"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Refere reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and borror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet eaught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I curried. Gripping It. I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb. By the flare of the explosion of the

bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wiited and fell forward across the sandbags-then blackness,

Realizing what a foolbardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around," I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell bole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know, German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more When I came to everything was slience and darkness in No Man's Land. was sonked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me, Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandege my face to prevent the flow. I hall am awful horror of bleeding to death

and was getting very faint. You would | and then he asked, "How do you feel, have laughed if you had seen my indicrous attempts at handaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were swful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then

When I came to, hell was let loose, An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine gans, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks," They were a magnificent sight, kitts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their hayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about mix feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks," One young Scottle, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his sands, landing about six feet in front of him, beyonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gan trembling. The Scottle made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clawing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no snawer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his had had his left foot blown off, the water bottle. I was crany for a drink | joiting of the ambulance over the

feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-nid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the treuch. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," be said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirtysix hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally bole for a day and a balf. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench | conversation about Blighty which atand I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the harbed wire.

In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding partles penetrated into the German

It is needless to say that we had so use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Persomely I don't believe that that part of the German french is occupied," will always come to me when I bear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inocutating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw. I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospitul behind the lines. To reach this hospital we had to go along a road about five miles in length. This road was under shell fire, for now and then a flare would light up the sky-a tremendous explosion-and then the road seemed to tremble. We did not mind, though no doubt some of us wished



In "Blighty."

that a sheil would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rat-

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there-" fine fellows, those ambulance drivers, a lot of them go West, too.

We gradually drew out of the fire zone and pulled up in front of an immense dugout. Stretcher-bearers carried me down a number of steps and

A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical corps removed my bandages and cut off my tunic. Then the doctor, with his sleeves rolled up, took charge, He winked at me and I winked back, in a little book and then asked;

smashed up a bit?"

I answered: "I'm all right, but I'd give a quid for a drink of Bass," He nodded to the sergeant, who disdidn't return with a glass of ale. I three nurses across the ward: could only open my mouth about a quarter of an inch, but I got away with every drop of that ale. It tasted just like Blighty, and that is heaven to

derly, the only word I could catch was in his grip of welcome. They also "chloroform," then they put some kind of an arrangement over my nose and mouth and it was me for dreamland.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a stretcher, in a low wooden building. Everywhere I looked I saw rows of Tommies on stretchers, some dead to the world, and the rest with fags in their mouths.

The main topic of their conversation was Blighty. Nearly all had a grin on their faces, except those who didn't have enough face left to grin with. It grinned with my right eye, the other was bandaged.

Stretcher-bearers came in and began to carry the Tommies outside. You could hear the chug of the engines in the waiting ambulances.

I was put into an ambulance with three others and away we went for an eighteen-mile ride.

I was on a bottom stretcher. The lad right across from me was smashed

up something horrible. Right above me was a man from the Royal Irish rifles, while across from

him was a Scotchman. We had gone about three miles when I heard the death-rattle in the throat of the man opposite. He had gone to rest across the Great Divide. I think

at the time I envied him. The man of the Royal Irish rifles and tried to reach this, but for the life | rough road had loosened up the bandof me could not negotiate that four ages on his foot, and had started it

bleeding again. This blood ran down the side of the stretcher and started dripping. I was lying on my back, too weak to move, and the dripping of this blood got me in my unbandaged right eye. I closed my eye and pretty soon could not open the lid; the blood had congeated and closed it, as if it were glued down.

An English girl dressed in khaki was driving the ambulance, while beside her on the seat was a corporal of the R. A. M. C., They kept up a running | Tribune's reporter fell down weefully most wrecked my nerves; pretty soon from the stretcher above me, the Irishman became aware of the fact that the bandage from his foot had become loose; it must have putned him horribly, because he yelled in a loud Voice:

wagon and fix this d---- bandage on my foot, I will get out and walk."

The girl on the scat turned around and in a sympathetic voice asked, "Poor fellow, are you very badly Wounded?"

The Irishman, at this question, let out a bowl of indignation and answered, "Am I very badly wounded, what bloody cheek; no, I'm not wounded, I've only been kicked by a canary

The ambulance immediately stopped, and the corporal came to the rear and fixed him up, and also washed out my right eye. I was too weak to thank him, but it was a great relief. Then I must have become unconscious, because when I reguined my senses, the umbulance was at a standstill, and my stretcher was being removed from it.

It was night, lanterns were flashing here and there, and I could see stretcher-bearers hurrying to and fro. Then I was carried into a hospital train. The inside of this train looked like heaven to me, just pure white, and we met our first Red Cross nurses; we

Nice little soft bunks and clean, white sheets.

thought they were angels. And they

A Red Cross purse sat beside me during the whole ride which lasted three hours. She was holding my wrist; I thought I had made a hit, and tried to tell her how I got wounded, but she would put her finger to ber lips and say, "Yes, I know, but you mustn't Superstitions Rife in England's P' talk now, try to go to sleep, ft'll do you good, doctor's orders." Later on I learned that she was taking my pulse every few minutes, as I was very weak from the loss of blood and they expected me to snuff it, but I didn't.

