

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

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CHAPTER XXIII.

See Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had allenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming--"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

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, this 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.

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 chief 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 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.

(Continued Next Week)

KILL THE CATERPILLARS

This is the month that brings the insects and fungus enemies of our trees and gardens.

One of the most destructive of the caterpillars is the tussock moth. This insect can be found in most any part of the city, feeding upon the leaves of the willow, linden, poplar and mulberry trees. It also will be found feeding upon the ivy and honeysuckle vines, the bush honeysuckles, dogwood, roses and many other shrubs; and where this pest can not find these trees or shrubs available to feed upon, it will migrate to the vegetable garden and feed upon the lettuce, cabbage, beets, chard, etc.

Invasions of certain sections of the city by armies of these caterpillars every year has forced the people to take definite steps to destroy these pests. After ravaging the shade-trees and the garden, they besiege the home and force the householders to forsake their porches for safer quarters. "Kill the caterpillar" is as important as the slogan "Swat the fly."

Larvae Now Emerging

Just now the larvae, or caterpillars, are emerging from the eggs deposited by the adult moth last fall. These eggs have been protected through the winter by a weblike mass of silk threads, always heavily covered with dust and dirt. After the young caterpillars hatch out -- and about 400 hatch from each mass of eggs -- they crawl out to the tender young leaves and begin to ravage everything in sight.

After they have fed upon the trees, shrubs and garden plants for about ten days, they begin to pupate -- that is they change from a caterpillar into a smaller, soft-bodied grub, which is wrapped up in a fuzzy or hairy cocoon, and may be found fastened to the tree trunk, under the window sills, along the fences and in many protected places along the walls of houses, etc., and if these pupa and cocoons are left alone for three weeks they will develop into an adult moth, which will produce a mass of pure white froth-like eggs, numbering 100 to 300, and these eggs will later hatch during the latter part of July or the first of August, giving the second brood of caterpillars, which will feed (ravaging) for about ten days, and then pupate, develop into adults, and produce the egg masses that are protected during the winter.

Best Way to Kill

The best way to kill the pest on a large scale is to spray the trees, shrubs and vegetable plants with an arsenate of lead, using about one pound to twenty-five or thirty gallons of water. If this spray mixture is properly applied to the leaf surface of the plants, the caterpillars will eat this poison, and the most minute particle of the arsenate will kill them, the poison being taken into the stomach of the insect with the leaf tissues.

This pest also can be destroyed by using a blow torch and cremating the pupa and egg masses. The most simple way to destroy them is to brush or scrape off the pupa, cocoons and egg masses, gather them in a tin pan and burn them with kerosene. Another simple way is to crush all the caterpillars, pupa and egg masses wherever they are found lodged with in easy reach. Crush them by using a long pole and jabbing it against them. I have killed fifty of these daily found feeding upon an ivy vine and upon the bush honeysuckle. But you must keep after them daily. Every caterpillar you kill prevents the production of from 100 to 200 young of the second brood.

Discipline Essential.

Those who escape discipline are to be pitied, but we may be sure the escape will not be for long. The order of the world provides for this without our interference. In most cases we had much better be concerned in holding our hands off or in providing alleviations for the hours between these painful buffetings by the heavy hand of fate. The discipline of others, in other words, ordinarily is none of our business. We may safely and wisely leave it to parents, school masters, police, and to the hard knocks of life.

WAR RISK INSURANCE OPERATIONS EXPLAINED

The operations of the War Risk Insurance Bureau are not entirely understood by soldiers and sailors discharged from the military and naval forces of the United States and this statement is made for their information and guidance.

The amended act of October 6, 1917, places upon this bureau the duty of providing medical, surgical and hospital treatment, for sick or disabled soldiers and sailors when in need of such care. It also provides the soldier while undergoing such treatment and as long as his disability exists with certain amounts of compensation monthly, depending upon his social condition. The lowest being \$35. for a single man and so increasing up to \$75. per month if he has a wife and a total of five children.

It should be understood by the discharged soldier that his compensation continues not only during the time he is under treatment but if his disability proves permanent it continues indefinitely.

