

# "OVER THE TOP"

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

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

### CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

—27—

Tommy generally replies that he did not stop to figure it out when he was hit.

One very nice-looking, overenthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle bullet."

With a look of disdain she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh! Only a bullet? I thought it was a shell." Why she should think a shell wound was more of a distinction beats me. I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of parliament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all, and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs staring him in the face, "Out of bounds for patients." Generally the nurses were looking the other way when one of these night raids started. I hope this information will get none of them into trouble, but I cannot resist the temptation to let the commandant know that occasionally we put it over on him.

One afternoon I received a note, through our underground channel, from my female visitor, asking me to attend a party at her house that night. I answered that she could expect me and to meet me at a certain place on the road well known by all patients, and some visitors, as "over the wall." I told her I would be on hand at seven-thirty.

About seven-fifteen I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes. Then I told the nurse, a particular friend of mine, that I was going for a walk in the rose garden. She winked and I knew that everything was all right on her end.

Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump, and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly. I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well. I struck a match. In its faint glare I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard came from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shimmy up the pipe. I could not yell for help, because the rescuer would want to know how the accident happened, and I would be haled before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the forlorn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass and I could give him our usual signal of "siss-s-s-s," which would bring him to the rescue.

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the well.

After two hours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "siss-s-s-s" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertinent remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished out.

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "Op it, Yank, 'ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fellow."

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time and place.

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Frost. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost." He was loved by all. If a Tommy was to be cut up he had no objection to undergoing the operation if "Jack Frost" was to wield the knife. Their confidence in him was pathetic. He was the best sport I have ever met.

One Saturday morning the commandant and some "high up" officers were inspecting the ward, when one of the patients who had been wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, fell on the floor in a fit. They brought him round, and then looked for the ward orderly to carry the patient back to his bed at the other end of the ward. The orderly was nowhere to be found—like our policemen, they never are when needed. The officers were at a loss how to get Palmer into his bed. Doctor Frost was fidgeting around in a nervous manner, when suddenly with



The Author Just Before Leaving for Home.

a muffled "d—n" and a few other qualifying adjectives, he stooped down and took the man in his arms like a baby—he was no feather, either—and staggered down the ward with him, put him in bed and undressed him. A low murmur of approval came from the patients. Doctor Frost got very red, and as soon as he had finished undressing Palmer, hurriedly left the ward.

The wound in my face had almost healed and I was a horrible-looking sight—the left cheek twisted into a knot, the eye pulled down, and my mouth pointing in a north by northwest direction. I was very downhearted and could imagine myself during the rest of my life being shunned by all on account of the repulsive scar.

Doctor Frost arranged for me to go to the Cambridge Military hospital at Aldershot for a special operation to try and make the scar presentable.

I arrived at the hospital and got an awful shock. The food was poor and the discipline abnormally strict. No patient was allowed to sit on his bed, and smoking was permitted only at certain designated hours. The face specialist did nothing for me except to look at the wound. I made application for a transfer back to Palgnton, offering to pay my transportation. This offer was accepted, and after two weeks' absence, once again I arrived in Munsey ward, all hope gone.

The next day after my return Doctor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try and see what I can do with that scar I'll do it, but you are taking an awful chance."

I answered: "Well, doctor, Steve Brodie took a chance; he hails from New York and so do I."

Two days after the undertaker squad carried me to the operating room or "pictures," as we called them because of the funny films we see under ether, and the operation was performed. It was a wonderful piece of surgery and a marvelous success. From now on that doctor can have my shirt.

More than once some poor soldier has been brought into the ward in a dying condition, resulting from loss of blood and exhaustion caused by his long journey from the trenches. After an examination the doctor announces that the only thing that will save him is a transfusion of blood. Where is the blood to come from? He does not have to wait long for an answer—several Tommies immediately volunteer their blood for their mate. Three or four are accepted; a blood test is made, and next day the transfusion takes place and there is another pale face in the ward.

Whenever bone is needed for some

special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life. More than one man will go through life with another man's blood running through his veins, or a piece of his rib or his shinbone in his own anatomy. Sometimes he never even knows the name of his benefactor.

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful. For all the suffering caused this war is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has welded all classes into one glorious whole.

And I can't help saying that the doctors, sisters, and nurses in the English hospitals, are angels on earth. I love them all and can never repay the care and kindness shown to me. For the rest of my life the Red Cross will be to me the symbol of Faith, Hope and Charity.

After four months in the hospital, I went before an examining board and was discharged from the service of his Britannic majesty as "physically unfit for further war service."

After my discharge I engaged passage on the American liner New York, and after a stormy trip across the Atlantic one momentous day, in the haze of early dawn, I saw the statue of liberty looming over the port rail, and I wondered if ever again I would go "over the top with the best of luck and give them hell."

And even then, though it may seem strange, I was really, sorry not to be back in the trenches with my mates. War is not a pink tea, but in a worthwhile cause like ours, mud, rats, cooties, shells, wounds, or death itself, are far outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does his bit.

