



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

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MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncom missioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nimbly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotch, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the snarl of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said:

"Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"God old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company—"

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down. Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38."

"Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been duly carried out."

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push. Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communica-

tion and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A.," and I would remember that if I wore a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since been advanced beyond this point, so in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily cursed the one who had conceived the idea.

The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Isinglass From Fish Sounds. Isinglass is made from the sounds or swimming bladders of fish. One ton of hake, says the Popular Science Monthly, will yield from 40 to 50 pounds of sounds. These are dried, soaked, cut in pieces, rolled into sheets and cut into ribbons. The ribbons are dried and wound on wooden spools. One ounce of isinglass will clarify from 200 to 500 gallons of wine and one pound will clarify from 100 to 500 barrels of beer. It is used for making cement for mending glass and pottery and for adhesive plaster and enters into the manufacture of many textiles and waterproof fabrics.

Tea Plant Purposely Dwarfed. In its wild state the tea plant grows to a height of from ten to twenty feet; in cultivating it its size is kept down to about three feet for convenience in picking. The tea of Japan is mostly of the green variety. Considerable black tea is exported, but is grown mainly on the island of Formosa. The seed is usually planted in terraces that extend from the bases of hills to their very crests, like giant steps that conform with the general contour of the hillsides. During picking time one may see large groups of tea-pickers (mostly women) gradually working their way downward from the top of a hill

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR JULY 28

OBEYING GOD.

LESSON TEXTS—Matthew 4:18-22; John 14:22-24; James 1:22-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments.—John 14:15.
DEVOTIONAL READING—John 15:8-17.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Loving God and doing his will.
LESSON MATERIAL—Matthew 4:18-22; James 1:22-27.
INTERMEDIATE, SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Obedience: To whom? Why? How?
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—I Chronicles 16:15; Psalms 103:17-18; Matthew 5:19; John 15:12-14; I John 2:3-6, 17.

Obedience is a vital part of our religion. The obedience of the Christian is not legal but filial. Eternal life is not secured through obedience, but obedience is the tangible evidence that one possesses it.

I. The Call of the First Disciples (Matt 4:18-22).

1. By whom—Jesus Christ (v. 18). Jesus is the Son of God. Since he is equal with God, he has the right to call. Those who hear his call should render instant and hearty obedience.

2. The circumstances of their call (v. 18).

The call came to them while they were busy with their business interests. God always calls men who are vitally engaged in some business, not those in idleness.

3. The nature of (v. 19).

It was a definite call, in that definite men were called into a definite service.

(1) To follow Christ. We must follow Christ before we can serve him. Only Christians can do Christian work. We should follow him to be like him, in order to win others to him.

(2) To win men for him—"Fishers of men." Christ calls men into work of the same character as that in which they were engaged. They had been fishing for fish; now they are to be fishers of men. When Christ calls men he does not call them to a lower service. This is a fine case of promotion. Men catch fish to kill and feed upon them, but Christ's disciples catch men to make them alive and feed them.

4. Response to Christ's call (vv. 20-22).

(1) They left their business interests immediately.

(2) They not only left their business, but James and John left their father also. Following Jesus sometimes means turning one's back upon business interests and dearest friends and relations. Regardless of what it costs, the true disciple will render instant obedience to the call of Christ, because he has a right to call us, and we can trust his wisdom to not call until he has need.

II. The Motive for Obedience (John 14:22-24).

The grand motive actuating obedience is love to Christ. The proof that we do love him is that we obey him. Even when we may not be conscious of unusual outgoings of the affection, the conclusive evidence that we love is that we obey. Keeping his commandments means such a regard for them that we highly treasure them as something precious. The reward for such obedience is to have Christ's prayer for us to God to send his Holy Spirit upon us (John 14:16, 17). Then, too, the Father will love us, and he and the Son will take up their abode with us. This abode is not temporary but permanent.

III. The Kind of Obedience That Counts (James 1:22-27).

1. The obedience of deeds (vv. 22-24).

Hearing God's Word will do no good unless it is accompanied with obedience. Hearing and not doing is as futile as beholding, one's face in a looking glass and forgetting what manner of man he is. Calling Christ Lord, and not doing what he says, will avail nothing (Matt. 7:21, 22). To pretend to know God and not keep his commandments is to lie (I John 2:4).

2. The obedience of perseverance (v. 25).

We should not only look into God's Word and admire its perfections, but steadfastly and persistently do the things required. Only those who thus persevere shall be blessed in their deeds.

