



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

EMPEY HAS NARROW ESCAPE WHILE ON PATROL DUTY IN NO MAN'S LAND.

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.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Quite a contrast to Wilson was another character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his age. He was fifty-seven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle as if it were a baby. In his spare moments you could always see him cleaning it or polishing the stock. Woe betide the man who by mistake happened to get hold of this rifle; he soon found out his error. Scott was as deaf as a mule, and it was amusing at parade to watch him in the manual of arms, slyly glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man next to him to see what the order was. How he passed the day was a mystery to us; he must have bluffed his way through, because he certainly was independent. Beside him the Fourth of July looked like Good Friday. He wore at the time a large sombrero, had a Mexican stock saddle over his shoulder, a lariat on his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging from his hip. Dumping this paraphernalia on the floor he went up to the recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm from America, west of the Rockies, and want to join your d—d army. I've got no use for a German and can shoot some. At Scotland Yard they turned me down; said I was deaf and so I am. I don't hanker to ship in with a d—d mud-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than none, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fags.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spin some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more. Ananias was a rookie compared with him.

The ex-plainman and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sigh of relief went up from the officers' mess.

Old Scotty had the freedom of the brigade. He used to draw two or three days' rations and disappear with his glass, range finder and rifle, and we would see or hear no more of him until suddenly he would reappear with a couple of notches added to those already on the butt of his rifle. Every time he got a German it meant another notch. He was proud of these notches.

But after a few months Father Rheumatism got him and he was sent to Blighty; the air in the wake of his stretcher was blue with curses. Old Scotty surely could swear; some of his outbursts actually burned you.

No doubt, at this writing, he is "somewhere in Blighty" pussy footing it on a bridge or along the wall of some munition plant with the "G. R." or Home Defense corps.

CHAPTER XVII.

Out in Front.

After tea Lieutenant Stores of our section came into the dugout and informed me that I was "for" a reconnoitering patrol and would carry six Mills bombs.

At 11:30 that night twelve men, our lieutenant and myself went out in front on a patrol in No Man's Land.

We cruised around in the dark for about two hours, just knocking about looking for trouble, on the lookout for Boche working parties to see what they were doing.

Around two in the morning we were carefully picking our way about thirty yards in front of the German barbed

wire, when we walked into a Boche covering party nearly thirty strong. Then the music started, the fiddler rendered his bill, and we paid.

Fighting in the dark with a bayonet is not very pleasant. The Germans took it on the run, but our officer was no novice at the game and didn't follow them. He gave the order "down on the ground, hug it close."

Just in time, too, because a volley skimmed over our heads. Then in low tones we were told to separate and crawl back to our trenches, each man on his own.

We could see the flashes of their rifles in the darkness, but the bullets were going over our heads.

We lost three men killed and one wounded in the arm. If it hadn't been for our officer's quick thinking the whole patrol would have probably been wiped out.

After about twenty minutes' wait we went out again and discovered that the Germans had a wiring party working on their barbed wire. We returned to our trenches unobserved with the information and our machine guns immediately got busy.

The next night four men were sent out to go over and examine the German barbed wire and see if they had



A Hidden Gun.

cut lanes through it; if so, this pre-arranged early morning attack on our trenches.

Of course I had to be one of the four selected for the job. It was just like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin.

At ten o'clock we started out, armed with three bombs, a bayonet and revolver. After getting into No Man's Land we separated. Crawling four or five feet at a time, ducking star shells, with strays cracking overhead, I reached their wire. I scouted along this inch by inch, scarcely breathing.

I could hear them talking in their trench, my heart was pounding against my ribs. One false move or the least noise from me meant discovery and almost certain death.

After covering my sector I quietly crawled back. I had gotten about half way when I noticed that my revolver was missing. It was pitch dark. I turned about to see if I could find it; it couldn't be far away, because about three or four minutes previously I had felt the butt in the holster. I crawled around in circles and at last found it, then started on my way back to our trenches, as I thought.

Pretty soon I reached barbed wire, and was just going to give the password when something told me not to. I put out my hand and touched one of the barbed wire stakes. It was iron.

The British are of wood, while the German are iron. My heart stopped beating; by mistake I had crawled back to the German lines.

I turned slowly about and my tunic caught on the wire and made a loud ripping noise.

