



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

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EMPY TAKES HIS FIRST TURN ON THE FIRING STEP OF THE TRENCH WHILE BULLETS WHIZ OVERHEAD.

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.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells.

I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes—I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench.

Later on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft. I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of rebuilding the parapet was on.

Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm.

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed—you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixie of hot stew. I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud.

That night I was put on guard with an older man. We stood on the fire step with our hands over the top, peering out into No Man's Land. It was nervous work for me, but the other fellow seemed to take it as part of the night's routine.

chuckle from my mate brought me to my senses, and I feebly asked, "For heaven's sake, what was that?"

He answered, "Only a rat taking a promenade along the sandbags." I felt very sheepish.

About every twenty minutes the sentry in the next traverse would fire a star shell from his flare pistol. The "plop" would give me a start of fright. I never got used to this noise during my service in the trenches.

I would watch the arc described by the star shell, and then stare into No Man's Land waiting for it to burst. In its lurid light the barbed wire and stakes would be silhouetted against its light like a latticed window. Then darkness.

Once, out in front of our wire, I heard a noise and saw dark forms moving. My rifle was lying across the sandbagged parapet. I reached for it, and was taking aim to fire, when my mate grasped my arm, and whispered, "Don't fire." He challenged in a low voice. The reply came back instantly from the dark forms:

"Shut your blinkin' mouth, you bloomin' idiot; do you want us to click it from the Boches?"

Later we learned that the word, "No challenging or firing, wiring party out in front," had been given to the sentry on our right, but he had failed to pass it down the trench. An officer had overheard our challenge and the reply, and immediately put the offending sentry under arrest.

This consists of being spread-eagled on the wheel of a limber two hours a day for twenty-one days, regardless of the weather. During this period, your rations consist of bully beef, biscuits and water.

A few months later I met this sentry and he confided to me that since being "crucified," he had never failed to pass the word down the trench when so ordered. In view of the offense, the above punishment was very light, in that falling to pass the word down a trench may mean the loss of many lives, and the spoiling of some important enterprise in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.

"Back of the Line."

Our tour in the front-line trench lasted four days, and then we were relieved by the — brigade.

Going down the communication trench we were in a merry mood, although we were cold and wet, and every bone in our bodies ached. It makes a lot of difference whether you are "going in" or "going out."

At the end of the communication trench, limbers were waiting on the road for us. I thought we were going to ride back to rest billets, but soon found out that the only time an infantryman rides is when he is wounded and is bound for the base or Blighty.

We marched eight kilos and then halted in front of a French estaminet. The captain gave the order to turn out on each side of the road and wait his return. Pretty soon he came back and told B company to occupy billets 117, 118 and 119. Billet 117 was an old stable which had previously been occupied by cows. About four feet in front of the entrance was a huge manure pile, and the odor from it was anything but pleasant.

It was not long after this that I was one of the "20 lying."

I soon hit the hay and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orderly, and to report to the cook and give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, carry water from an old well, and fry the bacon. Lids of dixies are used to cook the bacon in.

It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed, they lined up with their canteens and I dished out the tea. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a. m., they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and woe betide the man who was unshaven, or had mud on his uniform.

Our drill consisted of close-order formation, which lasted until noon. During this time we had two ten-minute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag and lighted it.

Fags are issued every Sunday morning, and you generally get between twenty and forty. The brand generally issued is the "Woodbine." Sometimes we are lucky and get "Goldflakes," "Players" or "Red Hussars." Occasionally an issue of "Life Rays" comes along.

A recruit only has to be stuck once in this manner, and then he ceases to be a recruit. There is a



Resting Back of the Lines.

reason. Tommy is a great cigarette smoker. He smokes under all conditions, except when unconscious or when he is reconnoitering in No Man's Land at night.

Stretcher bearers carry fags for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher bearer arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer—"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers, "Yes. In the leg."

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, bully beef, Maconochie rations and water—plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.

Back on the front line, after a stay in rest billets, Empey gets a shock when a German bullet cuts down his first friend of the trenches. He tells the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

