

"OVER THE TOP"

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

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WAR IS CRUMBLING THE WALL OF CASTE THAT HAS STOOD SO LONG IN BRITISH ARMY.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Exciting experience on listening post detail. Exciting work on observation post duty. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

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The game is honest and quite enjoyable. Sometimes you have fourteen numbers on your card covered and you are waiting for the fifteenth to be called. In an imploring voice you call out, "Come on, Watkins, chum, I'm sweating on 'Kelly's Eye.'"

Watkins generally replies, "Well, keep out of a draft, you'll catch cold." Another game is "Pontoon," played with cards; it is the same as our "Black Jack," or "Twenty-one."

A card game called "Brag" is also popular. Using a casino deck, the dealer deals each player three cards. It is similar to our poker, except for the fact that you only use three cards and cannot draw. The deck is never shuffled until a man shows three of a kind or a "prile" as it is called. The value of the hands are, high card, a pair, a run, a flush or three of a kind or "prile." The limit is generally a penny, so it is hard to win a fortune.

The next in popularity is a card game called "Nap." It is well named. Every time I played it I went to sleep.

Whist and solo whist are played by the highbrows of the company.

When the gamblers tire of all other games they try "Banker and Broker."

I spent a week trying to teach some of the Tommies how to play poker, but because I won thirty-five francs they declared that they didn't "fawncy" the game.

Tommy plays few card games; the general run never heard of poker, euchre, seven up, or pinochle. They have a game similar to pinochle called "Royal Bezique," but few know how to play it.

Generally there are two decks of cards in a section, and in a short time they are so dog-eared and greasy, you can hardly tell the ace of spades from the ace of hearts. The owners of these decks sometimes condescend to lend them after much coaxing.

So you see, Mr. Atkins has his fun mixed in with his hardships and, contrary to popular belief, the rank and file of the British army in the trenches is one big happy family. Now in Virginia, at school, I was fed on old McGuffey's primary reader, which gave me an opinion of an Englishman about equal to a '76 Minute Man's backed up

by a Sinn Feiner's. But I found Tommy to be the best of mates and a gentleman through and through. He never thinks of knocking his officers. If one makes a costly mistake and Tommy pays with his blood, there is no general condemnation of the officer. He is just pitied. It is exactly the same as it was with the Light Brigade at Balaklava, to say nothing of Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle and Loos. Personally I remember a little incident where twenty of us were sent on a trench raid, only two of us returning, but I will tell this story later on.

I said it was a big happy family, and so it is, but as in all happy families, there are servants, so in the British army there are also servants, officers' servants, or "O. S." as they are termed. In the American army the common name for them is "dog robbers." From a controversy in the English papers, Winston Churchill made the statement, as far as I can remember, that the officers' servants in the British forces totaled nearly two hundred thousand. He claimed that this removed two hundred thousand exceptionally good and well-trained fighters from the actual firing line, claiming that the officers, when selecting a man for servant's duty, generally picked the man who had been out the longest and knew the ropes.

But from my observation I find that a large percentage of the servants do go over the top, but behind the lines they very seldom engage in fighting parties, fatigues, parades or drills. This work is as necessary as actually engaging in an attack, therefore I think it would be safe to say that the all-round work of the two hundred thousand is about equal to fifty thousand men who are on straight military duties. In numerous instances, officers' servants hold the rank of lance-corporals and they assume the same duties and authority of a butler, the one stripe giving him precedence over the other servants.

There are lots of amusing stories told of "O. S."

One day one of our majors went into the servants' billet and commenced "blinding" at them, saying that his horse had no straw and that he personally knew that straw had been issued for this purpose. He called the

lance-corporal to account. The corporal answered, "Blime me, sir, the straw was issued, but there wasn't enough left over from the servants' beds; in fact, we had to use some of the 'ay to 'elp out, sir.'"

It is needless to say that the servants dispensed with their soft beds that particular night.

Nevertheless it is not the fault of the individual officer, it is just the survival of a quaint old English custom. You know an Englishman cannot be changed in a day.

But the average English officer is a good sport. He will sit on a fire step and listen respectfully to Private Jones' theory of the way the war should be conducted. This war is gradually crumbling the once insurmountable wall of caste.

You would be convinced of this if you could see King George go among his men on an inspecting tour under fire, or pause before a little wooden cross in some shell-tossed field with tears in his eyes as he reads the inscription. And a little later perhaps bend over a wounded man on a stretcher, patting him on the head.

