

"Over the Top"

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

CHAPTER IX.

Suicide Annex.

I was in my first dugout and looked around curiously. Over the door of same was a little sign reading "Suicide Annex." One of the boys told me that this particular front trench was called "Suicide Ditch." Later on I learned that machine gunners and bombers are known as the "Suicide Club."

That dugout was muddy. The men slept in mud, washed in mud, ate mud, and dreamed mud. I had never before realized that so much discomfort and misery could be contained in those three little letters, M U D. The floor of the dugout was an inch deep in water. Outside it was raining cats and dogs, and thin rivulets were trickling down the steps. From the air shaft immediately above me came a drip, drip, drip. Suicide Annex was a hole eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet high. It was about twenty feet below the fire trench; at least there were twenty steps leading down to it. These steps were cut into the earth,

cer of any report made by the sentry as to his observations in No Man's Land. The sentry is not allowed to relax his watch for a second. If he is questioned from the trench or asked his orders, he replies without turning around or taking his eyes from the expanse of dirt in front of him. The remainder of the occupants of his traverse either sit on the fire step, with bayonets fixed, ready for any emergency, or if lucky, and a dugout happens to be in the near vicinity of the traverse, and if the night is quiet, they are permitted to go to same and try and snatch a few winks of sleep. Little sleeping is done; generally the men sit around, smoking fags and seeing who can tell the biggest lie. Some of them, perhaps with their feet in water, would write home sympathizing with the "governor" because he was laid up with a cold, contracted by getting his feet wet on his way to work in Woolwich arsenal. If a man should manage to doze off, likely as not he would wake with a start as the clammy, cold feet of a rat passed over his face, or the next relief stepped on his stomach while stumbling on their way to relieve the sentries in the trench.

Just try to sleep with a belt full of ammunition around you, your rifle bolt biting into your ribs, trenching tool handle sticking into the small of your back, with a tin hat for a pillow and feeling very damp and cold, with "cooties" boring for oil in your armpits, the air foul from the stench of griny human bodies and smoke from a juicy pipe being whiffed into your nostrils, then you will not wonder why Tommy occasionally takes a turn in the trench for a rest.



Lewis Gun in Action.

at about four o'clock, then "stand up" and they carry on as before.

While in rest billets Tommy gets up about six in the morning, washes up, answers roll call, is inspected by his platoon officer, and has breakfast. At 8:45 he parades (drills) with his company or goes on fatigue according to the orders which have been read out by the orderly sergeant the night previous.

Between 11:30 and noon he is dismissed, has his dinner and is "on his own" for the remainder of the day, unless he has clicked for a digging or working party, and so it goes on from day to day, always "loping the loop" and looking forward to peace and Blighty.

Sometimes, while engaged in a "cootie" hunt, you think, "Strange to say, but it is a fact, while Tommy is searching his shirt serious thoughts come to him. Many a time, when performing this operation, I have tried to figure out the outcome of the war and what will happen to me."

My thoughts generally ran in this channel:

Will I emerge safely from the next attack? If I do will I skin through the following one, and so on? While your mind is wandering into the future it is likely to be rudely brought to earth by a Tommy interrupting with, "What's good for rheumatism?"

Then you have something else to think of. Will you come out of this war crippled and tied into knots with rheumatism, caused by the wet and mud of trenches and dugouts? You give it up as a bad job and generally saunter over to the nearest canteen to drown your moody forebodings in a glass of sickening French beer or to try your luck at the always present game of "house." You can hear the sing-song voice of a Tommy droning out the numbers as he extracts the little squares of cardboard from the bag between his feet.

(Continued Next Week)

LEND TO THE U. S. OR GIVE TO THE HUN

Oversubscribe The Liberty Loan Three Times and Save Time and Effort Hereafter.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo asks that the third Liberty Loan be over-subscribed twice or three times. Well, why not.

To do so will not take a great deal more work in any particular county or community. And it would be the best possible answer to the German drive in France.

