



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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EMPEY AND HIS COMPANY GO "OVER THE TOP" IN COSTLY BUT SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

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 XXII.

About Turn.

The next evening we were relieved by the —th brigade, and once again returned to rest billets. Upon arriving at these billets we were given twenty-four hours in which to clean up. I had just finished getting the mud from my uniform when the orderly sergeant informed me that my name was in orders to leave, and that I was to report to the orderly room in the morning for orders, transportation and rations.

I nearly had a fit, hustled about packing up, filling my pack with souvenirs such as shell heads, dud bombs, nose caps, shrapnel balls, and a Prussian guardsman's helmet. In fact, before I turned in that night, I had everything ready to report at the orderly room at nine the next morning.

I was the envy of the whole section, swanking around, telling of the good time I was going to have, the places I would visit, and the real, old English beer I intended to guzzle. Sort of rubbed it into them, because they all do it, and now that it was my turn, I took pains to get my own back.

At nine I reported to the captain, receiving my travel order and pass. He asked me how much money I wanted to draw. I glibly answered, "Three hundred francs, sir," he just as glibly handed me one hundred.

Reporting at brigade headquarters, with my pack weighing a ton, I waited, with forty others, for the adjutant to inspect us. After an hour's wait, he came out; must have been sore because he wasn't going with us.

The quartermaster sergeant issued us two days' rations, in a little white canvas ration bag, which we tied to our belts.

Then two motor lorries came along and we piled in, laughing, joking, and in the best of spirits. We even loved the Germans, we were feeling so happy. Our journey to seven days' bliss in Blighty had commenced.

The ride in the lorry lasted about two hours; by this time we were covered with fine, white dust from the road, but didn't mind, even if we were nearly choking.

At the railroad station at F— we reported to an officer, who had a white band around his arm, which read "R. T. O." (Royal Transportation Officer). To us this officer was Santa Claus.

The sergeant in charge showed him our orders; he glanced through them and said: "Make yourselves comfortable on the platform and don't leave; the train is liable to be along in five minutes—or five hours."

It came in five hours, a string of eleven match boxes on big, high wheels, drawn by a dinky little engine with the "con." These match boxes were cattle cars, on the sides of which was painted the old familiar sign, "Homes 40, Chevaux 8."

The R. T. O. stuck us all into one car. We didn't care; it was as good as a Pullman to us.

Two days we spent on that train, bumping, stopping, jerking ahead, and sometimes sliding back. At three stations we stopped long enough to make some tea, but were unable to wash, so when we arrived at B—, where we were to embark for Blighty, we were as black as Turcos and, with our unshaven faces, we looked like a lot of tramps. Though tired out, we were happy.

We had packed up, preparatory to detrain, when a R. T. O. held up his hand for us to stop where we were and came over. This is what he said: "Boys, I'm sorry, but orders have just been received cancelling all leave. If you had been three hours earlier you would have gotten away. Just stay in that train, as it is going back. Rations will be issued to you for your return journey to your respective stations. Beasley rotten, I know." Then he left.

A dead silence resulted. Then men started to curse, threw their rifles on the floor of the car; others said nothing, seemed to be stupefied, while some had the tears running down their cheeks. It was a bitter disappointment to all.

How we blinded at the engineer of that train; it was all his fault (so we reasoned); why hadn't he speeded up a little or been on time, then we would have gotten off before the order arrived? Now it was no Blighty for us. That return journey was misery to us; I just can't describe it.

When we got back to rest billets, we found that our brigade was in the trenches (another agreeable surprise) and that an attack was contemplated. Seventeen of the forty-one will never get another chance to go on leave; they were killed in the attack. Just think if that train had been on time, those seventeen would still be alive.

I hate to tell you how I was kidded by the boys when I got back, but it was good and plenty.

Our machine gun company took over their part of the line at seven o'clock, the night after I returned from my near leave.

At 3:30 the following morning three waves went over and captured the first and second German trenches. The machine gunners went over with the fourth wave to consolidate the captured line or "dig in," as Tommy calls it.

Crossing No Man's Land without clicking any casualties, we came to the German trench and mounted our guns on the parapets of same.

