"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY Machine Gunner Serving in France

Scaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand. This awakening got to be a babit with me until that particular nurse was transferred to another ward.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 90 per cent of which were surgicul At the head of each hed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "G. S. W." or "S. W.," the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter shell wound. 'The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field artitlery and Royal engineers.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and, perhaps, a Canadian intrude themselves and the argument waxes loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle heir dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routs the doughty warriors and again silence reigns supreme.

Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor, he was generally kept well supplied with these delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many word wars ensue after the visitors leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over his steady visitor to the man in the next

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same. Several Tommies try to duck this unpleasant job by telling the visitors that they cannot write, but this never phases the owner of the album; he or she, generally she, offers to write it for them and Tommy is stung into telling his experiences.

The questions asked Tommy by visitors would make a clever joke book to a military man.

Some-kindly looking old indy will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans, You must be suffering frightful pain. A builet, did you say? Well, tell me, I have always wanted to know, did it burt worse going in or coming out?"

Tommy generally replies that he did not stop to figure it out when he was

One very nice-looking, overvnthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle builet,"

With a look of disdain she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh Only a bullet? I thought it was a shell," Why she should think a shell wound was more of a distinction heats me. I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and milltary discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of par-Hament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all. and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs staring him in the face, "Out of hounds for patients." Generally the nurses were looking the other way when one of these night raids started. I hope this information will get none of them into trouble, but I cannot resist the temptation to let the commandant know that occasionally we put it over

One afternoon I received a note, through our underground channel, from my female visitor, asking me to attend a party at her house that night. answered that she could expect me and to meet me at a certain place on the road well known by all patients, and some visitors, as "over the wall." I old her I would be on hand at seven-

About seven-fifteen I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes. Then I told the nurse, a particular friend of mine, that I was going for a walk in the rose garden. She winked and I knew that ev-

seything was all right on her end. Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump. and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly. I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling

of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why try and make the scar presentable. wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually were off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well. I struck a match. In its faint glare

I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard come from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shinny up the pipe. I could not yell for help, because the rescner would want to know how the neeldent happened, and I would be haled before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the for orn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass and I could give him our usual signal of "siss-s-s-s," which would bring him

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the

After two bours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He beard my "klsn-n-s-n" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertment remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "'Op it, Yank, 'ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful eight met my eyes, The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fel-

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time

And for a week every time I passed a patient be would call, "Well, well, surgery and a marvelous success, here's the Yank. Hope you are feel- From now on that doctor can have my CIVIL SERVICE ing well, old top,"

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Front. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost," He was loved by all. If a Tommy was to be cut up he had no objection to undergoing the operation if "Jack Frost" was to wield the knife. Their confidence in him was pathetic. He was the best sport I have ever met.

One Saturday morning the commandant and some "high up" officers were inspecting the ward, when one of the patients who had been wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, fell on the floor in a fit. They brought him round, and then looked for the ward orderly to carry the patient back to his bed at the other end of the ward. The orderly was nowhere to be found-like our policemen, they never are when needed. The officers were at a loss how to get Palmer into his bed. Doctor Frost was fidgeting around in a ervous manner, when suddenly with muffled "d-n" and a few other qualifying adjectives, he stooped down and took the man in his arms like a baby-he was no feather, either-and staggered down the ward with him, put him in bed and undressed him. A low murmur of approval came from the patlents. Doctor Frost got very red, and as soon as he had finished undressing

Paimer, hurriedly left the ward. The wound in my face had almost healed and I was a horrible-looking sight—the left cheek twisted into a knot, the eye pulled down, and my mouth pointing in a north by northwest direction. I was very downhearted and could imagine myself during the rest of my life being shunned by all on account of the repulsive scar Dector Frost arranged for me to go to the Cambridge Military hospital at

MICKIE SAYS

MO, MUM! THE EDITOR AIN'T IN! WOM YAGIO SW. SOOM NUTHIN' ABOUT IT. IS IT A BOY ER A GURL? WELL WHY DION'T YA PHONE US ABOUT IT? WE DO THE BEST WE KIN , BUT WE AIN'T NO MIND READERS NER NUTHIN AN' SOMETIMES WE MISS AN ITEM ---- YES'M, WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO GIT ITEMS OVER THE PHONE! THANK YOU -- G'BY!