From the train we went into ambulances for a short ride to the hospital ship Pansing. Another palace and more angels. I don't remember the trip across the channel.

I opened my eyes; I was being carried on a stretcher through lanes of prople, some cheering, some waving flags, and others crying. The flags were Union Jacks, I was in Southampton. Blighty at last. My stretcher was strewn with flowers, cigarettes, and checolates. Tears started to run down my cheek from my good eye. I like a booby was crying. Can you beat it?-

Then into another hospital train, a five-hour ride to Paignton, another ambulance ride, and then I was carried into Munsey ward of the American Women's War hospital and put into a real bed.

This real bed was too much for my unstrung nerves and I fainted.

When I came to, a pretty Red Cross nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead with cold water, then she left and the ward orderly placed a screen around my bed, and gave me a much-needed bath and clean pajamas. placed me on a white table in a brightly | Then the screen was removed and a bowl of steaming soup was given me. It tasted deficious

> Before finishing my soup the nurse came back to ask me my name and number. She put this information down

"Where do you come from?" I an-

"From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty;" upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, appeared, and I'll be darned if he clapping her hands, and calling out to "Come here, girls-at last we have

got a real live Yankee with us." They came over and besteged me

with questions, until the doctor arrived. Upon learning that I was an The doctor said something to an or- American he almost crushed my hand were Americans, and were glad to see

> The doctor very tenderly removed my bandages and told me, after viewing my wounds, that he would have to take me to the operating theater immediately. Personally I didn't care what was done with me.

In a few minutes, four orderlies who looked like undertakers dressed in white, brought a stretcher to my bed and placing me on it carried me out of the ward, across a courtyard to the operating room or "pictures," as Tom- of having a good time in the thing my calls it.

I don't remember having the anes-

When I came to I was again lying in a bed in Munsey ward. One of the Clarke Peck. nurses had draped a large American fing over the head of the bed, and clasped in my hand was a smaller flag. and it made me feel good all over to again see the "Stars and Stripes."

At that time I wondered when the hoys in the trenches would see the emblem of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" beside them, doing its bit in this great war of civi lization.

My wounds were very painful, and several times at night I would dream that myriads of khaki-clothed figures would pass my bed and each would stop, bend over me, and whisper, "The best of luck, mate."

(to be continued next week)

UED ARTAXERXES FOR LIBEL

Record of Babylonian Court Shows That Kencphen Was Peeved Over Fublished Article.

We hasten to announce that Nenothen seed Artaxerxes for filed 5,000 venrs ago, offeging his good name had been changed to the time of 50 talents f salest to the publication of a defamotory article. The Minneapolis on this story, that mewspaper admits, and says: For the "scoop" we are indelded to an Oxford professor, who got it from the records on an ancient tale let in the passession of the University of Pennsylvania.

How the records came to be abstracted from the Bubylonian court files we "If you don't stop this bloody death | have no opinion. We only surmise that the clerk may have been a toon compunion of Artaxerxes or that the managing editor of the Rabylonian, being the presiding gorius over a yellow sheet, instructed his courthouse man to filch the tablet in order to beut the Tidings to the story.

Whether the defendant was a foretionr of Longitumous Artaxerxes, or Muenon Artuxerxes or Ochus Artaxerxes, the Persian kings who reigned from the fifth to the third century before the Christian era, the tablet does not indicate, as it appears only to hear the praccipe. Nor is the identity of the complainant clear. He couldn't have been the Greek chap who wrote the "Annhusis" because that Nenophon, if the histories are correct, was born about 2,300 years after this suit was filed.

Yes, it must have been in the stone age that this bit of litigation was started. If Artaxerxes settled out of court, or Xenophon and the suit dismissed on his own account, the rang was quite simple, but if it went to trial before a jury, the licensed draymen of Bubylon must have had a busy week hanling evidence around. Fancy counsel for the presecution having his benchmen move ten tons of stone to prove up on a dinky little point in the evidence!

Country Are Among the Strange t Put on Record.

Taking into consideration the fact hat it is a typical industrial area, it is strange that the Black country should be such a hothest of supersti-

A dog howling in front of a house n the night is a sure sign of the apwonching death of one of the bousehold. The dog, however, must bowl in the front and not at the back of he house. A marble rolling down the -tairs means that one of the children 4 hound to die.

When baking was invariably done at nome there was the superstition that if the top of the lost came off in the even death would soon overtake some member of the family.

A Black country miner is full of superatitions. If he dreams of fire or neets on going to work a cross-eyed roman or a womlen-legged man be will not descend the mine. Something is sure to happen if he does at least, he thinks so.

The strangest of all superstitions, however, is associated with common or garden paraley. There is nothing wrong about sowing the seed and rais. ing the berb, but it must not be transplanted. Most terrible things are hound to happen if this is done !- 1.on-

FINDING PLEASURE IN WORK

Quite Possible for Anyone to Get All Needed Amusement From Every-Day Occupation.

