



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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EMPEY HAS NARROW ESCAPE WHILE ON PATROL DUTY IN NO MAN'S LAND.

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.

Quite a contrast to Wilson was another character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his age. He was fifty-seven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted Police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle as if it were a baby. In his spare moments you could always see him cleaning it or polishing the stock. Woe betide the man who by mistake happened to get hold of this rifle; he soon found out his error. Scott was as deaf as a mule, and it was amusing at parade to watch him in the manual of arms, slyly glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man next to him to see what the order was. How he passed the doctor was a mystery to us; he must have bluffed his way through, because he certainly was independent. Beside him the Fourth of July looked like Good Friday. He wore at the time a large sombrero, had a Mexican stock saddle over his shoulder, a lariat on his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging from his hip. Dumping this paraphernalia on the floor he went up to the recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm from America, west of the Rockies, and want to join your d— army. I've got no use for a German and can shoot some. At Scotland Yard they turned me down; said I was deaf and so I am. I don't hanker to ship in with a d— mud-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than none, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fags.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spin some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more. Ananias was a rookie compared with him.

The explainsman and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sigh of relief went up from the officers' mess.

Old Scotty had the freedom of the brigade. He used to draw two or three days' rations and disappear with his glass, range finder and rifle, and we would see or hear no more of him until suddenly he would reappear with a couple of notches added to those already on the butt of his rifle. Every time he got a German it meant another notch. He was proud of these notches.

But after a few months Father Rheumatism got him and he was sent to Blighty; the air in the wake of his stretcher was blue with curses. Old Scotty surely could swear; some of his outbursts actually burned you.

No doubt, at this writing, he is "somewhere in Blighty" pussy footing it on a bridge or along the wall of some munition plant with the "G. R." or Home Defense corps.

CHAPTER XVII.

Out in Front.

After tea Lieutenant Stores of our section came into the dugout and informed me that I was "for" a reconnoitering patrol and would carry six Mills bombs.

At 11:30 that night twelve men, our lieutenant and myself went out in front on a patrol in No Man's Land.

We cruised around in the dark for about two hours, just knocking about looking for trouble, on the lookout for Boche working parties to see what they were doing.

Around two in the morning we were carefully picking our way about thirty yards in front of the German barbed

wire, when we walked into a Boche covering party nearly thirty strong. Then the music started, the fiddler rendered his bill, and we paid.

Fighting in the dark with a bayonet is not very pleasant. The Germans took it on the run, but our officer was no novice at the game and didn't follow them. He gave the order "down on the ground, hug it close."

Just in time, too, because a volley skimmed over our heads. Then in low tones we were told to separate and crawl back to our trenches, each man on his own.

We could see the flashes of their rifles in the darkness, but the bullets were going over our heads.

We lost three men killed and one wounded in the arm. If it hadn't been for our officer's quick thinking the whole patrol would have probably been wiped out.

After about twenty minutes' wait we went out again and discovered that the Germans had a wiring party working on their barbed wire. We returned to our trenches unobserved with the information and our machine guns immediately got busy.

The next night four men were sent out to go over and examine the German barbed wire and see if they had



A Hidden Gun.

cut lanes through it; if so, this presaged an early morning attack on our trenches.

Of course I had to be one of the four selected for the job. It was just like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin.

At ten o'clock we started out, armed with three bombs, a bayonet and revolver. After getting into No Man's Land we separated. Crawling four or five feet at a time, ducking star shells, with strays cracking overhead, I reached their wire. I scouted along this inch by inch, scarcely breathing. I could hear them talking in their trench, my heart was pounding against my ribs. One false move or the least noise from me meant discovery and almost certain death.

After covering my sector I quietly crawled back. I had gotten about half way when I noticed that my revolver was missing. It was pitch dark. I turned about to see if I could find it; it couldn't be far away, because about three or four minutes previously I had felt the butt in the holster. I crawled around in circles and at last found it, then started on my way back to our trenches, as I thought.

Pretty soon I reached barbed wire, and was just going to give the password when something told me not to. I put out my hand and touched one of the barbed wire stakes. It was iron.

The British are of wood, while the German are iron. My heart stopped beating; by mistake I had crawled back to the German lines.

