

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCI

ARTHUR BLY EMPEY

FOREWORD

"Over the Top" is a true story of trench warfare on the French front, written by an American soldier who got into the great war two years ahead of his country. Sergeant Empey tells what the fighting men have done and how they have done it. He knows because he was one of them. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and they are lightened by a delightful touch of humor.

CHAPTER I.

From Mufti to Khaki.

It was in an office in Jersey City. I was sitting at my desk talking to a lieutenant of the Jersey National Guard. On the wall was a big war map decorated with variously colored little flags showing the position of the opposing armies on the western front in France. In front of me on the desk lay a New York paper with big flaring headlines:

LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN LIVES LOST!

The windows were open and a feeling of spring pervaded the air. Through the open windows came the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives

Lost!"-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." To us these did not seem to libe.

The lieutenant in silence opened one of the lower drawers of his desk and took from it an American flag which he solemnly draped over the war map on the wall. Then, turning to me with a grim face, sald:

"How about it, sergeant? You had better get out the muster roll of the Scouts, as I think they be needed in the course of a few days."

We busied ourselves till late in the evening writing out emergency telegrams for the men to report when the call should come from Washington. Then we went home.

I crossed over to New York, and as I went up Fulton street to take the subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the tall buildings of New York seemed to be burning brighter than usual, as if they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wigwagged the message, "Repay!"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one momentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the flag from the war map and returned to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was squirming in his chair and I felt depressed and uneasy.

The telephone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-oftown assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After listening to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank astonishment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going."

And I went. The trip across was uneventful. I landed at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six-fire extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtains was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the telephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see scenes of awful devastation and a cowering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceed-

"Can you direct me to the place of damage?"

ing to their work. Crossing the

street, I accosted a Bobbie with:

He asked me, "What damage?" In surprise, I answered, "Why, the With a wink he replied:

"There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries of the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the accusing finger followed me. I was an American, in mufti, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my coat. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and Ill at ease. I got off the bus to try to dissipate this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks.

Presently I came to a recruiting office. Inside, sitting at a desk was a lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?"

I looked at him and answered, "Well, whatever that is, I'll take a chance

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know If I cared to join the British army. He asked me: "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fusiliers?" Well, in London, you know, Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure."

After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain. He asked my nationality. I immediately pulled out my American passport and showed it to him. It was signed



Guy Empey.

by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me,

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a block when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training corps) and does not know what neutrality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army." He looked at me in a nonchalant manner, and answered, "That's all right; we take anything over here."

I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over his head.

He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, 'Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintype." "I beg your pardon?"

Then I explained to him that I would not sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of been the first, of a certain Captain war. Some of the recruits were lucky. They signed for seven years only! Then he asked me my birthplace.

answered, "Ogden, Utah."

With a smile, I replied, "Well, it's up he state a little."

Then I was taken before the doctor and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported back to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on recruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into joining the army."

"All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see a young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you know that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not enlisted. Why don't you join? Now is the time.'

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out and see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was to be worn on the left side of the cap. Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette, I went out into Tot-

tenham Court road in quest of cannon Two or three poorly dressed civilans passed me, and although they ap-

peared physically fit, I said to myself, They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not acost them.

Coming down the street I saw a oung dandy, top hat and all, with a ashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick, saving:

"You would look fine in khaki; why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform; come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles, no one asked you to," and he walked on. The girl gave me a sneering look; was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest stunt in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmald, who helped kill time-I was not as serious in those days as was a little later when I reached the front)-well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket-barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks-so I looked in a given part of the field, both the kept only to furnish eggs for the table around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets a "bob" or shilling for every recruit suitable for setting will have sprung should have an area of about 20 square he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar was a young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic-he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand, two fingers were missing, but I said that did not matter as "we take anything over here." The left hand is the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England is "by the left," even general traffic keeps to the port side.

I took the applicant over to headquarters, where he was hurriedly examined. Recruiting surgeons were busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as "fit" by the doctor and turned over to a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

The doctor came over and exploded, What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

Looking out of the corner of my eye noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and could not help answering, "Well, sir, was told that you took anything over here.'

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruit-

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empsy hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communication with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all eagerness for the news from home. On the occasion of one, it may have Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news." He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of Hence the name, now shortened to its



RAISE CROP OF RASPBERRIES

Yields in Different Sections Vary Greatly-Secure Plants From Reliable Nurseryman.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Yields from raspherry plantations vary greatly accordir; to the varieties | For your perfection can I pay the price? raised, the care given them, and the Or would I have you play the coward's conditions under which they are grown. In the eastern United States it is agreed generally that in sections to which they are adapted the purple sorts are the most productive, the blackcaps next, and the red varieties raspherry growers in New York State indicate that the average yield is be tween 1,300 and 1,400 quarts per acre, while the best fields go as high as 4,000 quarts. Black ruspberries in the same state average between 1,400 quarts per acre, and the purple varieties aver-per acre, and the purple varieties aver-till acre, and the purple varieties aver-per acre, and the purple varieties are acre, and the p age between 1,700 and 2,800 quarts. Yields in different sections as well as from different varieties vary greatly.

