"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Soldier Who Went — Arthur Guy Empey

Machine Gunner, Serving in France

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EMPEY AND A COMRADE HAVE EXCITING EXPERIENCE WHILE ON LISTENING POST DUTY.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, a well-to-do young Jersey City man, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short training period in Canada he is sent to the trenches 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 trenches. He writes home his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as a comrade tells him, that the order to "stand to" at dawn and dusk is to prevent a surprise attack. Empey and Chaplain distinguish themselves by rescuing wounded comrades under fire. With pick and shovel Empey helps dig a grave. Then he writes home to his mother and tells of his first trip "over the top" and to No Man's Land. Much attention is given to the care of the rifle and the keeping of the ammunition dry. Empey tells how he and a comrade have an exciting experience while on listening post duty.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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If a man is killed he is buried and the responsibility of the government is relieved. Of course, the relatives of the people receive a pension. But if a man is wounded it takes three men from the firing line, the wounded man and two men to carry him to the rear to the advanced first-aid post. Here he is attended by a doctor, perhaps assisted by two R. A. M. C. men. From the post into a motor ambulance; thence to the clearing hospital, thence to the base hospital, where he generally goes under an anesthetic, either to have his wounds cleaned or to be operated on, or he requires the services of about three to five persons. From the time a man or other ambulance ride impresses more men in his mind than a ride on the most elaborate train, sandwiched in between the "Limited" de luxe express and the train's crew. From the train he enters the base hospital or certainly clearing station, where a good-sized corps of doctors, nurses, etc., are kept busy. Another impressive feature I met in order—this time to the hospital ship. Then across the English Channel to Brighton—more ambulances and perhaps a ride for five hours on an Elephant Red Cross train with its crew of Red Cross workers and at last he reaches the hospital. Generally he stays from two to six months, or long or, in this hospital, he may have to wait to a convalescent home for six weeks.

If by wounds he is unfitted for further service, he is discharged, given a pension, or committed to a soldiers' home for the rest of his life—and still the expense piles up. When you realize that all the ambulances, trains and ships used to transport the wounded men, and the hospitals, doctors, nurses and so-on-forevers for the troops at the front, it will not appear strange that from a strictly military standpoint, a dead man is sometimes better than a live one (if wounded).

Not long after the first digging party, our general, Sandoval, gave a careful tour of inspection of the communication trenches. Every man was ordered to be dressed in for a one-hour spell on the fire step, with about a hundred yards on the left of the sap. I was placed on the right of the sap, and Chaplain Clarke on the left. Sandoval, after looking over the work, ordered a traverse to be built on the left of the sap, and I was ordered to build it. I was not feeling very well, and I asked Sandoval to let me off, but he refused, and I had to work. I was sick and dizzy, and I vomited several times. I was relieved by Clarke, and I went to the dugout and lay down. I was sick for two days, and could not eat anything. I was relieved from duty for three days.

Entrance to a Dugout.

Nothing happened that night, but the next afternoon I found out what it was to be shelled. I was sitting on the fire step, with my head and shoulders above the parapet, looking over the German trenches, when I heard a peculiar whistling sound coming toward me. I instinctively ducked my head, and the next instant there was a terrific explosion directly behind me. I was showered with dirt, and my ears rang. I looked around and saw a hole in the parapet about three feet in diameter. I realized that a shell had struck the parapet directly behind me, and that I had had a narrow escape from being killed or wounded. I felt pretty shaky, and was glad when my relief arrived.

CHAPTER XV.

Battery D 75B

The day following I received the official mileage that I had earned among the machine gunners' digest right over the alliance of the Central Powers last year. This digest was a money affair, as we receive 1 cent per mile. These cuts had been made by the R. F. C. who are in charge of the digest. I was the first to enter the communication trench, and I found it about three feet deep. The others soon followed it from the foot of the most trenches.

In the trenches it is always "first up, first up to get a shot at the Boche." See?

The R. F. C. is now Royal Field Artillery from the Anzac steeplechase to Switzerland. Some of the boys have been digging in digest all day and night.

One of these men, Bombardier William Hall, was brought in with a very ill 278 severed to take a thing to see and I realized that I was lucky.

In two days time we were pretty well settled down in the trenches. We were to be in the early days of the war had been dug in a hurry, and the trenches were in a very bad condition.

I will endeavor to give the men an idea of a summary will permit in his own words.

Despite the excellent targets they present, the men in shell Fritz, Empey relates in neat installments.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Always In.

It was the shopping period and Miss Mrs. Jones and ask her if she would be in that afternoon. She was not sure.

"Do you expect to be?" she asked the maid.

"Yes, miss," was the prompt reply.

"Then I will call some morning soon. But as Susan passed and as Mrs. Jones was not in, she left the message:

"Did you tell your mistress I was going to call?"

"Oh, no, miss," replied the girl, shocking yes!"

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"No, miss. You see the mistress was not in when you came home to see?"

Long Ride Before Him.

A cyclist who stopped at a village inquired about his destination as a rider to such an extent that the inhabitants were amused at the number of questions.

"Look here, mister" said the innkeeper, "you can't ride up and down this road till the church clock strikes ten."

"Dense," said the cyclist. "It's just one on the face," and the next minute he was speeding down the road.

Several hours later he was seen coming toward the town of the by-pass road, which he had missed.

"I say, has the church clock struck ten yet?"

"No, sir," was the blunt reply. "You've given it a wide berth."

What the American Red Cross Is Doing

THE RED CROSS has organized fifty base hospital units, nineteen of which are now serving service in France. In ten others, the nursing staff has been supplied by the Red Cross.

THE RED CROSS has instituted a rolling canteen service back of the American lines. The canteens provides coffee, sandwiches and other refreshments to the troops.

THE RED CROSS has opened a school for motor ambulance chauffeurs at Paris to operate the many ambulances it has supplied to the French army.

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