I turned slowly about and my tunic caught on the wire and made a loud ripping noise.

A sharp challenge rang out. I sprang to my feet, ducking low, and ran madly back toward our lines. The Germans started firing. The bullets were biting all around me, when bang! I ran smash into our wire, and a sharp challenge, "Alt, who comes there?" rang out. I gasped out the password, and groping my way through the lane in the wire, tearing my hands and uniform, I tumbled into our trench and was safe, but I was a nervous wreck for an hour, until a drink of rum brought me round.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Staged Under Fire.

Three days after the incident just related our company was relieved from the front line and carried. We stayed in reserve billets for about two weeks when we received the welcome news that our division would go back of the line "to rest billets." We would remain in these billets for at least two months, this in order to be restored to our full strength by drafts of recruits from Blighty.

Everyone was happy and contented at these tidings; all you could hear around the billets was whistling and singing. The day after the receipt of the order we hiked for five days, making an average of about twelve miles per day until we arrived at the small town of O—.

It took us about three days to get settled, and from then on our cushy time started. We would parade from 8:45 in the morning until 12 noon. Then except for an occasional billet or brigade guard we were on our own. For the first four or five afternoons I spent my time in bringing up to date my neglected correspondence.

Tommy loves to be amused, and being a Yank, they turned to me for something new in this line. I taught them how to pitch horseshoes, and this game made a great hit for about ten days. Then Tommy turned to America for a new diversion. I was up in the air until a happy thought came to me. Why not write a sketch and break Tommy in as an actor?

One evening after "lights out," when you are not supposed to talk, I imparted my scheme in whispers to the section. They eagerly accepted the idea of forming a stock company and could hardly wait until the morning for further details.

After parade, the next afternoon I was almost mobbed. Everyone in the section wanted a part in the proposed sketch. When I informed them that it would take at least ten days of hard work to write the plot, they were bitterly disappointed. I immediately got busy, made a desk out of biscuit tins in the corner of the billet, and put up a sign "Empey & Wallace Theatrical Co." About twenty of the section, upon reading this sign, immediately applied for the position of office boy. I accepted the twenty applicants, and sent them on scouting parties throughout the deserted French village. These parties were to search all the attics for discarded civilian clothes, and anything that we could use in the props of our proposed company.

About five that night they returned covered with grime and dust, but loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of everything under the sun. They must have thought that I was going to start a department store, judging from the different things they brought back from their pillage.

After eight days' constant writing I completed a two-act farce comedy which I called "The Diamond Palace Saloon." Upon the suggestion of one of the boys in the section I sent a proof of the program to a printing house in London. Then I assigned the different parts and started rehearsing. David Belasco would have thrown up his hands in despair at the material which I had to use. Just imagine trying to teach a Tommy, with a strong cockney accent, to impersonate a Bowery tough or a Southern negro.

Adjacent to our billet was an open field. We got busy at one end of it and constructed a stage. We secured the lumber for the stage by demolishing an old wooden shack in the rear of our billet.

The first scene was supposed to represent a street on the Bowery in New York, while the scene of the second act was the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, also on the Bowery.

In the play I took the part of Abe Switch, a farmer, who had come from Pumpkinville Center, Tenn., to make his first visit to New York.

In the first scene Abe Switch meets the proprietor of the Diamond Palace saloon, a ramshackle affair which to the owner was a financial loss.

The proprietor's name was Tom Twistem, his bartender being named Fillem Up.

After meeting Abe, Tom and Fillem Up persuaded him to buy the place, praising it to the skies and telling wondrous tales of the money taken over the bar.

Empey stages his play under difficulties but with great success. The next installment tells about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Used Vast Amount of Wire.

It has been estimated that the wire in the cores and sheathing of the world's submarine cables that have been made since they were first used in 1857, would reach from the earth to the moon.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR MAY 19

JESUS THE DIVINE SERVANT EXERCISING KINGLY AUTHORITY.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 11:33. GOLDEN TEXT—All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.—Matthew 28:18.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS—Revelation 5:9-14; 7:9-12.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matthew 21:32-27; Luke 19:45; 20:8; compare John 2:13-17; John 12:12-15.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus riding into the city.

