



# "OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

**CHAPTER II.**—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets somewhere in France, where he first meets the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties."

### CHAPTER III.

#### I Go to Church.

Upon enlistment we had identity tags issued to us. These were small bits of red fiber worn around the neck means of a string. Most of the Tommies also used a little metal disk which they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previously figured it out that if their heads were blown off, the disk on the left wrist would identify them. If they lost their left arm the disk around the neck would serve the purpose, but if their right and left arm were blown off, no one would care who they were, so it

was not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the other was stamped your religion. I, of E., meaning Church of England; R. C., Roman Catholic; W., Wesleyan; P., Presbyterian; but if you opened to be an atheist they left it blank, and just handed you a pick and shovel. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, anything," and he promptly put down C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religions I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church attendance was compulsory! The next morning was Sunday. I was sitting in the billet writing home my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire—all results do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and asked: "C. of E. outside for church parade?"

I kept on writing. Turning to me, in a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you a C. of E.?" I answered, "Yes." In an angry tone, he commanded, "Don't you 'yep' me. Say, 'Yes, sergeant major.'" I did so. Somewhat mollified, he asked, "Outside for church parade?" I looked up and answered, "I am going to church this morning." He said, "Oh, yes, you are!" I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not!"—But went.

We lined up outside with rifles and canteens, 120 rounds of ammunition, and our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about a mile, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field a chaplain was standing in a limber. He formed a semicircle around him. Behind there was a black speck circling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain held a book in his left hand—left eye the book—right eye on the airplane. The Tommies were lucky, we had no canteens, so had both eyes on the airplane.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### "Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inducted by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. We were in the brigade had nicknamed a general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart.

For the next ten days we "rested," repairing roads for the Frenches, drilling, and digging bombing trenches. One morning we were informed that we were going up the line, and our march began. It took us three days to reach reserve billets—each day's march bringing the sound of the guns nearer and nearer. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which lit up the sky with a red glare. Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called. On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane shelled. A thrill ran through me as I gazed in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while the puffs of white smoke were burst all around it. These puffs appeared as tiny balls of cotton while after a burst could be heard a dull pop. The sergeant of my platoon informed us that it was a German airplane and I wondered how he could tell such a distance because the plane looked like a little black speck in the

sky. I expressed my doubt as to whether it was English, French or German. With a look of contempt he further informed us that the allied anti-aircraft shells when exploding emitted white smoke while the German shells gave forth black smoke, and, as he expressed it, "It must be an Allemand because our pom-poms are shelling, and I know our batteries are not off their bally nappers and are certainly not strafing our own planes, and another piece of advice—don't chuck your weight about until you've been up the line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my weight about" from that time on. Just before reaching reserve billets we were marching along, laughing, and singing one of Tommy's trench ditties:

I want to go home, I want to go home, I don't want to go to the trenches no more  
Where sausages and whizz-bangs are galore.  
Take me over the sea, Where the Allemand can't get at me,  
Oh, my, I don't want to die,  
I want to go home—

when overhead came a "swish" through the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report—the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "coalboxes." A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into columns of fours, and proceeded on our way. About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H—, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells



A Bomb Proof.

were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery. These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large rats—big black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wended our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called "Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments slapping the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "type-writer" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp crackling noise overhead. The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak. In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star

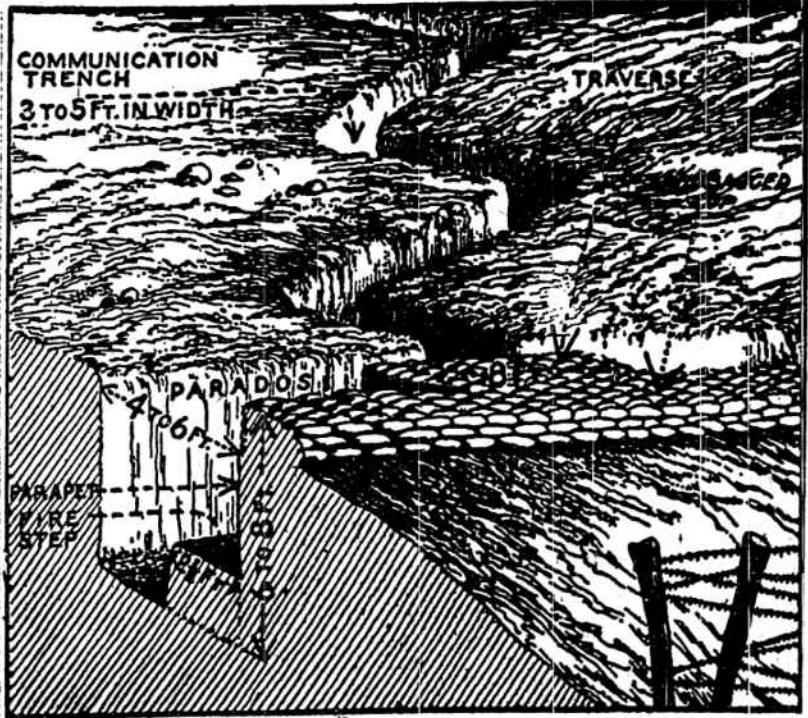


Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches.

shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates."

