

A Summer School of Patriotism

This Chautauqua program is built for national service. The government has recognized the great value of the Chautauqua in this war year and is sending lecturers to speak on vital war problems. Inspiring music is a war-time necessity and this musical program sounds a strong patriotic note throughout the week. There is splendid entertainment, also, to lighten and brighten war-worried minds.

Lincoln L. Wirt

SENT to the Western Front by the Government, in the Spring of 1918, to secure information on actual conditions in the war zone. Will bring Chautauqua audiences the last word from Pershing and the American section of the line.

U. S. Food Demonstration

A food demonstrator direct from Hoover's department. Bringing new methods of conserving food and practical government recipes as worked out by the Food Administration. Morning of the last day at Chautauqua. No admission charge.

26-BIG EVENTS-26

Thaviu's Exposition Band

THE great Band which was honored with the opening and closing engagements at the San Francisco Exposition. Two big programs on the fifth day. These concerts will be worth more than the price of your season ticket.

Grand Opera Singers

THREE grand opera soloists with voices of unusual power and brilliance will accompany the Band at night. These three artists are members of a prominent Chicago grand opera organization and will render a program long to be remembered.

President Wilson Endorses Chautauqua

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

14 December, 1917.

My Dear Mr. Flowers:

It has been on my mind for some time to thank your organization for the very real help it has given to America in the struggle that is concerned with every fundamental element of national life. Your speakers, going from community to community, meeting people in the friendly spirit engendered by years of intimate and understanding contact, have been effective messengers for the delivery and interpretation of democracy's meaning and imperative needs. The work that the Chautauqua is doing has not lost importance because of war, but rather has gained new opportunities for service.

Let me express the hope that you will let no discouragement weaken your activities, and that the people will not fail in the support of a patriotic institution that may be said to be an integral part of the national defense.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Mr. Montaville Flowers,
President, International Lyceum
and Chautauqua Association,
Hotel La Salle, Chicago Illinois.

Old Soldier Fiddlers

ROUSING patriotic attraction for the opening night of Chautauqua. Four veterans of the Civil War bring old war-time tunes and camp-fire songs. Leadership of Col. John A. Pattee, 24th Regiment Michigan Volunteers.

Dr. C. J. Bushnell

SPECIAL accredited lecturer presenting war problems at home. Dr. Bushnell will be in constant touch with the Bureau of information in Washington and will bring a message every person should hear.

26-BIG EVENTS-26

"Plays of Our Allies"

SHORT plays of great European dramatists by the Luzerne Players under the personal direction of Luzerne Westcott Crandall. Group of plays will include "In the War Zone," a drama of strong patriotic appeal.

"An Evening in Hawaii"

ILLUSTRATED travelogue, "Rambling through Paradise" by Mildred Leo Clemens, cousin of Mark Twain. Showing motion pictures of Mt. Kilauea, Hawaii's active volcano. Accompanied by Royal Hawaiian Quintet in a concert of charming Hawaiian melodies.

DALLAS, ORE.

Buy on the season ticket plan

Single admissions amount to more than \$8.

Chautauqua

JULY 17 to 23

Season Ticket	Adults	\$2.50
Prices	Students	\$1.50
War Tax Not Included	Children	\$1.00



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

©1917 BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blither-

who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push.

Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communication and front-line trenches, making

note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A.," and I would remember that if I wore a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were

withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man

had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since been advanced beyond this point, so in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily cursed the one who had conceived the idea. The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fret," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read,