

# 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.

Turkish troops have occupied Tabriz, next to Teheran the largest city in Persia, according to a Turkish official statement dated June 14.

Six submarines built for the Chilean government in the United States arrived Sunday at the port of Ballenita, Ecuador. They left an Atlantic port in the United States May 25.

All new crops have been ordered requisitioned by the Hungarian government, according to a report from Budapest. All flour mills have been put under government supervision.

The entire estate in this country of Mrs. Lily Buse, widow of Adolphus Buse, late millionaire brewer, of St. Louis, has been taken over by the government under the alien property law.

Major General Leonard Wood lost his fight to go to France in command of troops, temporarily at least, when orders were issued Wednesday reassigning him to train troops at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Award of the French cross of war to Private W. J. Guyton as the first American soldier to be killed on German soil, is announced by General Pershing. Guyton belonged to the American force operating in the Vosges.

Because of an unprecedented shortage of water in the Okanagan reclamation project in Northern Washington, the department of the Interior has asked congress for an appropriation of \$125,000 to pump water from a distance.

The senate by a vote of 51 to 11 adopted a house resolution authorizing the erection in a public park in Washington, D. C., of a statue of James Buchanan. Senators opposing the resolution attacked the loyalty of the former President.

What is claimed to be the world's record production of marketable potatoes on one acre, 49,531 pounds, or 825 bushels, has been made on an acre tract of land near Kanab, in the southeastern section of Utah, just a few miles from the Arizona state line.

E. P. Fry, a Goulding Creek, Mont., farmer, has been sentenced to serve six months in jail on his confession that he sold seed wheat he obtained from the county to assist him in spring planting. Fry was arrested on complaint of his father, who knew of the act.

A movement is afoot in Germany for the organization of strikes because of the decreased bread ration, says a dispatch to the Central News from Amsterdam. The situation, it is said, is so serious that Socialist trade unions have considered it necessary to warn the workers, but the latter have taken no notice of the warning.

Arrested in Bethlehem, Pa., on a charge of violating the trading-with-the-enemy act by conspiring to smuggle a mysterious message into Denmark, Charles Strangeland, a widely-known political economist and until recently second secretary of the American embassy in London, was held in \$10,000 bail by the Federal authorities.

The capture of Jeremiah O'Leary, Irish-American leader, under indictment in New York, on a chicken ranch near Portland, Or., will be followed soon by arrest of a number of other Irish agitators in the United States on charges of treason or espionage. The government has considerable undisclosed evidence against O'Leary and his companions, it is said.

William G. Russell, of Lubbock, Tex., was found guilty of the murder of Charles Qualey and sentenced to 10 years in the state penitentiary. Russell is a banker and cattle man of Lubbock.

Ivan Bradbury, a 14-year-old boy, of Baker Or., by reaching Nadie and Manley Strayer, daughter and son of Senator W. H. Strayer, with a raft after they had gone beyond their depth in a slough where they were bathing, saved the lives of both children.

Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, has arrived in Seattle to rest before her engagement at Camp Lewis, Tacoma, next week. According to her manager she will stop in the city during the week and make the 120 miles to the camp and back daily by automobile.

First Lieutenant Ray E. Schlexer, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., committed suicide in Chicago by shooting. In his hand was a note addressed to Miss Evelyn Rae, Morrison hotel, Chicago.

Unofficial estimates by naval experts show that in excess of 500,000 tons of shipping sunk by submarines may be re-floated as a result of salvage operations conducted by Great Britain and the other allied governments. American naval engineers are to be sent to assist in this work, taking with them a fleet of powerful seagoing tugs, scows and other equipment.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

General crop conditions in Polk county are bad and unless rain falls soon all harvests will be cut at least one-half. Aphids have destroyed all vetch and pea crops and have materially damaged the wheat.

Fire, believed to be of incendiary origin, completely wiped out the plant of the Rice-Kinder Lumber company at Lents, near Portland. The loss is estimated at between \$60,000 and \$70,000, covered by \$15,000 insurance.

Physical connection between the Oregon Electric and the Southern Pacific at somewhere near Jefferson street in Portland is ordered by Regional Director Aishton in a letter to the Public Service commission. Similar physical connection also is ordered at Albany.

A. E. Shuster, the North Bend justice of the peace who was convicted of appropriating \$800 of county and state money to his own uses, was sentenced by Judge John S. Coke, of the Circuit court, to spend from one to seven years in the state penitentiary and pay a fine of \$1300.

Although crops about Sheridan are fairly good on an average this year, the amount of rain for the spring season has been very small. At the present time it is feared the grain will not come up to the standard. Farmers are cultivating the soil as much as possible to keep the wet subsoil near the roots of garden stuff.

