

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American **Arthur Guy Empey**
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY AND HIS COMRADES MAKE THEIR MACHINE GUNS PERFORM SOME MARVELOUS TRICKS.

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. Once more in the front trenches, Empey goes "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German lines.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offense punishable by death.

Then comes the famous field punishment No. 1. Tommy has nicknamed it "crucifixion." It means that a man is spread-eagled on a limber wheel, two hours a day for twenty-one days. During this time he only gets water, bully beef and biscuits for his chow. You get "crucified" for repeated minor offenses.

Next in order is field punishment No. 2.

This is confinement in the "clink," without blankets, getting water, bully beef and biscuits for rations and doing all the dirty work that can be found. This may be for twenty-four hours or twenty days, according to the gravity of the offense.

Then comes "pack drill" or defaulters' parade. This consists of drilling, mostly at the double, for two hours with full equipment. Tommy hates this, because it is hard work. Sometimes he fills his pack with straw to lighten it, and sometimes he gets caught. If he gets caught, he grouses at everything in general for twenty-one days, from the vantage point of a Number wheel.

Next comes "C. B." meaning "confinement to barracks." This consists of staying in billets or barracks for twenty-four hours to seven days. You also get an occasional defaulters' parade and dirty jobs around the quarters.

The sergeant major keeps what is known as the crime sheet. When a man commits an offense, he is "crimed," that is, his name, number and offense is entered on the crime sheet. Next day at 9 a. m. he goes to the "orderly room" before the captain, who either punishes him with "C. B." or sends him before the O. C. (officer commanding battalion). The captain of the company can only award "C. B."

Tommy many a time has thanked the king for making that provision in his regulations.

To gain the title of a "smart soldier," Tommy has to keep clear of the crime sheet, and you have to be darned smart to do it.

I have been on it a few times, mostly for "Yankee impudence."

During our stay of two weeks in rest billets our captain put us through a course of machine-gun drills, trying out new stunts and theories.

After parades were over, our gun crews got together and also tried out some theories of their own in reference to handling guns. These courses had nothing to do with the advancement of the war, consisted mostly of causing tricky jams in the gun, and then the rest of the crew would endeavor to locate as quickly as possible the cause of the stoppage. This amused them for a few days and then things came to a standstill.

One of the boys on a gun claimed that he could play a tune while the gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians.

After constant practice I became quite expert in the tune entitled "All Conductors Have Big Feet."

When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G-wood.

At this point the German trenches ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, which used to traverse our lines at will, and sweep the streets of a little village, where we were billeted while in reserve.

There was one gun in particular which used to get our goats, it had the exact range of our "elephant" dugout entrance, and every morning, about the time rations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and

Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme:

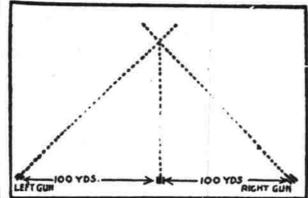
When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then butted in with my "pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept it up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped. Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel friendly toward him.

This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

rapidly, in fact, got better than his teacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he played that tune and we danced.

The boys in the battalion gave us the "Ha! Ha!" They weren't in on our little frameup.

The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted their two guns, and also gave me the range. The next afternoon was set for the grand finale.

Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that, opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz like a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his goose, and our ruse had worked. After firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey.

That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion. Our captain congratulated us, said it was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the stunt.

There are several ways Tommy uses

to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the most commonly used stunts are as follows:

At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench, he adopts the method of what he terms "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the bullets hit the German barbed wire. He can tell when they are cutting the wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. Machine-gun fire is very damaging to wire and causes many a wiring party to go out at night when it is quiet to repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at night when firing, Tommy uses what is called a flare protector. This is a stove-pipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casing of the gun and screens the sparks from the right and left, but not from the front. So Tommy, always resourceful, adopts this scheme: About three feet or less in front of the gun he drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

Sound is a valuable asset in locating a machine gun, but Tommy surmounts this obstacle by placing two machine guns about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards apart. The gun on the right to cover with its fire the sector of the left gun and the gun on the left to cover that of the right gun. This makes their fire cross; they are fired simultaneously.

By this method it sounds like one gun firing and gives the Germans the impression that the gun is firing from a point midway between the guns which are actually firing, and they accordingly shell that particular spot. The machine gunners chuckle and say, "Fritz is a brainy boy, not 'alf he ain't."

But the men in our lines at the spot being shelled curse Fritz for his ignorance and pass a few pert remarks down the line in reference to the machine gunners being "windy" and afraid to take their medicine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas.

We had a new man at the periscope on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

Empey is assigned to the intelligence department, but finds it is not the "soft" snap that he anticipated. The next installment tells of some of his experiences in his new job as a spy-catcher.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acts of Heroism Recognized.

