



# OVER THE TOP

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

### ARTHUR GUY EMPHEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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### TWO ARTILLERYMEN "PUT ONE OVER" ON OLD PEPPER, REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

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.

#### CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—12—

"Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of curses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road.

"Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S., and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose.

"You blankety blank dud, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen.

"Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one?"

"I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name.

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rumberling it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.'

"Under these condition I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by 'phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued by him. The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his meat.

"Then I waited with beating heart and watched the captain like a hawk.

"He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me, he said:

"Wilson, this army is a blankety blank washout. What's the use of having artillery if it is not allowed to fire? The government at home ought to be hanged with some of their red tape. It's through them that we have no shells.

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with:

"Keep those infernal fingers still. What's the matter, getting the nerves?"

When I'm talking to you, pay attention."

"My heart sank. Supposing he had rumbled that tapping, then all would be up with our plan. I stopped drumming with my fingers and said:

"Beg your pardon, sir, just a habit with me."

"And a d—d silly one, too," he answered, turning to his glasses again, and I knew I was safe. He had not tumbled to the meaning of that tapping.

"All at once, without turning round, he exclaimed:

"Well, of all the nerve I've ever run across, this takes the cake. Those Boches are using that road again. Blind my eyes, this time it is a whole brigade of them, transports and all. What a pretty target for our '4.5's.' The beggars know that we won't fire. A d—d shame, I call it. Oh, just for a chance to turn D 238 loose on them."

"I was trembling with excitement. From repeated stolen glances at the captain's range chart, that road with its range was burned into my mind.

"Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 battery, Target 17, Range 6000, 3 degrees 30 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell O. K.'d my message, and with the receiver pressed against my ear, I waited and listened. In a couple of minutes very faintly over the wire came the voice of our battery commander issuing the order: 'D 238 battery. Salvo! Fire!'

"Then a roar through the receiver as the four gups belched forth, a screaming and whistling overhead, and the shells were on their way.

"The captain jumped as if he were shot, and let out a great big expressive d—n, and eagerly turned his glasses in the direction of the German road. I also strained my eyes watching that target. Four black clouds of dust rose up right in the middle of the German column. Four direct hits—another record for D 238.

"The shells kept on whistling overhead, and I had counted twenty-four of them when the firing suddenly ceased. When the smoke and dust clouds lifted the destruction on that road was awful. Overturned limbers and guns, wagons smashed up, troops fleeing in all directions. The road and roadside were spotted all over with little field gray dots, the toll of our guns.

"The captain, in his excitement, had slipped off the sandbag, and was on his knees in the mud, the glass still at his eye. He was muttering to himself and slapping his thigh with his disengaged hand. At every slap a big round juicy cuss word would escape from his lips followed by:

"Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty Work! Direct hits all."

"Then he turned to me and shouted: "Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D—n fine work, I call it."

"Pretty soon a look of wonder stole over his face and he exclaimed:

"But who in h—l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson, did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't, did I?"

"I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through this post. I am absolutely certain on that point, sir.'

"Of course nothing went through," he replied. Then his face fell, and he muttered out loud:

"But, by Jove, wait till Old Pepper gets wind of this. There'll be fur flying."

Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire:

"General's compliments to Captain A—. He directs that officer and signaler report at the double to brigade headquarters as soon as relieved. Relief now on the way."

"In an undertone to me, 'Keep a brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake, stick.' I answered with, 'Rely on me, mate,' but I was trembling all over.

"I gave the general's message to the captain, and started packing up.

"The relief arrived, and as we left the post the captain said:

"Now for the fireworks, and I know they'll be good and plenty. They were."

"When we arrived at the gun pits the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march to brigade headquarters started.

"Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the 'Ticer' reappeared. The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions went once again fed.

"The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the droop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted:

"Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your heels together when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir.' "But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!'"

"Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his tongue into his cheek and winked, then, turning to the closed door, he stuck his thumb to his nose and left.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him.

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against each other.

"My interview was very short.

"Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose.

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers—by gad, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish. Spit it out."

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing.'

"That's easy to see,' he roared; 'that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery.'

"I saluted and made my exit.

"That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called up back and said:

"Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, there are two tins of them on my table. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understood?"

"We understood.

"For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that chucked us Goldflakes in his dugout and here I have been 'chucking me weight about in his hearing.'"

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion.

**Empey tells of a narrow escape in the next installment.**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Land of Lanterns."

Among the Chinese there has existed for ages a passion for fireworks and lanterns. In every city, at every port and on every river and canal, as soon as night comes on, the lanterns make their appearance. They are hung out at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants to the angles of the pagoda; they form the fiery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriage of the traveler, and they swing from the yards and masts of his vessel.

**First Springs Used on Railways.**

The first record of the use of springs on railways is George Stephenson's patent of September, 1816. The first locomotive with steel springs was the Agoria, built by Foster and Rastrick in 1820, and now in South Kensington museum, London. This had laminated springs on the leading wheels.

**Hide Plating Wires.**

Never, if you can help it, hang pictures so that the wires will show, and let the pictures hang against the wall as if they were really and truly decorations.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### LESSON FOR MAY 12

#### JESUS FACES THE CROSS.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 10:32-52.  
GOLDEN TEXT—He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.—Philippians 2:8.  
DEVOTIONAL READING—Isaiah 42:1-9.  
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matthew 20:20-28; Luke 22:25-27.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus and the blind beggar.  
LESSON MATERIAL—Mark 10:46-52.  
PRIMARY AND JUNIOR MEMORY VERSE—Be of good cheer, rise; He calleth thee.—Mark 10:49.  
JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Jesus teaches how to be great.