Aldershot for a special operation to

I arrived at the hospital and got an awful shock. The food was poor and the discipline abnormally strict. No patient was allowed to sit on his bed, and smoking was permitted only at certain designated hours. The face specialist did nothing for me except to look at the wound. I made application for a transfer back to Paiguton. offering to pay my transportation. This offer was accepted, and after two weeks' absence, once again I arrived

in Munsey ward, all hope gone. The next day after my return Doctor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try 15 inclusive, will be the biggest show and see what I can do with that scar of its kind ever seen in this country. I'll do it, but you are taking an awful

I answered: "Well, doctor, Steve Brodie took a chance; he haits from New York and so do L"

Two days after the undertuker squad carried me to the operating room or "pictures," as we called them der ether, and the operation was per- French governments, as well as A.



The Author Just Before Leaving for

shirt.

More than once some poor soldier has been brought into the ward in a dying condition, resulting from loss of blood and exhaustion caused by his long journey from the trenches. After an examination the doctor announces that the only thing that will save him is a transfusion of blood. Where in the blood to come from? He does not have to wait long for an answer sereral Tommies immediately volunteer their blood for their mate. Three or four are accepted; a blood test is made, and next day the transfusion takes place and there is another pale face in the ward.

special operation, there are always and male applicants must be not less men willing to give some a leg if than 5 feet 4 in, in height in bare from being crippled for life. More lbs, without overcoat or hat. than one man will go through life with | For application blanks and full inhis veins, or a piece of his rib or his Galley four times he never even knows the name of qualifications, duties, salaries, vacahis benefactor. tions, promotions, etc. address

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful. For all the suffering caused this war Board of Civil Service Examiners, is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has welded all classes into one glorious whole,

And I can't help saying that the doctors, sisters, and nurses in the English hospitals, are angels on earth. I love splendid example of inherited talents, them all and can never repay the care Alexandre Dumas, called Dumas pere, and kindness shown to me. For the the great French remantic novelist, rest of my life the Red Cross will be was a strange embediment of the mento me the symbol of Faith, Hope and tal and physical characteristics of his

Britannic majesty as "physically unfit in Pailleterie Dumas, was for a time a for further war service."

age on the American liner New York, of the most distinguished of modern and after a stormy trip across the At- French dramatists. Born in Paris in lantic one momentous day, in the haze 1824, he was a prolific writer of romanof early dawn, I saw the statue of Hb life and chivalric passion. His "La erty looming over the part rail, and I Dame aux Camelias," which was drawondered if ever again I would go matized in 1887, was one of the plays "over the top with the best of luck in which the divine Sarah scored her and give them hell,"

And even then, though it may seem strange, I was really sorry not to be back in the trenches with my mates. War is not a pink tea, but in a worthwhile cause like ours, mud, rats, cooties, shells, wounds, or death itself, are far outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does

There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is thisanticipation is far worse than realization. In civil life a man stands in awe of the man above him, wonders how he could ever fill his job. When the time comes he rises to the occasion, is up and at it, and is surprised to find how much more easily than he anticipated he fills his responsibilities. It is really

He has nerve for the hardships; the interest of the work grips him; he finds relief in the fun and comradeship of the trenches and wins that best sort of happiness that comes with duty well

THE END.

PRESIDENT INVITED TO VISIT WAR **EXPOSITION**

It Will Be The Biggest of Its Kind Ever Scen, with Exhibits by All The Allied Nations

The U. S. Government War Exposition, which will take place on the Lake Front, Chicago, September 2 to

From seventeen to twenty carloads of cannon, machine guns, aeroplanes and other trophies taken from the Germans, and a vast array of equipment used by the Allied soldiers, will

There will be exhibits by the Britbecause of the funny films we see up- ish, Canadian, Italian, Belgian and formed. It was a wonderful piece of merican, and it is hoped that several additional carloads of the spoils of war will be received from General Pershing, from the battlefield of the Marne and Vesle, in time for the show.

