



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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EMPEY, QUESTIONING A GERMAN PRISONER, FINDS HE IS FROM NEW YORK.

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.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

At one part of the line where the trenches were very close, a stake was driven in on the ground midway between the hostile lines. At night when it was his turn, Tommy would crawl to this stake and attach some London papers to it, while at the foot he would place tins of bully beef, fags, sweets, and other delicacies that he had received from Blighty in the ever looked-for parcel. Later on Fritz would come out and get these luxuries.

The next night Tommy would go out to see what Fritz put into his stocking. The donation generally consisted of a paper from Berlin, telling who was winning the war, some tinned sausages, cigars, and occasionally a little beer, but a funny thing, Tommy never returned with the beer unless it was inside of him. His platoon got a whiff of his breath one night and the offending Tommy lost his job.

One night a young English sergeant crawled to the stake and as he tried to detach the German paper a bomb exploded and mangled him horribly. Fritz had set a trap and gained another victim which was only one more black mark against him in the book of this war. From that time on diplomatic relations were severed.

Returning to Tommy, I think his spirit is best shown in the questions he asks. It is never "who is going to win" but always "how long will it take?"

CHAPTER XX.

"Chats With Fritz."

We were swimming in money, from the receipts of our theatrical venture, and had forgotten all about the war, when an order came through that our brigade would again take over their sector of the line.

The day that these orders were issued, our captain assembled the company and asked for volunteers to go to the Machine Gun school at St. Omar. I volunteered and was accepted.

Sixteen men from our brigade left for the course in machine gunnery. This course lasted two weeks and we rejoined our unit and were assigned to the brigade machine gun company. It almost broke my heart to leave my company mates.

The gun we used was the Vickers, Light 303, water cooled.

I was still a member of the Suicide club, having jumped from the frying pan into the fire. I was assigned to section 1, gun No. 2, and the first time "in" took position in the front-line trench.

During the day our gun would be dismantled on the fire step ready for instant use. We shared a dugout with the Lewis gunners. At "stand to" we would mount our gun on the parapet and go on watch beside it until "stand down" in the morning. Then the gun would be dismantled and again placed in readiness on the fire step.

We did eight days in the front-line trench without anything unusual happening outside of the ordinary trench routine. On the night that we were to "carry out," a bombing raid against the German lines was pulled off. This raiding party consisted of sixty company men, sixteen bombers, and four Lewis machine guns with their crews.

The raid took the Boches by surprise and was a complete success, the party bringing back twenty-one prisoners.

The Germans must have been awfully sore, because they turned loose a barrage of shrapnel, with a few "Minnies" and "whizz bangs" intermixed. The shells were dropping into our front line like hailstones.

To get even, we could have left the prisoners in the fire trench, in charge of the men on guard and let them click Fritz's strafeing but Tommy, does not treat prisoners that way.

Five of them were brought into my dugout and turned over to me so that they would be safe from the German fire.

In the candlelight, they looked very much shaken, nerves gone and chalky faces, with the exception of one, a great big fellow. He looked very much at ease. I liked him from the start.

I got out the rum jar and gave each a nip and passed around some fags, the old reliable Woodbines. The other prisoners looked their gratitude, but the big fellow said in English, "Thank you, sir, the rum is excellent and I appreciate it, also your kindness."

He told me his name was Carl Schmidt, of the Sixty-sixth Bavarian Light Infantry; that he had lived six years in New York (knew the city better than I did), had been to Coney island and many of our ball games. He was a regular fan. I couldn't make him believe that Hans Wagner wasn't the best ball player in the world.

From New York he had gone to London, where he worked as a waiter in the Hotel Russell. Just before the war he went home to Germany to see his parents, the war came and he was conscripted.

He told me he was very sorry to hear that London was in ruins from the Zeppelin raids. I could not convince him otherwise, for hadn't he seen moving pictures in one of the German cities of St. Paul's cathedral in ruins.

I changed the subject because he was so stubborn in his belief. It was my intention to try and pump him for information as to the methods of the German snipers, who had been causing us trouble in the last few days.

I broached the subject and he shut up like a clam. After a few minutes he very innocently said: "German snipers get paid rewards for killing the English."

I eagerly asked, "What are they?" He answered: "For killing or wounding an English private, the sniper gets one mark. For



Dead Bodies Everywhere.

killing or wounding an English officer he gets five marks, but if he kills a Red Cap or English general, the sniper gets twenty-one days tied to the wheel of a limber as punishment for his carelessness."