I never saw such a mess in my life—bunches of twisted barbed wire lying about, shell holes everywhere, trench all bashed in, parapets gone, and dead bodies, why, that ditch was full of them, theirs and ours. It was a regular morgue. Some were mangled horribly from our shell fire, while others were wholly or partly buried in the mud, the result of shell explosions caving in the walls of the trench. One dead German was lying on his back, with a rifle sticking straight up in the air, the bayonet of which was buried to the hilt in his chest. Across his feet lay a dead English soldier with a bullet hole in his forehead. This Tommy must have been killed just as he ran his bayonet through the German.

Rifles and equipment were scattered about, and occasionally a steel helmet could be seen sticking out of the mud.

At one point, just in the entrance to a communication trench, was a stretcher. On this stretcher a German was lying with a white bandage around his knee, near to him lay one of the stretcher-bearers, the red cross on his arm covered with mud and his helmet filled with blood and brains. Close by, sitting up against the wall of the trench, with head resting on his chest, was the other stretcher-bearer. He seemed to be alive, the posture was so natural and easy; but when I got closer I could see a large, jagged hole in his temple. The three must have been killed by the same shell-burst.

The dugouts were all smashed in and knocked about, big square-cut timbers splintered into bits, walls caved in and entrances choked.

Tommy, after taking a trench, learns to his sorrow that the hardest part of the work is to hold it.

In our case this proved to be so. The German artillery and machine guns had us taped (ranged) for fair; it was worth your life to expose yourself an instant.

Don't think for a minute that the Germans were the only sufferers; we were clicking casualties so fast that you needed an adding machine to keep track of them.

Did you ever see one of the steam shovels at work on the Panama canal? Well, it would look like a hen scratching alongside of a Tommy "digging in" while under fire. You couldn't see daylight through the clouds of dirt from his shovel.

After losing three out of six men of our crew we managed to set up our machine gun. One of the legs of the tripod was resting on the chest of a half-buried body. When the gun was firing, it gave the impression that the body was breathing. This was caused by the excessive vibration.

Three or four feet down the trench, about three feet from the ground, a foot was protruding from the earth.

We knew it was a German by the black leather boot. One of our crew used that foot to hang extra bandoliers of ammunition on. This man always was a handy fellow; made use of little points that the ordinary person would overlook.

The Germans made three counter-attacks, which we repulsed, but not without heavy loss on our side. They also suffered severely from our shell and machine-gun fire. The ground was spotted with their dead and dying.

The next day things were somewhat quieter, but not quiet enough to bury the dead.

We lived, ate and slept in that trench with the unburied dead for six days. It was awful to watch their faces become swollen and discolored. Towards the last the stench was fierce.

What got on my nerves the most was that foot sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to me, at night, in the moonlight, to be trying to twist around. Several times this impression was so strong that I went to it and grasped it in both hands, to see if I could feel a movement.

I told this to the man who had used it for a hatrack just before I lay down for a little nap, as things were quiet, and I needed a rest pretty badly. When I woke up the foot was gone. He had cut it off with our chain saw out of the spare parts' box, and had plastered the stump over with mud.

During the next two or three days, before we were relieved, I missed that foot dreadfully; seemed as if I had suddenly lost a chum.

I think the worst thing of all was to watch the rats, at night, and sometimes in the day, run over and play about among the dead.

Near our gun, right across the parapet, could be seen the body of a German lieutenant, the head and arms of which were hanging into our trench. The man who had cut off the foot used to sit and carry on a one-sided conversation with this officer, used to argue and point out why Germany was in the wrong. During all of this monologue I never heard him say anything out of the way—anything that would have hurt the officer's feelings had he been alive. He was square all right; wouldn't even take advantage of a dead man in an argument.

To civilians this must seem dreadful, but out here one gets so used to awful sights that it makes no impression. In passing a butcher shop you are not shocked by seeing a dead turkey hanging from a hook. Well, in France, a dead body is looked upon from the same angle.

But, nevertheless, when our six days were up, we were tickled to death to be relieved.

Our machine gun company lost seventeen killed and thirty-one wounded in that little local affair of "straightening the line," while the other companies clicked it worse than we did.

After the attack we went into reserve billets for six days, and on the seventh once again we were in rest billets.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts.

Soon after my arrival in France; in fact, from my enlistment, I had found that in the British army discipline is very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path of government virtue.

There are about seven million ways of breaking the king's regulations; to keep one you have to break another.

The worst punishment is death by a firing squad, or "up against the wall," as Tommy calls it.

