



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

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MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pop-pop" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were firing again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes. Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nibbling crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotch, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unbothered by the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-end snip of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had detected they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. At way he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said:

"Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company—"

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert big end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more; With wild joy at his heart, he took a bolt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38."

"Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been 'duly carried out.'"

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverting to the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push.

Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communen-

tion and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns snaked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A." and I would remember that if I were a name plate it would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since been advanced beyond this point, so in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily cursed the one who had conceived the idea.

The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Isinglass From Fish Sounds.

Isinglass is made from the sounds or swimming bladders of fish. One ton of hake, says the Popular Science Monthly, will yield from 40 to 60 pounds of sounds. These are dried, soaked, cut in pieces, rolled into sheets and cut into ribbons. The ribbons are dried and wound on wooden spools. One ounce of isinglass will clarify from 200 to 500 gallons of wine and one pound will clarify from 100 to 500 barrels of beer. It is used for mending cement for mending plaster and pottery and for adhesive plaster and enters into the manufacture of many textiles and waterproof fabrics.

Tea Plant Purposely Dwarfed.

In its wild state the tea plant grows to a height of from ten to twenty feet; in cultivating it its size is kept down to about three feet for convenience in picking. The tea of Japan is mostly of the green variety. Considerable black tea is exported, but is grown mainly on the island of Formosa. The seed is usually planted in terraces that extend from the bases of hills to their very crests, like giant steps that conform with the general contour of the hillside. During picking time one may see large groups of tea-pickers (most of them women) gradually working their way downward from the top of a hill

WHAT CAN WE DO?



From the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, D. C., July 8, the following article appears about the motor corps service:

"More than six thousand women now are included in the personnel of the Red Cross motor corps service. As a result of a conference recently held in Washington at the call of the director of the bureau of motor corps service, the motor service in six of the principal cities of the country which previously had been independent in its organization, was amalgamated with the Red Cross corps. This makes the Red Cross motor corps service a thoroughly co-ordinated institution, able to meet the local and inter-local demands for transportation throughout the length and breadth of the land on a nationalized basis.

The organizations which have become parts of the Red Cross motor corps service are the motor messenger service of Philadelphia, the National Service league motor corps of Atlanta, the National Service league motor corps of New York city and Buffalo, the emergency motor corps of New Orleans, and the emergency drivers of Chicago. All these organizations were represented at the conference by their commanding officers, who now become commanders of the Red Cross motor corps service in their respective cities. The four independent services

added more than six hundred members to the motor corps ranks.

In the comparatively few months during which the national bureau has been in control of the volunteer motor corps of the various cities, important progress has been made in efficacy and uniformity of service. Rules and requirements have been standardized so that those not enthusiastically sincere in their work find no interest in the service. Under the conditions existing a certified driver feels pride in her position.

In conformity with the request of the war department the uniform of khaki and the insignia formerly employed have been discarded. The new regulation uniform of the motor corps is to be of Red Cross oxford gray. Commanders will wear three silver diamonds, embroidered on their shoulder straps. Captains will wear two silver diamonds, first lieutenants one, and second lieutenants a gilt diamond. Pearl gray tabs on the collar will indicate staff officers. Service stripes will be worn on the sleeves.

The cars of the service are to be distinguished by a white metal pennant, bearing the red cross and the words "Motor Corps." This and the driver's identification card will be sufficient to give the cars the right of way when on official business.

Georgette and Satin Join Forces



Georgette crepe and satin have rivaled one another in afternoon gowns during the present summer, with georgette the choice a little more often than satin. But with summer on the wane, the indications are that satin will outstrip georgette and hold first place in fashion's favor. A lovely gown is shown in the picture, in which these two beautiful materials have joined forces to make a dress of wonderful distinction in which beige colored georgette and black satin are brightened with a beaded passementerie. It is one of the new evolutions that have come along in the train of slip-over garments.

There are several features in this new model that will commend it to the woman who has present need of a new afternoon gown. We have come to the place where it goes without saying that an afternoon gown will do double duty as long as it survives the demands made upon it for both afternoon and evening; for it must take the place of evening gowns. To begin with the most essential of all things, this particular model has beautiful lines. It is cut in an original manner with a narrow yoke and upper portion of the sleeves in one. The body of the gown hangs in straight lines from the yoke, to which it is attached with hemstitching. The lower part of the long flaring sleeve is joined to the upper portion in the same way.

The lower part of the gown shows two wide bands of black satin, one of them set on to an underslip of silk and the other to the georgette of the frock. Where these are joined two narrow bands of beaded trimming, in black and beige, make a very rich and effective finish. The sleeves are banded with this trimming at the hand. The underslip is of beige colored foulard, with a black scroll design in it, but plain foulard or taffeta is as good a choice for a gown that is to do duty for evening wear. The narrow sash is of black satin and loops over at the back, weighted at

the ends with beaded tassels. A hat with black malines brim and black panne velvet crown is noncommittal as to whether it is a summer or winter affair; it belongs to either, and is a fine companion piece for the gown.

Julia Bottomley

From Center of Ball.

There is a best way of winding wool for knitting and that is the way that causes the wool to unwind from the center. To do this roll a piece of stiff paper two and a half inches long by two inches wide into a tube. Measure off about eight inches of wool at the end and begin winding the rest about the tube. When enough has been wound to hold the tube securely tuck the eight-inch loose end completely into one end of the tube. Do not cover this end in further winding, but the other end may be covered. It is best to wind six or eight times in one direction before turning to wind in another direction. When the skein is completely wound tuck the last end well into the ball. Pull out the tube, bringing with it the long loose end for knitting. If many balls are wound at once or if a ball is not to be used immediately it is a good idea to allow the tube to remain in the ball till ready for use.

Darning Tip.

When underlaying and darning a sleeve, where you are apt to catch the under side of the sleeve, slip a piece of stiff glazed paper into the sleeve. You can then work freely and feel sure that your needle will not catch through the paper.

Lace in Lingerie.

Lace is still much used in fine lingerie, and the finest of real filet is used with charming effect. It wears well, too, and in these days when we try to buy with wisdom, we think a bit about the durability of our lingerie

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia. I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."



—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.
Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Every Woman Wants

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JINX MUST HAVE PROMPTED

Doughboy Chose Poor Time to Impress Companions With His Knowledge of French.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary with the expeditionary force in Paris (not Abintra and not Saena Bonna, but another one who prefers to remain nameless) tells us this one:

Some Yanks attended a theatrical performance the other evening. I speak French pretty well myself, and I went along with one of the boys as an interpreter. After the curtain had gone down on the first act, the principal comedian came out and addressed the audience. When he had finished, my companion broke out in vociferous applause.

"Why did you applaud that curtain speech?" I whispered.

"I wanted to make some of these other doughboys think I understood French," he whispered. "What did the guy say?"

"He announced to the audience," I answered, sadly, "that his part must be taken by an understudy for the rest of the performance, as he had just received word that his mother was dying."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Salvage From Old Shoes.

From one ton of old shoes can be extracted metals to the value of \$4.70; grease, \$7.25; animal black, \$50; sulphate of ammonia, \$22.50; a total of \$83.45, or about 15 cents a pair. The grease is a good lubricant and the animal black is said by M. C. Lamb, the English chemist who is responsible for these figures, to be equal to the best of bone black.

People sometimes stir up a lot of trouble by telling the truth when it would be policy to say nothing.

The solemn truth isn't half as entertaining as a cheerful lie.

A Cool Breakfast for warm weather



No fussing round a hot stove if you eat

POST TOASTIES

(MADE OF CORN)—Bobby



Over the Top in a Charge.