

"OVER THE TOP"

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

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EMPEY AND HIS COMRADES REPULSE A FIERCE GAS ATTACK MADE BY THE GERMANS.

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 XXIII—Continued.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which you can see. Inside there is a rubber-covered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas, passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, the tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the outside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag. He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench—Tommys adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches.

Our gun's crew were busy mounting the machine gun on the parapet and bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout.

German gas is heavier than air and soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical sprayers.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an infantry attack.

A company man on our right was too slow in getting on his helmet; he sank to the ground, clutching at his throat, and after a few spasmodic twinges went West (died). It was horrible to see him die, but we were powerless to help him. In the corner of a traverse, a little, muddy cur dog, one of the company's pets, was lying dead, with his paws over his nose.

It's the animals that suffer the most—the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats and rats—they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympathize with rats in a gas attack.

At times gas has been known to travel, with dire results, fifteen miles behind the lines.

A gas, or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling thing, and it is not long before one gets a violent headache from wearing it.

Our eighteen-pounders were bursting in No Man's Land, in an effort, by the artillery, to disperse the gas clouds.

The fire step was lined with crouching men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

Our artillery had put a barrage of curtain fire on the German lines, to try and break up their attack and keep back re-enforcements.

I trained my machine gun on their trench and its bullets were raking the parapet.

Then over they came, bayonets glinting. In their respirators, which have a large snout in front, they looked like some horrible nightmare.

All along our trench, rifles and machine guns spoke, our shrapnel was bursting over their heads. They went down in heaps, but new ones took the places of the fallen. Nothing could stop that mad rush. The Germans reached our barbed wire, which had previously been demolished by their shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all.

Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. Then my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets.

The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be floating in the air. The noise was horrible; I sank onto the fire step, needles seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates removing my smoke helmet. How delicious that cool, fresh air felt in my lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dispersed the gas.

They told me that I had been "out" for three hours; they thought I was dead.

The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had gained a foothold in our trench, but had been driven out by counter-attacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet. A bullet had gone through it on the left side, just grazing my ear. The gas had penetrated through the hole made in the cloth.

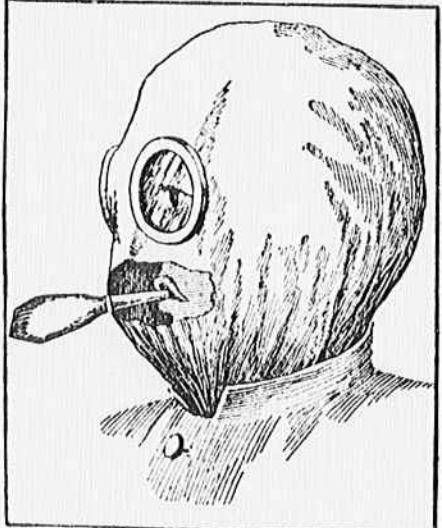
Out of our crew of six we lost two killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead, excepting those in No Man's Land. In death there is not much distinction; friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their chemical sprayers, spraying out the dugouts and low parts of the trenches to dissipate any fumes of the German gas which may have been lurking in same.

Two days after the gas attack I was sent to division headquarters, in answer to an order requesting that captains of units should detail a man whom they thought capable of passing an examination for the divisional intelligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment I went along the front-line trench saying good-by to my mates and lording it over them, telling them that I had



A Gas Helmet.

clicked a cushy job behind the lines, and how sorry I felt that they had to stay in the front line and argue out the war with Fritz. They were envious but still good-natured, and as I left the trench to go to the rear they shouted after me:

"Good luck, Yank, old boy; don't forget to send up a few fags to your old mates."

I promised to do this and left.

I reported at headquarters with sixteen others and passed the required examination. Out of the sixteen applicants four were selected.

I was highly elated because I was, I thought, in for a cushy job back at the base.

The next morning the four reported to division headquarters for instructions. Two of the men were sent to large towns in the rear of the lines with an easy job. When it came our turn the officer told us we were good men and had passed a very creditable examination.

My tin hat began to get too small for me, and I noted that the other man, Atwell by name, was sticking his chest out more than usual.

The officer continued: "I think I can use you two men to great advantage in the front line. Here are your orders and instructions, also the pass which gives you full authority as special M. P. detailed on intelligence work. Report at the front line according to your instructions. It is risky work and I wish you both the best of luck."

My heart dropped to zero and Atwell's face was a study. We saluted and left.