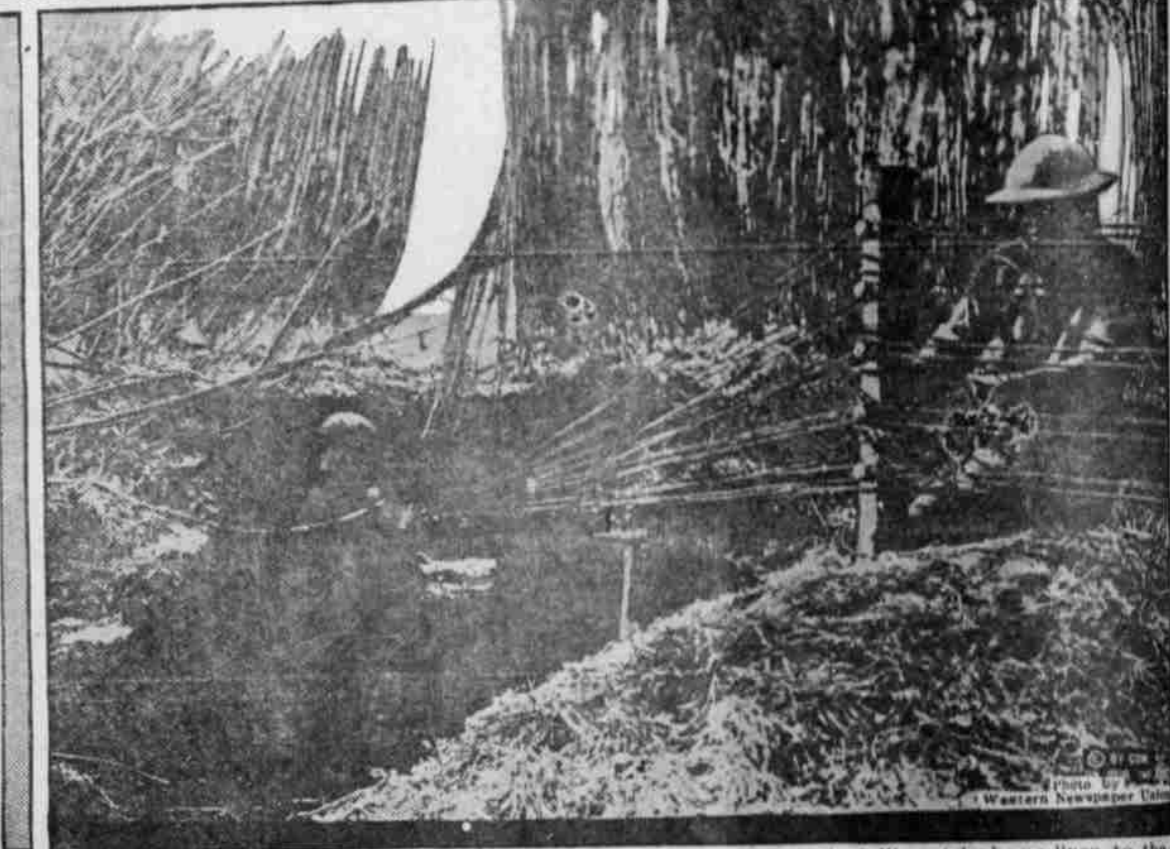
Make Light of Heavy Loads. The streets of Jerusalem within the walls are as narrow and crowded that it is impossible to drive a wagon through them, and many of them are built of a series of steps upon the hillside, so that it is a task to lead camels or donkeys through them after sunrise. Therefore most of the carrying and portering is done by men. They carry the most surprising loads. I am told that they will step along briskly with 600 pounds on their backs, with stout ropes holding the bundles to their foreheads.—Exchange.

AMERICAN MARINES DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN FRANCE



With great satisfaction the American public has read of the valorous conduct of the United States marines in the fighting in France. A large detachment of the men of the corps is here shown on its way to the fighting front.

SIGNAL CORPS MEN INSTALLING TELEPHONE LINES TO TRENCHES



This photograph shows a field battalion detachment of the signal corps installing telephone lines to the front line trenches by way of an old culvert. Note the camouflage.

ONE WEAPON OF THE HUN



The kaiser is reported to have said recently that the Germans had taken enough prisoners, the inference being that all the wounded should be killed. This weapon, one of many thousands captured, is a sample of those used by the Huns to murder soldiers taken in their trench raids.

"DEVIL DOG" AND "BLUE DEVIL" TOGETHER



The American on the left is a United States marine. Fritz, after his first clash with him, dubbed him a "teufel hund," which is perfectly good German for "devil dog." The soldier on the right is a member of the Chasseurs Alpins, whom the Germans have called "blue devils." Both marine and chasseur have willingly accepted the appellations.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The present congress has 17 union labor members. Virginia's workmen's compensation bill was vetoed. Female munition workers in France are limited to ten hours' work a day. The amount of land above sea level in the world would make a crust 600 feet thick if evenly distributed all over the globe. About 90 per cent of Norway's dentists are graduates of American dental colleges or have taken post-graduate courses in the United States. Abyssinia is the original home of the coffee tree, and in the southern and western highlands of that country there are still immense forests of it that have never been touched.

CONDENSATIONS

Since 1900 trade union membership in Australia has increased 211 per cent. The London & Northwestern railway of England has offered space land by the side of its line for food plots. Lizards are being raised in Trinidad, British West Indies, to protect the sugar crop from froghoppers. Bread for the British soldier is made "near the front" by members of the British Woman's army auxiliary corps. Post cards were first used in Austria. They became part of that country's postal service in 1860. The ratio of unemployment among British trade union members was 7.2 per cent in August, 1914, and for many months recently has been practically zero.