Then he paused, waiting for me to bite, I suppose.

I bit all right and asked him why the sniper was punished for killing an English general. With a smile he replied:

"Well, you see, if all the English generals were killed, there would be no one left to make costly mistakes."

I shut him up, he was getting too fresh for a prisoner. After a while he winked at me and I winked back, then the escort came to take the prisoners to the rear. I shook hands and wished him "The best of luck and a safe journey to Blighty."

I liked that prisoner, he was a fine fellow, had an Iron Cross, too. I advised him to keep it out of sight, or some Tommy would be sending it home to his girl in Blighty as a souvenir.

One dark and rainy night while on guard we were looking over the top from the fire step of our front-line trench, when we heard a noise immediately in front of our barbed wire. The sentry next to me challenged "Halt, who comes there?" and brought

his rifle to the aim. His challenge was answered in German. A captain in the next traverse climbed upon the sand-bagged parapet to investigate—a brave but foolhardy deed—"Crack" went a bullet and he tumbled back into the trench with a hole through his stomach and died a few minutes later. A lance corporal in the next platoon was so enraged at the captain's death that he chucked a Mills bomb in the direction of the noise with the shouted warning to us: "Duck your nappers, my lucky lads." A sharp dynamite report, a flare in front of us, and then silence.

We immediately sent up two star shells, and in their light could see two dark forms lying on the ground close to our wire. A sergeant and four stretcher-bearers went out in front and soon returned, carrying two limp bodies. Down in the dugout, in the flickering light of three candles, we saw that they were two German officers, one a captain and the other an "unteroffizier," a rank one grade higher than a sergeant general, but below the grade of lieutenant.

The captain's face had been almost completely torn away by the bomb's explosion. The unteroffizier was alive, breathing with difficulty. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and blinked in the glare of the candles.

The pair had evidently been drinking heavily, for the alcohol fumes were sickening and completely pervaded the dugout. I turned away in disgust, hating to see a man cross the Great Divide full of booze.

One of our officers could speak German and he questioned the dying man. In a faint voice, interrupted by frequent hicoughs, the unteroffizier told his story.

There had been a drinking bout among the officers in one of the German dugouts, the main beverage being champagne. With a drunken leer he informed us that champagne was plentiful on their side and that it did not cost them anything either. About seven that night the conversation had turned to the "contemptible" English, and the captain had made a wager that he would hang his cap on the English barbed wire to show his contempt for the English sentries. The wager was accepted. At eight o'clock the captain and he had crept out into No Man's Land to carry out this wager.

They had gotten about halfway across when the drink took effect and the captain fell asleep. After about two hours of vain attempts the unteroffizier had at last succeeded in waking the captain, reminded him of his bet, and warned him that he would be the laughing stock of the officers' mess if he did not accomplish his object, but the captain was trembling all over and insisted on returning to the German lines. In the darkness they lost their bearings and crawled toward the English trenches. They reached the barbed wire and were suddenly challenged by our sentry. Being too drunk to realize that the challenge was in English, the captain refused to crawl back. Finally the unteroffizier convinced his superior that they were in front of the English wire. Realizing this too late, the captain drew his revolver and with a muttered curse fired blindly toward our trench. His bullet no doubt killed our captain.

Then the bomb came over and there he was, dying—and a good job too, we thought. The captain dead? Well, his men wouldn't weep at the news.

Without giving us any further information the unteroffizier died.

We searched the bodies for identification disks but they had left everything behind before starting on their foolhardy errand.

Next afternoon we buried them in our little cemetery apart from the graves of the Tommies. If you ever go into that cemetery you will see two little wooden crosses in the corner of the cemetery set away from the rest.

They read:

Captain
German Army
Died—1916
Unknown
R. I. P.

Unteroffizier
German Army
Died—1916
Unknown
R. I. P.

Empey and his machine-gun company go "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German trenches. The story of this thrilling charge is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Be Above Gossip.

Gossiping is about the most useless kind of work one could possibly engage in. How much better and more charitable it is to turn a deaf ear to cruel truths, to honorably keep silent about what we have heard, and at the same time give the unfortunate person in the case the benefit of our doubt. "Small wits talk much," is an old saying and a true one. The girl or woman who would be truly happy, and who incidentally would make others happy, should wisely think twice before she speaks, and then should put into words only thoughts that are cheering and charitable.—New York Evening Mail.