A sharp challenge rang out. I sprang to my feet, ducking low, and ran madly back toward our lines. The Germans started firing. The bullets were biting all around me, when bang! I ran smash into our wire, and a sharp challenge, "Alt, who comes there?" rang out. I gasped out the password, and, groping my way through the lane in the wire, tearing my hands and uniform, I tumbled into our trench and was safe, but I was a nervous wreck for an hour, until a drink of rum brought me round.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Staged Under Fire.

Three days after the incident just related our company was relieved from the front line and carried. We stayed in reserve billets for about two weeks when we received the welcome news that our division would go back of the line "to rest billets." We would remain in these billets for at least two months, this in order to be restored to our full strength by drafts of recruits from Blighty.

Everyone was happy and contented at these tidings; all you could hear around the billets was whistling and singing. The day after the receipt of the order we hiked for five days, making an average of about twelve miles per day until we arrived at the small town of O—

It took us about three days to get settled, and from then on our cushy time started. We would parade from 8:45 in the morning until 12 noon. Then except for an occasional billet or brigade guard we were on our own. For the first four or five afternoons I spent my time in bringing up to date my neglected correspondence.

Tommy loves to be amused, and being a Yank, they turned to me for something new in this line. I taught them how to pitch horseshoes, and this game made a great hit for about ten days. Then Tommy turned to America for a new diversion. I was up in the air until a happy thought came to me. Why not write a sketch and break Tommy in as an actor?

One evening after "lights out," when you are not supposed to talk, I imparted my scheme in whispers to the section. They eagerly accepted the idea of forming a stock company and could hardly wait until the morning for further details.

After parade, the next afternoon I was almost mobbed. Everyone in the section wanted a part in the proposed sketch. When I informed them that it would take at least ten days of hard work to write the plot, they were bitterly disappointed. I immediately got busy, made a desk out of biscuit tins in the corner of the billet, and put up a sign "Empey & Wallace Theatrical Co." About twenty of the section, upon reading this sign, immediately applied for the position of office boy. I accepted the twenty applicants, and sent them on scouting parties throughout the deserted French village. These parties were to search all the attics for discarded civilian clothes, and anything that we could use in the props of our proposed company.

About five that night they returned covered with grime and dust, but loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of everything under the sun. They must have thought that I was going to start a department store, judging from the different things they brought back from their pillage.

After eight days' constant writing I completed a two-act farce comedy which I called "The Diamond Palace Saloon." Upon the suggestion of one of the boys in the section I sent a proof of the program to a printing house in London. Then I assigned the different parts and started rehearsing. David Belasco would have thrown up his hands in despair at the material which I had to use. Just imagine trying to teach a Tommy, with a strong cockney accent, to impersonate a Bowery tough or a Southern negro.

Adjacent to our billet was an open field. We got busy at one end of it and constructed a stage. We secured the lumber for the stage by demolishing an old wooden shack in the rear of our billet.

The first scene was supposed to represent a street on the Bowery in New York, while the scene of the second act was the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, also on the Bowery.

In the play I took the part of Abe Switch, a farmer, who had come from Pumpkinville Center, Tenn., to make his first visit to New York.

In the first scene Abe Switch meets the proprietor of the Diamond Palace saloon, a ramshackle affair which the owner was a financial loss.

The proprietor's name was Tom Twistem, his bartender being named Fillem Up.

After meeting Abe, Tom and Fillem Up persuaded him to buy the place, praising it to the skies and telling wondrous tales of the money taken over the bar.

Empey stages his play under difficulties but with great success. The next installment tells about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Used Vast Amount of Wire.
It has been estimated that the wire in the cores and sheathing of the world's submarine cables that have been made since they were first used in 1857, would reach from the earth to the moon.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUTS AND RELIGION

Scouting presents greater opportunities for the development of the boy religiously than does any other movement instituted solely for the boys. Its aim to develop the boy physically, mentally and morally is being realized very widely.

The movement has been developed on such broad lines as to embrace all classes, all creeds, and at the same time to allow the greatest possible independence to individual organizations, officers and boys.

The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. As an organized body, therefore, it recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely nonsectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. If he be a Roman Catholic boy scout, the church of which he is a member is the best channel for his training. If he be a Hebrew boy, then the synagogue will train him in the faith of his fathers. If he be a Protestant, no matter to what denomination of Protestantism he may belong, the church of which he is an adherent or a member should be the proper organization to give him an education in the things that pertain to his allegiance to God.

