

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.

Charles J. McCarthy was Tuesday inaugurated as governor of the territory of Hawaii, succeeding Lucius E. Pinkham.

President Wilson will deliver a Fourth of July address at Mount Vernon, Va., in connection with a celebration in which representatives of allied nations will participate.

Discontinuance of instruction in German at the University of Denver was announced Wednesday. During the second semester of this year only 50 students enrolled in the German classes.

Clarence Young of the American aviation forces, while making a flight, was compelled to descend within the Austrian lines. His comrades have assured headquarters he was not injured.

Representatives of civic organizations of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, at a conference in Seattle Monday, adopted a plan of organization for a zone industrial commission of the war industries board.

Mexican silver growers have entered into an agreement with the food administration to sell in this country 500,000 bales of this year's sisal crop at a price 3 cents a pound below that received last year.

Coal dealers and distributors are prohibited in a fuel administration order from adding to the price of coal they now have on hand the freight rate increases on this commodity which became effective Tuesday.

The Dublin police have seized 40,000 rounds of ammunition found in a consignment of grain in the Smithfield market. It is believed the consignment formed a part of a cargo of arms and ammunition landed on the northern coast some time ago.

A Washington dispatch says the entente allies are earnestly seeking a solution of the Russian problem—one that will assist President Wilson in the execution of his pledge to "stand behind Russia"—and latest reports from Europe indicate that progress is being made.

Lloyd George, in discussing the war situation Monday in the house of commons, referred to the amazing organization which was bringing American troops to France. "Enough Americans," he added, "have arrived to satisfy the allies and to disappoint and ultimately defeat our foes."

American troops on the Marne front Monday night captured the northwestern part of Belleu Wood. The Americans cleared this strategic position of all Germans, captured some prisoners and took five machine guns. The Americans are now in complete possession of the woods.

More than 700 men of draft age were rounded up by the New York police in the Brownsville district of Brooklyn Tuesday and questioned concerning their registration cards. The raid was prompted by local draft officers, who were disappointed in the registration of June 4.

The accusation that Alonza Sargent, engineer of the empty troop train which crashed into the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus sleepers near Gary, Ind., causing the death of 85 persons, was asleep at his throttle, was made Tuesday by J. McFadden, attorney for the Michigan Central railway.

A proclamation issued Tuesday declares the seaport of Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, to be a special military area. This means the same system of martial law has been applied to Tralee as has been enforced in the County Clare. Permits will be necessary for persons to enter the prescribed district.

The Austrians have been able to make virtually no progress against the British forces holding an important section of the line on the Italian front, says a London dispatch Thursday.

Drenching rains on the Flathead reservation, Montana, have saved a probable wheat crop of 2,000,000 bushels just as farmers were getting ready to turn stock into their fields, according to reports.

Only five minutes were required for passage Thursday by the senate of the annual general pension bill, carrying \$220,000,000, the largest pension measure by \$12,000,000 in the government's history.

Austria's grain supplies have completely run out and such food of this nature as she is getting is coming from what Germany has allotted to her from the Ukrainian supplies, according to indications in a Copenhagen dispatch to the London Exchange Telegraph company.

The Americans in the Woevre sent their first gas against the German lines from projectors Wednesday morning. A German raid at Remieres Wood was repulsed. Some of the enemy were killed and one prisoner was taken.

FREEDOM'S GREETING

O stars of Freedom's banner bright
That clustered shine in field of blue.
From faint, far depths of heaven's height
Your constellated fires you drew
From starry ways of ages down
You bring the light of old renown!

Greece first your dawn-bright radiance knew
When Freedom's star rose o'er the deep,
And Athens' glory full orb'd grew
When Parthenon crowned the Acropolis steep.
The fame of Greece then brightly shone
With splendor since through ages known.

But kindled by Prometheus fire
O'er other lands rose Freedom's stars.
Unquenched by blood, they still aspire
Where far beyond the old world bars
They rose above the new world bright
And blent as one their kindred light.

Long may these stars undimmed still shine
In Freedom's glorious galaxy!
Long may our land still be the shrine
To all the world of Liberty,
Whose statue stands at Freedom's gates
And for the coming millions waits!

—H. T. Suddath in New York World.



"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

EMPEY TAKES HIS FIRST TURN ON THE FIRING STEP OF THE TRENCH WHILE BULLETS WHIZ OVERHEAD.

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.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells.

I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes—I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely blocking it with a wall of tossed-up earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an awful sight met my gaze—his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste. Stretcher-bearers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddy forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, had died without firing a shot, but their services were appreciated, nevertheless.

Later on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft.

I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of rebuilding the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was soaked with sweat.

Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed—you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixie of hot stew.

I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud. The man on my left noticed this, and told the corporal, dishing out the rations, to put my share in his mess tin. Then he whispered to me, "Always take care of your mess tin, mate."

I had learned another maxim of the trenches.