Twenty-four acts of heroism were recognized by the Carnegie hero fund commission in its fourteenth annual meeting. In seven cases silver medals were awarded, in 17 cases, bronze medals. Ten of the heroes lost their lives, and to the dependents of nine of these pensions aggregating \$4,500 a year were granted. In addition to these money grants, in two cases, \$2,100 was appropriated for educational purposes, payments to be made as needed and approved, and in 11 cases awards aggregating \$3,000 were made for other worthy purposes. Payments in these cases will not be made until the awards have been approved by the commission.

Corneal in Honduras.

Because of the marked success of recent governmental and private efforts to promote the production of more cereals during the period of the war, writes Cobsul Walter F. Boyle, Puerto Cortes, an American company has imported and erected the first mill for the milling of corneal. This was purchased in the United States and has been erected at San Pedro, Sula, Honduras. It is a small equipment but marks the beginning of a new industry.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR JUNE 23

JESUS TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH.

LESSON TEXT—Mary 16:1-20.
GOLDEN TEXT—Now is Christ risen from the dead.—I Corinthians 15:20.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matthew 28:1-20; Luke 24:36-44; John 20:1-25; I Corinthians 15:1-55; I Thessalonians 4:13-18.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus' power over death.—Mark 16:42-16:20.
INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The living Christ.
SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ's resurrection and the Christian's assurance of immortality.

1. The Ministry of Love (vv. 1-4).
 1. By whom (v. 1).
 Mary Magdalene, the mother of James and Salome.
 2. When (v. 2).
 Early in the morning, the first day of the week.

(3) Their perplexity (vv. 3, 4).
 They questioned as to who should roll away the large stone from the mouth of the tomb. To their surprise they found the stone removed. They, like us, find their difficulties are removed before they come to them. If they had believed him, their anxieties and sorrows would not have been.

II. The Angel in the Tomb (vv. 5-8).
 Jesus knew that these women would come to the sepulcher with unbelieving hearts, so he had an angel waiting there to announce to them the fact of his resurrection. How many times we are helped out of doubts and difficulties by an angel which the omniscient Lord knew would be needed at a particular time. With such companions and helpers no place need seem lonely, and no condition need affright us. The angel's message:

1. "Be not affrighted" (v. 6).
 What comforting words these must have been to these bewildered women. The open tomb is the cure for fear; it steadies our hearts when things look dark and we do not understand.

2. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified" (v. 6).
 This three-fold designation with marvelous clearness shows:

(1.) His humanity—Jesus.
 (2.) Lowly residence—Nazareth.
 (3.) Ignominious death—crucified.

3. "He is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him" (v. 6).
 These words throw light upon his birth, humility and shameful death. He who was born in lowly circumstances, and suffered the shameful death of the cross, is now the conqueror of death. His resurrection gives meaning to his death. If Christ had not risen, then his death would have been meaningless. "If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; ye are in your sins" (1 Cor. 15:17).

4. "Go your way, tell his disciples and Peter" (v. 7).
 As soon as it was known that Christ had risen from the dead, they were to tell it to the disciples. Knowledge of Christ's triumph involves the responsibility of witnessing concerning it. The disciples all needed this blessed news, but Peter especially since he had so denied him. Wonderful grace, this!

5. "He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him" (v. 7).
 Christ had told the disciples that he would arise from the dead and meet them in Galilee, but their unbelief kept them from this blessed truth.

III. The Appearances of the Risen Christ (vv. 9-14).
 These appearances had as their object the restoration of the disciples from their awful failure and discouragement and the convincing them, without the peradventure of a doubt, of Christ's resurrection. Since his resurrection was to be the central theme of apostolic preaching, it was necessary that they have certainty of knowledge as to this matter (Acts 1:3). Without the resurrection of Christ, his death would be meaningless. Out of the ten or more appearances, Mark selects three.

1. To Mary Magdalene (vv. 9-11).
 Mary's heart responded to the Saviour's gracious deliverance of her from demons. Her sufferings were no doubt terrible. She is the first to the tomb. Her devotion is amply rewarded by being the first to meet the risen Lord. Light will surely come to the heart that really loves the Lord, though the faith is weak. She went at once and told the sorrowing disciples, but they refused to believe.