And again, the observance of the scout law, the tremendous collective volume of "daily good turns," and the creation of better feeling among millions of scouts of our own and other lands constitute a latent but powerful and rapidly growing factor for universal good will and peace.

PERSHING'S COUSIN A SCOUT.

Dr. James E. Pershing, a scoutmaster of Troop No. 1 of Oklahoma City, has been chosen to act as scout executive there. Dr. Pershing is a cousin of General Pershing of the United States army.

Dr. Pershing has gone to National headquarters in New York with this letter from his local scout council:

"Make possible to him every avenue of education that will be of help to him in better preparing him for the office, the duties of which he is to take up. He has had many years of practical education, gained from actual experience in the work with boys, and what he will probably need from your office most is that help that will more particularly apply to the duties of a scout executive."

"He is coming to your city for this direct training at the instance of some of our most prominent business men and they will appreciate your efforts in his behalf. They have every confidence in him and feel that he has the making in him of the best scout executive in our country."

SCOUT LEADERS NOT EXEMPT.

This question has come up several times. Recently the chief scout executive received a telegram from the president of a local council, as follows:

"Scout executive called to the colors. In your opinion would he not be able to serve his country better as scout executive than as a private soldier? If so, please use your influence to have him transferred to class B or C. There is no other man available that can carry on the work at this time."

Mr. James E. West replied as follows:

"Sincerely regret inability to do as you request. We have followed policy of not asking special consideration of any scout official, regardless of local conditions. Paramount need at this moment is men who can serve, and the danger of establishing precedents is so great that it would prove embarrassing to government for us to make a request for any special consideration."

THE BOY SCOUT.

O, little boy scout! so slim and trim,
In khaki suit and campaign hat,
You're helping to win the great world war
And doing better than most at that.
You've a packet of war stamps put away

In a handkerchief box for a rainy day,
And a garden spaded to plant with greens,
Corn, potatoes and lima beans.

But, little boy scout, there's more to do;
Open your ears and peel your eyes.
For the sake of the flag you love and serve

Follow the trail of the Teuton spies.
Over the country and through the town
Watch and listen and track them down,
And for every one you land in the pen
You'll save the lives of a thousand men.
—MINNA IRVING, in New York Sun.

GOOD TURNS BY SCOUTS.

The boys in Troop No. 2 of Glens Falls, N. Y., got busy with their scout axes on old packing boxes and supplied fuel for many homes in the city.

It took the assistance of all the boy scouts of Netcong, N. J., to help the firemen subdue a stubborn forest fire that threatened a group of houses.

"Christian Geisler saved the life of a baby who had fallen into a sewer. Was lowered into it on a rope by fireman." This is the modest report of a Cincinnati scoutmaster.

ALL-WHITE GOWN

Sheer Organdies, Swisses and Linens Are Used.

COSTUME FOR FARMERETTE

Among the New Materials Arlette, With Texture Between Georgette and Crepe de Chine, Is Favored.

Looking at it from a fashion point of view, one realizes that after all there is really nothing more becoming than white, and summer is to see decided prominence given to the all-white costume, says a correspondent. There is a smart morning costume of simple tailored blouse and skirt, usually of linen or one of the new cotton materials; then for afternoon one changes to a more elaborate hand-made frilly blouse of batiste, with just a bit of fine lace, and completes the ensemble by a skirt of silk or satin; and for the summer evening frock nothing is lovelier or more satisfactory than white net or point d'esprit.

The charm of summer frocks lies not so much in anything startlingly new or conspicuous, but rather in exquisite daintiness. Sheer organdies, summery looking swisses and delicate nets and georgettes are all fashioned into the most adorable gowns, and as they are usually put together with the finest of handwork, the result is always distinctive. Among the new materials none is more beautiful than Arlette crepe. The texture is just between georgette crepe and crepe de chine, and there is a cross weave that gives character without in any way detracting from its flimsy, delicate look. The range of colors is very wide, and it may be fashioned into the simplest of morning frocks or the most elaborate of evening creations. In dark shades it is admirably adapted for street wear as it is so delightfully cool.

Foulard and georgette offer unlimited possibilities for combining different materials in interesting ways, and they are so summery and cool-looking even in dark colors that they make ideal frocks for warm days.

What could be more attractive for summer wear than the shirtwaist frocks of crepe de chine or georgette made in the simplest fashion with tucks and beautiful collars and cuffs to give an air of immaculate freshness so essential at all times?