There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is this—anticipation is far worse than realization. In civil life a man stands in awe of the man above him, wonders how he could ever fill his job. When the time comes he rises to the occasion, is up and at it, and is surprised to find how much more easily than he anticipated he fills his responsibilities. It is really so "out there."

He has nerve for the hardships; the interest of the work grips him; he finds relief in the fun and comradeship of the trenches and wins that best sort of happiness that comes with duty well done.

THE END.

### ROMEO WAS CLAD IN KHAKI

Played the Popular Game, Choosin the Dinner Table to Work on Affection; of Waitress.

It is natural that we should be eager to do whatever we can for the boys in khaki; but sometimes, when the patriotic zeal is not accompanied by a sympathetic imagination, the beneficiary may pray to be delivered from our friends, writes "An American Woman" in the Outlook.

A homesick lad is likely to want either an atmosphere like that of his own home or else the exotic flavor the expectation of which has helped him to undertake the great adventure so cheerily.

In one family among my neighbors the son of the house was scandalized when one of their guests at Sunday dinner made the perfectly simple and natural request that he be permitted after the meal to repair to the kitchen where the pretty waitress was. Permission was denied, but young Romeo was not discouraged, and this letter came "To the Girl That Waits for Mrs. So-and-So: You are the best ever. Are you keeping company with anybody?" He added his name and a few personal details, and this delicious bit of identification: "If you don't know which soldier wrote this, it is the one that touched your hand under the dish when you passed the potatoes."

### When Horses Get "Pipped."

When an army horse is wounded about the face or jaw it is not sent down to the veterinary lines, but is kept to be tended by its driver.

Then it is that a good driver's care comes in, for the men tend them most carefully, feeding them by hand, mulling their oats, making them mashies, and spending most of the day with their charges until they can feed in comfort again. It is this personal care of the man for his horse that has been the cause of the new order that all horses have to be returned from hospital to their own units again; for a man's care is by no means transferred to the same extent to a new team of horses.

### Long Leaves Are Most Economical.

A loaf weighing one pound contains 11 per cent of water if it is round and only 34 per cent if it is cylindrical. Therefore, she who buys long loaves gets 140 grammes more actual food for her money than she who buys round loaves.

The reason for this is that the sphere is the figure that contains the largest possible volume under the smallest possible surface, and, as evaporation is a matter of surface, the greater from a cylinder than it is a sphere of the same weight.

## 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, by Western Newspaper Union.

### LESSON FOR AUGUST 25.

#### CONFESSING CHRIST.

(May be used with missionary applications.)

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 12:8-12; Acts 1:11.

GOLDEN TEXT—Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the son of man also confess before the angels of God.—Luke 12:8.

DEVOTIONAL READING—James 3:1-18.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Psalms 146:1-21; Mark 5:19-20; John 1:40-46; Acts 4:18-20; I Peter 3:15.

#### I. Importance of Confessing Christ (Luke 12:8-12).

To confess Christ is not easy; it has never been easy. To do so means exposure to ridicule, contempt and persecution. Regardless of its issue, the true disciple will confess his Lord.

1. Christ will confess before the angels of God those who confess him before men (v. 8). The true disciple will not be ashamed to let all men know that he knows, loves, and serves Christ.

2. Christ will deny before the angels of God those who deny him before men (v. 9). To deny Christ before men may get one a little of human applause, but will surely bring one to loss of heaven and to the sufferings of hell forever.

3. A perilous testimony is unparadiseable (v. 10). This testimony is the expression of a heart utterly perverse, attributing the mighty works of the Holy Spirit as wrought by Christ to the devil (Matt. 12:32; Mark 3:29). The unpardonable sin will only be committed by one whose heart is incurably bad, one whose moral nature is so vile that he fails to discern between God and the devil—a reprobate.

4. Divine aid given in testimony (vv. 11, 12). In the most trying hour the Holy Spirit will teach the disciples what to say, and how to say it.

#### II.—Qualifications for Confessing Christ (Acts 1:1-11).

Christ remained with the disciples forty days after his resurrection to prepare them for the important business of witnessing for him. He had a five-fold object:

1. To convince the disciples of the absolute certainty of his resurrection (vv. 2, 3). Before the disciples could undertake the great work for which they had been preparing, the question of Christ's resurrection must be settled beyond a doubt. No one can preach the gospel who does not have certainty of conviction touching the resurrection.

2. To instruct the disciples in things pertaining to the kingdom of God (vv. 3, 6, 7). Their unwillingness to hear Christ's instruction (John 16:12, 13) before his passion shut out much valuable information, so the Lord tarries to supply this need. They had a wrong idea as to the kingdom being restored, not as to fact, but as to time. Christ had again and again predicted a coming kingdom in harmony with the united testimony of the prophets of Israel. They understood him aright as to the fact of the kingdom, but the time of its manifestation they failed to grasp. The disciples should be defended against the reproach for having a materialistic conception. The kingdom is still to come; the time of its coming is known only to God.

