

"OVER THE TOP"

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

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men did not seem to disturb the raiders, because many a joke made in an undertone, was passed along the winding column, as to who would be first to take a ride on one of the stretchers. This was generally followed by a wish that, if you were to be the one, the wound would be a "cushy Blighty one."

The stretcher bearers, no doubt, hoping that, if they did have to carry anyone to the rear, he would be small and light. Perhaps they looked at me when wishing, because I could feel an uncomfortable, boring sensation between my shoulder blades. They got their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry, who in a whisper would wish us "the best o' luck, mates." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart. We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz's lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line; had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking distance of the German trench, rush it and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed of light.

Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own." After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means, "Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we hugged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally ensues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps and crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed what Old Pepper had said, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we searched the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left were equipped with wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh to their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down, curving under our breath, trembling all over. Our knees lacerated from the

strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then



In "Blighty."

in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and felt forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back

full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." One young Scottie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

U-Boats Have Murdered Thousands.
There is a danger lest familiarity, even with such a monstrous crime as unrestricted U-boat warfare, should breed indifference to its enormity, says an exchange. Therefore, it is well to bear in mind that, except when the attack is made on fighting ships or transports carrying fighting men, the torpedoing of ships and sending men to their death far out at sea, is simply murder, unredeemed by any extenuating circumstances whatsoever. Just how great a bill of indictment is being drawn up by the German admiralty against itself is seen in the statement given by the government leader in the house of commons, that up to February, 1918, the German U-boats had killed 14,120 noncombatant British men, women and children. This, he noted, is exclusive of the murders done upon peoples of other nationalities.

The Drawback.
She—His wife made a man of him.
He—Yes, but anybody that looks a him can tell it is a home-made 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.)
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LESSON FOR AUGUST 11

HELPING OTHERS.

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 10:25-37; Galatians 6:1-10.
GOLDEN TEXT—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—Galatians 6:2.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Galatians 6:2-10.

PRIMARY LESSON MATERIAL—Luke 10:25-37.

INTERMEDIATE, SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Who needs our help, and how can we best give it?

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Proverbs 17:17; Matthew 5:42; Romans 12:10-15; I Corinthians 13:1-13; I John 3:16-18.

1. Being a Neighbor (Luke 10:30-37).

The story of the Good Samaritan is Christ's answer to the lawyer's question: Who is our neighbor? He shifts the question so as to show that the supreme concern is not who is our neighbor, but whose neighbor am I? If I am Christ's, my supreme concern will be to find those who have need that I may be a neighbor to them. If we love God supremely, we shall find all along life's highway souls who have been wounded and robbed by sin, whom we can love as ourselves. To be a neighbor is to—

1. See those about us who need help (v. 33).

Love is keen to discern need. Let us be on the lookout for those in need of our help.

2. Have compassion on the needy (v. 33).

Christ's pity was aroused as he came into contact with those who were suffering and in need. All those who have his nature will be likewise moved.

3. Go to those in need (v. 34).

Many are willing to give money to help the poor and needy, but are unwilling to personally minister to them. Many times the personal touch is more important than the material aid. We should give ourselves as well as our money.

4. Bind up the wounds (v. 34).

Many indeed are the wounds today which need our attention.

5. Set the helpless ones on our beasts while we walk (v. 34).

This is a proof that the love is genuine. Christians will deny themselves in order to have something to give to those who have need. This kind of sympathy is greatly needed today.

6. Bring to the inn and take care of the unfortunate (v. 34).

Genuine love does not leave its service incomplete. Much Christian service is spasmodic; helps once and then leaves a man to care for himself.

7. Gives money (v. 35).

It costs a good deal to be a neighbor. Love is the most expensive thing in the world. It cost God his only Son; it cost Christ his life. May we go and do likewise!

11. Living and Walking in the Spirit (Galatians 6:1-10).

Those who are freely justified in Christ will conduct themselves as follows:

1. Restore the sinning brother (v. 1).

Restore is a surgical term which means the placing back of a dislocated member to its place. We are members of the body of Christ, and the sinning of a brother ought to as really give us pain as the dislocation of a member of our body. This service is to be done in the spirit of meekness, lest we also be tempted.

2. Bear one another's burdens (vv. 2-4).

Many are the burdens of life, burdens of weakness, temptation, sorrow, suffering and sin. Christ is the supreme burden-bearer. When we do this we fulfill the law of Christ.

3. Bear our own burdens (v. 5).

There are peculiar burdens incumbent upon each one to bear. These burdens cannot be borne by others.

4. Support teachers of God's Word (v. 6-8).

It is incumbent upon those who are taught in the Word of God to give of their means for the support of the teacher. To repudiate this obligation is mockery of God, for he ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel (I Cor. 9:14).

5. Be earnest in well-doing (v. 9).

Some fall of the reward because they give up when the goal is about to be reached.

6. Work for the good of all men (v. 10).

The one who is free in Christ will have sympathies and interests as wide as the race. He will especially strive to help those who are members of Christ's body.

