

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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(Continued from last week.)

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. Before 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 horror 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 caught 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 carried. 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 fallen 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 witted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy 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 hole 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 silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked 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 bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

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 guns, 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, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six 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 Scottie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scottie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clanking 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 answer. 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 water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life

of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally hole for a day and a half. 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 and 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 barbed 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 parties penetrated into the German lines."

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inoculating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw, I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospital 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 shell would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rattle, and bang.

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there"—a 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 placed me on a white table in a brightly lighted room.

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, and then he asked, "How do you feel, snatched 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 disappeared, and I'll be darned if he didn't return with a glass of ale. I 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 Tommy.

The doctor said something to an orderly, the only word I could catch was "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. I grinned with my right eye, the other came the second wave, also "Jocks."

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.

(Concluded next week.)

—Put your ad. in the "Watchman."

Report of the Annual Meeting of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women Held in State College, May 9, 1918.

The annual meeting of the Central District Conference of the S. F. P. W., consisting of 57 clubs in 16 counties, represented by about one hundred women was opened at ten-thirty with an impressive invocation by Professor F. L. Pattee, of the English department of the Pennsylvania State College. After the assembly had indulged in the singing of "America," Mrs. Arthur Cowell, president of the State College Woman's club, welcomed the visitors cordially. Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, of Bellefonte, the District Chairman, emphasized the importance of the meeting, as typifying the necessity of the co-operation of women in public affairs and dwelt upon the fact that at this time a balance of judgment, a consecration of purpose and the utmost endeavor are vital for successfully meeting the problems and trials which confront us.

The regular business was then entered upon, a report of the 1917 meeting being read by Mrs. J. Ben Hill in the absence of the secretary. The treasurer's report was unofficially said to show a balance of \$12.00 in the treasury.

Mrs. Sparks presented the matter of the Furlough Center Movement, sponsored by the War Victory committee of the National Federation. The maintenance of furlough centers in the south of France has been undertaken by the federated women's clubs of America as a task peculiarly their own; it will require \$25,000 annually to support the center. In recognition of the urgency of the situation, it was decided that each delegate recommend immediate action by her club for the prompt collection of all possible funds. The invitation from York for the entertainment of the S. F. P. W. in October, presented by Mrs. Cochran, was enthusiastically received.

The county reports, which were presented in the morning, were all marked by great response to conditions created by the war, showing various activities divided among war education, food production and conservation assistance in the sale of war stamps and bonds, and war relief principally centered in the Red Cross.

A vocal selection by Mrs. George accompanied by Mrs. Havner furnished a pleasing diversion at this time.

Dr. Sparks, the speaker of the morning, recounted some of the aspects and some of his experiences in "Lecturing in the Cantonnments." He feels that the great work done by the Y. M. C. A. for the men in the camps, not only is an important factor in maintaining the morale of the men while they are in the camp, but cannot have other than a lasting effect after the war.

At twelve o'clock the meeting adjourned for a very delightful hour and a half. Immediately upon leaving the building, the guests were shown what a week of drilling had done for a contingent of high school boys who were being given instruction by the college. After luncheon, which was served in the Woman's building, the visitors were taken on an automobile trip over the college campus. The hospitality and cordiality shown by the State College club served to remind the delegates that the reason for their visit to State College by Mrs. Mitchell was indeed well deserved, for as she said "things were done just right."

The afternoon session was opened by two songs by the Music Study club of Lewistown, rendered in their inimitable way. It was indeed hard to judge which pleased the audience more, the singing of "America the Beautiful" by the club or the reading which followed, by Mrs. Jessemann, of the Drama department of the State College Woman's club.

The remainder of the meeting was devoted to the presentation of the work of the Woman's committee of the National Council of Defense. The Conference was very fortunate in having present at this meeting, Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Pennsylvania chairman, and five of the State Directors-general. Mrs. Martin asserted that in the habit of smoking tobacco was the second line of defense; at first, in England this was not recognized but work for women has been organized along two lines, the Red Cross and the Woman's committee of the National Defense, both organized by Congress. The object of the latter is to co-operate with women through existing organizations not to create new ones. The work of the committee is done through several departments based on the differences in the work they encompass.

Mrs. Smith of the department of Food Production was the first speaker introduced by Mrs. Martin. This department has concerned itself with the matter of Liberty Gardens. The Liberty Garden Movement is fully described in Bulletin 130 from Washington and the registration of all gardens and yields with the committee was strongly urged. The department aims to make its activities cover two main fields, a city proposition, the home garden, as a rural proposition, the farm and the Grange.

The second speaker was Mrs. Lee, who presented the message of Food Conservation along three lines. The first was in regard to sugar. Here the difficulty is one of transportation; Cuba has a vast amount of sugar but there has been a shortage of ships and when the government takes over the present steamship line, the necessitated use of sailing vessels will make the shortage still more acute. In regard to meat, Mrs. Lee said that the initiation of a new fleet of refrigerator ships would withdraw so much meat from the market that the present consumption of 32 pounds per person would be reduced to one pound per person per week. In the third place, the admonitions in regard to the use of what were repeated and driven home by telling of some of the appalling want in France. Mrs. Lee concluded by saying that if we did not want the U-boats knocking at our door, we must diminish very greatly the use of the three vital foods, sugar, meat and wheat.

Mrs. Robbins, of the department of Women in Industry, said that we now realize that the entrance of women into industry was not only inevitable but necessary. The duty of her de-

A Day's Food Plan for a Man.

Health and Happiness, Number 44

In last week's "Watchman" was given "A Day's Food Plan for a Woman." These daily food plans have been worked out by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose and are given in her book "Feeding the Family," published by MacMillan Company. They are also quoted on page 20 of "Food Requirements and The Menu," Extension Circular No. 65, Department of Agricultural Extension, The Pennsylvania State College.

A Day's Food Plan for a Sedentary Man

Fuel Requirement: 2200-2800 Calories

Breakfast:
Fruit 100 Calories
Cereal 50-100 Calories
Eggs or liver and bacon or creamed dried beef on toast 100-120 Calories
Toast or rolls or muffins or waffles (occasionally) 100-200 Calories
Butter 100 Calories
Coffee with cream 100-150 Calories
Top milk for cereal 100 Calories
Sugar for cereal and coffee 50-100 Calories
700-900 Calories

Luncheon:
Thick soup or broiled fish or cheese dish 100-200 Calories
Balls 100-200 Calories
Butter 50-100 Calories
Pudding (pie occasionally) 200-400 Calories
Coffee with cream and sugar 100-150 Calories
600-800 Calories

Dinner:
Clear soup and crackers 50-75 Calories
Roast beef (rump) or stuffed steak, or meat loaf or baked fish 100-300 Calories
Potatoes or rice or macaroni 100-150 Calories
Bread 50-100 Calories
Green vegetable (cooked) 100-150 Calories
Celery or other crisp vegetable 50-150 Calories
Ice cream or ice pudding or fruit 200-300 Calories
900-1200 Calories

Total range of Calories as given in this plan 2200-2900 Calories

A Day's Food Plan for a Working Man.

Fuel Requirement: 3500-4000 Calories

Breakfast:
Cereal (oatmeal, cornmeal, etc.) (fried occasionally) 150-300 Calories
Sausage or salt fish or liver and bacon 200-300 Calories
Toast or muffins or corn bread 300-400 Calories
Oleomargarine 150-300 Calories
Milk for cereal and coffee 100 Calories
Sugar for cereal and coffee 100 Calories
1000-1200 Calories

Luncheon:
Beans, peas or lentils (baked, or in soup or stew) or macaroni and cheese or cheese 200-400 Calories
Bread (rye, graham, white, etc.) 200-400 Calories
Fruit, fresh or as sauce 100-150 Calories
(bananas, apples, apricots, prunes)
Cake or pie 200-400 Calories
Milk and sugar for coffee 200 Calories
1000-1400 Calories

Dinner:
Meat pie or stuffed meat and potatoes or meat stew with dumplings 300-400 Calories
Savory vegetables (onions, tomatoes or cabbage) 100-200 Calories
Bread 200-400 Calories
Suet pudding or bread pudding or creamy rice pudding 250-400 Calories
Milk and sugar for coffee 200 Calories
1400-1800 Calories

Total range of Calories as given in this plan 3400-4400 Calories

Next week—"A Day's Food for a Family of Five."

partment was not only to place women but to see that they were suitably treated after they reached their positions.

The committee tries to accomplish this by constituting itself a committee of friendly relations between the women and their employers and concerns itself with housing and transportation and the moral conditions surrounding the women at work.

The department of Home and Foreign Relief concerned with the work of Americanization and civilian relief was outlined by Mrs. Kennedy, its chairman. The two problems which she said the department was trying to meet were the foreign women who are indifferent or opposed to the war through ignorance and the care of the women as they return to this country incapacitated for their work in more or less serious ways.

Miss Fleisher, of the department of Information, told of the State News letters dealing with the work of the counties and a Philadelphia news letter soon to be published. Mrs. Martin then called for reports from the counties on the work they had done and York, Union, Centre, Lycoming and Mifflin reported various stages of progress in their organizations. As a parting message, Mrs. Martin urged the importance of enlisting the allegiance of the younger women to the committee.

After the committee on resolutions had presented a resolution of thanks to the Hostess club, the assembly joined in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The meeting then adjourned for conference with the officers of the Woman's committee of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense.

HELEN D. HILL, Secretary.

Activities of Women.

Women are to be employed as "rush hour" street car conductors by the trolley company in St. Louis, Mo. The first European woman to form the habit of smoking tobacco was Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, who was born in 1655.

Women are now allowed to compete in the examinations for law clerks in the land office of the United States Department of the Interior.

In recognition of her untiring efforts in securing recruits for the New York National Guard and the regular service, Miss Dorothy D. Frocks has been presented with a medal by the American Patriotic Society. No less than 6,000 men were enlisted through her speech-making campaign for recruits.

Classified.

The son of a rich father decided that he ought to enlist, and went to the recruiting station. He was asked his occupation. "Why-er-well, just running through the gov-nor's money, don't you know," was the reply.

The officer seemed in doubt how to classify him, when a corporal standing near came to his assistance with a brilliant suggestion. "Put him down as a brass finisher, sir," he said.

Gift for Convalescent Soldiers or Sailors.

Mrs. Mary Moore Beale, widow of the late Rev. David J. Beale, D. D., of Philadelphia, but who was born and spent her early life at Zion, this county, has just finished a splendid afghan, which she desires, The Presbyterian to present to some Philadelphia hospital where it will be used for wounded or convalescent soldiers or sailors, as they sit in invalid chairs in the sun and air.

Mrs. Beale has already knitted many and varied garments—helmets, socks, sweaters, etc.—for the boys "over there." This afghan therefore, was made to be used for the other boys "over here." Most of the work was done by herself, although patches were contributed by various friends. Last summer, Mrs. Beale gathered around her a group of little girls whom she taught to knit the bright colored squares that make up the afghan. Among the squares made by eager little fingers in loving service, are those by three of Mrs. Beale's grandchildren: Mary Moore Beale, aged ten, Wilson Thomas Moore Beale Jr., aged eight, children of Rev. Wilson T. M. Beale, of Paterson, N. J., and Mildred Dulany Thomas, aged ten, of Baltimore, Md.

The squares measure seven inches each way, and the afghan is ten squares long and seven squares wide. The center patch is white, with a red and a blue patch on either side, both lengthwise and across. Each square has a crocheted border of black wool, and the afghan is completed with a scalloped crocheted border of black, the somber color serving to throw into relief the brilliant squares.

In putting these together, Mrs. Beale had a happy thought that may be suggestive to other ladies who are making these warm and soft wraps for the comfort of the nation's sick or wounded boys. In order that the mind, through the eye, might be led to dwell on happy days of youth, Mrs. Beale has knitted certain squares particularly for college men. For instance, Princeton's orange and black is represented, as is the maroon and black of the University of Maryland, the red and blue of the University of Pennsylvania, the crimson of Harvard, the blue of Yale, and in order that the softer side of life be not forgotten, the blue that the Wellesley girls have adopted for their college color.

But other than college-bred men may sometimes be using this comforter, therefore, we find the blue and buff colors of the city of Philadelphia, and squares of gay Roman-stripes, or of graded and harmonized stripes of soft rose.—The Presbyterian.

Judicial Interpretation.

Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his court-room is in New Bedford, Mass. Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded, "Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise judge: "You're down, but you're not out. Six months."—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

American's Creed to be Learned by 20,000,000 Pupils.

Washington.—"The American's Creed," a patriotic profession of faith in our country and its institutions, has been framed and set forth under most interesting circumstances.

"I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity, for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

This creed is characterized as being "not only brief and simple but remarkably comprehensive of the best in American ideals, history and tradition, as expressed by the founders of the republic and its greatest statesmen and writers."

The first clause, "I believe in the United States of America," is from the preamble to the constitution; the second, "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," is also from the preamble, Daniel Webster's speech in the Senate on January 26, 1830, and Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. "Whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed," is from the Declaration of Independence. "A democracy in a Republic" is from No. 10 of the Federalist, by James Madison, and Article X of the amendments to the constitution. "A sovereign nation of many sovereign States" comes from "E pluribus unum," the great seal of the United States, and Article IV of the constitution, and "a perfect Union" goes back to the preamble to the constitution. "One and inseparable" is from Webster's speech on January 26, 1830, "established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity" from the Declaration of Independence, "for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes" from the preamble of the constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

TAKEN FROM MANY SOURCES.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it" is from Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," "to support its constitution" from the oath of allegiance, Section 1757 U. S. Revised Statutes, "to obey its laws" from Washington's Farewell Address and Article VI of the constitution, "to respect its flag" from the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," Army and Navy regulations, and the War Department's circular on flag etiquette, April 14, 1917, "and to defend it from all enemies" from the oath of allegiance. "If I had the money," said former Speaker J. G. Cannon at the ceremonies attending its first reading, "I would give \$100,000 if I could have gotten together the sentiments expressed in that creed."

"It contains everything that is necessary," said Speaker Clark. "I am the ranking official here today, and if this creed needs acceptance on the part of the American people, I accept it for them and in their name."

A year ago the city of Baltimore, through Mayor Preston, offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best patriotic creed. Committees were appointed to receive the manuscripts and make the award, the latter being composed of Both Tarlington, Irvin S. Cobb, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Street, Charles Hanson Towne and Matthew Page Andrews. Out of several thousand received, the committee on manuscripts submitted 50 to the committee on award. Creed No. 384 was selected as the best, and on opening the envelope containing the author's names it was disclosed that its author was William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, Md., a suburb of Washington.

AUTHOR A UNITED STATES EMPLOYEE.

Mr. Page has been connected with the House of Representatives for 37 years and is at present one of the Republican pay clerks. He is a lineal descendant of President John Tyler and of Carter Braxton, of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Frederick, Md., the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," and was educated in Baltimore where that national anthem was written during the British attack on Fort Mifflin in 1814. "His work takes him to the National Capitol," said Mayor Preston when the \$1,000 prize was presented to Mr. Page before an assemblage in the House office building, "where no doubt he drew his inspiration from the great authorities of the past for his truly wonderful summary of our civic beliefs, our basic principles, and best traditions."

On Saturday, April 6, the day of the Washington drive for the third Liberty loan, the procession formed at the east front of the capitol, and after an address by Speaker Clark, Mr. Page invested the \$1,000 prize in Liberty bonds. Mary Pickford, Marie Dressler, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, the motion picture stars, also addressed the gathering, and Mr. Page recited the pledge of the assemblage. The Bureau of Education is to furnish a copy of it to every schoolhouse in the United States, to be learned by the 20,000,000 scholars.

Cleopatra Outrivalled.

From the Rushville News—The bride and groom presented a regal spectacle, never equalled since the perfunctory Cleopatra sailed down the perfumed, lotus-bearing Nile. To describe the bride's costume beggars the English language, and imagination falls faint and feeble before the Herculean task. She was gorgeously arrayed in a calico dress, and a pair of lace curtains floated about her adorable figure.

That Morning-After Feeling.

Reed—According to this article Edison says that a man's head expands when he thinks deeply. Rounder—Must be a misprint for drinks.