His Duty Done.

The family is rather demonstrative when the various members of the household come and go. The grandchildren are expected to embrace every one at the beginning and at the end of a visit. Fred and Albert were getting into their clothing and making their hasty adieux preparatory to catching their train home after Christmas. "Hurry up, Fred," Albert shouted; "you're too slow for anything; I've got mine all kissed."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR JUNE 9

JESUS FACES BETRAYAL AND DENIAL.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:10-22.
GOLDEN TEXT—Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Mark 14:28.
DEVOTIONAL READING—John 15:1-17.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matthew 26:20-29; Luke 22:17-20; John 13:21-30.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus and his disciples.—Mark 14:12-26.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus betrayed and denied.

I. Judas Bargain With the Chief Priests (vv. 10, 11).

This black crime was committed immediately following the beautiful act of devotion by Mary. The motive actuating Judas was avarice. This awful depth of infamy was not reached at a bound. Because he did not master this besetting sin at the beginning, he was conquered by it.

II. The Last Passover (vv. 12-25).

1. The preparation (vv. 12-16).

In reply to the disciples' inquiry as to where they should prepare the Passover for him, Jesus told them to go into the city where they would meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, whom they should follow. In the house to which they were thus led would be found a guest chamber—a large upper room—where they could make ready the Passover. This is an example of Christ's superhuman knowledge. He not only knew that the disciples would meet this man, but he knew that Judas had bargained for his betrayal.

2. The betrayal announced (vv. 17-21).

The betrayal was to be by one of the disciples who was eating with Jesus. This betrayal had been predicted, though such prediction did not interfere with the free act of Judas in the betrayal. It was because of this act of treachery being freely committed by Judas that Jesus pronounced upon him the awful doom—"Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

3. The bread and the cup instituted (vv. 22-25).

III. The Disciples' Cowardice Foretold (vv. 26-31).

In spite of their cowardly turning from the Saviour, he assures them that after his resurrection he would go before them into Galilee. Peter protested against such act of disloyalty by the disciples, and assured the Lord that though all the rest should forsake him, yet he would not. The Lord showed him how little he knew even of his own best resolve, telling him that on that very night he would deny him thrice. All the disciples said the same thing.

IV. The Agony in Gethsemane (vv. 33-42).

The clear vision of the coming anguish of the Cross, accentuated by the utter failure of the disciples to understand or believe, brought upon him an indescribable anguish of soul, so he took Peter, James, and John and went apart to pray. The cup of agony was not mere death, but the sacrificial death for sin, under the weight of the world's guilt.

1. The first prayer (vv. 35-38).

Notwithstanding the darkness of the hour, he prayed in faith accompanied with a willingness to obey. When he came and found the three sleeping instead of praying, he commanded them to watch and pray so as to be fortified against temptation.

V. The Betrayal and Arrest of Jesus (vv. 43-52).

1. The sign to the mob (vv. 43-47). With the basest of hypocrisy Judas pointed out Jesus to the mob by a kiss, the sign of love.

2. Jesus forsaken by all (vv. 48-52).

At the sight of the Master's betrayal and arrest, one of his disciples attempted to defend him by resorting to the sword; but seeing that Jesus made no attempt at resistance, they all fled. Their courage failed them in the hour of trial. How little man knows of his weaknesses until the crucial hour.

VI. Jesus Before the Sanhedrin (vv. 53-65).

1. Contradictory testimony of false witnesses (vv. 53-59).

High Priest's Questions: (vv. 60-65).

(1) "What is it that these witness against thee?" To this Jesus was silent, showing that no evidence had yet been given worthy of answer.

(2) "Art thou the Christ?" To this he definitely replied: "I am" and quotes a Scripture passage which they recognize as referring to the Messiah. This claim they answer with buffeting and the most shameful treatment.

VII. Peter Denies Lord (vv. 66-72).

Though Peter loves Jesus, yet in the hour of supreme trial he falls. Grievous as his sin is, it is not like that of Judas. His failure was due to 1. Boasting self-defense (vv. 29-31). 2. Lack of watchfulness (v. 37). 3. Neglect of prayer (v. 38). 4. Service in the energy of the flesh (v. 47).