A very pretty model is of liberty blue georgette; it has bands of blue and white foulard put on in a very effective way. The collar and waistcoat are of white organdie, beautifully embroidered and an odd touch is given by the bow and ends of lighter blue ribbon. Completing the costume is a hat, very chic and quite unusual. It is made of dark blue taffeta and for trimming has a plaited frill of white batiste.

POLKA DOT LOUNGING GOWN



The outstanding feature of this exquisite lounging gown is the profusion of polka dots with which it is adorned. The makers have employed wisteria silk to convey the full effect of their original design. Wool embroidery is used on the overbust of polka-dotted satin.

WEAR GINGHAMS DURING WAR

Paris Takes to the Material Which Is Popular With Many in America.

Now we may know that this is war time. If we have not had it brought home to us before, we are realizing it now. For France has taken to gingham—bravely to gingham for the duration of the war, notes a fashion critic. We wore gingham last summer and wear them this summer. It doesn't so much matter what we wear. But Paris in gingham is a different matter—and we bring out our last summer frocks with a new kind of feeling and look them over to see what can be done to make them just a little more Frenchy and complete.

In the first place bits of darker color—black, or a deeper shade of the same, help a great deal. Big hats go with them, sometimes made of gingham, too, and a durable sort of parasol is not amiss to finish the effect. A pretty suit is made of checked blue and white, with a white lawn gilet, and a plain blue taffeta ribbon tie, and white seam cording. It is cut higher in front than in back, showing the gilet plainly, and the white belt. The way the tie crosses and comes down through a slit on either side, hanging well below the waist, is new and pleasing. The skirt is full, but somewhat held in at the hem. The white seam



For the girls who are following the brothers' lead in helping the land and doing scout work this costume has been designed. It consists of a cotton khaki waist and skirt. The skirt is circular and opens all the way down the front. It is held in place by suspender straps.

cording edges the coat and sleeves goes around the top of the hem.

A smart basque frock is made of gray madras or chambray, with white linen collar, cuffs and gilet effect. It is tight around the waist, coming down in front, trimly. White under sleeves come down under the sleeve which are full and flaring at the bottom. The neck is one of the high, round ones—like the Eton school boys'. A little black tie finishes it, and tiny buttons come all the way down the front of the basque.

A dress of yellow gingham with plaid gingham knife plaiting is elegant. The blouse falls full over a belt which shows only in the front and under the belt slip the ends of the collar, which form a deep V-shape. This coatlike in effect, with a deep turn at the bottom of the blouse. The plaid knife plaiting edges the collar and cuffs and turns smartly up at the blouse hem and around the skirt.

When we stop to think about it readily acknowledge that there is nothing which so makes or mars a tout ensemble so much as the appearance of the neck.

MODISH IDEAS

Organdie or batiste folds are in general use for trimming purposes on cotton and silk dresses.

Hats of gingham are mentioned by the little girls. They are usually the mushroom or poke shapes.

Fillet lace trimming and hand embroidery are prominent on sheer white voile and organdie summer dresses.

For dressy wear the newest blue satin slipper has a narrow collar, the way round, of cut jet and buckle.

Perhaps the most modish coat color is the one which is rather wide, soft draped and merging into long revers or an elongated vest front.

Black velvet handbags are to be used this summer with the lilac dresses. These new bags also come in very dark brown and blue, with wire frames.

There are many sleeve innovations, some revivals of old fashions that are quaint and pretty, while others are new ideas smartly carried out in new materials.

Pockets on the Decline.

Pockets have gone the downward road prognosticated for them some time ago. They still appear on frocks of muslin, silk or satin and in coats and suits. Perhaps they are not quite so usual as they were last autumn, but for that very reason they are more effective. And they are emphasized not merely placed with a quiet idea that they may be noticed or unnoticed as chance may direct. On some of the new suits they are emphasized with band of fur at the top, and on some the silk frocks they are quite baggy in shape and size. Of course, the calico frocks have pockets, some of them, but they are quite prim and bound off, as befits calico pockets, with a bit of the same material, cut bias.

Garden Apron.

The necessity of some place to put seeds when making garden gives origin to this idea. Use any desired material for an apron with a plain bib to go on dress. Make a large pocket, reaching halfway up the apron and fasten one side to the other. Sew this in various-sized pockets. An apron made of heavy cotton cloth will last years and be greatly appreciated by the user.