

WER THE TOP AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPE

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE-

FOREWORD

"Over the Top" is a true story of trench warfare on the French front, written by an American soldier who got into the great war two years ahead of his country. Sergeant Empey tells what the fighting men have done and how they have done it. He knows because he was one of them. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and they are lightened by a delightful touch of humor.

CHAPTER I.

From Mufti to Khaki.

It was in an office in Jersey City. I was sitting at my desk talking to a lieutenant of the Jersey National Guard. On the wall was a big war map decorated with variously colored Httle flags showing the position of the opposing armies on the western front in France. In front of me on the desk lay a New York paper with big flaring headlines:

LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN LIVES LOST!

The windows were open and a feeling of spring pervaded the air. Through the open windows came the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!"-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," To us these did not seem to ilbe.

The lieutenant in silence opened one of the lower drawers of his desk and took from it an American flag which he solemnly draped over the war map on the wall. Then, turning to me with a grim face, said:

"How about it, sergeant? You had befter get out the muster roll of the Mounted Scouts, as I think they will be needed in the course of a few days."

We busied ourselves till late in the evening writing out emergency telegrams for the men to report when the call should come from Washington. Their we went home.

I crossed over to New York, and as I went up Fulton street to take the Brooklyn, the lights in the tall buildings of New York seemed to be burning brighter than usual, as if they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wigwagged the message, "Repay!"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one mo aentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the flag from the war map and returned to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was squirming in his chair and I felt depressed at I uneasy.

The tell shone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-oftown assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After Ustening to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank aston-Ishment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. fanded at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six—fire extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtains was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the telephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see scenes of awful devastation and a cowering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceeding to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobbie with:

"Can you direct me to the place of damage?"

He asked me, "What damage?" In surprise, I answered, "Why, the damage caused by the Zeps."

C 1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

With a wink he replied: "There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries o the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the needing finger followed me. I was an American, in mufti, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my cont. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and ill at case. I got off the bus to try to dissipate this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks.

Presently I came to a recruiting oftice. Inside, sitting at a desk was a lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?"

I looked at him and answered, "Well, whatever that is, I'll take a chance

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know if I cared to join the British army. He asked me: "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fusiliers?" Well, in London. you know. Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure."

After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain. He asked my nationality. I immediately pulled out my American passport and showed it to him. It was signed



Guy Empey.

by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me.

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a block when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a 'leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training corps) and does not know what neutrality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army." He looked at me in a nonchalant manner, and answered, "That's all

right; we take anything over here." I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over

his head. He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintype."

"I beg your pardon?" Then I explained to him that I would not sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of war. Some of the recruits were lucky. They signed for goven years only!

Then he asked me my birthplace. I answered, "Ogden, Utah."

New York?"

With a smile, I replied, 'Well-it's up he state a little."

Then I was taken before the doctor and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported back to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on recruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into joining the army."

"All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see a young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you know that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not enlisted. Why don't you join? Now

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out and see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of ed, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was

to be worn on the left side of the cap. Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette, I went out into Tottenham Court road in quest of cannon fodder.

Two or three poorly dressed civilians passed me, and although they appeared physically fit, I said to myself, They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not accost them.

Coming down the street I saw a oung dandy, top hat and all, with a fashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick,

"You would look fine in khaki; why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform; come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles, no one asked you to," and he walked on. The girl gave me a sneering look; I was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest stunt in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmald, who helped kill time-I was not as serious in those days as I was a little later when I reached the front)-well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket-barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks-so I looked around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets a "bob" or shilling for every recruit he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic-he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand. two fingers were missing, but I said | Maine that dld not matter as "we take anything over here." The left hand is the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England Is "by the left," even general traffic keeps to the port side.

I took the applicant over to head quarters, where he was hurriedly examined. Recruiting surgeons were busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as "fit" by the doctor and turned over to a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

"What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

I noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and teers: I could not help answering, "Well, sir, I was told that you took anything over,

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruit-

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communicaion with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all ing is that it is an inspiration to otheagerness for the news from home. ers. No life is a real success which has On the occasion of one, it may have not scattered inspiration along the been the first, of a certain Captain way. Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news."