President Wilson has been invited to attend the Exposition. He has not thought best to promise definately this far in advance, but it is hoped that he will be there.

It is not the purpose of the Exposition to make one cent profit. There will be a small admission fee to cover expenses and those who wish may buy catalogues which carry lists of all the exhibits; but there will positvely not be any article for sale, and the people will not be harassed by any money-making schemes.

The whole purpose of the exposition is to teach patriotism-to help the people of the Middle West to realize more fully than ever that it is our war; to make every man know that this is his war just as much as if his son were in the trenchs of Flanders or France. The Middle West has done its part splendidly in the war but there are in its heart depths as yet untouched. It is the purpose of this Exposition to sound those depths.

The Exposition will be under the direction of the U.S. Committee on Public Information and the State Council of Defense.

EXAMINATION FOR POST OFFICE CLERK

An examination for clerk will be held in this city on Sept. 14th. 1918. Vacancies occuring in the position be filled from this examination. Age limit 18 to 45 years on date of

Married women will not be admitted to this examination. This prohibition of merit; pleasing to all-offensive to none. however, does not apply to women who

are divorced. necessary to save some mangled mate feet, and weigh not less than 125

shinbone in his own anatomy. Some. formation relative to the examination,

Harry B. Rigsbee, Secretary, Downers Grove, Illinois,

Inherited Talenta

The Dun: . father and son, form a grandparents. He was a grandson of After four months in the hospital, I the Marquis Alexandre Davy de la went before an examining board and Pailleterle and a negress, both of was discharged from the service of his Hait!; his father, Alexandre Davy de general under Napoleon.

After my discharge I engaged pass- The son. Alexandre Dumas, was one greatest success.

> Strong Seasoning Harmful, In an article about food and growing fat, a well-known doctor says in American Magazine:

"When you continue to pour strong mustard and other seasonings into your food day after day and week after week there can be no question that their effect is injurious. It is exactly the same as if one used a drag of some sort. Constant use creates the desire to increase quantities until the amount used becomes positive

"For example, every one knows that when mustard or pepper is put on the skin the skin reddens and in a few minutes a blister is caused. And since the skin can stand a great deal more than the membrane of the mouth and stomach, you can well imagine the effect upon it when you pour strong mustards and peppers into your stomach. So if you are prone to indigestion and gastritis see if you are not using too much seasoning in your



This Saturday Special Matinee 3:15. Night 7:30 to 11.

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The world before your eyes. Matinee all seats 10 cents, Night Children 18c. Adults 28c net.

Tuesday, August 20th.

CLARA KIMBAL in her African Jungleplay

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and the

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authentic startling and educational and a

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Children 10c, adults 15c net.

Thursday Announcement delightful MAE MARSH

in Goldwyns Feature

"A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"

Community Patriotic Ballads. The Hearst Pathe News, Local and Professional Vandeville.

Special munical numbers by

of Village Delivery Carrier will also Zita Norpell and Richmond Shurte

Jazz Duo supreme

Seats for Thursday: Children 10c net, adults 20c net. An entertainment of Novelty, varied by many special added attractions

The Songs for Thursday: Community singing.

Whenever bone is needed for some Applicants must be physically sound of the all out of step but Jim" & "The long long Trail" and one request number. (Make Yours.)



N a face to face conversation, facial expression, a kindly manner, a merry eye, often take away the effect caused by a strident or unpleasant tone of voice. In the telephone talk, these characteristics are not brought into play upon the listener's mind. A quiet, pleasant tone over the telephone helps to bring about mutual understanding and good-will and increases the efficiency of telephone service.

The Voice with the Smile Wins.



CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY

The Parson's Reproof. "Ordinarily I should hesitate to criticise one of my flock," said Parson Brown from the pulpit, as he how to do without. Few of us have glared reprovingly at the 400-pound everything we consider desirable and if men w in the front pew, who had we grumble at every little deprivation. sudd 'w wakened from his little nap we make ourselves miserable and our with a mort. But, in the language associates uncomfortable. To learn of the father in the beautiful parable to do without and yet be cheery and of the prodigal son, I feel like saying, happy, goes far toward making life a Bring hither the fatted calf and kill success.