That wishing us the "best of luck" sounded very ominous in our ears; if he had said "I wish you both a swift

and painless death" it would have been more to the point.

When we had read our instructions we knew we were in for it good and plenty.

What Atwell said is not fit for publication, but I strongly seconded his opinion of the war, army and divisional headquarters in general.

After a bit our spirits rose. We were full-fledged spy-catchers, because our instructions and orders, said so.

We immediately reported to the nearest French estaminet and had several glasses of muddy water, which they called beer. After drinking our beer we left the estaminet and hailed an empty ambulance.

After showing the driver our passes we got in. The driver was going to the part of the line where we had to report.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

The driver of the ambulance was a corporal of the R. A. M. C., and he had the "wind up," that is, he had an aversion to being under fire.

I was riding on the seat with him while Atwell was sitting in the ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the back.

As we passed through a shell-destroyed village a mounted military policeman stopped us and informed the driver to be very careful when we got out on the open road, as it was very dangerous, because the Germans lately had acquired the habit of shelling it.

The corporal asked the trooper if there was any other way around, and was informed that there was not. Upon this he got very nervous and wanted to turn back, but we insisted that he proceed and explained to him that he would get into serious trouble with his commanding officer if he returned without orders; we wanted to ride, not walk.

From his conversation we learned that he had recently come from England with a draft and had never been under fire, hence his nervousness.

We convinced him that there was not much danger, and he appeared greatly relieved.

When we at last turned into the open road we were not so confident. On each side there had been a line of trees, but now, all that was left of them were torn and battered stumps.

The fields on each side of the road were dotted with recent shell holes, and we passed several in the road itself. We had gone about half a mile when a shell came whistling through the air and burst in a field about three hundred yards to our right. Another soon followed this one and burst on the edge of the road about four hundred yards in front of us.

I told the driver to throw in his speed clutch, as we must be in sight of the Germans. I knew the signs; that battery was ranging for us, and the quicker we got out of its zone of fire the better. The driver was trembling like a leaf, and every minute I expected him to pile us up in the ditch. I preferred the German fire.

In the back Atwell was holding onto the straps for dear life, and was singing at the top of his voice:

We beat you at the Marne,
 We beat you at the Aisne,
 We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle,
 And here we are again.

Just then we hit a small shell hole and nearly capsized. Upon a loud yell from the rear I looked behind, and there was Atwell sitting in the middle of the road, shaking his fist at us. His equipment, which he had taken off upon getting into the ambulance, was strung out on the ground, and his rifle was in the ditch.

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Empey is called upon to do duty as a member of a firing squad. His description of the execution is given in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Traits of Bird Lovers.

Years ago, during a winter's visit in London, I used to watch the persons who regularly fed the birds in Hyde park. I noticed that most of them were people of apparently humble circumstances, a few pretty close to underfeeding themselves. It was delightful to see how much pleasure they all took in keeping these birds from hunger.

Two that I saw each day for a week or so, evidently husband and wife, I ventured to speak to. Eagerly they talked about the birds as they might have talked about children, noting and relishing individual characteristics.

"We have become so fond of them," said the wife. "They recognize us now, many of them, and a few come to us quite fearlessly. We should feel quite uncomfortable if we should miss a day. They are like members of the family that have to be cared for."—Exchange.

A Swedish engineer's stoking device makes 1.3 tons of pulverized peat produce as much power as a locomotive as a ton of coal.

Late Summer Silk Suits



Those who design suits showed us just how adroit they could be when they managed their early spring offerings of wool. They had to be made of the shortest allowance of goods, but the designers made a virtue of necessity and the conservation of wool worked to the advantage of styles. Later they turned to several new and heavy weaves in silk as a substitute for wool and for midsummer they were able to forget all about saving materials and design suits of taffeta and satin according to their own fancy. These make the last of their offerings; for now they must begin their work for fall.

No one could ask for more than they have done this season in giving us variety in styles. In the pretty suit at the left of the picture there returns once more the banished plaited skirt, with four double box plaits, to commend it to the possessor of a slender figure. The short coat boasts side plaits below the waistline, the designer apparently determining to make the most of the privilege of using plaits again. The coat opens over a narrow white vest, the straight pieces at each side of the front having the effect of scarf ends finished with pendent, silk-covered balls.

The suit at the right is of black

taffeta with a plain, moderately full skirt. Coats pointed at the bottom have proved so graceful that this feature of spring styles is retained in this model. The collar, cut in points that are embroidered, is new. The grille at the high waistline is extended into points at each side of the back, and these are embroidered also. The sleeves are gathered into flaring cuffs, ornamented with a row of rather large silk-covered buttons.