This is for desertion, cowardice, mutiny, giving information to the enemy, looting, rape, robbing the dead, forcing a safeguard, striking a superior, etc.

Then comes the punishment of sixty-four days in the front-line trench without relief. During this time you have to engage in all raids, working parties in No Man's Land, and every hazardous undertaking that comes along. If you live through the sixty-four days you are indeed lucky.

Empey and his comrades make the deadly machine guns perform all kinds of tricks to the discomfiture of Fritz. The next installment tells how the German gunners are fooled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Got Their "Lively Time."

A famous lion-tamer tells of a queer Christmas present he once received. It was a consignment from a friend abroad of three boa-constrictors and five alligators. "With Jim's best wishes for a lively time." The lion-tamer and his wife got the lively time desired. He says:

"I shall never forget how annoyed I was when, during the night, two of the alligators broke out of their boxes in our bedroom and began exploring. I could not find the matches, and I and my wife remained on top of the bed canopy till morning. Luckily, my wife never thought of the thing that worried me. I was afraid the alligators might call on the boa-constrictors to wish them a Merry Christmas, and so wake them up too!"

Amusement for Children.

For the children, before they are old enough to use scissors, tearing paper is an engaging occupation. Tear a piece of old newspaper into an oblong shape; it may be any size, about two by four inches, we will say. By folding this in the middle it will make a little tent. Again, fold in thirds, one piece turned up and one down, for a chair. Turn both ends down for a table. The child can tear paper into trees, a ball, doll babies and many other simple shapes.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. J. D. FILLISWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JUNE 16

THE SON OF GOD GIVING HIS LIFE A RANSOM FOR MANY.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 15:1-47.
GOLDEN TEXT—Truly this man was the Son of God.—Mark 15:39.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Isaiah 52:13-53:12.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matthew 27:32-51; Luke 23:26-36; John 19:16-42.
PRIMARY AND JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus gives his life for others.
INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The suffering Savior.
SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ dying for our sins.

The grand climax of the year's lessons thus far is reached in this one. If the significance of the crucifixion is not apprehended, all the lessons thus far are meaningless. It is not a matter of learning lessons taught by a great teacher, or imitating the example of a great and good man, but of apprehending the vicarious atonement made by the world's Redeemer. Christ saves, not by his ethics, but by his shed blood. His death was purposeful and absolutely voluntary.

I. Jesus Arraigned Before Pilate (vv. 1-15).

In the early morning, after the mock trial before the high priest, they bound Jesus and delivered him to Pilate. They act freely in this according to the evil desires of their own hearts.

II. Jesus Crowned With Thorns (vv. 16-29).

Knowing that Jesus had been condemned for claiming to be Israel's king, they in mockery crown him with a wreath of thorns, and salute him "King of the Jews." Not only this, but they smote him on the head and spit upon him and went through a process of mock worship. The crown of thorns typifies the curse which he bore for man's sin.

III. Jesus Crucified (vv. 21-41).

1. Led away to the place of crucifixion (vv. 21-23).

At first they compelled him to bear his own cross, but when physical weakness made this impossible, they compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear it for him. It is beautiful to note that the son of this Cyrenian who bore the cross of Jesus came to believe on him (Romans 16:13). Because of the scourging and cruel indignities heaped upon him, they actually were obliged to bear him to Golgotha. His face was marked by the thorns and cruel blows, so that there was "no form or comeliness" (Isa. 53:2). All this he endured for us. He drank this bitter cup to its very dregs and refused to drink the "wine mingled with myrrh," which would have deadened his pain. He went all the way in his sufferings.

2. Gambling for the clothing of the Lord (vv. 24, 25).

Having galled him to the cross they gambled for the seamless robe under the very cross where he was dying, and in their heartless cruelty they sat down to watch him die (Matt. 27:36).

3. The superscription (v. 26).

It was customary to place over the victim on the Cross the name and crime of the offender. Though Pilate did this in mockery to vex the Jews, the title was absolutely true. He was indeed their King. They had long looked for him, and now when he came they crucified him. Though he wore a crown of thorns in derision, he will come again wearing a crown of glory, and before him all shall bow. God hasten the day!

4. Between two thieves (vv. 27, 28).

This added to his shame. His identification with two robbers was the fulfillment of the Scripture—"Numbered with the transgressors."