3. To show the disciples that their business was to witness for Christ to the uttermost parts of the earth (vv. 4, 5, 8). This witnessing was to be done in the power of the spirit, the result of which would be the formation of a new body, the church, called out from the world in the time of the postponement of the kingdom.

4. To show the disciples the scope of their missionary activity (v. 8). This is shown to be as wide as the world itself. They were to begin at home and carry the good news concerning Christ to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mission work begins at home and ends with the bounds of the earth.

5. To show the disciples that Christ will henceforth operate from heaven. They were to work on the earth, but the source of their power was in heaven. Though he is separated from the disciples it will not be forever, for he will come again. He will come again as the God-man, our mediator. The words of the men in white apparel have a double significance.

(1) To show that Jesus will come again.

(2) To show that in the meantime they should set to work in the discharge of their commission, and not be gazing up into heaven. The Lord's instruction to the disciples was, "Occupy till I come" (Luke 19:13). Those who have an intelligent hope touching the coming of Christ are not sky-gazers, but are dead in earnest witnessing for Christ.

#### Divine Descent.

The incongruity of the Bible with the age of its birth; its freedom from earthly mixtures; its original, unbroken, solitary greatness; the suddenness with which it broke forth amidst the general gloom; these to me are strong indications of its divine descent; I cannot reconcile them with a human origin.—Channing.

#### When It Is Hard to Pray.

It is hard for a man to pray according to God's will if he is not living according to it.

## School Children Claim Attention



It is the children of school age, and the young folks going away to school that claim attention in August. Early in September they begin another year's work and must be outfitted with clothes for the first quarter of the school year, at least, and often for half of it.

The early display of clothing is a great help to those mothers who undertake to have their children's clothes made at home. It is probably quite economical to buy little cotton dresses ready-made as to make them at home; but in home-made garments individual taste can be brought into play and more handwork and "stitchery" used than can be had in moderately priced frocks bought ready made.

Besides, remodeling is an item in wartime economy that every mother should consider. All woolen frocks that are either remodeled for the children or handed on to some one who can wear them save the consumption of energy, and this is a patriotic service that is worth while.

Blue serge—the never failing—is featured in the new displays. Sometimes it is combined with heavy linen

as in a model showing a plaited, long-waisted blouse of amethyst-colored linen to which a plaited blue serge skirt is buttoned. A broad belt of patent leather slips through crocheted loops of amethyst silk floss that hang from the blouse. They are fastened to it with a few fancy stitches, an inch or so above the belt buttons so that the belt covers the joining of skirt and blouse.

Heavy linen in natural color makes collars and cuffs and sometimes trapes on serge one-piece frocks. Needle work in yarn or silk floss is more used for decoration than anything else. Usually one or two collars in contrast to the frock are used and the designs must be simple. The little frock pictured for the girl of six years is a good model for any sort of material—wool, linen, heavy cotton or plain wash silk. Wool and linen are most worth while for the stitchery that must be put in by hand.

Collars and cuffs or vests in heavy natural linen are beautiful in combination with blue, brown or green woollens. They are made so that they can be taken out and washed; hence two sets are necessary to each dress.

## For Fall Motoring



To shade the eyes or not to shade the eyes, that is the question to be decided when the quest is for auto bonnets for fall motoring. There are several requisites that the successful bonnet or hat or cap must fill. First of all it must stay on; no matter what winds may blow or how much the driver manages to exceed the speed limit.

To wobble about or come off is the unforgivable sin in a piece of motor headwear. Besides this indispensable feature—and equally important—the bonnet must measure up to its wearer's ideas of becomingness.

Comfort in all our apparel is an attribute that (it almost goes without saying) is required of it today. Nearly all the hats and bonnets for motoring have small brims, or visors at the front for shading the eyes, but there are some turbans and caps that are brimless. They are in the minority; so it is evident that if the question of shading the eyes or not were put to the popular vote—the eyes would have it. Nevertheless, the "Blue Devil" tam is so dear to the heart of young Americans that it enters the ranks of fall hats for motoring. It sticks to the head as securely as a French soldier to a Sammy, and withstands shocks of wind and weather without betraying their punishment.

It is for youthful wearers and shading the eyes is not a matter of concern with it. There are veils and goggles for that—if shading is needed. This tam, made of silk, appears in the left of the two pictures.

At the right there is a sturdy bonnet—clearly of Dutch descent inspiration. It has a becoming drooping brim all about the face, but a brief brimless space across the back. Here is a bit of strategy which is successful in keeping the bonnet on the head. A short, strong elastic band is set into the base of the crown at this point and its tension makes the bonnet hug the head. The crown is flexible and the bonnet has a soft lining of silk. Everyone knows the enduring quality of corduroy and this model will surely commend itself to motorists. A small chiffon veil, gathered over an elastic cord with snap fasteners at the end, is easy to adjust on it—and easy to take off.

Organdie for Bridesmaids. Never were bridesmaids more charmingly frocked than in the exquisite organdie dresses introduced by the

Julia Bottomley

Organdie for Bridesmaids. Never were bridesmaids more charmingly frocked than in the exquisite organdie dresses introduced by the