Children's Clothes.

There are many serviceable frocks of linen of heavy weave. For some reason, some of the smart children's outfitters have put out an unusual number of linen frocks in yellow and lavender; perhaps because these colors are off the beaten track of children's equipment. We must all have grown a little weary of the incessant pink and blue conventionally selected for little girls a few years and more ago, observes a Paris fashion correspondent. It does seem a little odd to put lavender on a two-year-old, doesn't it? And yet one of the most charming frocks recently shown by a children's dressmaker of note was of white voile, with collars and cuffs of violet organdie finished with loose, coarse buttonholing.

Inexpensive Hats for Little Girls



Three little inexpensive hats for the small girl, in the picture above, demonstrate that headwear need not be fine in order to be tasteful. These shapes are well blocked and very simply trimmed with velvet or silk ribbon in narrow widths and good quality. The braids are of the cheaper kind, but they are substantial enough for the short-lived millinery of the little miss who is apt to put their staying qualities to the test.

At the left of the group the most popular of shapes for little girls is shown, made of a heavy tussan braid rather closely woven. It is the natural straw color. Narrow blue satin ribbon is banded about it and finished with a knot at the front, and the hat is lined with blue silk.

Very much the same shape is shown at the right, of white milan hemp. Narrow satin ribbon, gathered along one edge, is used to make a band and medallions on the crown. There are three small medallions, one at each side and one at the back, and a larger one at the front. A little blossom is posed, with a bow of the ribbon, at the base of each medallion. In this particular hat the ribbon is light blue satin and the blossom a pink wild rose.

The odd hat of fancy braid (in the natural straw color) at the center of the picture is a Chinese inspiration. The curious peak in the crown distinguishes it from other shapes and is reminiscent of coolie hats and turbans with distinguishing buttons at the top. Narrow brown velvet ribbon makes a band with ends crossing at the front, where clusters of little buds are

tacked over the ribbon. It wouldn't be possible to place trimming more simply, and that is what gives childish hats their character.

Julia Bottomley

Washable Walls.

Why should children prefer to write on immaculate walls rather than on writing paper? Because, first, their mothers caution them not to do it, and second, because the walls are whiter and the writing looks better on them than it does on paper. But the time has come when the mother need fear for the white nursery walls no longer. They can indeed, be changed from a source of irritation to educational purposes by means of a finish which makes them washable. In other words all pencil, crayon, and pen marks may be washed away. Consequently, the wall surface is as good a place for drawing pictures or making examples as a blackboard. Although the finish is intended primarily for the walls of the nursery, it may be used in the kitchen, living room or other part of the house where children are wont to try out artistic ability on the walls. The finish may be in any one of a number of different shades.

For Bargain Blouses.

Lawn and voiles in checks and stripes and flowery designs have been thrown on the remnant counters and are selling for almost nothing. For from 25 cents to \$1 enough material for a blouse may be picked up.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Every Woman Wants

Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years.

A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical.

Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or posted by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Flies attract and carry germs. They are everywhere. Kill them with Delaney Fly Killer. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap.

Delaney Fly Killer. Kills all house flies, stable flies, mosquitoes, etc. 50c. per bottle. Sold by express, prepaid, \$1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

KODAKS & SUPPLIES

We also do highest class of finishing. Prices and Catalogue upon request.

S. Galeki Optical Co., Richmond, Va.

HIS TIME WELL TAKEN UP

If Soldier Had Kept Promises He Might Have Had Some Trouble With His Captain.

He was a strikingly handsome figure in his uniform as he started out upon his round of farewell calls.

"And you'll think of me every single minute when you're in those stupid old trenches?" questioned the sweet young thing upon whom he first called.

He nodded emphatically. "Every minute."

"And you'll kiss my picture every night?"

"Twice a night," he vowed, rashly, patting the pretty head on his shoulder.

"And write me long, long letters?" she insisted.

"Every spare minute I have," he reassured her, and hurried away to the next name on his list.

There were ten in all who received his promises.

When it was over he sighed. "I hope," he murmured, wearily, "there won't be much fighting to do 'over there.' I'm going to be so tremendously busy."—London Opinion.

A woman's idea of a congenial husband is one who lets her have her own way in everything.

Lend a man a quarter today and he may strike you for a quarter tomorrow.

Besides Saving Wheat Ma Says I'm Saving Cooking When I Eat

POST TOASTIES

BEST CORN FLAKES EVER

-Dobby-