LESSON MATERIAL—Mark 11:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE—Hosanna; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark 11:9.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The King entering the capital city.

LESSON MATERIAL—Mark 11:1-10.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Jesus and the temple.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 11:15-19; compare Luke 2:22-34; John 2:13-17.

For WHITSUNDAY LESSON: LESSON TEXT—John 6:7-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—He shall guide you into all the truth.—John 6:13.

I, Jesus Officially Presented to the Jewish Nation as King (vv. 1-11). This should not be designated the "triumphal entry," for it was only in outward appearances. The shouts were empty and meaningless. It was the promised King publicly offering himself to the nation.

1. The preparation (vv. 1-6).

(1) Two disciples sent for the ass (vv. 1-3).

He told them just where to go to find it, and how to answer the owner's inquiry. This shows how perfectly the Lord knows our ways. His matchless gaze beholds all that we think or do, by day or night. It also shows that God uses unlikely and insignificant things in the accomplishment of his purposes. The providing of this animal was the working out of the Divine plan according to Christ's foreknowledge.

(2) Obedience of the disciples (vv. 4-6).

Without asking why, they go at his bidding. The command may have seemed strange and unreasonable, but they rendered explicit obedience. The true disciple will render full and glad obedience, no matter how strange or unreasonable the command may seem.

2. The entry into the city of Jerusalem (vv. 7-10).

(1) The disciples put their garments upon the ass and set the Lord upon it (v. 7).

This act showed their recognition of him as their King (2 Kings 9:13).

(2) The multitude.

Some spread their garments in the way; others who had no garments to spare, cut down branches and strewed them in the way, which was just as acceptable unto him. To give what we have and do what we can, is all that the Lord demands of us. This entry was in fulfillment of a prophecy uttered some five hundred years before (Zech. 9:9).

(3) The Lord's action (v. 10).

Upon entering the Temple, he looked around upon all things; but as it was eventide he withdrew to Bethany with the twelve.

II. Jesus Exercising His Royal Authority (vv. 12-19). 1. The barren fig tree cursed (vv. 12-14). The fig tree is typical of the Jewish nation. The fruit normally appears on the fig tree ahead of the leaves. The presence of leaves is the assurance of fruit. This was an acted parable of the Lord's judgment on Israel for pretension of being the chosen people without the fruits thereof. It indicated the spiritual state of the Jews.

2. The Temple cleansed (vv. 15-19). For the various sacrifices in the Temple, many oxen, sheep and doves were needed. Many persons came from the distant parts of the land; therefore it was impracticable for them to bring their sacrifices with them, so they brought money and bought the animals needed. This privilege the law had granted to them (Deut. 14:24-26), for the exchange was necessary. When evil men used it as an opportunity for gain, it became an offense before God. It defiled his house. He made himself a source of cords, and drew out the money changers, overthrowing their tables and pouring out their money. By this act he declared himself to be the Lord of the Temple and one with God. That which God intended to be a house of prayer for all nations was being made a "den of thieves."

III. Jesus' Authority Challenged (vv. 27-33). They challenged him to show by what authority he accepted the honors of the Messiah, and who gave him the authority to cast out the money-changers. This placed Jesus in a dilemma. He responded by a question which placed them in a counter-dilemma.

Mortality Among Poultry.

The high mortality common in young poults usually is due to some of the following causes: Exposure to dampness and cold; improper feeding; close confinement; lice; predatory animals; weakness in the parent stock.

Clean Litter for Grain.

Provide 4 or 5 inches of good, clean litter on the floor of the poultry house in which to scatter the grain feed. The hens must exercise in order to get the grain, and this promotes health and egg production.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



Red Cross Clippings is the title of a small paper published in Philadelphia, to help make the work of the Pennsylvania division efficient and further the usefulness of the American Red Cross in war and civilian relief. Here are two intensely interesting items from its publication of March 30, which will make every member of the American Red Cross proud of this marvelous organization and more anxious than ever to work for it:

Home Service Grows.

"Like young David Copperfield, home service has 'grewed out o' knowledge' since the first of the year. At the end of January, home service sections in the Pennsylvania division were giving help of one kind and another to more than 2,000 soldiers' and sailors' families, and at the end of February the number of families had increased to 4,500.