GREAT DRIVE FOR SHIPYARD HELP

Call for 250,000 Volunteers to Aid in Speeding the New Merchant Fleet.

TO BE READY WHEN CALLED

Reserve Organization Formed to Complete Gigantle Program to Win War-Good Pay and Living Conditions

The United States Shipyard Volunteers of the Public Service Reserve, a reserve organization of American mechanics, skilled workers in many lines of trade, has been formed to bring to completion the gig intic shipbuilding program necessary to win the war. Two hundred and fifty thousand workmen are to be enrolled and they will stand ready, when called to go to the shipyards and speed America's merchant fleet to completion.

An appeal for volunteers has been made by the department of labor, the council of national defense, the shipping board, the 20,000 four-minute men, governors of the various states, organized labor and business men. The aim is to fill all the present and future nceds of the government's shipyards.

Pay of volunteers will be in accordance with the prevailing wage in the shippards at the time they are called. Construction of houses for the workers is being pushed with energy, and the necessary homes will be ready when the men are called.

Preliminaries Are Arranged. All preliminary work, such as the building of shipyards and shipways, construction of housing facilities, preparation and transportation of material, and the training of workmen, is being rushed to completion. Thus the organization of the shipyard volunteers is being hastened with energy and enthuslasm.

Volunteers are requested to go to the nearest enrollment agent of the public service reserve or state council of defense and sign up. Should there be no enrolling agent in the vicinity, they are asked to write to Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States shipping board, Washington.

Cards are issued to all applicants, bearing statements of the purpose of the shipyard volunteers, classifying them according to trades and asking signers to respond when called. Buttons will be given to volunteers bearing the inscription, "U. S. Shipyard Volunteers." This button is to be an honorary recognition of the wearer's willingness to sacrifice personal desires for public need. In addition, the worker will receive a certificate signed by Chairman Hurley, which reads:

"This is to certify (name of volunteer) of (city, state), has enrolled in the United States Shippard Volunteers of Public Service Reserve to aid the nation in its imperative needs for merchant ships with which to overcome the submarine menace and maintain our forces at the front."

Quota of Each State.

Each state has been assigned a quota, based upon the population and address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston," industries. The quota is as follows:

ine 2,912	New Jersey 11,348
w Hamp 1,698	Pennsylvania, 82,771
rmont 1,399	Ohlo19,802
assachusetts14,321	Indiana10,847
ode Island., 2,355	Illinois,23,662
nnecticut 4,786	Michigan11,734
w York39,526	Wisconsin 9,611
nnesota 8,762	Alabama 8,994
va 8,531	Mississippt 7,488
ssouri11,812	Arkansas 6,022
rth Dakota, 2,584	Louisiana 7,064
th Dakota. 2,393	Oklahoma 8,492
braska 4.400	Texas17.023
nsas 6,330	Montana 1,583
laware 811	Idaho 1,621
aryland 6,250	Wyoming 613
st. of Col 1,390	Colorado 3,320
rginia 8,453	New Mexico 1,428
est Virginia, 5,327	Artzona 888
Carolina 9,264	Utah 1,660
Carolina 6.253	Nevada 886
orgia11,001	Washington 5,906
orlda 3,435	Oregon 3,204
ntucky 8.260	California11.310
nnessee 7,952	

Trades Needed in Shipbuilding. The department of labor has provid-

The doctor came over and exploded, ed the following list showing the kind of trades most needed in shipbuilding, and a special appeal is addressed to Looking out of the corner of my eye men in those occupations to enroll in the United States Shippard volun-

Actylene and electrical welders, asbestos workers, blacksmiths, anglesmiths, drop-forge men, flange turners, furnace men, boilermakers, riveters, reamers, carpenters, ship carpenters. dock builders, chippers and calkers, electrical workers, electricians, wiremen, crane operators, foundry workers, laborers (all kinds), loftsmen, template makers, machinists and machine hands (all sorts), helpers, painters, plumbers and pipe fitters, sheet metal workers, coppersmiths, shipfitters, structural iron workers, erectors, bolters up, cementers and crane men.