True Service.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves—Sir Philip Sidney.

Vaunteth Not Itself.

Put a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again, and say nothing, about it.

A Paradox.

It is one of the happy paradoxes of spirit that without dependence there can be no independence, and that precisely in proportion to our faith will be our intellectual and moral activity. —Susan E. Blow.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

From the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, D. C., July 8, the following article appears about the motor corps service:

"More than six thousand women now are included in the personnel of the Red Cross motor corps service. As a result of a conference recently held in Washington at the call of the director of the bureau of motor corps service, the motor service in six of the principal cities of the country which previously had been independent in its organization, was amalgamated with the Red Cross corps. This makes the Red Cross motor corps service a thoroughly co-ordinated institution, able to meet the local and inter-local demands for transportation throughout the length and breadth of the land on a nationalized basis.

The organizations which have become parts of the Red Cross motor corps service are the motor messenger service of Philadelphia, the National Service league motor corps of Atlanta, the National Service league motor corps of New York city and Buffalo, the emergency motor corps of New Orleans, and the emergency drivers of Chicago. All these organizations were represented at the conference by their commanding officers, who now become commanders of the Red Cross motor corps service in their respective cities. The four independent services

added more than six hundred members to the motor corps ranks.

In the comparatively few months during which the national bureau has been in control of the volunteer motor corps of the various cities, important progress has been made in efficiency and uniformity of service, and requirements have been standardized so that those not enthusiastic in the service. Under the coordination existing a certified driver feels proud in her position.

In conformity with the request of the war department the uniform khaki and the insignia formerly employed have been discarded. The regulation uniform of the motor corps is to be of Red Cross Oxford gray. Commanders will wear three silver diamonds, embroidered on their shoulder straps. Captains will wear two silver diamonds, first lieutenants one and second lieutenants a gilt diamond. Pearl gray tabs on the collar will designate staff officers. Service stripes will be worn on the sleeves.

The cars of the service are to be distinguished by a white metal emblem, bearing the red cross and the words "Motor Corps." This and the driver's identification card will be sufficient to give the cars the right way when on official business.

Georgette and Satin Join Forces



Georgette crepe and satin have rivaled one another in afternoon gowns during the present summer, with georgette the choice a little more often than satin. But with summer on the wane, the indications are that satin will outstrip georgette and hold first place in fashion's favor. A lovely gown is shown in the picture, in which these two beautiful materials have joined forces to make a dress of wonderful distinction in which beige colored georgette and black satin are brightened with a beaded passementerie. It is one of the new evolutions that have come along in the train of slip-over garments.

There are several features in this new model that will commend it to the woman who has present need of a new afternoon gown. We have come to the place where it goes without saying that an afternoon gown will do double duty as long as it survives the demands made upon it for both afternoon and evening; for it must take the place of evening gowns. To begin with the most essential of all things, this particular model has beautiful lines. It is cut in an original manner with a narrow yoke and upper portion of the sleeves in one. The body of the gown hangs in straight lines from the yoke, to which it is attached with hemstitching. The lower part of the long flaring sleeve is joined to the upper portion in the same way.

The lower part of the gown shows two wide bands of black satin, one of them set on to an underslip of silk and the other to the georgette of the frock. Where these are joined two narrow bands of beaded trimming, in black and beige, make a very rich and effective finish. The sleeves are banded with this trimming at the hand. The underslip is of beige colored foulard, with a black scroll design in it, but plain foulard or taffeta is as good a choice for a gown that is to do duty for evening wear. The narrow sash is of black satin and loops over at the back, weighted at

the ends with beaded tassels. A hat with black mailles brim and black panne velvet crown is noncommittal as to whether it is a summer or winter affair; it belongs to either, and is a fine companion piece for the gown.

Julia B. Bostwick

From Center of Ball.

There is a best way of winding wool for knitting and that is the way that causes the wool to unwind from the center. To do this roll a piece of stiff paper two and a half inches long by two inches wide into a tube. Make sure off about eight inches of wool at the end and begin winding the rest about the tube. When enough has been wound to hold the tube securely tuck the eight-inch loose end completely into one end of the tube. Do not cover this end in further winding, but the other end may be covered. It is best to wind six or eight times in one direction before turning to wind in another direction. When the skein is completely wound tuck the last end well into the ball. Pull out the tube, bringing with it the long loose end of knitting. If many balls are wound in one or if a ball is not to be used immediately it is a good idea to allow the tube to remain in the ball till ready for use.

Darning Tip.

When underlacing and darning a sleeve, where you are apt to catch the under side of the sleeve, slip a piece of stiff glazed paper into the sleeve. You can then work freely and feel sure that your needle will not catch through the paper.

Lace in Lingerie.

Lace is still much used in fine lingerie, and the finest of real files is used with charming effect. It wears well, too, and in these days when we try to buy with wisdom, we think a bit about the durability of our lingerie.