



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

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump, and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly. I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well.

I struck a match. In its faint glare I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard came from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shinny up the pipe. I could not yell for help, because the rescuer would want to know how the accident happened, and I would be haled before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the forlorn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass and I could give him our usual signal of "sis-s-s-s," which would bring him to the rescue.

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the well.

After two hours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "sis-s-s-s" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertinent remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished out.

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "Op it, Yank, 'ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fellow."

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time and place.

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Frost. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost." He was loved by all. If a Tommy was to be cut up he had no objection to undergoing the operation if "Jack Frost" was to wield the knife. Their confidence in him was pathetic. He was the best sport I have ever met.

One Saturday morning the commandant and some "high up" officers were inspecting the ward, when one of the patients who had been wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, fell on the floor in a fit. They brought him round, and then looked for the ward orderly to carry the patient back to his bed at the other end of the ward. The orderly was nowhere to be found—like our policemen, they never are when needed. The officers were at a loss how to get Palmer into his bed. Doctor Frost was fidgeting around in a nervous manner, when suddenly with a muffled "d—n" and a few other qualifying adjectives, he stooped down and took the man in his arms like a baby—he was no feather, either—and staggered down the ward with him, put him in bed and undressed him. A low murmur of approval came from the pa-

tients. Doctor Frost got very red, and as soon as he had finished undressing Palmer, hurriedly left the ward.

The wound in my face had almost healed and I was a horrible-looking sight—the left cheek twisted into a knot, the eye pulled down, and my mouth pointing in a north by north-west direction. I was very downhearted and could imagine myself during the rest of my life being shunned by all on account of the repulsive scar.

Doctor Frost arranged for me to go to the Cambridge Military hospital at Aldershot for a special operation to try and make the scar presentable. I arrived at the hospital and got an awful shock. The food was poor and the discipline abnormally strict. No patient was allowed to sit on his bed, and smoking was permitted only at certain designated hours. The face specialist did nothing for me except to look at the wound. I made application for a transfer back to Paignton, offering to pay my transportation. This offer was accepted, and after two weeks' absence, once again I arrived in Munsey ward, all hope gone.

The next day after my return Doctor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try and see what I can do with that scar I'll do it, but you are taking an awful chance."

I answered: "Well, doctor, Steve Brodie took a chance; he falls from New York and so do I."

Two days after the undertaker squad carried me to the operating room or "pictures," as we called them because of the funny films we see under ether, and the operation was performed. It was a wonderful piece of



The Author Just Before Leaving for Home.

surgery and a marvelous success. From now on that doctor can have my shirt.

More than once some poor soldier has been brought into the ward in a dying condition, resulting from loss of blood and exhaustion caused by his long journey from the trenches. After an examination the doctor announces that the only thing that will save him is a transfusion of blood. Where is the blood to come from? He does not have to wait long for an answer—several Tommies immediately volunteer their blood for their mate. Three or four are accepted; a blood test is made, and next day the transfusion takes place and there is another pale face in the ward.

Whenever bone is needed for some special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life. More than one man will go through life with another man's blood running through his veins, or a piece of his rib or his shinbone in his own anatomy. Sometimes he never even knows the name of his benefactor.

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful.

For all the suffering caused this war is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has welded all classes into one glorious whole.

And I can't help saying that the doctors, sisters, and nurses in the English hospitals, are angels on earth. I love them all and can never repay the care and kindness shown to me. For the rest of my life the Red Cross will be to me the symbol of Faith, Hope and Charity.

After four months in the hospital, I went before an examining board and was discharged from the service of his Britannic Majesty as "physically unfit for further war service."

After my discharge I engaged passage on the American liner New York, and after a stormy trip across the Atlantic one momentous day, in the haze of early dawn, I saw the statue of liberty looming over the port rail, and I wondered if ever again I would go "over the top with the best of luck and give them hell."

And even then, though it may seem strange, I was really sorry not to be back in the trenches with my mates. War is not a plank tea, but in a worthwhile cause like ours, mud, rats, cooties, shells, wounds, or death itself, are far outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does his bit.

There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is this—anticipation is far worse than realization. In civil life a man stands in awe of the man above him, wonders how he could ever fill his job. When the time comes he rises to the occasion, is up and at it, and is surprised to find how much more easily than he anticipated he fills his responsibilities. It is really so "out there."

He has nerve for the hardships; the interest of the work grips him; he finds relief in the fun and comradeship of the trenches and wins that best sort of happiness that comes with duty well done.

THE END.

The DAIRY



TROUBLE IN MAKING BUTTER

Churning is Sometimes Prolonged for Several Hours Without Obtaining Product.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farm buttermaker sometimes fails to obtain butter after churning the usual length of time; in fact, the churning is sometimes prolonged for several hours without obtaining butter. The causes of the difficulty, together with the remedies, are as follows:

1. Churning temperature too low. It may be necessary, under exceptional conditions, to raise it to between 65 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit.
2. Cream too thin or too rich. It should contain about 30 per cent butterfat.



Printing Butter.

3. Cream too sweet. If ripened to a moderate acidity it will churn more easily.

4. Churn too full. In order to obtain the maximum concussion the churn should not be more than one-third full.

5. Ropy fermentation of the cream prevents concussion. This may be prevented by sterilizing all the uten-

sils and producing the milk and cream under the most sanitary conditions. If additional measures are needed, the pasteurization of the cream, with subsequent protection from contamination, and ripening it with a good starter will be effective.

