



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

By An American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPY Machine Gunner Serving in France

CHAPTER XXI

About Turn. The next evening we were relieved by the —th brigade, and once again returned to rest billets.

I nearly had a fit, hustled about, packing up, filling my pack with souvenirs such as shell heads, dud bombs, nose caps, shrapnel balls, and a Prussian guardsman's helmet.

At nine I reported to the captain, relaying my travel order and pass. He asked me how much money I wanted to draw.

Reporting at brigade headquarters, with my pack weighing a ton, I waited, with forty others, for the adjutant to inspect us.

The quartermaster sergeant issued two days' rations, in a little white canvas ration bag, which we tied to belts.

Then two motor lorries came along and we piled in, laughing, joking, and the best of spirits.

At the railroad station at F— we reported to an officer, who had a white dog around his arm, which read "R. D." (Royal Transportation Officer).

The sergeant in charge showed him orders; he glanced through them and said: "Make yourselves comfortable on the platform and don't leave; the train is liable to be along in five minutes—or five hours."

It came in five hours, a string of open match boxes on big, high wheels, drawn by a dinky little engine the "con." These match boxes were the cattle cars, on the sides of which were painted the old familiar sign, "James 40, Chevaux 8."

At R. T. O. stuck us all into one Pullman to us.

Two days we spent on that train, sleeping, stopping, jerking ahead, and times sliding back. At three stations we stopped long enough to make tea, but were unable to wash, so we arrived at B—, where we were to embark for Blighty, we were back as Turcos and, with our unclean faces, we looked like a lot of dogs. Though tired out, we were

had packed up, preparatory to leaving, when a R. T. O. held up his hands for us to stop where we were to remain. This is what he said:

"I'm sorry, but orders have just received cancelling all leave. If you had been three hours earlier you would have gotten away. Just stay in the train, as it is going back. Rations will be issued to you for your return journey to your respective stations. Very rotten, I know." Then he left. Dead silence resulted. Then men began to curse, threw their rifles on the floor of the car; others said nothing, but were stupefied, while some of the tears running down their faces. It was a bitter disappointment

we blinded at the engineer of the train; it was all his fault (so we thought); why hadn't he speeded up or been on time, then we would have gotten off, before the order arrived. Now it was no Blighty for us. Our return journey was misery to us. I can't describe it.

When we got back to rest billets, we found that our brigade was in the trenches (another agreeable surprise) and that an attack was contemplated. Seventeen of the forty-one will never get another chance to go on leave; they were killed in the attack. Just



Dead Bodies Everywhere.

think if that train had been on time, those seventeen would still be alive. I hate to tell you how I was kidded by the boys when I got back, but it was good and plenty.

Our machine gun company took over their part of the line at seven o'clock, the night after I returned from my near leave.

At 3:30 the following morning three waves went over and captured the first and second German trenches. The machine gunners went over with the fourth wave to consolidate the captured line or "dig in," as Tommy calls it.

Crossing No Man's Land without clicking any casualties, we came to the German trench and mounted our guns on the parapets or mounds.

I never saw such a mess in my life—bunches of twisted barbed wire lying about, shell holes everywhere, trench all bashed in, parapets gone, and dead bodies, why, that ditch was full of them, theirs and ours. It was a regular morgue. Some were mangled horribly from our shell fire, while others were wholly or partly buried in the mud, the result of shell explosions caving in the walls of the trench.

One dead German was lying on his back, with a rifle sticking straight up in the air, the bayonet of which was buried to the hilt in his chest. Across his feet lay a dead English soldier with a bullet hole in his forehead. This Tommy must have been killed just as he ran his bayonet through the German.

Rifles and equipment were scattered about, and occasionally a steel helmet could be seen sticking out of the mud.

At one point, just in the entrance to a communication trench, was a stretcher. On this stretcher a German was lying with a white bandage around his knee, near to him lay one of the stretcher-bearers, the red cross on his arm covered with mud and his helmet filled with blood and brains. Close by, sitting up against the wall of the trench, with head resting on his chest, was the other stretcher-bearer. He seemed to be alive, the posture was so natural and easy; but when I got closer I could see a large, jagged hole in his temple. The three must have been killed by the same shell-burst.

The dugouts were all smashed in and knocked about, big square-cut timbers splintered into bits, walls caved in and entrances choked.