Life's Inspirations.

There is no greater joy than the feelng that some act of ours has inspired unother to be brave and strong. One of the beautiful things about right do-

Just Human Nature. Another reason why a man is a man He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of Hence the name, now shortened to its a speculation than 50 cents through a is because he would rather lose \$50 in hole in his pocket .-- Dallas News.

ENGLISH HEDGES MUST GO

One of War's Results Will Be'a Change to American Style of Landscape Gardening.

One of the pretty features of the English landscape will undergo drastic changes as a result of the great agricultural program this year. Hedgerows in many places will have to go down and thousands of trees which have wide-spreading roots must be removed to allow plowing. It is Belived by many that the result after the war will be the adoption of the American style of landscape, with lawns minus fences and hedges surrounding homes.

When Sir Herbert Tree returned to England from America shortly before his death he extolled the American system, but the English did not take kindly to his idea, as the English people believed their privacy would be infringed and they feared the beautiful lawns would be ruined by trespassers.

FRECKLES Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freekles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freekles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it falls to remove freekles.—Adv.

To Cut Prices.

Ex-Mayor Mitchel of New York was talking at a dinner about war prices. "These war prices are staggering," he said. "They're very hard to combat, too. When a man comes along with a simple easy method for bringing war prices down to the pre-war level, his idea is apt to be about as valuable as Josh's.

"Josh said at the club one day: "The high cost of living is flerce, but I can tell you how to cut your bills in half.

"'How? How?' the big clubraam chorused.

"'Use an ordinary pair of shears,'

catarrh Cannot Be Cured by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

Gone Away.

Robert and Paul were inseparable friends. But one Sunday when Robert's mother went to his classroom for him after Sunday school, Paul was not with him. So she said:

"Wasn't Paul to Sunday school?"

"No. He's gone."

"Where has he gone?" "To Antioch," replied the small boy; "our teacher told us about It."

Skin Troubles That Itch Burn and disfigure quickly soothed and healed by hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples, Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50 .- Adv.

An ancient worthy says, "Reading maketh a full man," but most of 'em try to explain it another way.

Of what use is a remedy unless we make use of it?



To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fag end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Plerce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of Mayapple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep well. Now is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv. *

This is Better Than Laxatives

One NR Tablet Each Night For A Week Will Correct Your Constipation and Make Constant Dosing Unneces-sary. Try It.

Poor digestion and assimilation mean a poorly nourished body and low vitality. Poor elimination means clogged bowels, fermentation, putrifaction and the formation of poisonous gases which are absorbed by the blood and carried through the body.

The result is weakness, headaches, dizziness, coated tongue, inactive liver, billous attacks, loss of energy, nervousness, poor appetite, impoverished blood, sallow complexion, pimples, skin disease, and often times serious illness.

ness. Ordinary laxatives, purges and ca-thartics—salts, oils, calomel and the

ordinary laxatives, purges and cathartics—salts, oils, calomel and the like—may relieve for a few hours, but real, lasting benefit can only come through use of medicine that tones up and strengthens the digestive as well as the eliminative organs.

Get a 25c box of Natures Remedy (NR Tablets) and take one tablet each night for a week. Relief will follow the very first dose, but a few days will elapse before you feel and realize the fullest benefit. When you get straightened out and feel just right again you need not take medicine every day—an occasional NR Tablet will then keep your system in good condition and you will always feel your best. Remember, keeping well is easier and cheaper than getting well. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) are sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.





VELVET BEAN SEEDS Northern Grown Seed Potatoes; Vigorous and good yielders, 500 eyes \$5. Postage paid to your door. Valley Home Farm, Terry, Mont,

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 10--1918.