More than once in a hospital I have seen a titled Red Cross nurse fetching and carrying for a wounded soldier, perhaps the one who in civil life delivered the coal at her back door. Today she does not shrink from lighting his fag or even washing his grimy body.

Tommy admires Albert of Belgium because he is not a pusher of men; he leads them. With him it's not a case of "take that trench," it is "come on and we will take it."

It is amusing to notice the different characteristics of the Irish, Scotch and English soldiers. The Irish and Scotch are very impetuous, especially when it comes to bayonet fighting, while the Englishman, though a trifle slower, thoroughly does his bit; he is more methodical and has the grip of a bulldog on a captured position. He is slower to think; that is the reason why he never knows when he is licked.

Twenty minutes before going over the top the English Tommy will sit on the fire step and thoroughly examine the mechanism of his rifle to see that it is in working order and will fire properly. After this examination he is satisfied and ready to meet the Boches.

But the Irishman or Scotchman sits on the fire step, his rifle with bayonet fixed between his knees, the butt of which perhaps is sinking into the mud—the bolt couldn't be opened with a team of horses it is so rusty—but he spits on his sleeve and slowly polishes his bayonet; when this is done he also is ready to argue with Fritz.

It is not necessary to mention the colonials (the Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders), the whole world knows what they have done for England.

The Australian and New Zealander is termed the "Anzac," taking the name from the first letters of their official designation, Australian and New Zealand army corps.

Tommy divides the German army into three classes according to their fighting abilities. They rank as follows: Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons.

When up against a Prussian regiment it is a case of keep your napper below the parapet and duck. A bang-bang all the time and a war is on. The Bavarians are little better, but the Saxons are fairly good sports and are willing occasionally to behave as gentlemen and take it easy, but you cannot trust any of them overlong.

At one point of the line the trenches were about thirty-two yards apart. This sounds horrible, but in fact it was easy, because neither side could shell the enemy's front-line trench for fear shells would drop into their own. This eliminated artillery fire.

In these trenches when up against the Prussians and Bavarians, Tommy had a hot time of it, but when the Saxons "took over" it was a picnic; they would yell across that they were Saxons and would not fire. Both sides would sit on the parapet and carry on a conversation. This generally consisted of Tommy telling them how much he loved the Kaiser, while the Saxons informed Tommy that King George was a particular friend of theirs and hoped that he was doing nicely.

When the Saxons were to be relieved by Prussians or Bavarians, they would yell this information across No Man's Land and Tommy would immediately tumble into his trench and keep his head down.

If an English regiment was to be relieved by the wild Irish, Tommy would tell the Saxons, and immediately a volley of "Donner und Blitzen" could be heard and it was Fritz's turn to get a crick in his back from stooping, and the people in Berlin would close their windows.

Usually when an Irishman takes over a trench, just before "stand down" in the morning, he sticks his rifle over the top, aimed in the direction of Berlin, and engages in what is known as the "mad minute." This consists of firing fifteen shots in a minute. He is not aiming at anything in particular—just sends over each shot with a prayer, hoping that one of his strays will get some poor unsuspecting Fritz in the napper hundreds of yards behind the lines. It generally does; that's the reason the Boches hate the man from Erin's Isle.

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Empey, questioning a German prisoner, finds he's from New York. The interesting interview is related in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RED MAN'S GOOD QUALITIES

As a Race, and Individually, the American Indian Has Proved Capable of Many Things.

It is very worth while to give the Indian a square deal. He has proved himself capable of great things. Two presidents of Peru have been Indians. One of Mexico's greatest presidents was an Indian, and Bolivia has had at least one great Indian president. One expects them to excel in warfare. The Araucanian Lautaro was the greatest military chieftain South America has produced except San Martin, and we have had Gen. John A. Logan and Gen. Eli S. Parker. Numbers of our senators and congressmen have been proud of their Indian blood, and Thomas C. Moffett, who knows the red man well, says that "in the professional world today, on farms among leaders in business affairs, the Indian, educated and Christianized, is taking his place; clever Indian lawyers are looking out for the interests of their tribes; capable Indian physicians are ministering to the needs of their own people; earnest Indian preachers and teachers are spreading among the reservations the seed of the gospel message; aggressive Indian agricultural experts are teaching the younger generation how to improve land and crops; the new Indian is helping the forward movement activities of his country."

The white man's diseases and vices have burdened the Indian, but his schools, medicine, Christian morals and faith can, if he so wills it, lift that burden and make his red brother once again a free man.—Evangeline Cole, in World's Outlook.