Of course we are entitled to it. And we should take great pains to secure the fullest measure of it. So nach may be taken for granted; the important question is, when and where shall we find pleasure? Sir Walter Bagehot gave his opinion that "Business is so much more amusing than pleasure." I suppose he meant that a man who is in love with his work will get more real "fun" out of it than was ever gathered in so-called "places of amuse. ment," Many of our pleasures do little more for us than kill time. They do not kill care, for it comes back again the next morning. He is a wise man who more and more learns to get his amusement out of the serious work he is doing. Then if he takes an occasional hour or day for sport or the "passing show," he will come back to his real task in life to find his real entertainment. The other day I heard a scrub-woman singing at her work. I prefer to think that she sang hecause she was having a good time. At any rate, what finer art than that which one has to do? Immensely wiser and more profoundly philosophical than the practice of planning for good time afterward.-George

Oxide of fran.

Oxide of hen, explained in simplest terms, is a combination of Iron and the gas, oxygen. The rust that gathers on a piece of iron exposed for a length of time to the air is a form of oxide of iron. Iron is seldom found in a pure

e. The fron ores taken from mines re ferrous compounds, that is, iron combined with other elements with oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. the manufacture of Iron from the ore, these substances have to be got rid of. If from ore cumuning a high percentage of iron, it is unimable.



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COMBINE TRUTH AND HUMOR

Pithy Epitaphs on Tombatones in Brit ish Cemeteries Are Worth More Than Passing Notice.

In a search for the unusual, one would searrely expect to come across it on a tombetone. But full justice can in some cases be done to a decenned to a single word.

There is a stone in Leamington cemetery dedicated to the memory of one J. T. Burgess, who before laying aside the trammets of this mandane sphere edited the Lennington Spn Courier His career and end are adequately

summed up in one word-"Resting." A departed auctioneer who lived in the city of Worrester had inscribed on his memorial stone as an epitaph, "Gone," Brief, economical and retrospective. In a Sussex graveyard may he seen a stone on which are chineled, after the name and date of death of the deceased, just two expressive words. "He was," Surely a sermon in a nutrhett.

But two of the strangest as well as the briefest epitapha are to be found on stones in Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast. (in one of them, erected to the memory of a lazy fellow by one who evidently knew him well, are the words, "Asleep (as usual)." On the other, "Left Till Called For."

A certain photographer has this in scribed over his grave, "Here I lie. Taken From Life."-London Tit-Bits,

"LOVE THAT SUBDUES EARTH

Robert G. Ingersoll's Beautiful Trib ute to Women Has Been Surpassed by Few Writers.

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the rederming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the picige of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women It is because women are so much hetter than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire ! the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is con stant, the one penk that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is wom-

an's love. It rises to the greatest heights, if sinks to the lowest depths. It forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate, Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth the love that has wrought all miracles of art that gives us music all the way from the cradte song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.-Robert G. Ingernoll.

Uncle Eben. "Two noticed," said Uncle Eben, "dat the man dat rocks de boat mos' every time ain' de dumer of de boat,"

BURMESE GIRLS' EAR PLUGS

Ceremony of Boring Lobes Performed by Professionals After Consulting Fortune Teller.

All the girls here wear ear plugs. They ennuet enter society without them. As a maiden approuches the age of coming out, which is usually at twelve or thirteen, her eurs are bored, and the reremony is an important to her an the first long dress to ber American sister.

The reremony is formal, and it must he done when the stars are propitious. The family consults the fortune teller for this organion, and a big feast in prepared. All the relatives and friends attend in their heat clothes to witness the piercing. This is done by a professional earburer, who uses needles of pure gold for the rich and aliver ones for the poor,

When the exact moment has arrived the girl in laid down upon a mat in the back of the room and her relativesbold her there while the earborer thrusts the golden needle through the lobe and twists it around into a ring. This he leaves in the ear. The other ear is treated likewise.

While this is going on the bands play, and after it there is a feast. It takes the ear some time to heal. When It is quite well the process of enlarging the hole begins. The needle is pulled back and forth until the sore heals.

It is then taken out and a little cylinder of finely rolled gold is pressed in. This is gradually opened from week to week, stretching the hole larger and larger-Burmah Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.

Manners Can Be Acquired. An English critic says that the athletic girl has no manners and has other

faults. But after the brilliant show ing of a little Baltimore girl lately in rescuing several children single-handed from a burning house, a rescue made possible by her practice at athletic exercises, the lack of polish more or less can be easily forgotten. Manners can always be acquired, but it demands very qu'ek action and ability to save lives. The mistake of such critics is to lay the blame on athletics when that blame is due to entirely different causes. The old idea that gentieness went with weakness and womanilness with 'imidity is now exploded. -Raltimure \merican.

Feather Convicted Thief.

A green feather decided a curlous case at Bishop, Auckland, Australia. recently. A man was charged with the theft of a canary, but declared that he had bought the bird. In the course of evidence it was stated the prosecutor's bird had a green feather. Mgamination failed to uncover a green feather on the hird in question, but it was pointed out that it might have been plucked. Accordingly the case was adjourned to see if the feather would grow again. The bird was hand ed to the care of a well-known functor. and each party agreed that the feather grew or not. A few da the fancier produced the blird. was cheered that the day feather had green again. I