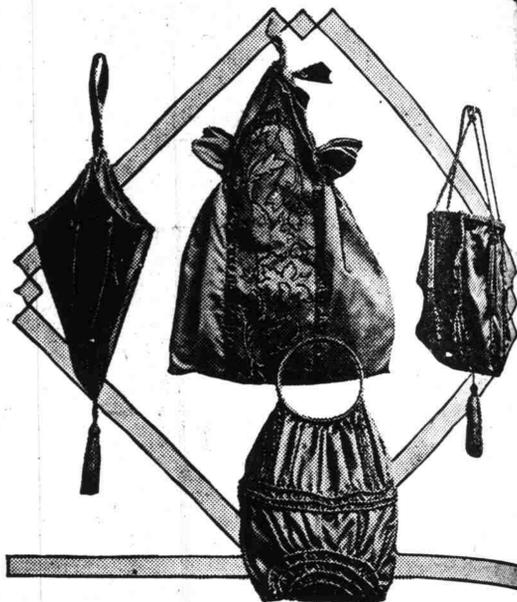
2. To two disciples on the way to Emmaus (vv. 12, 13).
 Luke gives full particulars concerning this appearance. Jesus had walked, talked, and eaten with them, convincing them that the Lord is risen indeed (Luke 24:13-35). The testimony of such is trustworthy.

3. To the eleven disciples (v. 14).
 IV. The Commission of the Risen Lord (vv. 15-18).
 After the disciples were convinced of the truth of his resurrection, Christ sent them forth to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

What a glorious and supreme task is this! "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (v. 16).

V. The Activity of the Enthroned Christ (vv. 19-20).
 After giving the disciples their commission, he ascends on high, and from the unseen sphere directs their activities. Wherever they went he commanded their word.

Knitting Bags, Work Bags and Catch All



There is nothing for it but to knit and knit and then knit some more and carry on. She who does not must be forever explaining why not. It's an obligation and all that we have to show that our hearts are in the right place are knitting needles, knitting bags and such things.

The four hundredth pair of socks may prove just a little monotonous, but there are new knitting bags to add the spice of variety to our daily lives. At the ribbon counters they are showing some immensely clever ones along with other work bags and "catch-alls." Those who spend their time thinking of new things in bags have grown to be such adepts that life at the ribbon counter promises to become one continual round of joyous new bags—from now until the end of the year. Then—unless the war is over—they will begin all over again with 1919 knitting bags.

A new arrival that charms everyone is a knitting bag that looks like a little umbrella. It is made of silk or strips of ribbon, sewed together and cut into a circle. The circle is cut out in six scallops at the circumference and the points of these scallops are sewed to the ends of the narrow strip that forms the handle—

three scallops at each end of the strip. Then the handle is slipped through a small slide made of ribbon and when it is drawn through the bag falls in the form of an umbrella. The tassel is sewed at the center of the circle of silk.

Work bags that will serve as knitting as well as other kinds of work are made of strips of plain and brocaded ribbon sewed together lengthwise like that shown at the right of the umbrella bag. The bag is cut in scallops and draws over a casing sewed along the base of the scallops in the plain ribbon. Straps sewed at the sides of the bag and ribbon are covered with checked silk and the narrow ribbon ends pass from the casing through them.

Below this bag a smaller work bag is gathered over large glass rings. It is made of plain satin ribbon with shirtings over cord and finished with silk tassels. The bag at the right is made of narrow strips of bon feather stitched together. The mouth is a small embroidery hoop. It is always open and ready to catch what may be dropped into it. It hangs from four cords of silk and is finished with a tassel.

Silk Street Suits



Some time before the days of midsummer have really arrived, merchants assemble stocks of silk street suits, ready to be presented when the first hot day comes. These midsummer suits are almost untripped, but are carefully designed and distinguished by smart style-touches and niceties of finish that place them close to the formal suit class. Clever women sometimes take their graceful but plain suits and tone them up with a little effective hand work, but even without that, they are equal to almost any demand.

There are many pretty suits of heavy taffetas and of gros-de-londre in the displays. One of the new taffeta suits is shown in the picture and it could hardly be simpler or plainer, but it is remarkably good style. The coat opens to the bust line, differing from earlier styles which were open to the waist line. It has a short, flaring skirt portion with three plaits at each side and a little dip in front, all very crisp and spirited. Flat, white pearl buttons fasten it. They invite the addition of a white pique vestee and collar and white cuffs. Altogether they

make this suit irresistibly cool looking, and that is the charm of summer in midsummer. White pumps and stockings might be worn with it to the best advantage.

Among these new silk suits there is one having a coat with three flaps set in across the back that is very pretty. It has narrow pockets set at each side with rows of small buttons, and a belt of the silk. These suits, in many silk suits, extend around the waist in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner, which is another point of departure from style in cloth suits. The most popular colors are navy, taupe and black, but light colors, as sand gray or white, have a daintiness that compensates for their being shorter lived.

Julia Bottomley

The Palm.

To keep a pet palm in order, the leaves should be sponged carefully every week. Don't water palms too often; let the earth become dry, and soak it liberally.