So excellent has been the work of the women, girls and boys who volunteered to go into the berry fields near Hood River that many of the growers feel that the problem has been met to their entire satisfaction and have declared their intention to continue to grow berries rather than plow up their fields as planned in case their berry crops were lost.

The sale of 4,190,000 feet of western yellow pine and 380,000 feet of other timber was authorized by District Forester Cecil to the Baker White Pine Lumber company, of Baker, Or. The timber is located on the Burnt river watershed, Whitman national forest, in Eastern Oregon. The prices range from \$2.25 to \$3 for the yellow pine to 50 cents per 1000 for the other species.

Indians from Warm Springs and Celilo take the myriads of brown, green and black aphids found sucking the life from plants in gardens adjoining the strawberry fields of Hood River as a forewarning of the approach of a severe winter. The warnings of the red men are having a better effect toward securing an advance ordering of winter fuel than the official advice of the fuel administration.

A second order granting a franchise has been granted to the Siuslaw Boom company covering a part of the Siuslaw river and streams and tributaries in Lane county. Under the new order Knowles, Hadsell and Sweet creeks which were covered by the first order are eliminated. The order is also amended to provide that the streams covered by the franchise are navigable to logs and provides that private operators along the streams shall not interfere with the rights of the company. The first order provided that the company should not interfere with the rights of private owners.

Portland's most novel demonstration of what the Red Cross can do will be furnished by the opening of a Red Cross salvage bureau which will handle junk—old iron, old metals of every possible description, rags, bones, paper, discarded material of all sorts ranging from tubes that once held shaving cream or tooth paste to the remains of great pieces of machinery.

The possible construction of a railroad by the federal government from Yaquina bay, through the Waldport country and into Lane county for the purpose of reaching valuable spruce tracts, is indicated by the presence of surveyors who are working on the west coast of Lane county near Hoceta Head lighthouse. The engineers have been working between Yaquina bay and Waldport for several weeks.

To have his right arm shot away and suffer other serious injuries while he slept in his bunkhouse was the unfortunate fate of R. T. Cornelius, an employe of the Pelican Bay Lumber company, when a highpower rifle in the hands of C. E. Lusk was accidentally discharged. Lusk was cleaning his gun in the room adjacent to that of Cornelius and it is believed that the muzzle of the gun was not over two feet from the victim when it was discharged.

Total fire loss in the state outside of Portland for May is estimated at \$261,000 by State Fire Marshal Wells, in his monthly report. This includes losses on 69 buildings, including 32 dwellings, 24 mercantile buildings and stocks, seven barns, four sawmills and one school. Two of the fires were from overheated stoves, three from explosion of gasoline, six from the explosion of lamps, six from electric irons and defective wiring, eight from exposures, 21 from defective flues, and 23 were incendiary or of unknown cause.

After I. G. McDonald, alias George Thompson, alias George Van Buren, parole violator, had been apprehended by Des Moines authorities and Oregon authorities were about to go after him news reached Salem that Thompson had been turned loose at Des Moines.

The recent hot days have caused a steady rise of the Columbia river, which now stands at the highest mark this season. Bottom land gardens are submerged. Probably the greatest loss will be to George L. Davenport, of Portland, who had his foreman plant a choice variety of potatoes in the land north of the Mosler depot last week.

## AUSTRIANS START GREAT OFFENSIVE

Drive Extends From Plateau of Asiago to Sea in Italy.

## RESISTANCE STRONG

Advance Into Defensive Area Draws Smashing Blows From Defenders—Attack Seems Failure.

Rome.—The Austrians began a great offensive at 7 o'clock Saturday morning on the front from the Asiago Plateau to the sea.

This announcement was made in the chamber of deputies by Premier Orlando, who added:

"Our troops are everywhere resisting magnificently. 'Nearly the whole of our front is engaged, as the offensive extends with extreme violence from Astico to the Brenta, from the Brenta to the Piave and along the Piave everywhere, involving the Astico Plateau, the Mount Grappa sector and the Plain.'"

The Italian and allied armies are bravely sustaining the weight of the Austrian forces which are attacking along the front of the Italian theater from the northwest of the Asiago plateau eastward to the Piave river and thence along that stream to where it joins the headwaters of the Adriatic sea, a front of nearly 100 miles.

The Austrians are striving to debouch from the mountain passes and cross the Piave river and gain the Venetian plains.

In the initial struggle the enemy succeeded in capturing several front line positions in the mountain region from the British and also in crossing the Piave.

Counter attacks, however, have restored all the positions in the mountains, including territory to a depth of 1000 yards along a 2500-yard front captured from the British.

