"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Soldier Who Went — Arthur Guy Empey, Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY AND HIS COMRADES MAKE THEIR MACHINE GUNS PERFORM SOME MARVELOUS TRICKS.

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.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

—18—

This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offence punishable by death.

Then comes the famous field punishment No. 1. Tommy has nicknamed it "crucifixion." It means that a man is spread-eagled on a limber wheel, two hours a day for twenty-one days. During this time he only gets water, bully beef and biscuits for his chow. You get "crucified" for repeated minor offenses.

Next in order is field punishment No. 2.

This is confinement in the "clink," without blankets, getting water, bully beef and biscuits for rations and doing all the dirty work that can be found. This may be for twenty-four hours or twenty days, according to the gravity of the offense.

Then comes "pack drill" or defaulters' parade. This consists of drilling, mostly at the double, for two hours with full equipment. Tommy hates this, because it is hard work.

...

two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then butted in with my "pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped.

...

through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

Sound is a valuable asset in locating a machine gun, but Tommy surmounts this obstacle by placing two machine guns about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards apart. The gun on the right to cover with its fire the sector of the left gun and the gun on the left to cover that of the right gun. This makes their fire cross; they are fired simultaneously.

By this method it sounds like one gun firing and gives the Germans the impression that the gun is firing from a point midway between the guns which are actually firing, and they accordingly shell that particular spot. The machine gunners chuckle and say, "Fritz is a brainy boy, not 'alf he ain't."

But the men in our lines at the spot being shelled curse Fritz for his ignorance and pass a few pert remarks down the line in reference to the machine gunners being "windy" and afraid to take their medicine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies.

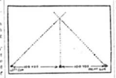
Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the

...



Showing How Fritz Is Fooled.

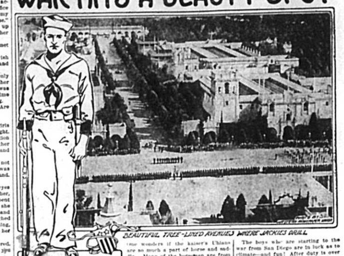
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEMOCRACY VS. FINE WRITING

ESTHER'S CAREER

By PAUL PAY

WAR HITS A BEAUTY SPOT



BEAUTIFUL TREE-LINED AVENUES WHERE JACKIES DRILL

San Diego, Where It's Always Fair Weather, Scene of Military Activity of Many Varieties

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

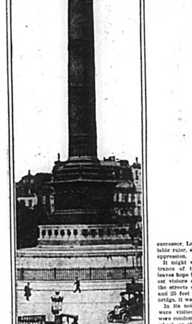
GATHERED FACTS

"LITTLE MAJOR" IS POPULAR

MAKE JOKE OF KIND DEED

Where Liberty Was Born in France

Great Column of Freedom Marks Spot In Paris Where the Awesome Bastile Once Stood



The KITCHEN CABINET

HADLEY WILLING TO FORGET

IN BAD WAY PHYSICALLY

JAPANESE DIFFICULT TO LEARN.

DIVIDE SUGAR INTO SPECIES

SCRAPS

A Message to Mothers

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is nothing new. We are not asking you to try an experiment. We just want to impress upon you the importance of buying Fletcher's.

Your physician will tell you this, as he knows there are a number of imitations on the market, and he is particularly interested in the welfare of your baby.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Texas is abandoning ostrich growing.

Justice without wisdom is impossible.

Helen Hartman of Bridgeton, Ind., has canned 602 quarts of food this season, single-handed.

British war history is now compiled up to September, 1914.

Not Crazy With the Heat.

Memorable Vacation.

CHILDREN — VICK'S VAPORUB — 25¢–50¢–$1.00

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Canada made me Prosperous

You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free

Are You Bloated After Eating

EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

ASTHMADOR