Tommy, after taking a trench, learns of his sorrow that the hardest part of the work is to hold it. In our case this proved to be so. The German artillery and machine guns had us taped (ranged) for fair; it was worth your life to expose yourself an instant.

Don't think for a minute that the Germans were the only sufferers; we were clicking casualties so fast that you needed an adding machine to keep track of them.

Did you ever see one of the steam shovels at work on the Panama canal? Well, it would look like a hen scratching alongside of a Tommy "digging in" while under fire. You couldn't see daylight through the clouds of dirt from his shovel.

After losing three out of six men of our crew we managed to set up our machine gun. One of the logs of the tripod was resting on the chest of a half-buried body. When the gun was fired, it gave the impression that the body was breathing. This was caused by the excessive vibration.

Three or four feet down the trench, about three feet from the ground, a foot was protruding from the earth. We knew it was a German by the black leather hood. One of our crew used

that foot to hang extra bandonners in ammunition on. This man always was a handy fellow; made use of little points that the ordinary person would overlook.

The Germans made three counter-attacks, which we repulsed, but not without heavy loss on our side. They also suffered severely from our shell and machine-gun fire. The ground was spotted with their dead and dying.

The next day things were somewhat quieter, but not quiet enough to bury the dead.

We lived, ate and slept in that trench with the unburied dead for six days. It was awful to watch their faces become swollen and discolored. Towards the last the stench was fierce.

What got on my nerves the most was that foot sticking out of the dirt. It seemed to me, at night, in the moonlight, to be trying to twist around. Several times this impression was so strong that I went to it and grasped it in both hands, to see if I could feel a movement.

I told this to the man who had used it for a hattrack just before I lay down for a little nap, as things were quiet, and I needed a rest pretty badly. When I woke up the foot was gone. He had cut it off with our chain saw out of the spare parts' box, and had plastered the stump over with mud.

During the next two or three days, before we were relieved, I missed that foot dreadfully; seemed as if I had suddenly lost a chum.

I told the worst thing of all was to watch the rats, at night, and sometimes in the day, run over and play about among the dead.

Near our gun, right across the parapet, could be seen the body of a German lieutenant, the head and arms of which were hanging into our trench. The man who had cut off the foot used to sit and carry on a one-sided conversation with this officer, used to argue and point out why Germany was in the wrong. During all of this monologue I never heard him say anything out of the way—anything that would have hurt the officer's feelings had he been alive. He was square all right; wouldn't even take advantage of a dead man in an argument.

To civilians this must seem dreadful, but out here one gets so used to awful sights that it makes no impression. In passing a butcher shop you are not shocked by seeing a dead turkey hanging from a hook. Well, in France, a dead body is looked upon from the same angle.

But, nevertheless, when our six days were up, we were tickled to death to be relieved.

Our machine gun company lost seventeen killed and thirty-one wounded in that little local affair of "straightening the line," while the other companies clicked it worse than we did.

After the attack we went into reserve billets for six days, and on the seventh once again we were in rest billets.

CHAPTER XXII

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts. Soon after my arrival in France; in fact, from my enlistment, I had found that in the British army discipline is very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path of government virtue.

There are about seven million ways of breaking the king's regulations; to keep one you have to break another. The worst punishment is death by a firing squad, or "up against the wall," as Tommy calls it.

This is for desertion, cowardice, mutiny, giving information to the enemy, looting, rape, robbing the dead, forcing a safeguard, striking a superior, etc. Then comes the punishment of sixty-four days in the front-line trench without relief. During this time you have to engage in all raids, working parties in No Man's Land, and every hazardous undertaking that comes along. If you live through the sixty-four days you are indeed lucky.

This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offense 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. Sometimes he fills his pack with straw to lighten it, and sometimes he gets caught. If he gets caught, he grouches at everything in general for twenty-one days, from the vantage point of a limber wheel.

Next comes "C. B." meaning "confined to barracks." This consists of staying in billets or barracks for twenty-four hours to seven days. You also get an occasional defaulters' parade and dirty jobs around the quarters.

The sergeant major keeps what is known as the crime sheet. When a man commits an offense, he is "crimed," that is, his name, number and offense is entered on the crime sheet. Next day at 9 a. m. he goes to the "orderly room" where the captain, who either punishes him with "C. B." or sends him before the O. C. (officer commanding battalion). The captain

of the company can only award "C. B." Tommy many a time has thanked the king for making that provision in his regulations.