Further, it would save time at home. More than the \$3,000,000,000 minimum of the new loan will have to be raised before the war is won. The campaign for this loan is now on. A new Campaign will have to be simply a duplication of present effort. Give the government three times the money it asks, NOW, and the work and expense of a new campaign will be saved.

One thing every citizen should remember: Liberty Loan bonds are investments—the best investments the world offers today. Every dollar will be paid back, with interest.

If the government isn't furnished sufficient money to fight the war, the Hun will win. Then he will levy tribute. He will not be modest about it. He will take all the traffic will bear and double that sum. And he will not pay back a cent.

SEE WHAT WARREN CO. HAS BEEN DOING

Expects to Report Itself 100 Per Cent in Loyalty—How It Turns the Trick.

Warren County, over in the Military Tract, was 99.99995-plus per cent pure when last heard from and the States Attorney and Sheriff were then on the track of the other man—one in more than 20,000 who had failed to sign a loyalty card. They were going to try to find out why he had failed—and remove his objections.

CURTISS Theatre

This SATURDAY, April 20th Matinee and Night



BLUESIER PHOTO PLAYS PRESENT HERBERT RAWLINSON BROWNIE VERNON "FLIRTING WITH DEATH"

WE OFFER HERBERT RAWLINSON BROWNIE VERNON

in their wonderful picture

Flirting with Death

Chuck Full of Thrills.

KING OF THE SCREEN

Charlie Chaplin

"The Vagabond"

A 2-reel mutual all-star production. 30 minutes of laughs. No tears today.

VAUDEVILLE TODAY!

White & Rose--Funny Black face Comedians and Imitators. La Sal Duo--Harmony Singers and Instrumentalists.

CURTISS HIPPODROME THEATRE

This Tuesday, April 23rd Downers Grove

Two Big Feature Attractions

Mary Miles Minter in "Environment"

Wm. Hart in "Dakota Dan"

An exceptional inducement in entertainment. Take advantage of it.

Coming Saturday, April 27, 'Man of Music Mountain' featuring Wally Reed

A Paramount feature every Wednesday and an Artcraft feature every Saturday, at the Curtiss.

Curtiss Hippodrome Theatre

THIS THURSDAY APRIL 25th No Matinee

We announce the presentation of that beautiful star NORMA TALMAGE

in her Classic success "Ghosts of Yesterday"

by Rupert Hughes. See this Talmage play: see the famous Bal Tabarian reproduced and many other interesting scenes.

See the great CURRENT EVENTS of world doings up to the minute.

PLEASE NOTE—that beginning Wednesday, May 1st, that the Curtiss Theatre will be open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday nights showing only the biggest pictures made. We show Paramount-Artcraft plays every Wednesday and Saturday.



NORMA TALMADGE

States Attorney E. C. Lander, of Monmouth, who is also chairman of the County Neighborhood Committee, tells the story of Warren County as follows:

"We decided to form the close organization asked by the State Council of Defense, and adopted the Mercer County Plan of card indexing all citizens and asking all for loyalty pledges.

We had our Loyalty Day last week, and we got more than 20,000 cards in. Everybody in the county signed, in

fact, except four people.

"The very next day one of the boys was calling for help and permission to sign. He is a rich bachelor, Yankee bred, and without excuse. So we told him he might sign up, on conditions.

"What are they?" he asked.

"First you must accept the valuation our committee has put on your ability to buy bonds and contribute to war aid," he was told.

"They are neighbors and I guess they are about right," he replied.

"Then, you haven't bought any

Liberty bonds. We figure you should take about \$25,000 worth to catch up with the rest of us."

"'Gimme a check book,' was his answer to that and then he signed check and loyalty card and went home happy.

"The next day we got two of the remaining three and permitted them—we weren't asking them—to sign. As soon as I got home the sheriff and myself are going out to see our remaining citizen who hasn't signed. I think we'll get him."