The objects and ideals of this compensation act and hospitalization and treatment of discharged soldiers is to restore them as soon as possible to civic usefulness and, if possible, to military efficiency. It is the opposite of the old pension system, which merely placed a man on the pension roll and kept him there as a recipient of government money irrespective of his restoration to health and usefulness.

Every discharged soldier and sailor has a claim upon the government if discharged for disease or disability and as the object above named is to place him in the ranks of the industrial world again, it is highly desirable that these beneficiaries should make their application promptly for government care so that treatment may begin at once and the end desired reached as soon as possible.

In case the claimant lives in a community where there are not suitable medical or institutional facilities, he is sent at government expense to a large center for examination and necessary treatment, and while in hospital or under care of a physician his expenses are charged against the War Risk Insurance Bureau. In submitting to these examinations, if any loss of wages occurs, this loss is repaid by the government.

As a very large number of cases up to the present time discharged from the military cantonments are of a tubercular character, a great problem of the bureau is to place these cases in special sanatoria for two reasons: First, for the benefit of the discharged soldier where he may secure expert advice of experienced in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Second, for the benefit of his family and in the interests of public health where his continued residence in his home would probably result in the further spread of this highly infectious disease. It is a duty the discharged soldier owes to himself and his community to accept this modern and successful method of either curing or arresting the progress of his disease.

In Illinois alone 832 cases of this disease have been discharged from the various cantonments and a like proportion exists in other states.

It is the paramount problem of the national army at this time; later on this relatively large proportion of tuberculosis will be lessened by the returned wounded in France, whose claims will largely be based on disabilities received in battle.

HOME OF CEREALS UNKNOWN

History Has No Record of Where Most Important Human Food Had Its Origin.

The origin of wheat is lost in hoary antiquity. Even the original home of the cereal plants of which bread is being made is not known, all the researchers and hypotheses notwithstanding. Where wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, etc., first offered man their grainy ears for food is an unsolved problem. But that originally bread was not roasted or baked, but eaten as dough or paste, may be inferred from its relation with the word "bread," both of these words being derived from the root "broyan," "bru," to brew. In all probability it was originally the boiled coarse meal with nothing added to it but salt. The roasting and baking of the bread was a later development. The origin of these processes is a matter of speculation; but so much is certain that baking preceded the leavening of the bread that causes it to rise; also that the original form of the bread was not the loaf, but a kind of thin, flat cake like the matzoths, or unleavened bread of the Jews, or the tortillas of the Mexicans. Like these, it was probably roasted upon intensely heated flat stones.

With the discovery of the leaven the flat cake increased in height until it assumed the form of our loaf.



Saturday, July 6th Special Matinee 3:15

Attraction Supreme! Ambassador Gerard, in "My Four Years in Germany." A mighty presentation dealing with the Kaiser and his horde of Baby Killers, showing the Kaiser, the cause of all the war. The Crown Prince who inherits it; Field Marshal Von Hindenburg, the Iron spirit of the German Army; Von Bernstoff, the German Ambassador who plotted in America; Grand Admiral Von Tripitz, at whose behest the submarines strew the ocean with lead; Von Betmann Hollweg, of the six feet five, a master mind that amuses itself with mechanical toys; and astly PRESIDENT WILSON, he who has said: "We will make the world safe for Democracy."

The world wanted an image of German life; a picture of what was felt to be the twisted psychology of the German mind. Mr. Gerard was one of the few men able to give us this and the film "My Four Years in Germany," which will be shown at the Curtiss Theatre this Saturday, matinee and night, just as you should see it, proves to be one of the most important diplomatic disclosures shown during any war; pictured because it brings to your very door the gravity of the situation and a plain record that none of us misunderstand of the madness of a people drunk with autocracy. Showing on the same day "Britain's wonderful Bulwarks" and Hearst-Pathe News. There will be no advance in prices for this big show.

