



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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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 doctor 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-plainsman 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 in-

formed 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 cut lanes through it; if so, this presaged an 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 two 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 bit-



A Hidden Gun.

terly 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 to 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.)

NO OUTWARD SIGN OF GRIEF

Dumb Agony of Cossack Woman, Taking Leave of Mate, More Impressive Than Flow of Tears.

It was the square of Yurievets (on the Volga) that one of those tragic fragments which life casts up like driftwood was flung at our feet. A Cossack's leave-taking of his mate; that was all, a million times repeated in a million different isbas, in that one summer. But it was more—symbol of woman's ancient and inarticulate grief. These shawled and booted women of the North are too burdened with earth's sorrow to weep; they are like dumb cattle in their woe. The soldier himself was openly wiping his eyes on his coarse, dusty, brown sleeve, while under both arms he clutched absurdly two enormous loaves of black bread. A dingy little child in its mother's arms fluttered uncomprehending hands in the direction of the steamer; but from the Mongol-cheeked, gray-eyed woman there was no sign.

She neither touched her man in farewell, nor offered any of those small caresses by which we seek to mitigate our grief. The sullen silence of the North had laid its finger upon her, but her eyes followed her mate with the wild, unreasonable grief of the forest sprung. She stood still staring, unaware of the baby in her arms, while the steamer moved slowly out into the gray mists. Long after, dusk had closed down, I could see her face straining in the gloaming like a mask of despair.—Olive Gilbreath in the Yale Review.

"Redhead" is Farmers' Friend.

"Redhead" is a regular doctor of the fruit orchard, systematically searching every crack and crevice in the bark, and testing with his sharp little augur every spot which looks as though it might conceal beneath the bark a tree-borer. The hundreds of little holes drilled in the bark do not hurt the apple trees, but they mean that many an apple-borer has been discovered and transfixed on red-head's spearlike tongue, to be swallowed a second later with keen relish, or taken away to a gnawing fledgling.

The red-headed woodpecker usually selects a partly decayed tree in which to chisel a hole for its nest. Both father and mother bird take turns in the excavating. The one that is off duty forages in the vicinity for grubs, beetles, a little corn, and preferably beech nuts. At a loving call from its mate it returns promptly to take its turn on the job—about 20 minutes or half an hour to the shift. "Redhead" has a thrifty habit of storing away nuts for the winter, frequently to be appropriated, however, by the squirrels.

To Make Your Shoes Last.

When your shoe leather gets dry or hard, you should oil or grease it, says the popular Science Monthly. To do this, first brush off all mud and then wash the shoe in warm water, drying it with a soft cloth.

While the shoe is still wet, apply the oil or grease, rubbing it in with a swab of wool, or better still, with the palm of the hand. After treatment, the shoes should be left to dry in a warm but not in a hot place. Castor oil is recommended for shoes that are to be polished. For plainer footwear, fish oil or oleine or any one of the less expensive oils may be substituted with very good results.

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.

Optimistic Thought.

Remember kindnesses received; forget those we have done.

It Works! Try It

Tells how to loosen a sore, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out without a particle of pain or soreness.

This drug is called freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug freezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezone have him order it for you.—Adv.

What Do You Think of That?

There is an aspect of spider and fly relation which fabulists and naturalists alike have overlooked. An observer has brought the microscope to bear on many house flies and finds that the parasite upon that hateful insect is often an immature spider. Too weak yet to spin its web it makes the fly its winged palfrey, and courses from place to place at the will of its captive; either until Pegasus perishes naturally or presumably until the rider has grown up and is able to make a meal of his charger.

For Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples, address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Gordon's Defense of Khartoum.

For sheer duration General Gordon's heroic defense of Khartoum excelled all modern sieges, for it lasted 317 days, or just nine days shorter than the Russian retention of Sabastopol. Unfortunately, as we all know, its termination was a tragedy, embittered by the fact that a very few days later the would-be army of relief arrived, only in time to pick up the threads of a pitiful disaster.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

With Self Forgot.

Greatness is achieved, not by direct and eager chase, but while we are looking for something else. It is the little things we get by hot endeavor. The great things come to us, as it were around a corner. We never become beautiful, or eloquent, or popular, or happy, or intellectual, or even good, by hard labor. Whatever we get of such things will come to us when we are most self-forgetful, and most absorbed in the service of our kind.—Edward Judson.

A New Dodge.

To a Natal Kaffir belongs the credit of inventing a labor-saving device for chimney cleaning. One of the colony journals says: "A native in Weenen had been asked to sweep a chimney, which he undertook to do. Later he was seen mounting the ladder he used for the purpose with a couple of fowls under his arm. These he allowed to flutter down the flue, and the job was done."

Optimistic Thought.

Safety built upon vengeance contains the seeds of its own destruction.

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