Taking Provisions to the Front.

but at that time, were muddy and slippery. A man had to be very careful or else he would "shoot the chutes." The air was foul, and you could cut the smoke from Tommy's fags with a knife. It was cold. The walls and roof were supported with heavy square-cut timbers, while the entrance was strengthened with sandbags. Nails had been driven into these timbers. On each nail hung a miscellaneous assortment of equipment. The lighting arrangements were superb—one candle in a reflector made from an ammunition tin. My teeth were chattering from the cold, and the drip from the airshaft did not help matters much. While I was sitting bemoaning my fate and wishing for the fireside at home, the fellow next to me, who was writing a letter, looked up and innocently asked, "Say, Yank, how do you spell 'confagration'?"

I looked at him in contempt and answered that I did not know.

From the darkness in one of the corners came a thin, piping voice singing one of the popular trench ditties entitled:

"Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag, and Smith, Smith, Smith." Every now and then the singer would stop to cough, cough, cough, but it was a good illustration of Tommy's cheerfulness under such conditions.

A machine-gun officer entered the dugout and gave me a hard look. I sneaked past him, sliding and slipping, and reached my section of the front-line trench, where I was greeted by the sergeant, who asked me, "Where in—ave you been?"

I made no answer, but sat on the muddy fire step, shivering with the cold and with the rain beating in my face. About half an hour later I teamed up with another fellow and went on guard with my head sticking over the top. At ten o'clock I was relieved and resumed my sitting position on the fire step. The rain suddenly stopped and we all breathed a sigh of relief. We prayed for the morning and the rum rum.

CHAPTER X.

"The Day's Work."

I was fast learning that there is a regular routine about the work of the trenches, although it is hardly upset at times by the Germans.

The real work in the fire trench commences at sundown. Tommy is like a burglar, he works at night.

Just as it begins to get dark the word "stand to" is passed from traverse to traverse, and the men get busy. The first relief, consisting of two men to a traverse, mount the fire step, one man looking over the top, while the other sits at his feet, ready to carry messages or to inform the platoon off-

While in a front-line trench orders forbid Tommy from removing his boots, puttees, clothing or equipment. The "cooties" take advantage of this order and mobilize their forces, and Tommy swears vengeance on them and mutters to himself, "Just wait until I hit rest billets and am able to get my own back."

Just before daylight the men "turn to" and tumble out of the dugouts, man the fire step until it gets light, or the welcome order "stand down" is given. Sometimes before "stand down" is ordered, the command "five rounds rapid" is passed along the trench. This means that each man must rest his rifle on the top and fire as rapidly as possible five shots aimed toward the German trenches, and then duck (with the emphasis on the "duck"). There is a great rivalry between the opposing forces to get their rapid fire all off first, because the early bird, in this instance, catches the worm—sort of gets the jump on the other fellow, catching him unawares.

We had a sergeant in our battalion named Warren. He was on duty with his platoon in the fire trench one afternoon when orders came up from the rear that he had been granted seven days' leave for Blighty, and would be relieved at five o'clock to proceed to England.

He was tickled to death at these welcome tidings and regaled his more or less envious mates beside him on the fire step with the good times in store for him. He figured it out that in two days' time he would arrive at Waterloo station, London, and then—seven days' bliss!

At about five minutes to five he started to fidget with his rifle, and then suddenly springing up on the fire step with a muttered, "I'll send over a couple of souvenirs to Fritz so that he'll miss me when I leave," he stuck his rifle over the top and fired two shots when "crack" went a bullet and he

tumbled off the step, fell into the mud at the bottom of the trench, and lay still in a huddled heap with a bullet hole in his forehead.

At about this time he expected to arrive at Waterloo station he was laid to rest in a little cemetery behind the lines. He had gone to Blighty.

In the trenches one can never tell—it is not safe to plan very far ahead.

After "stand down" the men sit on the fire step or retreat to their respective dugouts and wait for the "rum rum" to materialize. Immediately following the rum comes breakfast, brought up from the rear. Sleeping in then in order unless some special work turns up.

Around 12:30 dinner shows up. When this is eaten the men try to amuse themselves until "tea" appears