6. Individuality of the cow. The only remedy is to obtain cream from a cow recently fresh, or cream that is known to churn easily, and before ripening mix it with the cream that is difficult to churn.

7. The cow being far advanced in the period of lactation. The effects may be at least partially overcome by adding, before ripening, some cream from a cow that is not far advanced in the period of lactation.

8. Feeds that produce hard fat. Such feeds are cottonseed meal and timothy hay. Linseed meal, gluten feed, and succulent feeds, such as silage and roots tend to overcome the condition.

ALL HAD TRAGIC HISTORY

Carolina the Last of a Quartet of Ships That Seemed to Be Doomed to Misfortune.

"The sinking of the Carolina by a German U-boat removed the last of a quartet of ships that have had a tragic history," remarked Brooks Amis of Baltimore, a former resident of Washington, at the Willard, according to the Washington Post. "The Carolina was formerly the Grand Duchess, built for the Plant line in 1896. She made her first trip from Boston to Halifax and two years later she was taken over by the government to be used as transport in the Spanish-American war. Her maiden voyage in the transport service was from Charleston, S. C., carrying a regiment of Wisconsin troops and high army officers to Porto Rico.

General Miles a short time before had been placed in command of the American army and he left Washington with members of his staff early in July. At Charleston General Miles went on board the Yale, which had been the City of Paris of the American line. He left Gen. Roy Stone of his staff at Charleston to recruit a gang of laborers for the army in Porto Rico. General Miles proceeded to Cuba on the Yale and after staying there a few days went to Guanica on

the southern coast of Porto Rico. It was while he was lying in the wonderful little harbor of Guanica on board the Cherokee, the Yale being too large to enter the harbor, that he was joined by members of his staff who had sailed on the Grand Duchess. The Cherokee, another Plant liner, took the staff to Ponce, and among others on that vessel was the late Richard Harding Davis, who had sailed from Cuba on a dispatch boat. The Cherokee arrived off Ponce the next morning to find that the city had been taken the previous day by an ensign of the navy in a dispatch yacht.

"A few days later the protocol ending the war was declared and most of the members of the Miles party sailed back for the States on the Obdam, a transport that had been purchased from the Holland-American line.

"The curious part of the thing is that the Yale was sunk in some manner; the Obdam ran ashore off the coast of Cuba while in the transport service; the Cherokee foundered somewhere in the Atlantic and now the Grand Duchess, christened the Carolina, has been sent to the bottom by a German U-boat."

Daily Thought.

They never fall who die in a great cause.—Byron.

Diary of a New Yorker.

Rose at 7:30 a. m. Closed folding bed.
Bathed in patent folding tub.
Cooked breakfast on collapsible electric stove.
8 a. m.—Left for office with 4,802,968 of my contemporaries.
8:15 to 9 a. m.—Crushed in subway.
9:01—Crushed in elevator.
9:02 to 12 noon—At desk in office.
12 to 1 p. m.—Automatic lunchroom. Crushed in restaurant.
1 to 5 p. m.—At desk in office.
5:30 p. m.—Run over by automobile.
5:45 p. m.—Run over by street car.
6 p. m.—Home. Crushed in subway.
6:30—Dinner at popular table d'hote. Crushed by waiter.
7 p. m.—To the movies. Crushed in crowd.
9:30 p. m.—To drug store for soda water. Crushed in crowd.
10 p. m.—Run over by automobile.
10:30 p. m.—Run over by street car.
11 p. m.—Saw a parade. Crushed in crowd.
12 midnight—Home to folding bed. Crushed.—New York Sun.

Trains into Monmouth

L'Ve Portland 7:15, a. m.	Gerlinger 10:20	Independence 10:32	Monm'th 10:50
" Salem 9:35	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
" " 1:40, p. m.	Dallas 2:45	" " " " " "	" " 3:10
" " 3:45	Gerlinger 4:24	Independence 4:37	Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00	" " 6:45	" " 6:57	" " 7:10
" Portland 3:30	Connects with above	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
" Cervallis 6:45, a. m.	Independence 7:35	Arrive Monmouth 7:45	" " " " " "
" " 1:15, p. m.	" " 2:14	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
" Dallas 7:00, a. m.	Arrive Monmouth 7:25	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
" Airline 8:30, a. m. and 3:45, p. m.	Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a. m. and 4:13 p. m.	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
Leave Independence, 6:50 a. m., 7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:30, 1:30, p. m., 2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:10			

Trains out of Monmouth

L'Ve Monmouth 7:05 a. m.	Independence 7:35	Gerlinger 7:49	Ar Salem 8:30
" Same as above	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p. m.	" " 2:14	" " 2:27	Salem 3:10
" Same as above	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05	" " 4:40	" " 4:55	Salem 5:30
" " 9:05, a. m.	Dallas 10:00	" " " " " "	" " 11:00
" " 4:30, p. m.	" " 4:45	" " " " " "	" " 5:35
" " 9:05, a. m.	Independence 10:32	Corvallis 11:20	" " " " " "
" " 4:55, p. m.	" " 6:57	" " 7:45	" " " " " "
" " 7:25 a. m. and 3:10 p. m.	Arrives Airline 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a. m., 8:15 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M., 1:45, p. m., 2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:10			

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