3. The obedience of speech (v. 26).

The one who has genuine religion will control his tongue. Just as the physician oftentimes can diagnose the physical condition of the patient by an examination of the tongue, so the moral and spiritual condition of the individual can be determined by the speech of the individual. The one who does not control his tongue proves that his religion is empty and void.

4. The obedience of kindness (v. 27).

Those who have received the kindness of God will manifest that kindness in their lives. This kindness will express itself in ministering to the fatherless and widows.

5. The obedience of purity of life (v. 27).

The law of God enjoins upon his children not only purity of life, but abstinence from all appearance of evil. The one who has been made a partaker of the Divine nature keeps himself from the sins of the world. It means his separation from the things of the world which corrupt.

For the Garden Party



For the garden party and all the rest of summertime's engaging opportunities for living outdoors some clever hats and bags to match have been made. They all take cognizance of the fact that everywhere the lady goes her knitting-bag goes, too, and it is getting to be as much an affair of interest and importance as the hat it matches. With the introduction of millinery braids and laces in its construction, we have summer knitting bags different from anything that has gone before. Knitting is becoming a sort of national pastime—the tired business woman and the woman of leisure—if there are such any more—declare it is restful to the nerves. Anyway, it is essential and must be attended to.

The novel bag shown in the picture is merely a tube-shaped affair covered with ribbon, lace and a fancy millinery braid—a companion piece to the frilly midsummer hat that inspired it. It is capacious and very chic—designed for the woman who is able to indulge in little fancies and not recommended for anyone else. There are plenty of pretty bags that are more simply made of materials that are seasonable all the year round. This particular bag suggests ways of using materials one may have on hand—for millinery is often discarded before it shows signs of wear.

It does not make much difference what hats and bags are made of so long as they are pretty and cleverly made. What is called the "cotton vogue" has introduced cotton, gingham, cotton crepe, percale and other cottons into the making of extra hats for midsummer. They might all be classed as garden hats—but, like sport hats, they go everywhere.

And everywhere is just the place to find knitting bags—anyone who can use a needle can own one of these matched sets. Silk cords and tassels, narrow silk fringes and narrow lingerie laces—the old-fashioned rickrack braid and hand-crocheted edges are all appropriately used with these smart, inexpensive, wartime novelties.

Slip-Over and Other Blouses



The slip-over blouse and others that have the appearance of slip-overs but fasten on the shoulder, have been steadily increasing in popularity and their chances for becoming a feature in fall styles are excellent. So far the slip-overs have been developed in georgette crepe almost to the exclusion of other materials, but it is certain that they will be made in more substantial silks for fall. Some of them have a short peplum and are belted down with narrow belts of silk or patent leather, but these are few in comparison with the number that are made regulation blouse length—that is, disappearing under the skirt at the waistline.

For georgette slip-overs, small patterns in brilliant bead embroidery are so effective that nothing has supplanted them for decorative purposes. Bright colors, as emerald green, blue, gold and rose, are chosen for many of the blouses with peplums. They hang fairly straight and are belted in. Their lines and beadwork are reminiscent of American Indian art and they continue to be at once simple and very dressy. With a blouse of this kind and a silk or satin skirt, one may dress up to the requirements of almost any wartime function.

The blouse shown in the picture is one of those that has the appearance of a slip-over, but open on one shoulder to allow it to slip over the head. It hardly needs description, since it is plain, except for three single box plaits in the georgette at the front and back. Between the plaits at the front there are two conventional floral motifs outlined in colored silks. Four small crocheted buttons are set along the shoulders.

The second blouse is a model that has proved successful made of silk

Embroidery Now the Thing.

That beaded trimming is rapidly giving way to embroidery seems to be a fashion tendency beyond dispute. It is said that one reason why the metallic bead effect became so popular in Paris and later in America is because of so ago was because it was possible to make use of metal filings and scraps from munitions works for much of this trimming. But for some reason very little metal trimming is coming into this country now and beads are scarce. Embroidery is entirely within the bounds of things available. Hence the new dresses will show embroidery rather than beads. It has been said that there is an end to so-called Oriental and ecclesiastical embroideries, that is, bright colors have been overdone, and most of the smart dresses showing embroidery will be worked in threads of the same color or in some simple one-tone contrast.

Organdie Frocks.

Organdie frocks, though a bit out of the picture when we look at the clinging, long-lined frocks of medieval tendency, or even the starchless frocks of Empire origin, are charming for the young girl in their crispness and freshness. With a wide, beribboned garden party hat they are bewitchingly youthful.



Over the Top in a Charge.