That stew tasted fine. I was as hungry as a bear. We had "seconds," or another helping, because three of the men had "gone West," killed by the explosion of the German trench mortar, and we ate their share, but still I was hungry, so I filled in with bully beef and biscuits. Then I drained my water bottle. Later on I learned another maxim of the front line, "Go sparingly with your water." The bully beef made me thirsty, and by tea time I was dying for a drink, but my pride would not allow me to ask my mates for water. I was fast learning the ethics of the trenches.

That night I was put on guard with an older man. We stood on the fire step with our hands over the top, peering out into No Man's Land. It was nervous work for me, but the other fellow seemed to take it as part of the night's routine.

Then something shot past my face. My heart stopped beating, and I ducked my head below the parapet. A soft

chuckle from my mate brought me to my senses, and I feebly asked, "For heaven's sake, what was that?"

He answered, "Only a rat taking a promenade along the sandbags." I felt very sheepish.

About every twenty minutes the sentry in the next traverse would fire a star shell from his flare pistol. The "plop" would give me a start of fright. I never got used to this noise during my service in the trenches.

I would watch the arc described by the star shell, and then stare into No Man's Land waiting for it to burst. In its lurid light the barbed wire and stakes would be silhouetted against its light like a latticed window. Then darkness.

Once, out in front of our wire, I heard a noise and saw dark forms moving. My rifle was lying across the sandbagged parapet. I reached for it, and was taking aim to fire, when my mate grasped my arm, and whispered, "Don't fire." He challenged in a low voice. The reply came back instantly from the dark forms:

"Shut your blinkin' mouth, you bloomin' idiot; do you want us to clobber you from the Boches?"

Later we learned that the word, "No challenging or firing, wiring party out in front," had been given to the sentry on our right, but he had failed to pass it down the trench. An officer had overheard our challenge and the reply, and immediately put the offending sentry under arrest. The sentry cycled twenty-one days on the wheel, that is, he received twenty-one days' field punishment No. 1, or "crucifixion," as Tommy terms it.

This consists of being spread-eagled on the wheel of a limber two hours a day for twenty-one days, regardless of the weather. During this period, your rations consist of bully beef, biscuits and water.

A few months later I met this sentry and he confided to me that since being "crucified," he had never failed to pass the word down the trench when so ordered. In view of the offense, the above punishment was very light, in that falling to pass the word down a trench may mean the loss of many lives, and the spoiling of some important enterprise in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.

"Back of the Line."

Our tour in the front-line trench lasted four days, and then we were relieved by the — brigade.

Going down the communication trench we were in a merry mood, although we were cold and wet, and every bone in our bodies ached. It makes a lot of difference whether you are "going in" or "going out."

At the end of the communication trench, limbers were waiting on the road for us. I thought we were going to ride back to rest billets, but soon found out that the only time an infantryman rides is when he is wounded and is bound for the base or Blighty. These limbers carried our reserve ammunition and rations. Our march to rest billets was thoroughly enjoyed by me. It seemed as if I were on furlough, and was leaving behind everything that was disagreeable and horrible. Every recruit feels this way after being relieved from the trenches.

We marched eight kilos and then halted in front of a French estaminet. The captain gave the order to turn out on each side of the road and wait his return. Pretty soon he came back and told B company to occupy billets 117, 118 and 119. Billet 117 was an old stable which had previously been occupied by cows. About four feet in front of the entrance was a huge manure pile, and the odor from it was anything but pleasant. Using my flashlight I stumbled through the door. Just before entering I observed a white sign reading: "Sitting 50, lying 20," but, at the time, its significance did not strike me. Next morning I asked the sergeant major what it meant. He nonchalantly answered: "That's some of the work of the R. A. M. C. (Royal Army Medical Corps). It simply means that in case of an attack, this billet will accommodate fifty wounded who are able to sit up and take notice, or twenty stretcher cases."

It was not long after this that I was one of the "20 lying."

I soon hit the hay and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orderly, and to report to the cook and give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, carry water from an old well, and fry the bacon. Lids of dixies are used to cook the bacon in. After breakfast was cooked, I carried a dixie of hot tea and the lid full of bacon to our section, and told the corporal that breakfast was ready. He looked at me in contempt, and then shouted, "Breakfast up, come and get it!" I immediately got wise to the trench parlance, and never again informed that "Breakfast was served."

It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed, they lined up with their canteens and I dished out the tea. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before. Then I had the pleasure of seeing them dig into the bacon with their dirty fingers. The allowance was one slice per man. The late ones received very small slices. As each Tommy got his share he immediately disappeared into the billet. Pretty soon about fifteen of them made a rush to the cookhouse, each carrying a huge slice of bread. These slices they dipped into the bacon grease which was stewing over the fire. The last man invariably lost out. I was the last man.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the billet and got busy removing the trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a. m. they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and woe betide the man who was unshaven, or had mud on his uniform. Cleanliness is next to godliness in the British army, and Old Pepper must have been personally acquainted with St. Peter.

Our drill consisted of close-order formation, which lasted until noon. During this time we had two ten-minute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag and lighted it.