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "macks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rum issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dioxies or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I was back in Jersey City.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.—Adv. 3-1-1me.

### SANTUC NEWS.

Santuc, March 6.—Mr. Allen Palmer was the guest Saturday night of Mr. George Morrison.

Miss Lizzie Sharp spent Saturday night with her sister, Mrs. W. F. Kay.

Mrs. E. J. Haddon and Miss Lila Morrison were the guests Saturday afternoon of Misses Lizzie and Willie Ables.

Messrs. S. W. McClain and Lucius Ables spent Sunday at Mr. Joe Ables. Messrs. Sharp, Kay and Ables were business visitors to the city on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Kay and pretty little children were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kay. Mr. George Morrison spent Sunday with Mr. Allen Palmer.

Mr. Mack Wright spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Henry Ables. Mr. E. J. Botts visited Mr. W. E. Morrison Sunday.

Mr. George Morrison was in the city Tuesday afternoon. A large crowd attended the tacky party at Mr. John Simpson's Friday night and it was very much enjoyed by all. Miss Maggie Hagan and Mr. Lindsay Baker won the

prize. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Haddon and pretty little baby spent the weekend with Mr. Eichey and family. Miss Annie Kay spent Friday night at Mr. W. F. Kay's.

Misses Mary, Annie and Louise Kay spent Tuesday afternoon with Misses Lizzie and Willie Ables.

Mr. E. J. Botts went to Greenwood Saturday.

### DUE WEST.

Due West, March 6.—Mrs. P. A. McDavid and Mrs. J. J. McSwain of Greenville, Mrs. H. M. Babb of Honea Path, and Mrs. Nannie Agnew of Donalds, spent part of last week at the home of Mrs. J. B. Agnew.

Mr. Speer Bonner was injured in the wreck on the Southern near Columbia on Monday. Mr. Bonner was bruised on shoulders, had hips. Twelve persons were killed and many injured.

Dr. Johnson and Rev. W. A. McAuley began meetings in Due West on Tuesday. Dr. Johnson at Woman's College and Bro. McAuley at Erskine.

Lieut. J. H. Brooks of Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., is visiting friends in Due West. He is on his way to Austin, Texas, to join the aviation corps.

Mr. Clarence Ramsey of Camp Sevier, was the guest of Mrs. G. G. Parkinson over the Sabbath and worshipped at the A. R. P. church.

Mrs. D. E. Clements, who is taking a business course at Anderson, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis last Monday.

Capt. Moffatt McDonald and Mrs. McDonald of Camp Sevier, were guests of Mrs. Jennie Boyce from Friday till Monday.

Miss Virginia Agnew, principal of the Watt Mill school of Laurens, is at home. The school closed on account of meningitis.

Dr. Mark Ellis and little daughter, of Simpsonville, spent a few days with their home people this week.

Mr. W. W. Edwards was in Baltimore last week buying spring goods for his two stores in Due West.

Mr. Wm. Bell of the U. S. army, was here this week visiting the family of Mr. John McGee.

Dr. R. M. Stevenson preached for our people last Sabbath in the absence of the pastor.

Mrs. R. C. Brownlee returned to Anderson Saturday after being at home for a few weeks.

The grasses sowed on the Woman's College Campus are showing up green and look good.

Rev. E. G. Carson from Camp Sevier was in town for a short while last week.

Mr. James Nickles was at home from Camp Gordon a few days this week.

Mrs. John Townsend of Cokesbury, spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis.

