



"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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CHAPTER III. I Go to Church.

Upon enlistment we had identity disks issued to us. These were small disks of metal worn around the neck by means of a string. Most of the Tommies also used a little metal disk which they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previously figured it out that if their heads were blown off, the disk on the left wrist would identify them. If they lost their left arm, the disk around the neck would save the purchase, but if their head and left arm were blown off, no one would care who they were, so it did not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the other was stamped your religion.

C. of E. meaning Church of England; R. C. Roman Catholic; W. Wesleyan; P. Presbyterian; but if you happened to be an atheist they left it blank, and just handed you a pick and shovel. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, any old thing," and he promptly put down C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religions I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday. I was sitting in the billet writing home to my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire—all recruits do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and shouted: "C. of E. outside for church parade!"

I kept on writing. Turning to me, in a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you C. of E.?"

I answered, "Yep."

In an angry tone, he commanded, "Don't you 'yep' me. Say, 'Yes, sergeant major.'"

"I did so. Somewhat mollified, he ordered, 'Outside for church parade.' I looked up and answered, 'I am not going to church this morning.' He said, 'Oh, yes, you are!'"

I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not!"—But I went.

We lined up outside with rifles and bayonets, 120 rounds of ammunition, wearing our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about five miles, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field the chaplain was standing in a limber. We formed a semicircle around him. Overhead there was a black speck circling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain had a book in his left hand—left eye on the book—right eye on the airplane. We Tommies were lucky, we had no books, so had both eyes on the airplane.

After church parade we were marched back to our billets, and played football all afternoon.

CHAPTER IV. "Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inspected by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. The boys in the brigade had nicknamed this general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart.

For the next ten days we "rested," repairing roads for the Frenchies, drilling, and digging bombing trenches.

One morning we were informed that we were going up the line, and our march began.

It took us three days to reach reserve billets—each day's march bringing the sound of the guns nearer and nearer. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which lighted up the sky with a red glare.

Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane being shelled. A thrill ran through me and I gasped in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while little puffs of white smoke were bursting all around it. These puffs appeared like tiny balls of cotton while after each burst could be heard a dull "plap." The sergeant of my platoon informed us that it was a German airplane and I wondered how he could tell from such a distance because the plane seemed like a little black speck in the sky. I expressed my doubt as to whether it was English, French or German. With a look of contempt he further informed us that the allied anti-aircraft shells when exploding emitted white smoke while the German shells gave forth black smoke, and as he expressed it, "It must be an Albatross because our pom-poms are shelling, and I know our batteries are not off their hally nappers and are certainly not strafing our own planes, and another piece of advice—don't chuck your weight about until you've been up the line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my weight about" from that time on. Just before reaching reserve billets we were marching along, laughing, and singing one of Tommy's trench ditties: I want to go home, I want to go home, I don't want to go to the trenches no more. Where sausages and whizz-bangs are galore. Take me over the sea, where the Albatross can't get at me, Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home—

when overhead came a "swish" through the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report—the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "coalboxes." A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into columns of fours, and proceeded on our way.

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H—, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells



A Bomb Proof.

were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large rats—big black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our section of the line. In single file we went one way through a slight mound

A NERVOUS WRECK

From Three Years' Suffering. Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Texas City, Tex.—In an interesting statement, Mrs. G. H. Schill, of this town, says: "For three years I suffered untold agony with my head. I was unable to do any of my work."

I was not able to sleep all the time, for that was the only ease I could get, when I was asleep, I became a nervous wreck just from the awful suffering with my head.

I was so nervous that the least noise would make me jump out of my bed. I had no energy, and was unable to do anything. My son, a young boy, had to do all my household duties.

I was not able to do anything until I took Cardui. I took three bottles in all, and it surely cured me of those awful headaches. That has been three years ago, and I know the cure is permanent, for I have never had any headache since taking Cardui.

Nothing relieved me until I took Cardui. It did wonders for me."