5. Following Jesus afar off (v. 54)

6. Seek comfort among the Lord's enemies (v. 67; compare Luke 22:35).

7. Open denial (vv. 68-72).

His backsliding really began when he shrunk from the Cross.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



We can face another year of work with immense confidence, in the light of the recent report of the American Red Cross on its expenditures in Europe and America. This report is a revelation and an inspiration. It is more than a matter of duty now to be a busy member of this wonderful, wholly modern and efficient organization. If this report stirs no pride of country in the heart of the woman who reads it she may be sure her soul is about dead—or held a famishing prisoner by her self-centered mind.

To be in the midst of a world of good deeds and to take no part in them—when the way is always open—can you imagine it?

What happens to your dollar when you send it forth on its errand of mercy through the medium of the American Red Cross was explained in a statement issued as a prelude to the opening of the campaign for another \$100,000,000 war fund. The magnitude of the work which the Red Cross is doing on all battle fronts and for American prisoners in Germany is disclosed by the figures: Relief work in France...\$30,936,103 Relief work in Belgium... 2,086,131 Relief work in Italy... 4,588,826 Relief work in Russia... 1,206,903 Relief work in Roumania... 2,676,368 Relief work in Serbia... 894,580 Relief work in Great Britain... 3,260,230 Other foreign relief work... 4,476,300 For U. S. prisoners in Germany... 361,664 For Red Cross personnel sent abroad... 201,300 Relief work in U. S.... 9,723,823 Army and navy base hospitals... 111,000

There are two things the Red Cross can always use, it seems; they are money and knitted wool socks. Almost every woman can furnish one or both

of these in some measure. Recently the Red Cross ladies in a Kentucky town held a corn-shucking bee for a grain merchant who found it difficult to get laborers. They worked to the merry tune of \$75, which cash they turned in to the Red Cross, thereby making themselves justly famous as an enterprising chapter. They are proud and we are all proud of them.

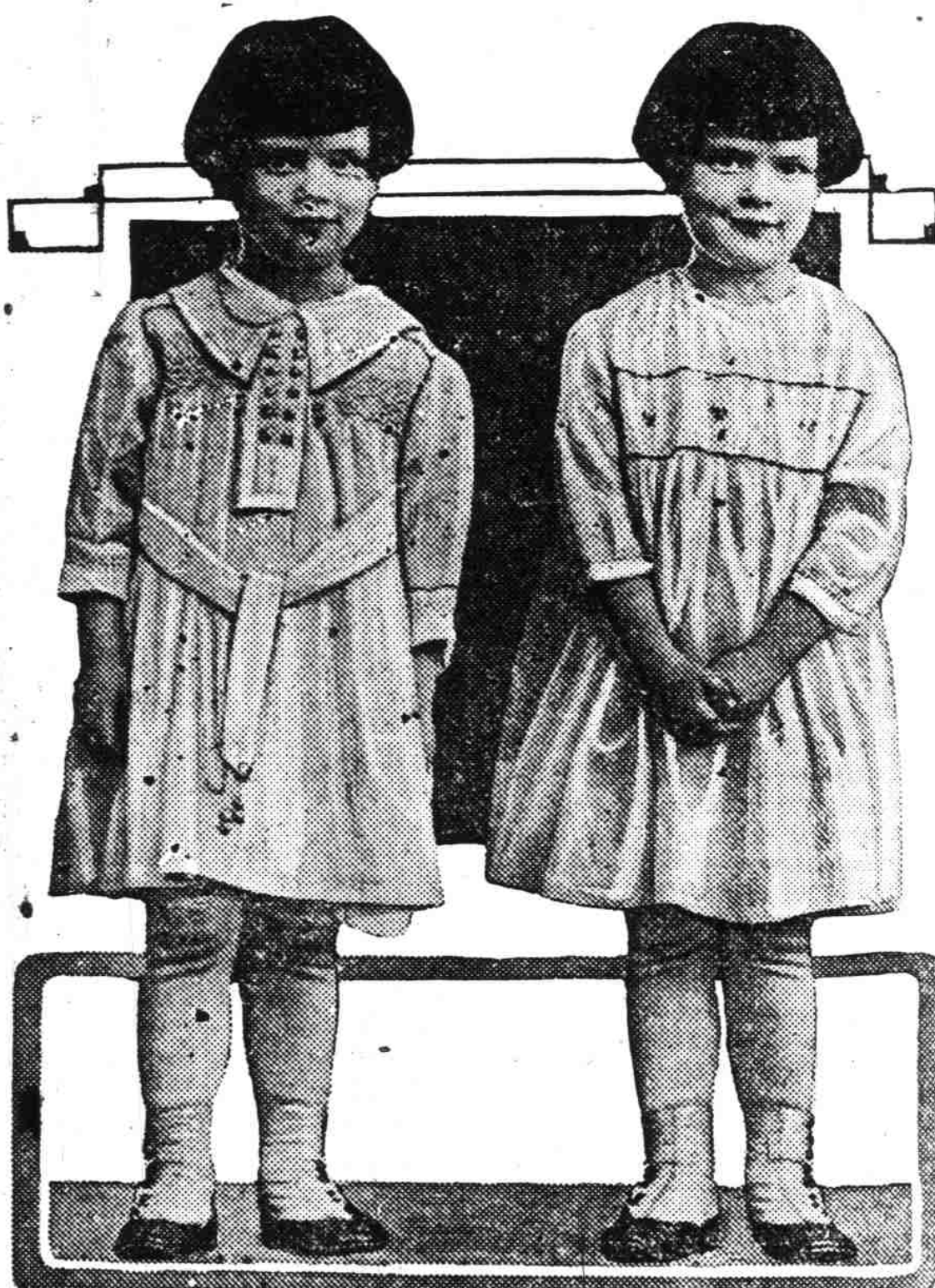
Fashion Points of Interest.

