



# "OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT  
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY  
MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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## EMPEY IS MEMBER OF FIRING SQUAD WHICH CARRIES OUT DEATH SENTENCE.

**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. Soon afterwards Empey and his comrades repulse a determined gas attack launched by the Germans.

### CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best o' luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least

stumble, he would turn the air blue. A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry butted in with:

"None o' that gassin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman tied to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### The Firing Squad.

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with: "Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief. We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I know I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—'Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and



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country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:23 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—'Shun!'"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

Empey, in the next installment, tells the gripping story of a "coward" whose streak of yellow turned white.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Inculcating the Spirit.

It was holiday week, but a mother and child had managed somehow to get a whole seat on the car. Suddenly the little girl slid off the seat, and facing her mother, cried out, with anguish in her childish voice: "Oh mother, I forgot to git anything fer teacher."

"Well, what uv it?" the mother answered tartly. "She didn't git nuthin' fer you," and she sat the child down hard on the seat, partly to keep the woman in the aisle from taking any privileges, and partly, perhaps to impress on the child the Christmas spirit—as she saw it.

#### Still on the Job.

"The old-fashioned door-knocker seems to have gone out of style," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but, don't make any mistake, opportunity is still on the job."

## 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 JULY 7

#### BEGINNING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:13-34. GOLDEN TEXT—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Revelation 22:17.

DEVOTIONAL READING—John 15:4-16. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Acts 2:37-47; 8:26-40; Romans 5:1-11.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Loving and trusting Jesus.—John 1:35-51.

MEMORY VERSE—We love because he first loved us.—1 John 4:19.

#### I. How Lydia Began the Christian Life (vv. 13-15).

Lydia was the first convert to Christ in Europe. Hers was a typical conversion. Note the steps therein:

1. Attendance at the place of prayer (v. 13).

The accustomed place here was at the river side. The accustomed place today is in church. God can and does save men and women without any seeming connection with places of established worship, but he appears to most people at such places. The very fact that he has established and sustains churches here and there is an urgent call to all men and women to place themselves in the way of salvation. While no one can save himself, yet all can put themselves in the way of salvation by attending church, reading the Bible, etc.

2. Listening to the preaching of the Word of God (vv. 13, 14).

Paul took advantage of the opportunity which was given him by the assemblage of this group of devoted women to preach Christ to them. He was alert for and prized highly the opportunity to tell the people about Christ. He knew also how perilous it was to neglect to witness for Christ at a time when unsaved people are together. The opportunity is God's call to preach Christ.

3. Her heart was opened by the Lord (v. 14).

The individual may place himself in the way of salvation by coming near to the means of grace, and the preacher may preach the Word of God, but there is no hope of salvation until the heart is opened by the Lord (John 6:44, 45). While the salvation of every one is dependent upon this sovereign act of the Lord, yet we can be sure that he is willing at all times to do this for those who, like Lydia, place themselves in the way of his saving grace.

4. She was baptized. (v. 15).

This ordinance follows belief in Christ. The invariable rule in the early church was for believers to be baptized. While there is no salvation in the water of baptism, yet hearty obedience should be rendered in this respect (Acts 2:38-41; 8:12; Mark 16:16). Lydia brought her household to Christ. This is as it should be. She showed signs of the new life, in that she expressed gratitude toward those who had been instrumental in her conversion (v. 15) by constraining them to share the hospitality of her home.

#### II. How the Philippian Jailer Began the Christian Life (vv. 25-34).

1. The occasion (vv. 25, 26).

The casting out of the spirit of divination from the damsel landed Paul and Silas in prison. The pain of bleeding backs, and of feet in stocks, kept them from sleeping; but not from praying and singing. The Lord heard their prayers and sent an earthquake which shook the jail, opened the doors of the prison, and loosed the bonds from the prisoners' hands.

2. The method (vv. 27-34).

(1) Visitation of the supernatural (vv. 27-29). The jailer was awakened from his sleep by the earthquake. This earthquake was unusual in that it loosed the bonds from the prisoners' hands. In his desperation the jailer was about to commit suicide. This was averted by Paul's assurance that all were safe. The fact that the doors were opened and the prisoners free and yet no one escaped, showed him that something unusual had occurred. Therefore, he came trembling and prostrated himself before Paul and Silas.

(2) The great question (v. 30). In the presence of the supernatural he cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" One's salvation is not far off when he utters this cry with sincerity.