Try Cardui for your troubles—made from medicinal ingredients recommended in medical books as being of benefit in female troubles, and 40 years of use has proven that the books are right. Begin taking Cardui today. NC-134

Mt. Olivet Honor Roll for February

The following having neither been tardy nor absent are entitled to be placed on the higher honor roll:

- First grade—Ruby Tysor, Norma Brown. Second grade—Joe Tysor. Third grade—May Wrenn, Ava Maness, Walton Brown, Lillian Maness, Donald Sugg. Fourth grade—Gertrude Bray, Ola Wrenn, Roy Bray. Fifth grade—Wade Tysor, Lizzie Sugg, Ernest Teague. Sixth grade—Grady Brown. The following having been present 18 days are entitled to be placed on the honor roll: Second grade—Louise Asbill. Third grade—Swanna Bray. Fourth grade—Clay Sugg, Willie Baxter, Pearl Brown. Fifth grade—Ethel Brown, Vernie Maness. Sixth grade—Charlie Sugg, Emmitt Maness. S. G. RICHARDSON, Principal. VIOLA BROWN, Assistant.

the front line an occasional flare or bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments slapping the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "type-writer" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp crackling noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak.

In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best of our luck mates."

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "macks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rain issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dioxies or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

(To be continued next week.)

Grippe? Got it? Here's the remedy. It's helped millions. Has a half century record of use. First dose brings relief. Try it. Sold by all druggists. Dr. King's Discovery for Coughs & Colds

War Time Cook Book

Scrap your old ideas, forget your old habits. Business is not as usual, nothing is as usual. Accustomed routine has yielded to tense, quick action. The very air is vibrant with the will to do and the spirit of courageous adventure. Old grouches are forgotten and old wrongs left to right themselves; everyone is busy and most of us are happy.

The food adventure is part of the game. So scrap your old kitchen ideas, too, and adventure into the realm of food. It will be a voyage of discovery even for good cooks. There are many new things to eat, and many new ways of preparing familiar foods. The American housekeeper must now become an adept in that knowledge of foods that is the common heritage of the European peasants. They have never known the red meat diet of America, yet these hardy peasants have built American railways and dug our subways. Food prejudice should not be allowed to stand in the way. One great source of waste is the influence of custom. People are afraid to try new methods and new dishes.

The housekeeper who is young enough to learn will have some fun getting old recipes down to fighting trim. She will find her best material, however, in the recipes for war dishes that are appearing in magazines and newspapers. Most of this material is prepared by experts in colleges and experiment stations and is too valuable to throw aside.

The main point in planning a war-time cook-book is to arrange the recipes so as to be able to turn at once to the one needed. They may be kept in an indexed scrapbook, or mounted upon heavy paper and arranged in a letter file. Perhaps the best advice for keeping recipes is a small filing cabinet arranged like a library card index. A small wooden box or even a paste-board box will do for the file. The recipes can be written or pasted on cards, with a guide card carrying the index heading to separate the groups.

The headings in this war time cook book will be different from the familiar headings of the usual cook-book. The most important group will be Meat Substitutes. Here will be placed substantial dishes that furnish muscle-building food. These will include combinations of eggs, cheese, beans, nuts and meat with potatoes, rice and hominy. Other headings might be Sugar-savings Desserts, War Breads and War Cakes.

This collection should be made not as a curiosity, but as an everyday aid in solving the problem that confronts every American housekeeper and a practical help in carrying out the Food Pledge. The selection of recipes should be determined by the resources of the locality and the needs of the individual home.

"CASCARETS" BEST IF HEADACHY, BILIOUS, SICK, CONSTIPATED

Best For Liver and Bowels, Bad Breath, Bad Colds, Sour Stomach Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels, or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogging in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet, breath right, complexion rosy and your liver and bowels regular for months.

Professor Massey's Garden Book

Announcement is being made by The Progressive Farmer of publication of Professor Massey's Garden Book for the Southern States. Coming at a time when all the South needs be a-gardening it has leaped at once into vogue. A letter from The Progressive Farmer today received, says: "Orders for Professor Massey's Garden Book are being received in every mail." Probably no agriculturist in the South is so well qualified for producing a work of this kind. This will prove to be the most valuable contribution of Professor Massey's fifty years' service to Southern farmers.