Plants of the different varieties of raspherries may be secured from any reliable nursery and usually in start ing a new plantation this is done. Many growers having an established plantation propagate their own stock,

To propagate new plants, the tips of the new cames of black ruspherries and of the purple varieties now under cultivation should be buried in maist oil in late summer. By the following pring, the tips will have rooted and hould be severed, leaving four to dant which is to be set in the field.

grop from both black and purple rasp berry plantations is a crop of plants, tial part of the campaign for increas-In fact, a large part of the plants dis- log poultry production, tributed by nurserymen are produced in turn sell them to nurserymen.

In starting a new plantation the strong- household. The number of hens needest of these suckers are used. If a ed for that purpose is twice the numeach year for several years, it may the smallest flock to be considered conprove desirable to take up all plants sists of four hens. Where bens are old ones and the suckers. By the following year, a solid stand of plants up from the pieces of roots left in the



Harvesting Berries for a Cannery.

ground. When these are dug and the ground is rich, another stand will grow for the following year. If this practice is followed, the fruiting plantation need not be disturbed by digging up sucker plants. Sometimes growers of the Mariboro and Ruby varieties wait until suckers appear in the spring and set these out. Such plants will be small, but should be very free from insects and diseases.

Raspberries may be propagated also by cuttings of the roots or canes if necessary. In ordinary practice, however, cuttings of either roots or canes are rarely used.

ERADICATE APPLE TREE PEST

Best Wash for Borers Is Thick Coat of Paint Applied Before Egg-Laying Season.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.

Probably the best wash for appletree borers is a thick cont of paint, made from raw linseed oil and pure white lead. Remove the earth for a distance of two to three inches from dirt and loose bark scales, and, afer worming, apply to the exposed trunk a thick, uniform conting of the paint to a distance of about one foot above the ground. Worming and painting should be done annually about early May, before the beginning of the egg-laying season of the parent beetles. White lead paint has sometimes caused injury probably on account of inferior ingredients.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER

He was so beautiful my baby sent sun klased curls clung close aroun-

His deep blue eyes looked trustingly rivine.
I did my best to keep his beauty fair.
And fresh and clean and dainty, for

I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son gave my days and nights to keep his Called in fresh air and sunlight to my Good food and play, all healthful things of life.

wanted physical perfection, for never could be satisfied with less,

He was so bright and clever, my big son! I sent him to the very best of schools, Denying self that he might knew no lack Of opportunity to do his best. Or feel no door of progress closed to him. I never could be satisfied with less.

With melfish, shriveled soul too small to ct well. Within so fair a frame? Is that my sought the best! Shall I be satisfied

with leas? the least productive. Records of red- Nay, I would have you honorable, my Just, loyal brave, and truthful, seorning

> our home your mother, and your coun-try's flag a's gone Dear God! With bleeding art I know

POULTRY IN BACK YARDS

Poultry and eggs have never been cheap food for the city dweller, and there is no hope that they can be, dur- breeding to give the government an ing the continuance of the war and its necessarily attendant high prices, year-old at a stated price, which ormed good plants. The cane then even as relatively cheap as they have ordinarily been. The only possibility charged unless the owner of a ight inches of cane with the new of cheap eggs for the city family, according to the United States depart-If the tips of the canes of black and ment of agriculture, lies in keeping surple varieties are pinched off when enough hers in the back yard, where hey are about 12 inches high, the they can be supported principally on canes will branch freely and a large kitchen waste, to supply the family tanumber of tips for burying will be se- ble. The keeping of hens in back cured. With many growers the first yards is at once an economic oppor-

tunity, for city families and an essen-What may be done with fowls in a in this way by raspherry growers, who back yard depends upon the size of the yard, the character of the soil, the Red raspherries send up new canes conditions of sunlight, shade and venfrom the base of the old canes, as de tilation, and the interest and skill of black and purple varieties. In addit the poultry keeper. The smallest and duced since this plan was put in tion, they send up suckers from un- least favorably situated back yard afderground roots at various distances fords an opportunity to keep at least

from the crown of the parent plant, enough lens to supply eggs for the quantity of plants for setting is needed her of persons to be supplied. Hence no male bird is needed.

