intervene between him and the nearest point to the telephone wires being used by the enemy.

The signal service of the army came into existence with development of the telegraph during the Civil war, and was expanded greatly in the Spanish-American war. It was then a mounted organization, mobile as cavalry, and used largely to serve the needs of the cavalry. It developed practically a perfect system for open warfare.

A new system had to be originated for trench warfare and experts began the study of this problem and the use of telephone and telegraph lines and the radio as soon as the present war started. Signal corps men were among the first units sent to France after the United States entered the war. The French system of signaling has been adopted in part, but with many purely American innovations. The whole fighting area within ten miles of the front lines is a mass of lines of information. There is the wire net, or telegraph and telephone; the radio; the visual, or searchlight and fireworks, and the messengers, runners and motorcycleists.

Plans for the student army training corps have been changed by the war department to conform to the lowered draft ages. The war department will utilize the plant, equipment and organization of the colleges to maintain a reservoir of officer material for training as officers and technical experts from which it will be possible to meet the enlarged needs of the various branches of the service.

The length of time during which men will be trained in the colleges will depend on the needs of the service. As fast as one group of trained men is drawn from the colleges into the service their places will be taken by a new quota obtained by voluntary induction or through the draft. In this way the educational facilities of the country will be used to maintain a constant supply of men who are trained to meet the needs of the army.

Under the regulations selected young men who are physically fit for military service, who are eighteen years of age or over, and who have had a grammar school education may be inducted as volunteers into the army and enter upon a course of special training. Those who have had only a grammar school education will enter ordinarily special training detachments to be trained along mechanical lines of military training. Those who prove in the course of their mechanical training that they are officer material may be transferred to a unit in one of the colleges to be prepared to enter a central officers' training camp.

Young men who have had a high school education will be allowed to enter the college for more advanced training as officers and as technical experts of various kinds, according to their experience and abilities. Those who show promise under this training will be kept in college until qualified to enter an officer training camp or be sent directly into the service as technical experts; those who do not show promise under the training will be sent either to noncommissioned officers' schools, to the nearest depot brigade or to detachments where men are trained according to their technical or mechanical abilities.

Your Taffeta Underskirt. Taffeta has an unenviable reputation for splitting or cracking. True, the chiffon taffeta is trying hard to work up a better reputation with excellent results. But if your taffeta underskirt when you first get it is dipped in water and then hung up without wringing to dry, the silk will not crack so readily.

Tub Silk Blouses. When it comes to the more substantial tub blouses tub silks still

lemon drops and corce are popular with the army. There is such a demand for lemon drops that the quartermasters corps is having difficulty in obtaining the desired quantity and quality. About 200,000 pounds of lemon drops are used each month at the present time, or about 15 per cent of the amount of candy furnished the army.

The lemon drops being supplied the army are made of pure granulated sugar and flavored with an emulsion made from the rind of the lemon. The extra sour lemon drop is the favorite with the soldiers. It has the thirst-quenching quality of lemonade. The formula was prepared specially, and is being followed by the candy manufacturers supplying the army.

The entire output of all factories in the United States making soluble coffee is being purchased by the quartermasters corps for the army, but it is not sufficient to meet the demand; new companies are being organized and large capital is being expended to insure a largely increased output.

Soluble coffee is used in the front line trenches, where it is not possible always to have hot water because it cannot be brought up from the rear and fire to heat water causes smoke which invites the fire of the enemy. The men can make good coffee from the cold water which they carry in their canteens.

Increasing needs of the military forces for woolsens has brought an order from the woolsens section of the war industries board stopping the manufacture of woolen or worsted hand knitting yarns, and calling for reports as to stock held by the manufacturers, and wholesale and retail merchants.

The Red Cross is buying up these stocks at a nominal profit to the holders for use in its war work. A much greater supply is required, and the Red Cross will take up stocks of yarn suitable in quality and quantity as rapidly as they are offered.

Large manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers reported their stocks on hand promptly, but many small merchants throughout the country have failed to report to the woolsens section, and reports have been received they are continuing to sell to their customers. The war industries board has no desire to penalize those who have reported their stocks of yarn for the benefit of those who have not so reported, and asks for immediate replies from those who hold unreported stocks of hand knitting yarns and compliance with the original order of the board.

The yarns affected include both woolen and worsted in Oxfords, khaki, natural and natural gray colors with the counts, make, quality and cost price. Reports should be made on lots down to 50 pounds.

The United States has vast known sulphur deposits guaranteeing an abundant supply for the manufacture of sulphuric acid and other necessary war materials for the successful prosecution of the war.

Two great plants are now turning out most of the sulphur needed. One is in Louisiana and the other in Texas. There are two other known deposits which can be opened up quickly in case of necessity. Preliminary work on one of these is under progress to meet any unexpected emergency, such as destruction or damage by hurricane as occurred recently at the Louisiana plant.

Sulphur is melted in the ground by steam and hot water and forced to the surface through wells where the molten sulphur solidifies on exposure to the air. The sulphur deposit underlies a bed of quicksand through which it is impossible to drive shafts and mine in the ordinary way. The development of this project is one of the interesting mechanical achievements of the past decade, and the United States is now by far the greatest producer of sulphur.