#### I. Jesus Foretells His Passion and Resurrection (vv. 32-34).

This is the third time he makes this prediction. The circumstances are most tragic.

1. Jesus going to Jerusalem (v. 32).  
He was going with the full consciousness of the awful tragedy of the cross before him—the treachery of Judas, the fiery persecutions of the priests and scribes—the unjust judgment.
2. The disciples following after (v. 32).  
They were in dread bewilderment. His utterances and demeanor filled their minds with perplexity, and their hearts with awe. In this state of confusion, Jesus called them to him and patiently instructed them.
3. "What needs should happen unto him" (vv. 33, 34).
  - (1) "Delivered unto chief priests and scribes."
  - (2) They shall condemn him to death, and deliver him to the Gentiles."
  - (3) "They shall mock, scourge, spit upon, and kill him."
  - (4) "The third day he shall rise again."

#### II. The Ambitious Request of James and John (vv. 35-45).

1. The request (vv. 35-37).  
It was for a place of prominence in the kingdom. According to Matthew, their mother was the intercessor. Many mothers have been used by children to carry out that which they were themselves ashamed to do. It is very desirable for mothers to get places for their children near to Jesus, but unfortunately many are seeking the pinnacles of the world and forgetting the nearness to Christ.
2. Jesus' reply (vv. 38-40).  
(1) To Peter and John (vv. 38-40).  
He speaks directly to the men, declaring that they know not what they ask. The Lord many times has to reprove and rebuke us for our blind requests. He showed them that the way to this position of glory was through suffering. The cup which they were to drink was all that was embraced in the agony on the cross. He concedes that the positions which they craved were obtainable, but in a very different way from what they apprehended. The way to places in glory in the Kingdom of Christ is through the path of lowly, self-forgetful service.
- (2) To the ten (vv. 41-45).  
The ten were displeased with Peter and John, but doubtless they were not free from the same selfish ambitions. Christ showed them that to give is greater than to receive; that to serve is greater than to be served. The standard of his kingdom is to forget self and serve others, even to give one's life. Christ is the supreme example to be imitated by all who would follow him.

#### III. Jesus Cures Bartimeus of Blindness (vv. 46-52).

Though the weight of the cross was upon him, he had time for gracious deeds. Blind Bartimeus receives his sight.

1. Bartimeus' request (vv. 46, 47).  
He cried to Jesus for mercy. The fact that he addressed him as the Son of David, shows that he recognized his Messiahship. Though he was blind, his faith enabled him to take hold of Jesus. As soon as he heard that Jesus was passing by he cried to him for help. Jesus not only can hear our cries, but he can even tell when a soul yearns after him, and will respond to that yearning.
2. Rebuked by the multitude (v. 48).  
This rebuke provoked a more earnest cry from Bartimeus. He believed that Jesus could and would help him, and knew that it was now or never with him. The fact that God has brought salvation within our reach should convince us that it is time for us to cry for help. Therefore, we should not allow the opposition of men to keep us from Christ.
3. The blessing granted (vv. 49-52).  
Though Jesus knew his desire, he wished him to definitely commit himself. God is pleased when we come to him with our definite needs.  
When his eyes were opened, he saw many interesting things, but the supreme object was Christ, for he followed him. Note experience of Bartimeus:

  - (1) A blind beggar (v. 46).
  - (2) His cry for mercy (v. 47).
  - (3) Persistence in his cry (v. 48).
  - (4) Responded to the call of Jesus (vv. 49, 50).
  - (5) Made specific request (v. 51).
  - (6) Received his sight immediately (v. 52).
  - (7) He followed Jesus (v. 52).  
How quickly one can pass from sore need to jubilant discipleship.

## For the Fair

Crossbar taffetas and all the gingham patterns in taffetas that are classed as "gingham taffetas," appeared at just the time when the mood of the public made their success certain. Women are in the humor for quiet and conservative dressing and gingham taffetas are the most unpretentious of silks. This modest, unassuming quality is merely a matter of suggestion—they borrow it from the gingham they imitate in colors and patterns. They



PLAID TAFFETA IN SEPARATE SKIRTS.

"fit in" to provide the simple frocks and practical separate skirts that are to furnish the coolest clothes for mid-summer. This silk interpretation of cotton goods has a distinction of its own.

The light-weight separate skirt of silk, worn with the sheer blouse of crepe or filmy cotton, spells comfort for the warmest weather joined to neatness that looks cool. The skirt portrayed in the picture shows a colored cross-bar taffeta which resolves into a big plaid with its narrow bars of white running in groups of two and three bars each, over the surface. It is a good model for a slender figure with the bars running in an up-and-down and straight horizontal direction about the figure. A girle which widens into a yoke, a tunic with much unevenness in length, and a wide sash end, finished with a silk tassel, make this a somewhat complicated affair made entirely of the taffetas. Nevertheless it looks like gingham and announces itself as merely a neat and comfortable article with no presumption,



HATS THAT ARE WHOLLY AMERICAN.

of importance. It is to be recommended as a part of every summer outfit. Worn with sheer white blouses and with white low shoes and thin silk stockings it will prove refreshing to look at and the least burdensome of all summer clothes.

Gingham taffetas are at their best made up in simple ways. We have long since learned that simplicity does not mean an absence of cleverness or originality. These, in conjunction with simplicity, make skirts of gingham taffeta an allurement that discriminating dressers are not likely to overlook when they assemble their summer wardrobes.

America's resources in the production of millinery and millinery materials are being put more and more to the test as it becomes more and more difficult to get space for shipping goods from Europe. So far the public has not suffered any lack of hats or trim-

Julia B. Brown