5. The dying Savior reviled (vv. 29-32).

This reviling was engaged in by the passers-by, the chief priests and the thieves who were crucified with him. In this nameless agony and shame they taunted him by bidding him come down from the cross, and derisively saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." They unconsciously uttered a great truth. He could not save himself and others, so he chose to die to save others. Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

6. Darkness upon the land (v. 33).

This was at noonday. So shocking was this crime that nature threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide him from the gaze of a Godless company.

7. The cry from the Cross (vv. 34-37).

What awful anguish when God laid the world's sins upon his beloved Son! When the price was fully paid, Jesus dismissed his spirit. No one took his life; he gave it up. His death was unlike that of any other.

8. The rent veil (v. 38).

This symbolized the giving up of his life (Heb. 10:20).

9. The centurion's confession (v. 39).

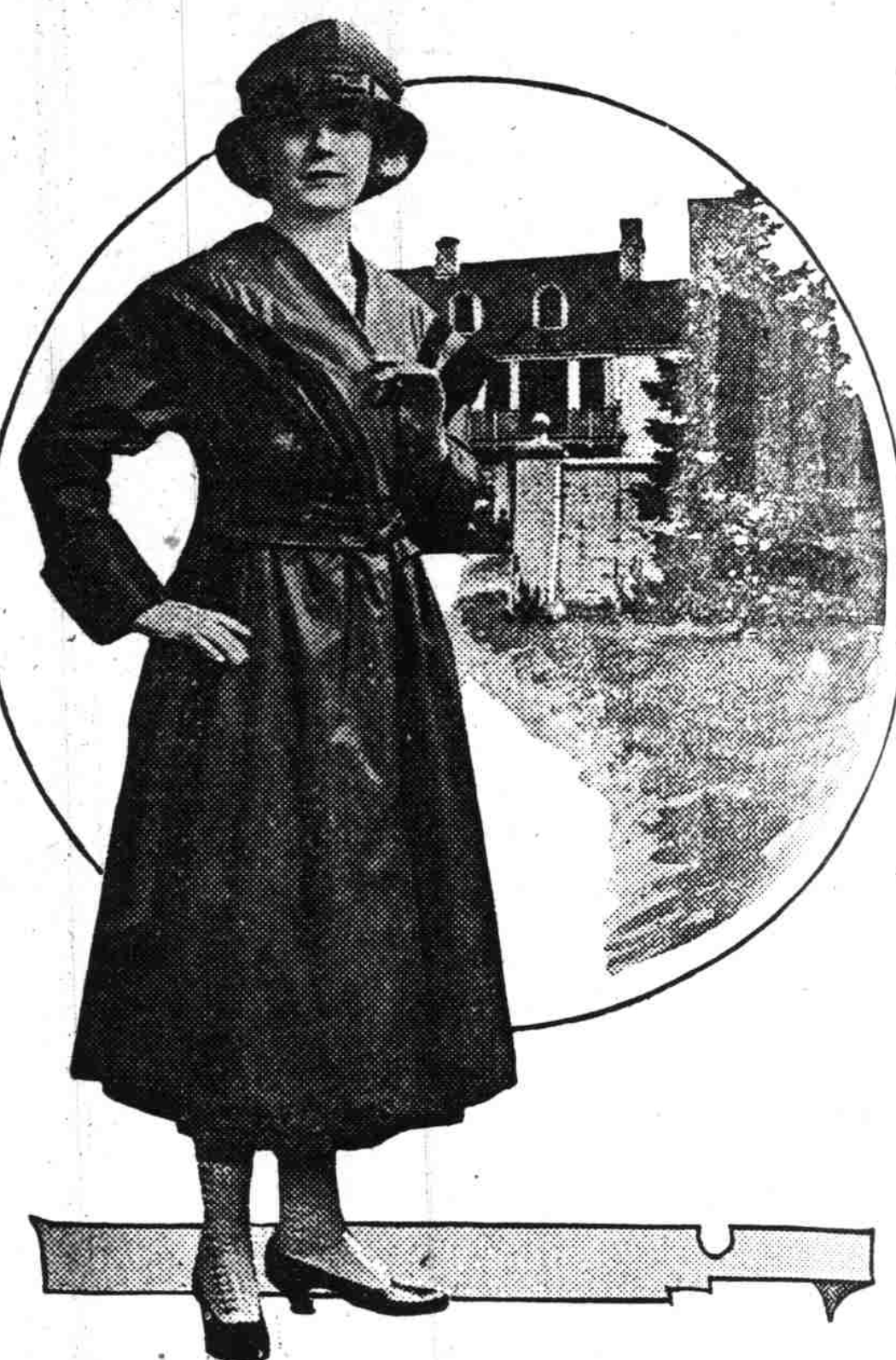
10. The lingering group of women (vv. 40, 41).