At last accounts the allied troops everywhere were strongly holding the enemy and King Victor Emmanuel's men were gallantly striving to throw back the invaders across the Piave.

The Italians have taken more than 3000 Austrian prisoners, among them 89 officers.

The Vienna war office announces that up to noon Sunday more than 10,000 Italian, English and French soldiers and a considerable number of guns had been captured.

## CREW 15 DAYS IN OPEN BOAT

Schooner Crescent, With Copra Cargo, Burns in Mid-Ocean.

San Francisco.—After having been 15 days at sea in a 24-foot boat, the crew of the burned schooner Crescent, 12 men, with Captain T. Olson and his wife, calmly tied their craft up at a pier here late Sunday and climbed steadily up a ladder to shore and safety.

The crew had pulled at the oars steadily since the burning Crescent was abandoned at 3 a. m. June 1. Captain Olson navigated, and Mrs. Olson had portioned out their food stores with such precision that two days' full rations yet remained.

Not a craft was sighted, Captain Olson reported, from the time they set out in the small boat until they were well inside the Golden Gate. This was considered the more remarkable by the seafaring men who took charge of the party, because a steamer which arrived here June 9 reported that it had sighted the still smouldering hulk 400 miles off shore on June 2, and had kept a sharp lookout for survivors.

The Crescent, a five-masted wooden vessel of 1443 tons, left Sidney, Australia, March 23, for San Francisco with copra. A small fire which broke out in the galley at 8:30 p. m. May 31 defied the efforts of the ship's company to quench it, and seven hours later Captain Olson ordered the ship abandoned.

Mines Point to Hun Plot.

London.—The British admiralty announces that the area within five miles of where the Dutch hospital ship Kolninja Regentes was sunk has been searched and no mines have been found. But between June 2 and 7 nine newly moored German mines were swept up in the track used only by Dutch ships engaged in repatriating British and German prisoners.

"It seems clear," says the statement of the admiralty, "that the mines were laid to catch repatriating vessels on their passage west."

Paris Bolsters Defenses.

Paris.—General Gullaumont, who has been transferred from the post of commander-in-chief of the allied operations in the Balkans to that of military governor in Paris, in succession to General Duball, has arrived here from Saloniki and has taken up his new duties—the preparation of the defenses of Paris in co-operation with the newly organized defense committee. These defensive measures, Premier Clemenceau explained, are of a precautionary nature, for the safeguarding of the capital.

Dutch Helped Boche, Charge.

London.—The direct charge that the Dutch government sheltered a German vessel at a Dutch port to save her from being captured by the British is made in a British dispatch which has just been made public. The ship was the Maria, 4000 tons, which entered the harbor of Tandjong Priok, Java, Dutch East Indies, in May, 1918. She was flying the German mercantile flag, but is believed to have been a cruiser.

# "OVER THE TOP"

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

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### EMPEY GETS INTO THE FRONT LINE TRENCH—AND WISHES HE WERE BACK IN JERSEY CITY.

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."

#### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The greatest shock a recruit gets when he arrives at his battalion in France is to see the men engaging in a "cootie" hunt. With an air of contempt and disgust he avoids the company of the older men, until a couple of days later, in a torment of itching, he also has to resort to a shirt hunt, or spend many a sleepless night of misery. During these hunts there are lots of pertinent remarks bandied back and forth among the explorers, such as, "Say, Bill, I'll swap you two little ones for a big one," or, "I've got a black one here that looks like Kaiser Bill."

One sunny day in the front-line trench, I saw three officers sitting outside of their dugout ("cooties" are no respecters of rank; I have even noticed a suspicious uneasiness about a certain well-known general), one of them was a major, two of them were exploring their shirts, paying no attention to the occasional shells which passed overhead. The major was writing a letter; every now and then he would lay aside his writing-pad, search his shirt for a few minutes, get an inspiration, and then resume writing. At last he finished his letter and gave it to his "runner." I was curious to see whether he was writing to an insect firm, so when the runner passed me I engaged him in conversation and got a glimpse at the address on the envelope. It was addressed to Miss Alice Somebody, in London. The "runner" informed me that Miss Somebody was the major's sweetheart and that he wrote to her every day. Just imagine it, writing a love letter during a "cootie" hunt; but such is the creed of the trenches.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### I Go to Church.

Upon enlistment we had identity disks issued to us. These were small disks of red fiber worn around the neck by means of a string. Most of the Tommies also used a little metal disk which they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previously figured it out that if their heads were blown off, the disk on the neck would identify them. If they lost their left arm the disk around the neck would serve the purpose, but if their head and left arm were blown off, no one would care who they were, so it did not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the other was stamped your religion.