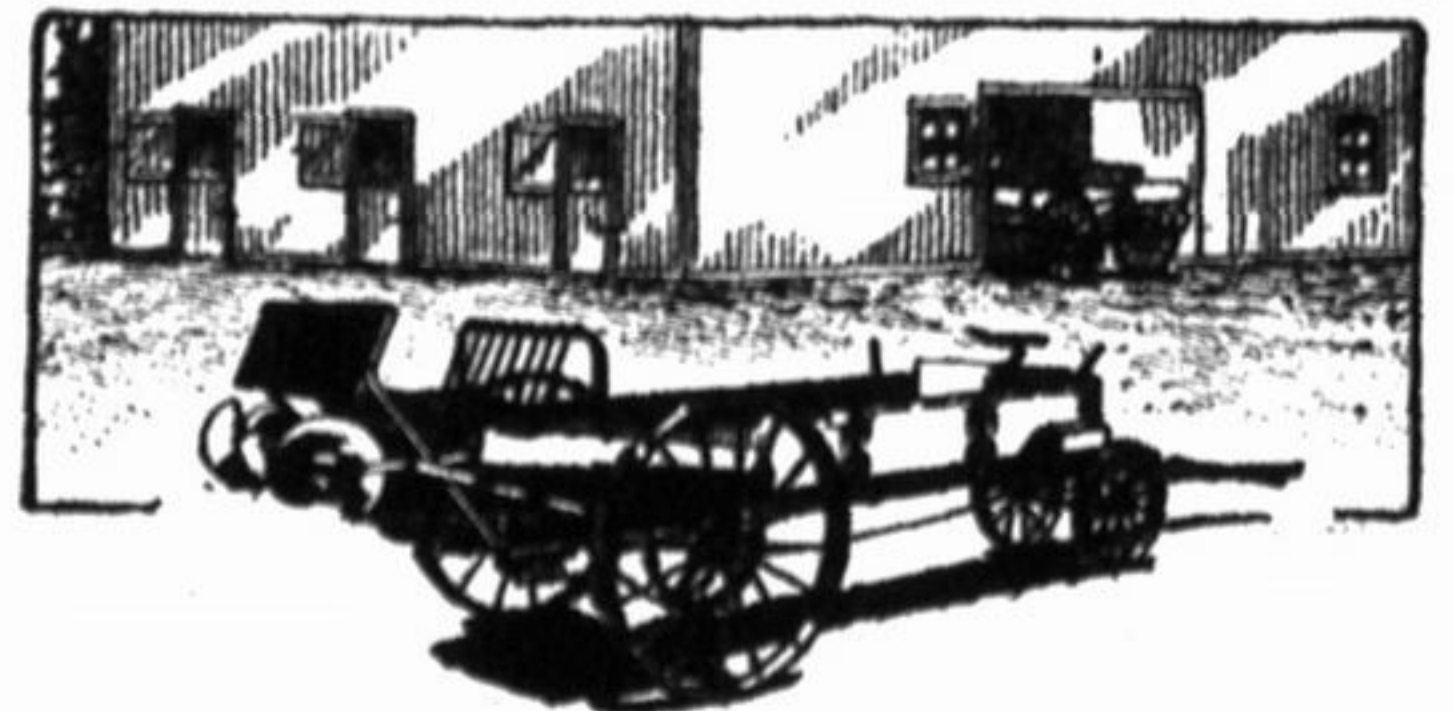
Coming TUESDAY

Constance Talmadge in "The Honey Moon"

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Big Local Talent Show and Pie Eating contest and Community song feast.

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Why neglect the easy way to increase 1918 crops? Everybody knows that stable manure, properly spread, increases crop yields. Practically every farmer owns, or has access to, a manure pile. Put that manure on your fields where it belongs, but put it on the easy way. Instead of dumping it in piles and then spreading with a fork, doing double work, use a good spreader and do the whole job in the time it takes to drive to the field and dump a load. Spread a light, even coating of well pulverized manure all over the surface of the soil with a

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Top dressing after planting warms the soil, starts the plants to growing, and furnishes plant food to the growing crop just when and where it is most needed.

The Low 20th Century spreader is built just right for top dressing. It carries a good load. It breaks up all lumps and chunks. It gives the manure a double beating and spreads it, as heavy or as light as you wish, wide enough to top dress three rows of corn at once.

There are three sizes -- small, medium and large -- all light draft machines, all with narrow boxes, all spreading beyond the rear wheel tracks. This is the one machine you can depend upon to increase your crop yields this year. Telephone your order, or come in and get a 20th Century spreader. We have them here.

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