They who had lovingly ministered to him in life were waiting to see where they could bury his precious body.

IV. Christ's Burial (vv. 42-47).

Loving hands now take the precious body and lay it in Joseph's new tomb. This man who did not consent to the foul treatment of the Lord now risks his reputation, and by his action makes a bold confession of the Lord. The sinless Son of God is placed in a new tomb.

Taffeta Coats, and Others



No matter what else in the way of wraps is offered for midsummer, we are always sure of the taffeta coat. It is so practical and so pretty that it cannot be banished entirely—it comes along as inevitably as the Fourth of July or the bathing suit. Here it is as interpreted for this summer in taffeta, with bandings of velvet. It is as graceful and easy as the popular cape and at least as little trouble to manage.

In colors these silk coats are best in dark shades—deep blue, brown and green proving full of style. There is always black, of course, depending upon smartness of the design to rescue it from being commonplace. The luster of taffeta makes it a wonderful medium for colors.

Very much less familiar are new summer coats of wool velours and silk jersey and of silk jersey with big sat-

in collars. In the combinations of silk and wool the body of the coat—that portion about the shoulder and sleeve—is of the silk, often extended below the waist, forming a long waist effect. Collars—which are ample—are of the velours and cuffs to match them. Those who are looking for something new might consider the silk jersey or wool and jersey combinations.

Pongee, like taffeta, we have always with us in aristocratic coats. They are among those present this year. Very handsome models are entirely of pongee and others of pongee and black satin, the satin used in collars and cuffs and in wide borders at the bottom of the garment. Very handsome long capes of black satin lined with colored satin have scored a success, and some very dressy capes are in light colors finished with deep silk fringes.

Lovely Extravagances of Wedding Pageants



June weddings make a bright parenthesis in the grave story of war times. Just as many lovely brides grace just as many beautiful bridal processions this June as in June gone by—and the joy they radiate is more than ever welcome. No one expects the bride to curtail any of her privileges on her great day. It comes but once in a lifetime and she is entitled to make the most of it. The pomp and circumstance of war is not to be compared to it.

Society countenances the pretty extravagances of the wedding pageant and styles play into the hands of those who plan them. Malines and georgette crepe make the mere than ever picturesque hats for bridesmaids. Some of these have veils of malines extended into scarfs that swathe the throat and partly cover the face. Special thought has been bestowed on the matron of honor—the most dignified millinery featuring her position. In a procession where there were two flower girls, small soft hats of narrow, val lace, trimmed with little rose buds were allowed them. In this company the matron of honor wore a wide-brimmed hat of sand-colored malines and pale-gold lace, with a full short mantle of malines to match with collar of gold lace. The bridesmaids rejoiced in wide hats of pink georgette crepe with big, soft poppies made of the same material, set about the crown.

For brides who decide against the conventional white satin and long veil, pretty hats of white malines and small white flowers have been provided with

long ends of malines falling from the back to be wrapped about the neck and shoulders. For these simpler weddings organdie dresses and organdie hats give the bridesmaids every chance for lovely color and quaint design in their frocks and millinery. Organdie and net, or organdie and lace combined make fascinating wedding gowns. There are many ways of draping the veil. One very good way is to gather the tulle into a band of silver lace to form a close-fitting cap; another is arranged in a larger cap with double fringe about the face—as shown in the picture, and a third presents the veil falling from a coronet of fine lace, wired to hold it in position.

Julia Bottomley

Shades Are Interesting.

It is interesting to note the different effects materials have in the various shades. Brilliant, clear colors are good looking for dull materials. By a dull material is meant one which does not show up in the high lights. Reds and bright blues look well, for instance, in crepe or homespun, and have a totally different effect when matched exactly in the same shade of satin or velvet. Quite the reverse is the case with browns or blacks, for satin of velvet is almost a necessity to keep these colors from looking dull and somber.