

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

Soaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment.

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

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same.

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

Some kindly looking old lady will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans."

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

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

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

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 beats me.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline.

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.

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.

About seven-fifteen I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes.

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.

of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore 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.

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 well.

After two hours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "s-s-s-s-s" and came to the edge of the hole.

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 sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime.

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

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Frost. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost." He was loved by all.

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.

Whenever bone is needed for some special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life.

After four months in the hospital, I went before an examining board and was discharged from the service of his Britannic majesty as "physically unfit for further war service."

After my discharge I engaged passage on the American liner New York, and after a stormy trip across the Atlantic one momentous day, in the haze of early dawn, I saw the statue of Liberty looming over the port rail, and I wondered if ever again I would go "over the top with the best of luck and give them hell."

There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is this—anticipation is far worse than realization.

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 done.

Aldershot for a special operation to try and make the scar presentable.

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 next day after my return Doctor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try and see what I can do with that scar I'll do it, but you are taking an awful chance."

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

Two days after the undertaker squad carried me to the operating room or "pictures," as we called them because of the funny films we see under ether, and the operation was performed. It was a wonderful piece of



The Author Just Before Leaving for Home.

surgery and a marvelous success. From now on that doctor can have my 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.

Whenever bone is needed for some special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life.

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful. For all the suffering caused this war is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has weeded 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 them all and can never repay the care and kindness shown to me.

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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, coolies, shells, wounds, or death itself, are far outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does his bit.

There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is this—anticipation 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 so "out there."

THE END.

PRESIDENT INVITED TO VISIT WAR EXPOSITION

It Will Be The Biggest of Its Kind Ever Seen, 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 15 inclusive, will be the biggest show of its kind ever seen in this country.

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 be shown.

There will be exhibits by the British, Canadian, Italian, Belgian and French governments, as well as American, 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 definitely 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 positively 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 trenches of Flanders or France.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR POST OFFICE CLERK

An examination for clerk will be held in this city on Sept. 14th, 1918. Vacancies occurring in the position of Village Delivery Carrier will also be filled from this examination.

Age limit 18 to 45 years on date of examination.

Married women will not be admitted to this examination. This prohibition however, does not apply to women who are divorced.

Applicants must be physically sound and male applicants must be not less than 5 feet 4 in. in height in bare feet, and weigh not less than 125 lbs. without overcoat or hat.

For application blanks and full information relative to the examination, qualifications, duties, salaries, vacations, promotions, etc. address

Harry B. Rigsbee, Secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, Downers Grove, Illinois.

Inherited Talents.

The Dum - father and son, form a splendid example of inherited talents. Alexandre Dumas, called Dumas pere, the great French romantic novelist, was a strange embodiment of the mental and physical characteristics of his grandparents.

The son, Alexandre Dumas, was one of the most distinguished of modern French dramatists. Born in Paris in 1824, he was a prolific writer of romantic and chivalric passion. His "La Dame aux Camellias," which was dramatized in 1887, was one of the plays in which the divine Sarah scored her 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 drug of some sort. Constant use creates the desire to increase quantities until the amount used becomes positively harmful.

"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 food.



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

GEORGE WALSH

the Pride of New York in

"Chasing the Kaiser"

Britans Bulwark and Hearst Pathe News.

The world before your eyes.

Matinee all seats 10 cents, Night Children 10c. Adults 20c net.

Tuesday, August 20th.

CLARA KIMBAL

in her African Jungleplay

"THE KLAW"

and the

Allies Official War Pictures

authentic startling and educational and a

Harold Loyd Laugh Comedy.

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 Vaudeville.

Special musical numbers by

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 of merit; pleasing to all—offensive to none.

The Songs for Thursday: Community singing.

"There all out of step but Jim" & "The long long Trail"

and one request number. (Make Yours.)

Bell System



IN 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 criticize one of my flock," said Parson Brown from the pulpit, as he gazed reprovingly at the 400-pound man who had wakened from his little nap with a smart. "But, in the language of the father in the beautiful parable to the prodigal son, I feel like saying, 'Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it.'"