(3) The vital answer (vv. 31, 32).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," is the only way to be saved. (Acts 4:12). Though the way of salvation is restricted, it is simple and easy. No one who has believed on Christ has failed to receive it. The jailer's faith was not blind faith, for they spoke unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. They were taught the meaning of belief in Christ.

(4) The evidence of a transformed life (vv. 33, 34).

(a) He was baptized (v. 33). As soon as one believes on Christ he wants to be baptized.

(b) He tenderly washed the stripes of Paul and Silas, showing that he was no longer the brutal jailer (v. 34).

(c) He rejoiced (v. 34). The one who really accepts Christ is filled with joy.

(d) A transformed home (v. 34). He believed on Christ and was baptized, and his household.

## Practical Garb for Outdooring



There are middies, smocks, sweaters and coats for outdooring, that is, for all sorts of sport and recreation wear. And their comrades are skirts, bloomers or breeches, according to the sort of service to be required of them. For tennis and golf, skirts that will wash again and again and come out as fresh and unfaded as when they were new, have not been rivaled as yet by bloomers or breeches—for some other sports, skirts are a thing of the past. With these washable skirts plain blouses are worn and swaggar little coats made of summer flannel, serge or other materials—and, of course, sweater or sweater coats.

The coat's the thing this year, that has almost absorbed the attention of those who specialize in designing sport clothes. And it has been presented in a variety of new styles so that when it is slipped on over a skirt and blouse it tones up the costume, lending it neatness. Sleeveless coats of satin and velvet were among these new ideas and have proved themselves successful. Among new arrivals

the simple but swaggar little one shown in the picture, need not be compared with coats of more costly goods—it has some points of advantage over them. It is made of summer flannel in any of the gay bright colors and touched up with white in pearl buttons, pique collar and arrow-head finish of pockets.

Just the skirt for this coat is shown with it. It is of heavy white flannel and fastens at the middle of the front where a row of white pearl buttons flashes the overlapped seam. There are any number of sport hats that will top off this practical and pretty outfit. But its youthful wearer has chosen a tam of white corduroy, one of the "blue devil" models that embody much dash. Its long tassel matches the coat in color. Where something more dignified is needed, for an older woman, one of the coconut braids in white embroidered with yam or silk flowers against the crown, would make a good choice, and there is the perennial Panama with handsome band or scarf that belongs to all summers.

## Caprices and Conceits in Veils



Why the veil? Merely masculine minds will never figure out the answer although they will have the rest of time to ponder the question. Veils were and are and will continue to be. They are a strictly feminine institution and whether they are worn to add charm to the face or to call attention to charms already there, or for some other reason, these are mysteries only the veiled lady can solve for us. But they make opportunity for capricious ornamentation and for variety—two very good reasons for the loyalty with which women favor them.

New face veils this summer are nearly all woven with a large mesh; the hexagon-shaped mesh appears to be best liked. Two examples of this particular weave are shown at the left of the picture. They are circular and float about the face. The veil at the top indulges in the caprice of little and big chenille dots and little pasted-on velvet leaves, all of them dancing in all the wayward wandering breezes they chance to meet. A few dots splattered over a lovely chin, make us think twice of its delicious curves. A silk scroll wanders in the most aimless and happy-go-lucky way over the veil below, but it just misses the eyes and which goes to prove that a veil should be taken seriously and adjusted with care.

At the left appears the "war bride" veil—one of the small consolations allowed to the girl whose sweetheart is away in the service of his country. It is of navy blue chiffon and is draped about a navy blue or navy blue and white turban. This one is finished with a narrow silk fringe, but most of them are simply hemmed. They are probably destined to a short-lived popularity—but they are very charming. Veils should be tried on and selected carefully as hats are, for some faces look best under a plain, close mesh without figures. Scrolls or dots or other figures in front of the eyes, are never pleasing; they look and are uncomfortable.

Julia B. Stowley

#### The Isabella Color.

Once a Spanish princess vowed not to change her lingerie till a certain war was won, and as that took many months, the result was that fashionable Spanish ladies of the time, who looked to this princess for leadership in the matter of dress, soon came to adopt a yellowish-brown sort of hue for their kerchiefs, neckers, waives and other similar apparel. The princess' name was Isabella, and this fashionable shade was known as Isabella color, and one occasionally heard this name applied in Paris even to this day to a sort of yellowish-brown that really does look like linen that had been dedicated to a laundry's existence. Although we have had every shade of lingerie, we have not yet had this color. The next thing to it, and something that surely wouldn't appeal to all womankind, is the new lingerie of nickel-gray that has been put on the shelves of one or two of the exclusive women's shops. There is a complete set of this gray under wear in crepe de chine.