On Monday evening an enjoyable recital took place in Memorial Hall of the Woman's College. The instrumental and vocal departments of the college furnished the music for the occasion. The pupils acquitted themselves with credit and were applauded throughout. It was one of the regular spring recitals of the institution, which are always looked forward to with interest. The following is the program:

- Quartette—Harriet Edwards, Josie Nance, Jean Agnew, Margaret Moore.
- Vocal Solo—A Winter Lullaby, (b) Gathered Roses. Elizabeth Cathcart.
- Piano Solo—Ivy Boyd, Nina Hunter.
- Vocal Solo—Morceau.—Marguerite Willis.
- Piano Solo—Selma Croftwell.
- Vocal Solo—Oh, Virgin Rose.—Mary Belle Hood.
- Piano Solo—Shadow Dance.—Scottish Tone Poem.—May McDill
- Piano Solo—Impromptu—Isabel Grier.
- Vocal Solo—a. A Little Girl's Lament. b. Slumber Song. c. A Bowl of Roses.—Virginia Read.
- Piano Solo—Waltz in A Flat.—Margaret Clark.
- Piano Solo—On the Mountains.—Cludia Bell.
- Concertstuck, Pin Mosso. Presto Asia.—Maude Moffatt.
- (Orchestral parts on Second Piano.)

**Euphemian Literary Celebration**  
The 39th Semi-Annual Celebration of the Euphemian Literary Society took place in the Erskine Auditorium Friday night. As the weather was ideal a large sympathetic crowd assembled at the appointed hour to enjoy the splendid program, which had been carefully prepared by the various participants. In keeping with the spirit of the times the decorations were beautiful in their simplicity. The stage had been made very attractive by the artistic arrangement of screens, society colors, and pot plants.

In a few well chosen words Mr. W. L. Miller, in the name of the society, extended to the audience a hearty and cordial welcome. Mr. Miller was followed by the two Freshman Declaimers: Mr. D. G. Phillips using "Webster's Reply to Hayne," and Mr. C. E. McDonald delivered that popular speech "Henry Grady to the Homes". As both of these young men came from families noted for good speakers, they measured up to the family standard, and the high expectations of their friends.

Messrs. M. G. Bigham and J. A. Jeter had been selected as the Sophomore Declaimers. Mr. Bigham delivered, "The True Greatness of Nations," while Mr. Jeter used "One Niche the Highest." Both these young men showed careful training and correct interpretation of their speeches.

An important part of most celebrations is the debate, and there was no exception to the rule on this occasion. The question, "Resolved, That civilization has been advanced more by war than by peace," was a question the audience was glad to hear discussed. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. P. L. Grier, Jr. and T. F. Ballard, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. W. C. Halliday and W. E. Blakely. Many clear and forceful arguments were presented by both sides of the question, and the average listener was at sea as to which side had presented the greatest number of points.

The judges, however, after careful consideration rendered their decision in favor of the negative. The exercises were brought to a fitting close with: "A Call to Patriotism" by Mr. R. L. Thompson, Senior Orator. This thoughtful and timely address was delivered in a very effective style. The marshals were: D. L. Rambo, chief, J. M. Bigham, M. G. Gault, and J. C. Todd.

During the intermission between the speakers delightful music was rendered by the Magill Orchestra.

**Thinks It Grandest Medicine In World**  
**PIEDMONT WOMAN TOOK TAN-LAC AND GAINED MUCH.**  
"Tanlac gave me back my strength and made me feel fine in every way. I think it is the grandest medicine in the world, and I can heartily recommend it to anyone who suffers from the complaints I had," was the emphatic statement given by Mrs. Lizzie Bryson, of Piedmont, S. C., in endorsement of Tanlac on May 9th. "When I began taking Tanlac I was so weak and broken down I could hardly keep out of bed. I had no appetite. I could hardly sleep at night and was nervous to kill. The Tanlac gave me back my health and strength though. I soon

had a fine appetite, my nerves became strong and steady, and I feel fine in every way. In a week the Tanlac had me feeling like a new woman. It was two months ago that I stopped taking Tanlac."  
Tanlac, the master medicine, is sold exclusively by P. B. Speed, Abbeville; A. S. Cade, Bordeaux; J. T. Black, Calhoun Falls; J. H. Bell & Sons, Due West; Cooley & Speer, Lowndesville; R. M. Fuller & Co., McCormick; J. W. Morrah & Son, Mount Carmel; Covin & LeRoy, Wilmington. Price, \$1 per bottle straight.—Adv.

**PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH**  
Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The sin passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, smugling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

**TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA**

If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but week after lights the ladies with Wyneth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft, lustrous appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

**Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast**

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, flatulence, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

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**"OVER THE TOP."**  
The Press and Banner has secured the right to publish "Over the Top" as a serial. This story is one of the greatest that has ever been written about the war. Arthur Guy Empey, the author, went over to England immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania and enlisted as a Canadian. For a year and a half before he fell in "No Man's Land", he saw more real fighting than any war correspondent who has written about the war.