To gain the title of a "smart soldier," Tommy has to keep clear of the crime sheet, and you have to be darned smart to do it.

I have been on it a few times, mostly for "Yankee impudence." During our stay of two weeks in rest billets our captain put us through a course of machine-gun drills, trying out new stunts and theories.

After parades were over, our gunners' crews got together and also tried out some theories of their own in reference to handling guns. These courses had nothing to do with the advancement of the war, consisted mostly of causing tricky jams in the gun, and then the rest of the crew would endeavor to locate as quickly as possible the cause of the stoppage. This amused them for a few days and then things came to a standstill.

One of the boys on my gun claimed that he could play a tune while the gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians.

After constant practice I became quite expert in the tune entitled "All Conductors Have Big Feet."

When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G—wood.

At this point the German trenches ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, which used to traverse our lines at will, and sweep the streets of a little village, where we were billeted while in reserve.

There was one gun in particular which used to get our goats, it had the exact range of our "elephant" dugout entrance, and every morning, about the time rations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme: When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount 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. Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel friendly toward him.

This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned rapidly, in fact, got better than his teacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he played that tune and we danced.

The boys in the battalion gave us the "Ha! Ha!" They weren't in on our little frameup.

The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted their two guns, and also gave me the range. The next afternoon was set for the grand finale.

Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that, opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz like a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his goose, and our ruse had worked. After firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey.

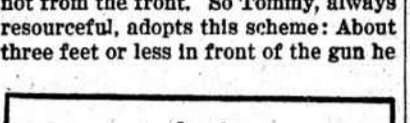
That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion, our captain congratulated us, said it was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the stunt.

There are several ways Tommy uses to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the most commonly used stunts are as follows:

At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench he adopts the method of what he terms "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the bullets hit the German barbed wire. He can tell when they are cutting the wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. Machine-gun fire is very damaging to wire and causes many a wiring party to go out at night when it is quiet to repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at night when firing, Tommy uses what is called a flare protector. This is a stove-pipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casting of the gun and screens the sparks from the right and left, but not from the front. So Tommy, always resourceful, adopts this scheme: About three feet or less in front of the gun he

drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Afraid To Look Into Mirror

SAYS SHE FEELS IT IS HER CHRISTIAN-DUTY TO GIVE DETAILS.

"Yes, I was actually afraid to look in a mirror for fear of what I would see, and I think it is a duty to tell about it," said Mrs. Annie L. Marshall, of 313 Lafayette St., Schenectady, N. Y., as she began a remarkable story.

"I was pale and thin and used to lie awake at night," she explained. "This sleeplessness and nervousness finally affected my throat, as I could not speak above a whisper. The least sound frightened me and I got so I could not bear to have people talk to me.

"I was so weak I could not do my work, and I would have to throw myself on the bed before I finished. I just suffered all the time and there seemed to be no joy in life for me. My sister told me about Tanlac, a new medicine for weak, run down people, and begged me to take it. I had no faith in it, I had tried so many medicines, but I knew I could not feel any worse, so I got a bottle of Tanlac.

"And, oh, what a change! I began to feel better right away, and my appetite increased as I ate three good meals a day of really nourishing food. I began to sleep soundly. As I began to build up, my color became better, my eyes brighter and I gained weight. Soon the neighbors began to speak of my improved appearance. My nervousness gone, I began to enjoy hearing people talk and like their company. It was no task to do my housework, and after I had done it I could dress up and go calling or to the movies. It was so different, and it all occurred in just a little while."

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. Morrall & Son, Mount Carmel; Covin & LeRoy, Willington. Price, \$1 per bottle straight.—Adv.

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or cull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of Limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

IF BACK HURTS BEGIN ON SALTS

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back-ache or Bladder bothers—Meat forms uric acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

SAGE TEA TURNS GRAY HAIR DARK

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it dardens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Throughout England 102 newspapers have been forced to increase their prices, and 676 weekly papers have followed suit. The monthly magazines selling before the war at 9 cents now cost 16 to 18 cents. The cost of novels and books has largely increased, even the popular and widely sold classes having risen from 50 to 100 per cent.