As to The Progressive Farmer. Perhaps no single agency is doing so much for our Southern farmers and for our nation. It is the publication of which it is continually being said, by farm demonstration agents and others: "You can tell by a man's farm whether he reads it or not." Bankers say their farmer depositors have more money because they read it and can meet their obligations better by its aid. Farmers unite in proclaiming it the most useful farm publication and the women who live on farms will not try to keep house without it.

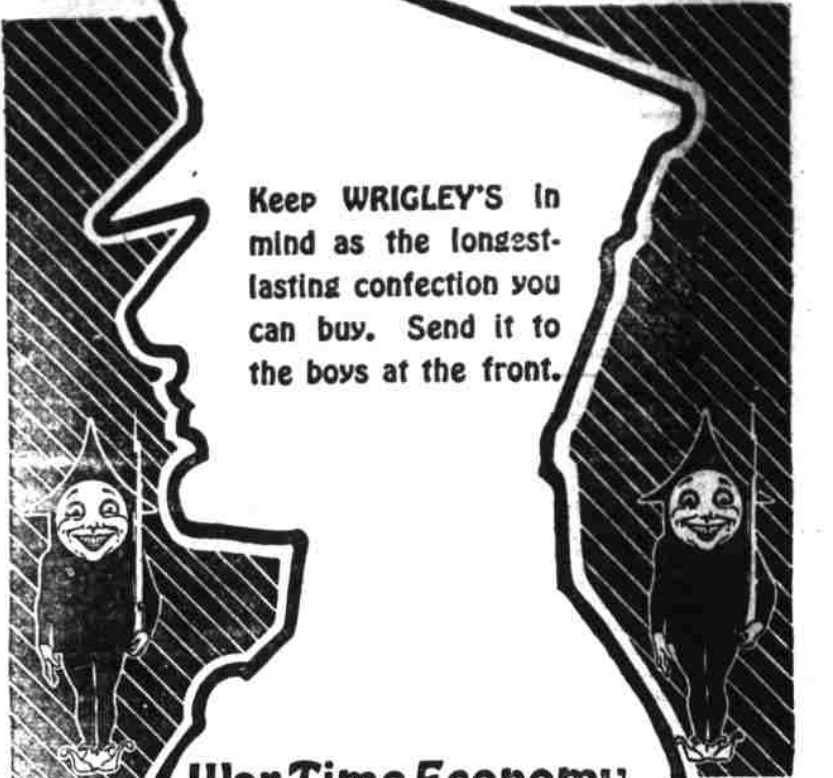
Arrangements have been made by which our present readers and those whom we should like to have on our list, may receive both The Progressive Farmer and Professor Massey's Garden Book. The price of The Progressive Farmer is one dollar a year and the paper bound Garden Book fifty cents.

Send us \$2.25 for a year's subscription or renewal and we will order The Progressive Farmer a year for you and have the publishers send you, prepaid, a paper cover copy of Professor Massey's Garden Book for the Southern States.

Every Man at Camp Sevier Indexed

The indexing of every man in the thirteenth division according to his industrial experience and technical abilities has just been completed. Every single man was called up and interviewed, each interview requiring the selection of one and the best

WRIGLEYS



Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

War Time Economy In Sweetmeats—

a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment; it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

Chew It After Every Meal

The Flavor Lasts!



LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

IN a year it has become famous; the man's cigarette for the men who are working over here, and fighting over there.

The reason? Because it's made of Burley pipe tobacco and because—

IT'S TOASTED



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EARN BIG MONEY

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE CAN EQUIP YOU TO DO SO Big business everywhere is creating an abnormal demand for Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Typists of alluring salaries. Positions paying \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month go a-begging. We have more calls for help than we can supply—many more. Write for catalogue and come to see us.