> A coop for a flock of tour hear feet, or about five feet per hen. For larger flocks the space allowance per bird may be a little less, because the space is used in common and each bird has the use of all the coop except what her companions actually occupy. For the ordinary flock of 10 to 15 hens the space allowance should be about four square feet per hen.

> With proper care the back yard poultry keeper can keep hens, for faying only, confining them continuously to their coops, and have them by well nearly us long as they would be profliable layers under natural conditions. While hens like freedom, good feed and care reconcile them to confinement, and mature, rugged birds often lay more eggs in close confinement than when at Hherry.

If the space admits of giving the little back-yard flock more room than a coop of the minimum size required, the condition of the land will determine the form in which the additional space should be given. If the soil is well drained and free from such filth as often contaminates the soil of small back yards, a yard for the fowls may be fenced in, allowing 20 to 30 square feet of yard room per bird. The opportunity for exercise on the land and more valuable for most farm un In the open alr which this gives the there are many sections where is hens will benefit them and make life for them more interesting.

If the soil is poorly drained and foul, or lung capacity and endurance the hens will theive and ing better if not allowed on 1 at all. In that case, he best way to give them some senefit giving them material as well as of the extra space available is to build adjoining the coop a shed covering tant phase of their farming open about the same amount of ground and tions. Good horse power is indispehaving the front inclosed only with sable to successful farming and for wire retting. The foul earth under horses cannot be produced within this should should be successful. this shed should be removed and the floor filled in a few lackes bigner than standpoint alone, the publication standpoint alone, the publication standpoint alone, the the old surface with fresh earth or

Where Conservation Fails.

The great mountaining plants of today waste nothing. In the lumber BREEDING OF BEEF ANIMALS mills even the sawdust is burned and the scraps become flore for furniture the base of the tree; scrape off the and rugs and process silk for neckwear and hostery. The scraps from our clothing enter into shouldy or paper. It is a standard joke that the packing plants tose only the squeat, The by-products of munition making are fabrics and fertilizers. Leather scraps make fiber board. Only the loose ends of our lives are lost. Industry is a science, but living is more or less of a hit or miss proposition. Christian Herald.



RAISING ANIMALS FOR

Government and Farmers Co-operat in Production of Cavalry and Antillery Remounts,

(Prepared by the United States Dep ment of Agriculture.)

In order to encourage the produ of horses suitable for cavalry and is artillery uses, the United States partment of agriculture, in co-oning with the war department placed in selected localities sound stallions of proper type an fered mare owners special Inc ments to make use of them, plan, made possible by a provision congress in 1913, grew out of the culty the government has had in curing a sufficient number of army mounts, Light-horse stock had And lies and meanness-ready to defend teriorated, due to the curtailed mand as a result of the growing p larity of motor vehicles, and far had turned their attention to im ing the heavier draft borse,

The plan consists primarily in at ng stallions of merit, registered in proper stud books and belonging the Thoroughbred, American Sa Standardbred, and Morgan breek suitable localities in Vermont. Hampshire, Virginia, West Virgi Kentucky, and Tennessee. Mare ow ers may breed to these stallions on following terms. The owner of mare agrees in writing at the tin tion on the resulting colt as a fi far has been \$150. No service for wished to be released from the out in which case it is \$25.

This means that practically i money is invested in service feet. the colt is purchased by the gor ment no fee is charged, nor is the any charge If the colt is offered to government and purchase refused cause it does not qualify. The be er does not have to pay a service on a colt which dies, which is formed, or which is seriously inju-Only sound mares that approach sith a cavalry or a light artillery type s used. Records taken June 30, show that 3,089 colts have been # eration at the beginning of the bre ing season in 1913,

The plan has a number of alm tages both to the government and



Morgan Stallion Owned by Govern ment-This Is the Type Being Ust to Breed Army Remounts.

farmers. The broad mares are usal ly farm work animals which general pay for their feed by doing farm wat and the colts are brought up to his without cost. High-class stallions as available for the mare owners' Community breeding, which is of in estimable value, is encouraged. The object of the remount breeding wa is to select for and breed sound horse possessing quality, staming and c durance which conform to the and needs, and such animals will also M useful for general farm work especly in mountainous sections. While is true that the heavy druft borse horses are better suited because their activity, sure-footedness, super-

The government's plan of sidisf farmers in producing army horses cational aid in developing an impogood sires. From the agricultura the remount breeding work should be extended to other suitable locality to say nothing of the resultant effect in adding to the defensive strength the country in a military way.

Aim to Develop to Greatest Extent
Portions of Body From Which Are Secured Choice Cuts.

(Prepared by the United States Depart ment of Agriculture) In the improvement of beef cath

care has been taken to develop to greatest extent those portions of the body from which are secured the high priced cuts of beef. These police should be kept in mind when selected breeding animals.