



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

EMPEY IS MEMBER OF FIRING SQUAD WHICH CARRIES OUT DEATH SENTENCE.

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. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play. Once more in the front trenches, Empey goes "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German lines. Soon afterwards Empey and his comrades repulse a determined gas attack launched by the Germans.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best of luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been

proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least stumble, he would turn the air blue.

A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to



Buried With Honors.

immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down it by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry butted in with:

"None o' that gessin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman tied to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Firing Squad.

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with: "Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief. We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping

LIKE HIS IMPERIAL MASTER

Von Buelow, Under the Wings of the German Eagle, Typical of all Ill-Omen to Mankind.

From Brand Whitlock's story of German oppression in Belgium in Everybody's Magazine, we take the following account of a single incident that occurred in May, 1914, just before the war. Mr. Whitlock, with other diplomats, was the dinner guest of Mr. Von Buelow, the German minister to Belgium.

"We were standing by a table in the corner of the room, and from among the objets d'art, the various trinkets, the signed photographs in silver frames, with which it was loaded, he drew forward a silver bowl that he used as a cendrier. As I dropped the ash of my cigar into it, I noticed that it was pierced on one side near the rim by a perfectly round hole, the jagged edges of which were thrust inward; plainly a bullet hole; doubtless it had a history. I asked him:

"Yes, a bullet hole," he said. "In China it stood on my desk, and one day during the riots a bullet came through the window and went right through it."

"Several of the guests pressed up to see; such a bowl with its jagged bullet hole and a history was an excellent subject for conversation; the German minister had to recount the circumstances several times.

"I have never had a post," he said, "where there has not been trouble; in Turkey it was the revolution; in China it was the Boxers. I am a bird of ill-omen."

He Hoped Not.

Edwin R. Hisey, the undertaker, and C. L. Dietz, the broker, are brother Rotarians. One stormy day recently Hisey, while returning from Crown Hill with his motor hearse, saw Dietz standing on a corner way up Meridian street. Hisey stopped the hearse and shouted to Dietz:

"Going down, Lew?"

Dietz stared at his hospitable friend and replied:

"I—I—I hope not!"—Indianapolis News.

at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I know I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—'Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:28 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—'Shun!"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

Empey, in the next installment, tells the gripping story of a "coward," whose streak of yellow turned white.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Changes in Men's Clothes.

Fashion is doing its bit too. The International Custom Cutters' convention ruled out patched pockets, belts and turned-up trousers. If they would only go back to the old-fashioned shirt cuffs, sew the buttons on the trousers on the outside of the waist band, and take off a yard or two of the four-inch neckties we would get somewhere near where the weary are at rest. They already have made overcoats fit more closely in order to save material, but they dissipate that saving by making sack coats a trifle longer. Of course, there is a sort of economy in a long sack coat, for in ruling out the patched pockets all other patches are, doubtless, included. It is quite hard for a fashion convention to make a mistake if it only changes the styles.—Ohio State Journal.

Educated Finland.

The new republic of Finland starts its career with one invaluable asset—a highly efficient system of education. Finnish elementary schools are models of excellence, and in an international competition some few years since Finland won the coveted distinction of having the highest educational standard of any country in the world, beating even the United States and Germany. Particular attention is given to the teaching of languages. The two state languages, Finnish and Swedish, are taught in the elementary standards, and until recently Russian also. A knowledge of five or six languages is reckoned nothing exceptional among even middle-class folk in Finland.

High Morale.

Henry Van Dyke, the former minister to the Netherlands, said at the New York Authors' club the other day: "The morale of all the allied soldiers is always excellent. They joke about their wounds.

"I met a wounded young American aviator from the Escadrille Lafayette at a tea. He sat in a bath chair, with his legs propped straight out, and his two crutches at his side.

"How is the leg coming on? I said.

"Well, anyhow," he laughed, "it isn't coming off."

BOY SCOUTS



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

FRENCH SCOUTS GREET US

The scout program as taught to the youth of this country through the Boy Scouts of America has proved to be so effective in the making of good soldiers and in actual warfare that the French government has decided to prepare a system of physical and moral training based on it.

There are already in our forces in France more than 100,000 soldiers who were Boy Scouts of America or scout officials, and the fact that a very large proportion of them have been made officers shows the practical value of scouting.

The French secretary of foreign affairs, Stephen Pichon, in a cablegram to national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth avenue, New York, says in part:

"Our officers and soldiers show the result of scout training; their strength comes from their spirit. Boy scouts here are always on duty and in uniform.

"The government is preparing a general system of physical and moral training along scout lines."

SCOUT SAVES ARMY CAPTAIN

In saving Capt. Miller R. Taylor from drowning, Edgar Woodward, a boy scout, has added prestige to his organization.

Captain Taylor with 128 men of the One Hundred and Eighty-ninth aerodivision had gone into camp near Kemah, Tex., on Clear Creek.

Captain Taylor attempted to swim across, but was seized with a cramp. He tells of his rescue as follows:

"After I was within twenty or thirty yards of the bank I felt my legs cramp and realized that I was near to drowning. The cramp extended to my arms, and I went down. Half conscious, I struggled to the surface, expelled some of the water from my lungs, but was unable to swim, and again went down. Once more I came to the surface of the water long enough to get one breath before I again sank. Then when I had given up the struggle I felt a hand grab mine. I owe my life to the quick headwork and heroism of this boy scout, who had been watching me from the bank and who started for me as soon as he saw I was in distress."

STARTING THE SEA SCOUTS.

The boys in the sea scout division of the Boy Scouts of America practice seamanship of the real sort, building, launching, sculling, rowing, sailing small boats in the waters near the "ship" or the headquarters of the crew.

Any nine registered scouts can apply for assignment as a "ship's company" provided their scoutmaster is handy on the water, a lifesaver and a swimmer. To sail a boat, however, scouts must be fourteen and first-class swimmers and lifesavers, gain parents' special permission and qualify in sea scout requirements.

They must also recruit the company to three or four boats' crews, and be under an adult officer known as the "sea scoutmaster" who is a registered scoutmaster, assigned to this branch.

SCOUT USES HIS TRAINING.

Practical results of the value of first aid work was exemplified by boy scouts of Mitchell, S. D., while on a hike to Firesteel Creek. Corwin Wright, a twelve-year-old boy, stumbled and fell upon a thick piece of glass, cutting a deep gash in his kneecap.

Without the slightest hesitation, Wesley Walker, age 14, took Wright's legging and stocking off and doctored the injury. Water was boiling over a fire built by the scouts, and he used this to cleanse the wound thoroughly. From a scout kit, he took a sterilized bandage and had the wound dressed within ten minutes after the accident occurred.

SCOUTS HUNT FARM WORKERS.

Six thousand boy scouts are enrolling business men of Philadelphia as farm workers. In business offices and factories the boys will enroll men who have had much farm experience, those who have had little and those who have had none.

When the recruits have been classified, the men who are able to give one day to farm work will be put in one class, those who can give a week in another and those who give their entire vacation of more than a week in the third.