Colonel Churchill, chief of the military intelligence branch of the general staff, warns American editors against publication, as authentic and reliable, of statements in letters from American prisoners in German camps of the excellence of the food and general treatment of the prisoners.

An officer of the military intelligence branch who spent two years of the war in Germany reports that there are certain rules laid down by the German military authorities for all prisoners in letter writing. The price they pay for the transmission of their letters is that they must state that they are well treated, that the food is good and that they are contented. The letters of the prisoners are carefully censored at the prison camp and any statements made contrary to the rules laid down for letter writing simply means destruction of the letter.

It is concluded, therefore, that any information coming from American prisoners in Germany is absolutely unreliable and should not be published in American newspapers or magazines as in any way authentic. A few letters from apparently contented American prisoners in camps have made their appearance already in American newspapers.

lend, though there are many good linen tailored blouses in both the heavy and sheer weaves. The familiar Chinese and Japanese silks and some new effects in wash silk crepes are much used, as is the ever-popular crepe in wonderful lines of plain as well as in striped and fancy effects.

Charming soft turbans are brocade and fut.

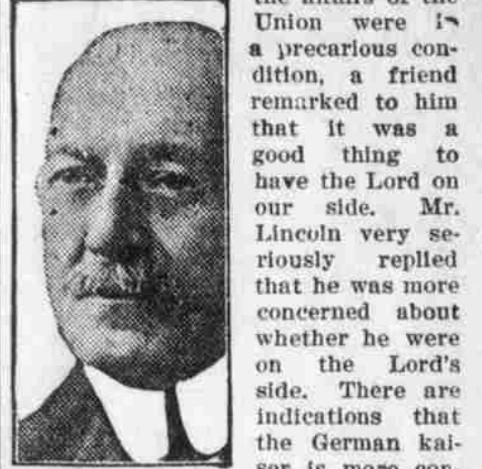
Real flax is a great favorite for brassieres.

Who Is On the Lord's Side?

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D., Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Whose is on Jehovah's side let him come unto me.—R. V.

It is related that at a certain point in Lincoln's presidential experience, when the affairs of the Union were in a precarious condition, a friend remarked to him that it was a good thing to have the Lord on our side. Mr. Lincoln very seriously replied that he was more concerned about whether he were on the Lord's side. There are indications that the German kaiser is more concerned on having the Lord on his side than about being on the Lord's side.



The natural tendency of man is to seek his own or the things of humanity, rather than the things of the Lord, and man is simply asking what some particular course will bring to him, or what it will bring to his time. The chief end of man in these days is not to glorify God. In this, grievous wrong is done. When a course of action is before one, the chief question should not be, "How will it affect my neighbor?" but "How will it affect God?"

The great need of the day is a new sensing of God—God at the beginning, God in the middle, God at the ending. The right thing for man is to ask where God is, and to go where he is. If man would do that many of his great theological questions would be settled. God manifests himself through his Word, and if men would go to the Word of God with these questions they would soon be substantially correct on all of them.

The text suggests the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" or rather, "What man or woman has a right to say that he is on the Lord's side?"

In the particular case before us, the people had made a golden calf and were worshipping it. To do that was to break the first two commandments of the Decalogue, and it became open idolatry. It is inevitable that a man worship. If he does not worship God he will worship some thing, or some one else. Nor can a man be on the Lord's side if he does those things that the Lord hates.

If a man would know his duty to the Lord he should seek to know what the Lord thinks of certain things, and here again he must take the Lord's judgment through his Word, for he cannot know what the Lord thinks unless he knows his Word. As to particular actions, a man may be left to his own judgment, but as to the great principles that lie at the root of things, the Lord makes clear declaration in his Word. Does the Lord love a liar, brutality, deception? The remnant of God's image in man says at once, "No! No!" Does the Lord favor truth, liberty, kindness? That same remnant of God's image says, "Yes! Yes!" And consequently, the duty is clear, and he should stand for these things. We might sum up everything by saying, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The scene connected with our text was probably this: There was a golden calf and people were dancing about it. Moses stood aloof and made the cry, "Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come to me." According to the constitution and nature of man we make appeals to him as to his conscience, to his sense of duty or privilege, and he must make choice.

What is it to be on the Lord's side? It is a natural inheritance from our sinning first parents that we will either be indifferent to God's commands or we will positively refuse to obey them. Fundamentally, the issue is the same. In the case before us, the worshiper of the golden calf either continued his dancing and worship, or just endeavored to be neutral. A man must "come across;" he must take a positive stand. The position of a neutral is the position of the enemy of God. There are no neutrals in our country now as to Germany. Politically we were neutral until the president said that a state of war existed, but now the neutral is a pro-German. We must be out and out for the United States of America. A man's religious obligations could be illustrated by taking the two sides of an imaginary line, and to an imaginary line there can be only two sides. It is one thing or it is the other. We must be positively, clearly, professionally on God's side, or we are against him. In the day in which we are living the ideals and motives are to be more sharply defined than in former days.

An eloquent man said very recently that heretofore men were living to make money, and now they are dying to preserve righteousness, a tremendous reversal of form. Precisely so of a man's actions; if their characters to be determined by whether they are right in the sight of God rather than whether they have been personally or socially beneficial, man will arrive at the realization of the purpose of God and at the realization of his own greatest happiness.



the Top in a Charge.