C. of E., meaning Church of England; R. C., Roman Catholic; W., Wesleyan; P., Presbyterian; but if you happened to be an atheist they left it blank, and just handed you a pteck and shov. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, any old thing," and he promptly put down C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religions I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday. I was sitting in the billet writing home to my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire—all recruits do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and shouted: "C. of E. outside for church parade!"

I kept on writing. Turning to me, in

a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you C. of E.?"

I answered, "Yep."

In an angry tone, he commanded, "Don't you 'yep' me. Say, 'Yes, sergeant major.'"

"I did so. Somewhat mollified, he ordered, 'Outside for church parade.'"

I looked up and answered, "I am not going to church this morning."

He said, "Oh, yes, you are!"

I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not!"—But I went.

We lined up outside with rifles and bayonets, 120 rounds of ammunition, wearing our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about five kilos, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field the chaplain was standing in a limber. We formed a semicircle around him. Overhead there was a black speck circling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain had a book in his left hand—left eye on the book—right eye on the airplane. We Tommies were lucky, we had no books, so had both eyes on the airplane.

After church parade we were marched back to our billets, and played football all afternoon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### "Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inspected by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. The boys in the brigade had nicknamed this general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart.

For the next ten days we "rested," repairing roads for the Frenches, drilling, and digging bombing trenches.

One morning we were informed that we were going up the line, and our march began.

It took us three days to reach reserve billets—each day's march bringing the sound of the guns nearer and nearer. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which lighted up the sky with a red glare.

Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane being shelled. A thrill ran through me and I gazed in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while little puffs of white smoke were bursting all around it. These puffs appeared like tiny balls of cotton while after each burst could be heard a dull "plop." The sergeant of my platoon informed us that it was a German airplane and I wondered how he could tell from such a distance because the plane seemed like a little black speck in the sky. I expressed my doubt as to whether it was English, French or German. With a look of contempt he further informed us that the allied anti-aircraft shells when exploding emitted white smoke while the German shells gave forth black smoke, and, as he expressed it, "It must be an Allemand because our pom-poms are shelling, and I know our batteries are not off their belly nappers and are certainly not strafing our own planes, and another piece of advice—don't chuck your weight about until you've been up the line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my weight about" from that time on. Just before reaching reserve billets

we were marching along, laughing, and singing one of Tommy's trench ditties: I want to go home, I want to go home. I don't want to go to the trenches no more

Where sausages and whizz-bangs are galore.

Take me over the sea, Where the Allemand can't get at me, Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home—"

When overhead came a "swish" through the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report—the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "coalboxes." A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into columns of fours, and proceeded on our way.

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H—, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large rats—big black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smoothed myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wended our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called "Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments slapping the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "type-writer" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp crackling noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak.

In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates."

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "snacks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rum issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dioxies or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

Empey takes his first turn on the firing step of the trench while the machine gun bullets whizz over his head. He soon learns why Tommy has adopted the motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry." Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

No one can kill time in these strenuous days without also slaying his own opportunities.

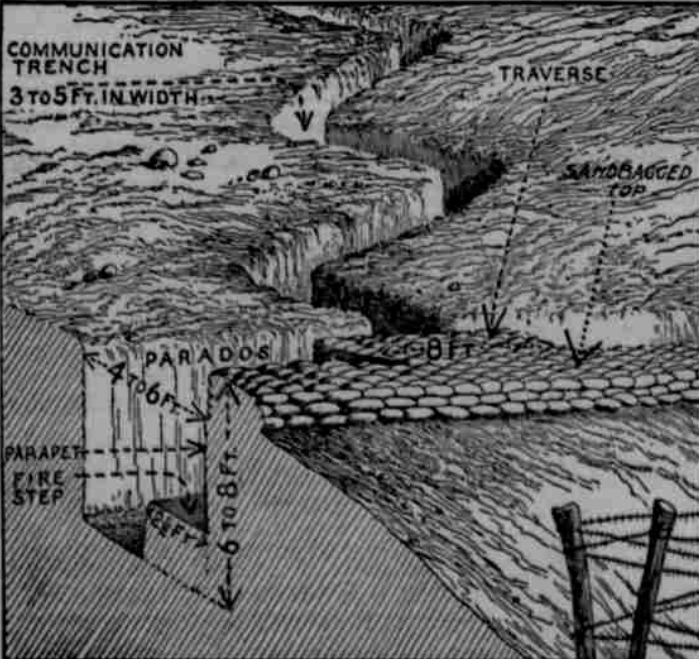


Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches.