

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

Hugh Cameron, a Scotch painter of figure subjects and portraits, died in Edinburgh Monday. He was born in 1835.

Ten thousand persons in San Juan, Porto Rico, have been ill of a three-day fever within two weeks, according to the sanitary service.

The bombardment of Paris with German long-range guns began again Monday afternoon, according to a London Exchange Telegraph dispatch.

A generally favorable national situation in Italy with unusually good harvest prospects was reported to the State department Tuesday in dispatches from Rome.

The Austro-Hungarian war minister, says a Vienna dispatch to the Vossische Zeitung, announces that more than 500,000 Austrian war prisoners already have returned from Russia.

Three hundred enlisted men were commissioned as second lieutenants in the Marine corps Wednesday upon completion of a three months' course of training at the Marine corps' training camp at Quantico, Va.

Major E. A. Rich, orthopedic inspector, is at Camp Lewis inspecting the camp for foot trouble. He reports 37 per cent of men in the entire draft for the national army reported affected with foot trouble are now available for the army.

The summer vacation of congress began Monday. Both houses met for routine business. The senate adjourned until Thursday under the agreement for Monday and Thursday sessions only until August 24. House leaders had a similar plan.

Having established working relations with the California State Railroad commission earlier in the day, William G. McAdoe, federal director-general of railroads, began a series of conferences late Tuesday with chiefs of the national railroad administration.

J. H. Kirby, of Houston, Tex., has been appointed lumber administrator of the Emergency Fleet corporation to administer all activities of the shipbuilding programme connected with the production and storage of lumber. Mr. Kirby will also assume control over all logging operations.

A petition for a writ of probable cause, designed to keep Thomas J. Mooney out of the penitentiary until his case could be acted on by Governor Stephens was denied by the supreme court at San Francisco Monday. Mooney is under sentence to hang for murder in connection with a bomb explosion.

"The general situation Tuesday morning is regarded as satisfactory," says a war department statement based on dispatches from General Pershing and General Bliss, confirming press accounts of the fighting Monday. Warning is given, however, that great pressure of reserves is still looked for.

German aviators at 11 o'clock Monday night dropped bombs on the American Red Cross hospital at Joux, France. Two enlisted men were killed and among the personnel nine persons were wounded. Miss Jane Jeffery, an American Red Cross nurse, was among those wounded, though her injuries are not serious.

The period for subscribing to the eighth Hungarian war loan, which was to close on July 12, has been extended until July 24, according to advices from Basel.

Eugene V. Debs Thursday notified the socialist county committee at Terre Haute, Ind., that he would decline the nomination for congress offered him a week ago.

Prevention of the threatened shortage of harvest labor in the western wheat belt and the probable saving of every acre of the crop is announced by the federal employment service.

The air superiority of the entente allies on the Austro-Italian front is indicated by the figures made public Thursday dealing with the ten days' offensive of the Austro-Hungarians last June.

A British submarine was slightly damaged and one officer and five men killed when the craft was attacked by German seaplanes off the east coast of England July 6, according to an admiralty statement.

Major James B. McCudden, British star aviator, who is credited with bringing down 54 German machines, was accidentally killed while flying from England to France Tuesday. He fell on the French coast.

Three Italian sailors and one Italian soldier are being tried by a court-martial at Rome on a charge of having blown up the Italian battleship Benedetto Brin on September 27, 1916, by placing an infernal machine in the gun room.

A political contest growing out of Sunday's election in David, a gold-mining town near the western end of the Isthmus of Panama, resulted in the government imprisoning the opposition judges of election. In consequence, a detachment of 35 American soldiers has been directed to remain at David to watch developments.

STEEL SHORTAGE IS FEARED

Private Consumers of Metal May Be Required to Submit Inventories.

Washington, D. C.—Government demand for steel has reached such proportions, it was learned Wednesday, because of the growth of the war programme, that the War Industries board fears present sources of supply soon will prove inadequate.

At the meeting of the board manufacturers were warned that those who have obtained steel on priority orders for war work and later were found to be reselling it to non-war manufacturers would have their supply cut off. This practice has been in vogue, the board learned.

All private consumers of steel and steel products may be required to submit sworn inventories of their stocks on hand. It was found that many manufacturers had obtained large quantities of steel before the government took control of the entire output.

By means of the inventories, J. Leonard Replogle, director of steel supply of the War Industries board, will be able to keep a close check on all steels in the country.

Chairman Hurley, of the Shipping board, conferred with officials of the War Industries board regarding the requirements for the shipbuilding programme. Production of ships is showing such a marked improvement that it may be possible to turn out five ships a year from each yard in some yards, four ships in other yards, and lesser numbers elsewhere.

Efforts to bolster up the efficiency of the weaker new yards are successful, it is evident to officials that the size of steel plate mills must be increased or the shipping programme will be delayed by lack of material.

A shortage of steel already is being felt in some shipyards. Others have more steel than they need, which, officials believe, is the result of "cost plus" system of contracts, under which the builders felt free to expend large sums on materials not needed for many weeks.

FINNS MAY BALK AT WAR IN SIBERIA

London.—Finland intends to remain neutral if a serious conflict occurs in the Murman country, where entente allied forces have assumed control, says a Helsingfors dispatch by way of Copenhagen to the Exchange Telegraph company.

The Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung of Berlin declares that Germany has sufficient forces in Finland to deal with the entente troops and the Red Guards.

A bill providing for the establishment of a monarchy in Finland has passed its second reading in the Finnish parliament by the narrow margin of four votes.

Republicans have started an energetic agitation against the bill and it is not improbable, the dispatch adds, that the Finnish government will have to resign, as the majority in favor of the bill is insufficient.

General Horvath, recently proclaimed ruler of Siberia, says a Pekin dispatch to the Times, has expressed willingness to facilitate the movement of Czech-Slovak troops toward the Transbaikalian region over the Chinese Eastern railway.

The Czechs purpose to reach Irkutsk and resume communication with their compatriots in western Siberia and will formally ask the Chinese government for permission to traverse Manchuria.

There are indications, the dispatch adds, that some Austrian prisoners are anxious to join the Czechs.

Five Hundred Seamen Perish.

Tokyo.—The Japanese battleship Kawachi of 21,420 tons displacement, blew up and sank in Tokoyama bay, 150 miles northeast of Nagasaki, on July 12. Five hundred members of the crew lost their lives.

The battleship Kawachi was built in 1912 and carried a complement of 960 officers and men. She was 500 feet long, of 84 feet beam and drew 28 feet of water. Her armament consisted of 12 12-inch guns, 10 six-inch guns, eight four-inch guns and 12 12-pounders. She also was equipped with five 18-inch torpedo tubes.

An Atlantic Port.—The sinking at sea July 11 of the American steamship Oosterdijk after a collision with the American steamship San Jacinto was reported by a Swedish steamship arriving here Wednesday.

The Oosterdijk's crew was taken aboard the San Jacinto, which, although badly damaged, managed to reach an Atlantic port.

Both vessels, manned and officered by naval crews, carried army supplies. The collision occurred in North Atlantic waters.

The Oosterdijk, 8252 gross tons, was one of the Dutch ships requisitioned while in an American port.

Two, Parted By Sea, Wed. Frederick City, Md.—Although separated by the Atlantic ocean, Miss Goldie Anita Black, of Thurmont, and Guy V. Lewis, who is "somewhere in France," were married Wednesday.

The ceremony in this country was performed at the home of the bride's parents by Rev. E. O. Pritchett, while Lieutenant Ward, an army chaplain, officiated across the sea. The ceremony was arranged after considerable communication. Everything was carried out simultaneously in the two countries. Young Lewis is a member of the Aviation corps.

Cripples to Be Cared For.

Washington, D. C.—The movement among private citizens for finding jobs for crippled soldiers is emphatically disapproved by the war department. Surgeon-General Gorgas declared Wednesday that the rehabilitation of the crippled men will be done thoroughly by the government. Recently Captain Archibald Roosevelt asked his father, Colonel Roosevelt, to find a job for one of his sergeants who returned from France, after having lost a hand.

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY GOES "OVER THE TOP" FOR THE FIRST TIME AND HAS DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

We had a sergeant in our battalion named Warren. He was on duty with his platoon in the fire trench one afternoon when orders came up from the rear that he had been granted seven days' leave for Blihty, and would be relieved at five o'clock to proceed to England.

He was tickled to death at these welcome tidings and regaled his more or less envious mates beside him on the fire step with the good times in store for him. He figured it out that in two days' time he would arrive at Waterloo station, London, and then—seven days' bliss!

At about five minutes to five he started to fidget with his rifle, and then suddenly springing up on the fire step with a muttered, "I'll send over a couple of souvenirs to Fritz so that he'll miss me when I leave," he stuck his rifle over the top and fired two shots when "crack" went a bullet and he tumbled off the step, fell into the mud at the bottom of the trench, and lay still in a huddled heap with a bullet hole in his forehead.

At about the time he expected to arrive at Waterloo station he was laid to rest in a little cemetery behind the lines. He had gone to Blihty.

In the trenches one can never tell—it is not safe to plan very far ahead.

After "stand down" the men sit on the fire step or repair to their respective dugouts and wait for the "rum issue" to materialize. Immediately following the rum comes breakfast, brought up from the rear. Sleeping is then in order unless some special work turns up.

Around 12:30 dinner shows up. When this is eaten the men try to amuse themselves until "tea" appears at about four o'clock, then "stand to" and they carry on as before.

While in rest billets Tommy gets up about six in the morning, washes up, answers roll call, is inspected by his platoon officer, and has breakfast. At 8:45 he parades (drills) with his company or goes on fatigue according to the orders which have been read out by the orderly sergeant the night previous.

Between 11:30 and noon he is dismissed, has his dinner and is "on his own" for the remainder of the day, unless he has clicked for a digging or working party, and so it goes on from day to day, always "looping the loop" and looking forward to peace and Blihty.

Sometimes, while engaged in a "cootie" hunt, you think, "Strange to say, but it is a fact, while Tommy is searching his shirt serious thoughts come to him. Many a time, when performing this operation, I have tried to figure out the outcome of the war, and what will happen to me.

My thoughts generally ran in this channel: Will I emerge safely from the next attack? If I do will I skin through the following one, and so on? While your mind is wandering into the future it is likely to be rudely brought to earth by a Tommy interrupting with, "What's good for rheumatism?"

Then you have something else to think of. Will you come out of this war crippled and tied into knots with rheumatism, caused by the wet and mud of trenches and dugouts? You give it up as a bad job and generally munter over to the nearest estaminet to drown your moody forebodings in a glass of steaming French beer or to try your luck at the always present game of "house." You can hear the sing-song voice of a Tommy droning out the numbers as he extracts the little squares of cardboard from the bag between his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Over the Top.

On my second trip to the trenches our officer was making his rounds of inspection, and we received the cheerful news that at four in the morning we were to go over the top and take the German front-line trench. My heart turned to lead. Then the officer carried on with his instructions. To the best of my memory I recall them as follows: "At eleven a wiring party will go out in front and cut lanes through our barbed wire for the passage of troops in the morning. At two o'clock our artillery will open up with an intense bombardment, which will last until four. Upon the lifting of the barrage the first of the three waves will go over." Then he left. Some of the Tommies, first getting permission from the sergeant, went into the machine

gunners' dugout and wrote letters home, saying that in the morning they were going over the top, and also that if the letters reached their destination it would mean that the writer had been killed.

These letters were turned over to the captain with instructions to mail same in the event of the writer's being killed. Some of the men made out their wills in their pay books, under the caption, "Will and Last Testament."

Then the nerve-racking wait commenced. Every now and then I would glance at the dial of my wrist watch and was surprised to see how fast the minutes passed by. About five minutes to two I got nervous waiting for our guns to open up. I could not take my eyes from my watch. I crouched against the parapet and strained my muscles in a deathlike grip upon my rifle. As the hands on my watch showed two o'clock a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in our rear, then thunder, intermixed with a sharp, whistling sound in the air over our heads. The shells from our guns were speeding on their way toward the German lines. With one accord the men sprang up on the fire step and looked over the top in the direction of the German trenches. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man's Land. The din was terrific and the ground trembled. Then, high above our heads we could hear a sighing moan. Our big boys behind the line had opened up and 9.2's and 15-inch shells commenced dropping into the German lines. The flash of the guns behind the lines, the scream of the shells through the air, and the flare of them, bursting, was a spectacle that put Pain's greatest display into the shade. The constant pup, pup, of German machine guns and an occasional rattle of rifle firing gave me the impression of a huge audience applauding the work of the batteries.

Our 18-pounders were destroying the German barbed wire, while the heavier stuff was demolishing their trenches and bashing in dugouts or funk holes. Then Fritz got busy. Their shells went screaming overhead, aimed in the direction of the flares from our batteries. Trench mortars started dropping "Minnies" in our front line. We clicked several casualties. Then they suddenly ceased. Our artillery had taped or silenced them.

During the bombardment you could almost read a newspaper in our trench. Sometimes in the flare of a shell-burst a man's body would be silhouetted against the paradors of the trench and it appeared like a huge monster. You could hardly hear yourself think. When an order was to be passed down the trench you had to yell it, using your hands as a funnel into the ear of the man sitting next to you on the fire step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four word was passed down, "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders."

Before a charge Tommy is the politlest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was puffing away at an unlighted fag. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the top with the best o' luck and give them hell.'" The famous phrase of the western front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back you will be minus an arm or a leg.

I glanced again at my wrist watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were cracking overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sandbag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet out in front was agony. Then we passed

through lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right front turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he coughed, stumbled, pitched forward and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little spurts of dirt would rise into the air and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bashed-in trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mud turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then rolled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in midair, then pitched head down into the German trench. I laughed out loud in my delirium. Upon alighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a rifle which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blihty. He had said, "whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in his equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and tugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was the logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me this was the paramount issue. I closed my eyes and lunged forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left front was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him. They looked like pigmies alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain—just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

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Empey joins the "Suicide club." The thrilling details are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took a few bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—N. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton more, Md.



It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation, and many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

People to Avoid. "Some people," said Uncle Eben, "regards givin' good advice as a form of amusement, same as telling funny stories."

AT AN END—the "female complaints" and "weaknesses that make woman's life a misery. They are relieved by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For all the derangements, disorders, and diseases peculiar to the sex, this is the only remedy certain to benefit.

It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization, and never conflicting with any of her conditions. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, builds up and invigorates the entire system, and restores health and strength.

Are you weak, nervous and ailing, or "run-down" and overworked? Then it will bring you special help. It's the mother's friend. It lessens pain and insures life of both mother and child.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has a record of years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful drugs. Sold in Tablet or Liquid form by dealers. Tablets 60c.—Adv.

Timepieces Need Care. Clocks will keep good time if they are not wound too tightly and never allowed to run down. An eight-day clock should be wound once in four days, and then half or little more than half way each time. A watch that is wound twice a day will keep better time than if it is wound up quite tight every 24 hours.

Made Careless by Prosperity. When all is prospering a nation seems to be in a crisis. Peace and prosperity make a people careless.—Athenian Globe.

Alcohol From Sawdust. Experiments have shown that a ton of dry sawdust will yield with proper treatment twenty to twenty-five gallons of 95 per cent ethyl or grain alcohol.

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Ouch! ? ! ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of America's women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.—Adv.

"To Thine Ownself Be True." If a man has nothing to reproach himself with, he can bear anything.—Phillips Brooks.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

Horse's Musical Sense. The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet calls.

Sore Eyes. Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Meriol Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Meriol Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye TREAT ask Meriol Eye Remedy Co., Chicago