British Geological Photos.

A committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been engaged for many years in forming a national collection of photographs illustrating the geology of the British Isles. According to the last report the collection now includes upward of 5,600 pictures. More than a thousand of these were taken in Yorkshire. A collection of the same character has been made by the geological survey of Great Britain, which has recently published a list of its Scottish pictures. Both the B. A. committee and the geological survey offer prints and lantern slides for sale. The Tunbridge Wells Natural History society offers prizes for photographs of scenery illustrating geological features.—Scientific American.

Siamese Study in United States. About fifteen students from Siam have registered at American educational institutions this year to qualify in the professions of law, medicine and civil engineering. Several such students have in the past graduated from

American colleges and engineering schools and are now employed by their own government in important public works.

Incidentally they have been the means of introducing American machinery, scientific apparatus and other manufactures into their country. Among the students who left the United States in August were four holders of king's scholarships, and these young men will be educated at the expense of the Siamese government.

Theory May Yet Be Proved.

According to one theory, primitive man came to America by a land bridge from the tablelands of Asia, in search of new hunting grounds. "It is not to be inferred," says Professor Wissler, "that the new world native is a direct descendant of the present Asiatic Mongolian, for the differentiation is evidently remote." Is it not possible we shall find that it was the American type that diverged into strains that passed to Asia?—Chicago Examiner.

Retribution is not always dealt out to every man according to his deeds.

U. S. SOON TO BE ON A BEERLESS BASIS

All Brewing Must Stop Next
December 1st.

HELD WAR MEASURE

Warning Is Issued to Manufacturers
of All Beverages That Curtail-
ment Will Be Made.

Washington, D. C.—Manufacture of beer in the United States will be prohibited after December 1 next as a war measure.

This announcement was made Saturday by the food administration, which said the decision had been reached at conferences between President Wilson and representatives of the fuel, food and railroad administrations and the war industries board.

Action along this line, it was said, has been expected by the brewing interests in view of the fuel administration's order of last July 3, reducing coal consumption of breweries 50 per cent and a warning that they might not be able to continue in business.

Under national prohibition legislation passed by the senate and sent to the house, which enacted similar legislation last May, manufacture of beer and wine would be prohibited after next May 1.

This order will move up five months the time for discontinuance of the manufacture of beer, although the breweries may be allowed to resume operations between that date and the effective operation of the dry legislation, if finally enacted, since the order was "until further orders."

Factors which influenced the decision to prohibit the manufacture of beer after December 1, the food administration announcement said, were "the further necessity of war industries for the whole fuel productive capacity of the country, the considerable drought which has materially affected the supply of feeding stuff for next year, the strain upon transportation to handle necessary industries and the shortage of labor caused by enlargement of the army program."

Warning was issued to manufacturers of all beverages and mineral waters that for the same reasons there will be "further great curtailment in fuel for the manufacture of glass containers, of tinplate for cans, of transportation and of food products in such beverages."

HINDENBERG MAKES PLEA TO HIS MEN

Amsterdam.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg's manifesto to the German people, declaring that the enemy, in addition to the armed offensive, is conducting an offensive by printed matter containing "most insane rumors" is published prominently in all the German newspapers. It begins:

"We are engaged in a severe battle with our enemies. If numerical superiority alone were to guarantee victory, then Germany would long since have lain crushed to the ground. The enemy knows, however, that Germany and her allies are not to be vanquished by arms alone."

The proclamation says that along with the battle against German armies the enemy is waging war against the German spirit.

"We should not treat lightly this plan of the enemy," he says.

Von Hindenburg then refers to leaflets dropped on the German lines, of which he says 10,000 are gathered up daily. These leaflets speak of the good treatment German prisoners receive and give extracts from letters of German prisoners.

Some of the leaflets, according to Von Hindenburg, read:

"Your fight is hopeless. America will cook your goose. Your submarines are of no use. We construct more ships than you sink. Your trade is destroyed and we shall cut off your raw materials after the war; then Germany's industries must perish. You shall never see your colonies again."

"What are the facts?" asks Von Hindenburg. "In the east we have forced peace, and in the west we also are strong enough to do so, despite the American. But we must be strong and united."

The manifesto proceeds to say that the allies are trying to force neutral nations to fight against Germany "because we are a match for them. Why does the enemy incite colored people against the German soldiers? Because he wants to annihilate us."



Meeting a Gas and Infantry Attack.