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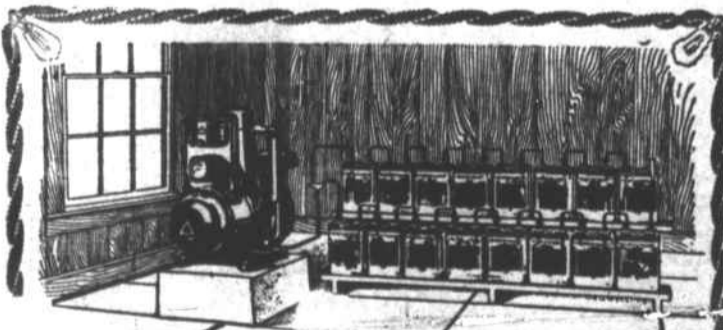
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Acts like dynamite on a slug-
gish liver and you lose a
day's work.

There's no reason why a per-
son should take sickening, sal-
ivating calomel when 50 cents
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Liver Tone—a perfect substi-
tute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable
liquid which will start your
liver just as surely as calomel
but it doesn't make you sick
and can not salivate.

Children and grown folks
can take Dodson's Liver Tone
because it is perfectly harm-
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Calomel is a dangerous drug.
It is mercury and attacks your
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calomel today and you will feel
weak, sick and nauseated to-
morrow. Don't lose a day's
work. Take a spoonful of Dod-
son's Liver Tone instead and
you will wake up feeling great.
No more biliousness, constipa-
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mel your money is waiting for
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Will cure your Rheumatism
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Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects
Etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used in-
ternally and externally. Price 25c.

Subscribe to the Herald

"OVER THE TOP"

BY
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER
WHO WENT
Arthur Guy Empey

lumber wheat.
Next comes "C. B." meaning "con-
fined to barracks." This consists of
staying in billets of barracks for twen-
ty-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, most-
ly 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-
ner crews got together and also tried
out some theories of their own in refer-
ence 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 lo-
cate 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 my gun claimed
that he could play a tune while the
gun was actually firing, and demon-
strated 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 need 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 in-
vincible.

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 lo-
cate 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 cen-
tury, 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 en-
dure all kinds of insults and fresh re-
marks as to our ability in silencing
Fritz. Even to the battalion that Ger-
man 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-pup." I kept this 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
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 frame-up."

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 eleva-
tions, had their fire so arranged, that,
opening up together, their bullets
would suddenly drop on Fritz like a
halibut.

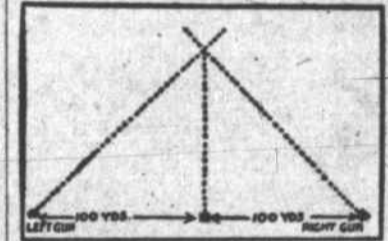
About three the next day, Fritz start-
ed "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a
sharp blast on a whistle, it was the sig-
nal agreed upon; we turned loose and
Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the
middle of a bar. We had cooked his
goose, and our ruse had worked. After
firing two belts each, to make sure of
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-gun-
ner 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, conse-
quently, 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 fol-
lows:

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 casting 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



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

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 fire
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 hun-
dred 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 ac-
cordingly 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 igno-
rance and pass a few pert remarks
down the line in reference to the ma-
chine 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 hang-
ing 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.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treat-
ed with chemicals. There are two win-
dows, or glass eyes, in it, through which
you can see. Inside there is a rubber-
covered tube, which goes in the mouth.
You breathe through your nose; the
gas, passing through the cloth helmet,

my head began to swim, throat got
dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs
warned me that my helmet was leak-
ing. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I
changed helmets.

The trench started to wind like a
snake, and sandbags appeared to be
floating in the air. The noise was hor-
rible; I sank onto the fire step, needles
seemed to be pricking my flesh, then
blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates
removing my smoke helmet. How de-
licious that cool, fresh air felt in my
lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dis-
persed the gas.
They told me that I had been "out"
for three hours; they thought I was
dead.

The attack had been repulsed after
a hard fight. Twice the Germans had
gained a foothold in our trench, but
had been driven out by counter-atta-
cks. The trench was filled with their
dead and ours. Through a periscope
I counted eighteen dead Germans in
our wire; they were a ghastly sight in
their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet.
A bullet had gone through it on the
left side, just grasing my ear. The
gas had penetrated through the hole
made in the cloth.

Out of our crew of six we lost two
killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead,
excepting those in No Man's Land. In
death there is not much distinction;
friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the
gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their
chemical sprayers, spraying out the
dugouts and low parts of the trenches
to dissipate any fumes of the German
gas which may have been lurking in
same.

Two days after the gas attack I was
sent to division headquarters, in an-
swer to an order requesting that cap-
tains of units should detail a man
whom they thought capable of passing
an examination for the divisional in-
telligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment
I went along the front-line trench say-
ing good-by to my mates and lording it
over them, telling them that I had

Continued next week.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXA-
TIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary
Quinine and does not cause nervousness or
ringing in head. Remember the full name and
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