"This increase in numbers is, in a way, a measure of the increase of confidence in the ability of the Red Cross to help solve family problems, and it also shows that the Red Cross is proving worthy of the confidence and reliance that soldiers and their families place in them. The following letter to the division director of civilian relief shows how Red Cross home service

workers are helping to keep up the spirit of the men in the army:

"Just a line to let you know that I received your letter, notifying me that the Red Cross would look after my wife and children, which takes a load off my shoulders and makes me look at my duties and the future with a brighter eye, eager to strike the foe and win, knowing that no matter what happens my family will not suffer through my not waiting to be called. If I had been single I would have been in it at the start, but I guess there's lots of fun yet. So thinking you again for the promptness you have shown, I will close with best wishes to you and the work you have undertaken.

"Sincerely yours,

"PRIVATE ROBERT DUNCAN, A Worried Soldier is a Poor Soldier. Soldiers have bodies that get cold; therefore they need sweaters; they get hurt or sick, therefore they need surgical dressings; but they have also minds and hearts that center on the folks back home; they become anxious and discouraged about the welfare of wives, children, mothers, brothers, sisters. 'A worried soldier is a poor soldier,' says General Pershing. The Red Cross can help to keep up the morale of the men by protecting and aiding their families."

Afternoon Frock of Two Materials



The path of designers, who are always looking for something new and beautiful, has been made much easier than usual this season. Contributions of two materials, or two kinds of one material, in a single garment account for it. The spring and summer styles were inaugurated by displays that featured these contributions and we have benefited by them in several ways—in inexpensive and original frocks that are attractive, and in remodeled dresses that double the length of service of at least one of the fabrics used in them. The styles never favored the remodeling of frocks more than they do now.

Usually a sheer material like chiffon cloth, georgette crepe, voile or net is made up with a heavier goods and the refinement of these sheer fabrics lends tone to others as familiar and commonplace as serge or gingham. This makes them an immensely valuable resource of the professional and the home dressmaker. There is no end to the ways in which materials have been combined in coats and frocks. Voile and gingham, georgette and satin, chiffon cloth and light woollens have proved so successful that they promise a long reign of combinations in the realm of fashions.

The afternoon gown pictured here shows how well suited to each other satin and georgette are in fashioning a lovely and simple frock. One is as important as the other in the design; half the skirt is of satin and half of crepe and their honors are even in the bodice also. The sleeves are of crepe with deep cuffs of satin. Wherever the two materials are brought together they are joined by a band of embroidery in a scroll and flower pattern, made with long, quickly placed stitches of heavy embroidery silk. No dress could present fewer difficulties to the home dressmaker. When gingham and fine cotton voile are used together, hemstitching, very narrow crochet or cluny lace, or tating are effective for joining them. There is much joy in a made-over frock that

has lost all trace of "last year" in its remodeling, and the styles favor the thrifty-minded who undertake to make the best of them.

Julia Bottomley

Glove Extravagance.

There are dress economists who believe the resuscitation of the short sleeve forecasts a saving of material. Perhaps. But, on the other hand, there are any number of women who will fight shy of the coquettish little sleeve that terminates its brief career somewhere between elbow and shoulder. To them it means the addition of long gloves or the adoption of a gumpie with net, lace or organdie under sleeve showing below the gown sleeve. And gloves cannot be put in the category of reasonable adjuncts—no, not even if one is willing to forego kid, and substitute silk or cotton.

Hats of Fabric.

Fabrics are greatly used by the milliners, and whole hats, crowns and brims are fashioned of georgette crepe, chiffon, satin, tulle or whatever the designer happens to fancy. Georgette and crepe de chine are, perhaps, more used than any of the other materials, always excepting nets and laces, and a hat entirely covered with crepe and showing straw only in the facing of the brim is sometimes untrimmed, save for a drapery and a knot of the crepe. Lovely colored silks are used for the draped toques which are so much in vogue.

Tafteta and Satin.

In the moderate-priced frocks everywhere the demand for tafteta persists, but in high-priced gowns satin seems to have the greater popularity.

Georgette Crepe Combinations.

Many afternoon gowns are seen with tafteta and georgette crepe combinations. Satins are more exclusive.