There are four things in fashion that are often discussed today: The severe uncollared neck line, the short sleeve, the cape back and the lack of chiffon blouses. A dressmaker drew a patron's attention to the absence of the latter garment because of the prevalence of one-piece frocks, and told her the shirt waist people were depending upon wash blouses to continue their business. Sailor collars are not smart. High collars that roll upward at the back and down in the front are not attached to coats. The collars that go on bodies of one-piece frocks end before they reach the collarbone, and the rest of the décolletage is untouched by any line of white.

New Sleeves.

The only sleeve eccentricities of the present time are very mild ones. Evening gowns, from having no sleeves at all, have taken to having long and clouds of tulle that float downward from the shoulder and, it would seem, help to fight the coal shortage by keeping their wearers warm by a mere shadow of fabric. Anyway, it is eminently becoming and very much of a relief after too many bare arms. The single film of chiffon or tulle confers a softening effect on arms that are too thin as well as those that are too fat—both of which have fared but ill during the reign of the sleeveless evening frock.

DRESS-UP FROCKS FOR LITTLE MAIDS



In displays of midsummer frocks or little maids, three fine and trust-worthy materials appear to fill all the requirements of designers. They are voile, dotted swiss and organdie, and they are dainty enough and at the same time strong enough for the smallest girls' dress-up frocks. Voile has come to be a great favorite on account of its wonderful wearing qualities, which make it worth while to put careful needlework on it. Dotted swiss is liked because it is crisp and fresh looking, and organdie is chosen for the finest of all dresses made for the youngest wearers of sheer frocks.

In the picture the little dress at the left is of white voile with a smocked yoke in which heavy blue embroidery silk is used for the ornamental stitches. It has a narrow panel on at the front, making place for two rows of tiny round crocheted buttons and a narrow sash of the voile finished with two of the same buttons suspended on the silk thread from the ends. The designer did not overlook opportunities for these little dangling buttons at the point of the collar, or forget to introduce a band of smocking and fancy stitching on the cuffs. Altogether this little frock is elaborated with considerable needlework.

The dress at the right is much simpler. It is made of dotted swiss, very plain and dainty as to design, and very crisp and sprightly in ef-

fect. A band of the swiss set between the gathered yoke and skirt is outlined with fancy stitching in colored embroidery silk and clusters of three little forget-me-nots are embroidered on it—in three groups at the front and two at the back.

These are the kind of dresses that the little girl needs now that summertime makes life one perpetual round of joys, what with excursions to the park and to the movies and everything.

Julia Bottomley

Gingham Waistcoats.

The gingham waistcoat made a tentative start for popularity, but was soon running down the track at full speed. All the younger set are wearing these waistcoats, the shops show them at different prices, and they make an alluring grouping of color in the windows. They have started the fashion for a great variety of skeleton waistcoats that are worn instead of collars. Many are high-necked, others have long, sloping, double-breasted revers. They are less trouble to adjust in a blouse or coat than a collar, for they have their own fastening and are kept down at the waist by an elastic band.

Pique has come back into fashion for these waistcoats, but checked gingham and plaid muslin lead.