



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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Arms down Rye lane with a bottle of Bass in front of you, and that blonde barmaid waiting to fill 'em up again? "Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of curses. I changed the subject. "After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough. "The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road. "Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S. and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose. "You blankety blank dud, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen! "Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one? "I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name. "He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rumberling it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.' "Under these conditions I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed: "If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued. "Then the investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his man. "Then I waited with beating heart and watched the captain like a hawk. "He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me, he said: "Wilson, this army is a blankety blank washout. What's the use of having artillery if it is not allowed to fire? The government at home ought to be hanged with some of their red tape. It's through them that we have no shells. "I answered, 'Yes, sir, and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with: "Keep those infernal fingers still. What's the matter, getting the nerves? When I'm talking to you, pay attention!" "My heart sank. Supposing he had realized that tapping, then all would be up with our plan. I stopped drumming with my fingers and said: "Big your pardon, sir, just a habit with me. "And a d—d silly one, too, he answered, looking in his glasses again, and I knew I was safe. He had not realized the meaning of that tapping.

all. What a pretty target for our '4.5's.' The beggars know that we won't fire. A d—d shame, I call it. Oh, just for a chance to turn D 238 loose on them.' "I was trembling with excitement. From repeated stolen glances at the captain's range chart, that road with its range was burned into my mind. "Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 battery. Target 17, Range 0000, 3 degrees 30 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell O. K.'d my message, and with the receiver pressed against my ear, I waited and listened. In a couple of minutes very faintly over the wire came the voice of our battery commander issuing the order: 'D 238 battery. Salvo! Fire!' "Then a roar through the receiver as the four guns belched forth, a screaming and whistling overhead, and the shells were on their way. "The captain jumped as if he were shot, and let out a great big expressive d—n, and eagerly turned his glasses in the direction of the German road. I also strained my eyes watching that target. Four black clouds of dust rose up right in the middle of the German column. Four direct hits—another record for D 238. "The shells kept on whistling overhead, and I had counted twenty-four of them when the firing suddenly ceased. When the smoke and dust clouds lifted the destruction on that road was awful. Overturned limbers and guns, wagons smashed up, troops fleeing in all directions. The road and roadside were spotted all over with little field gray dots, the toll of our guns. "The captain, in his excitement, had slipped off the sandbag, and was on his knees in the mud, the glass still at his eye. He was muttering to himself and slapping his thigh with his disengaged hand. At every slap a big round juicy cuss word would escape from his lips followed by: "Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty Work! Direct hits all.' "Then he turned to me and shouted: "Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D—n fine work, I call it.' "Pretty soon a look of wonder stole over his face and he exclaimed: "But who in h—l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson, did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't, did I? "I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through this post. I am absolutely certain on that point, sir.' "Of course nothing went through,' he replied. Then his face fell, and he muttered out loud: "But, by Jove, wait till Old Pepper gets wind of this. There'll be fur flying.' "Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire: "General's compliments to Captain A—. He directs that officer and signaler report at the double to brigade headquarters as soon as relieved. Relieve now on the way.' "In an undertone to me, 'Keep a brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake stick to your post. I answered with, 'Rely on me, mate, but I was trembling all over.' "I gave the general's message to the captain, and started packing up. "The relief arrived, and as we left the post the captain said: "Now for the fireworks, and I know they'll be good and plenty. They were. "When we arrived at the gun pits the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march to brigade headquarters started. "Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared. The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions were once again fed. The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the droop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen. "The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted: "Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your hands together when I speak! Come in here!" "Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir.' "But Old Pepper roared, 'That up?' "Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his hand to his chest and turned away.

GLAD TO TESTIFY

Says Watoga Lady, "As to What Cardui Has Done For Me, So As To Help Others."

Watoga, W. Va.—Mrs. S. W. Gladwell, of this town, says: "When about 15 years of age, I suffered greatly... Sometimes would go a month or two, and I had terrible headache, backache, and bearing-down pains, and would just drag and had no appetite. Then... it would last... two weeks, and was so weakening, and my health was awful. My mother bought me a bottle of Cardui, and I began to improve after taking the first bottle, so kept it up till I took three... I gained, and was well and strong, and I owe it all to Cardui. I am married now and have 3 children... Have never had to have a doctor for female trouble, and just resort to Cardui if I need a tonic. I am glad to testify to what it has done for me, so as to help others." If you are nervous or weak, have headaches, backache, or any of the other ailments so common to women, why not give Cardui a trial? Recommended by many physicians. In use over 40 years. Begin taking Cardui today. It may be the very medicine you need. NC-130

666 GIVES QUICK RELIEF FOR COLDS and LAGRIPPE

Useful Recipes: Buckwheat Muffins: One cup milk, one tablespoon fat, one tablespoon syrup, one egg, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one cup wheat flour, seven-eighth cup buckwheat flour. Sift dry materials together. Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, syrup and beaten egg. Combine these two mixtures, stirring lightly, without beating. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven. Corn-Rice Muffins: One cup cornmeal, one cup boiled rice, one cup milk, one tablespoon fat, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs. Mix cornmeal, rice, milk and shortening together; beat five minutes, then add well-beaten eggs; beat two minutes, then add the baking powder. Bake in hot, greased muffin tins or in shallow pan. Boiled hominy may be used in the above recipe instead of rice. Spoon Bread: One cup white cornmeal, one and one-half cups boiling water, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs. Sift meal into a bowl. See that the water is boiling vigorously. Pour over the meal, stirring at the same time. When lukewarm add the sweet milk, the well-beaten egg, yolk and beat thoroughly. Add the baking powder and last fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a hot, well-greased baking dish and bake in a moderately hot oven thirty minutes. Serve from the baking dish with a spoon. Oatmeal Muffins: One cup milk, one tablespoon fat, two tablespoons syrup, one egg, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup wheat flour, one and one-quarter cups oatmeal. Sift the salt, baking powder and the flour together, mix in the oatmeal. Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, syrup and beaten egg. Combine these two mixtures, stirring lightly without beating. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven. Use granulated oatmeal or put rolled oats through a food chopper. It was reported that 18 persons were killed in a tornado at Calmar, Iowa, last Thursday night and that three were killed and one injured severely at Mason City, Iowa.

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