Fags are issued every Sunday morning, and you generally get between twenty and forty. The brand generally issued is the "Woodbine." Sometimes we are lucky and get "Goldflakes," "Players" or "Red Hussars." Occasionally an issue of "Life Rays" comes along. Then the older Tommies immediately get busy on the recruits and trade these for "Woodbines" or "Goldflakes." A recruit only has to be stuck once in this manner, and then he ceases to be a recruit. There is a

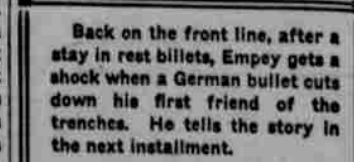


Resting Back of the Lines.

reason. Tommy is a great cigarette smoker. He smokes under all conditions, except when unconscious or when he is reconnoitering in No Man's Land at night. Then, for obvious reasons, he does not care to have a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

Stretcher bearers carry fags for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher bearer arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer—"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers, "Yes. In the leg."

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, bully beef, Maconochie rations and water—plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Back on the front line, after a stay in rest billets, Empey gets a shock when a German bullet cuts down his first friend of the trenches. He tells the story in the next installment.

Make Light of Heavy Loads. The streets of Jerusalem within the walls are as narrow and crowded that it is impossible to drive a wagon through them, and many of them are built of a series of steps upon the hillside, so that it is a task to lead camels or donkeys through them after sunrise. Therefore most of the carrying and portering is done by men. They carry the most surprising loads. I am told that they will step along briskly with 600 pounds on their backs, with stout ropes holding the bundles to their foreheads.—Exchange.

MILITARY POST THAT WAS NAMED FOR WASHINGTON

Carlisle, Pa., Claims to Have Had Within Its Limits a Station of Importance That Antedates the National Capital by Many Years—Made First Move for American Liberty.

CARLISLE, Pa., claims to have had within its limits the first place (Washingtonburg) in the United States to be named for George Washington and to have the oldest meeting house west of the Susquehanna, wherein the germ of American liberty was conceived.

Access to hidden records and facts long buried in state archives is rewriting history and a lately discovered "Uncompleted Paper" by the late Christian P. Humrich, Esq., discloses the fact that on the present site of the United States Indian school at Carlisle in pre-revolutionary times was an establishment of "recognized importance, and of great historical interest," known as Washingtonburg.

No record is found in state or county of its existence, but research shows that it was quite an important place and more than a suburb of Carlisle. It was a national and not a state est-



James Wilson.

ablishment, for "Col. Flower, Commissary-General of Military Stores," requests that he might have "Carpenters, Farriers, Gun Smiths, Timmen, Saddlers and Shoemakers" for work at this place.

Coal Used Industrially.

Dr. Charles F. Himes of Dickinson college writes: "It was, too, an up-to-date, or rather, away-ahead-of-date, establishment, at least in regard to fuel employed, for anthracite coal from Wilkesbarre region was floated down the Susquehanna and hauled in wagons from Harris' Ferry (Harrisburg) to this point. This was the first use of such coal, on such a scale, and for industrial purposes." Evidence of the large force of workmen employed is found in a meat bill, dated February 7, 1781, for 150 head of beef cattle to supply the artificers and others at Washingtonburg, at the "Continental works near Carlisle."

The contention is that this military

post was the first place in the United States to be named for Washington and that its existence antedates by years Washington, D. C.

When General Washington was in Carlisle during the whisky rebellion he, with Alexander Hamilton, worshipped in the "Old Presbyterian Meeting House" on the public square in Carlisle, and it was in this identical meeting house, on July 12, 1774, a year before the Mecklenburg declaration, a public meeting of patriotic citizens gathered from the town and surrounding country, condemned the act of the British parliament and urged vigorous measures to correct the wrong. Col. John Montgomery was the presiding officer. James Wilson was present and was appointed one of the members of the committee to meet with other committees to take action. He was later a member of the Continental congress, a signer of the Declaration and a justice of the Supreme court. Wing's history states, "and when in the Continental congress he received instructions from his constituents in Cumberland county to advocate an entire separation from the mother country. This was probably the first utterance of that sentiment of the country."

Bancroft's Tribute to Wilson. Bancroft says of Wilson: "He was an ardent patriot, like many other eminent men of that day—not at first avowedly in favor of severance from the mother country, but he desired it when he received definite instruction from his constituents."

Bellman, writing of the potency of this meeting held in the "Old Meeting House" on July 12, 1774, says: "The influence, therefore, of the meeting, or of subsequent instructions to which it gave rise, seems to have determined the action of Pennsylvania in that great crisis which men even like John Dickinson were too timid or too cowardly to meet."

The vote of James Wilson determined the vote of Pennsylvania. Had Pennsylvania failed to accept the resolution we today would be under another flag.

Philadelphia may be considered "The birthplace of American liberty," but its conception in the "Old Presbyterian Meeting House," in Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, made it possible to be born.

The Scotch-Irish part in the Revolutionary war and the events preceding it is becoming more apparent and important, and the actions taken in the Presbyterian meeting houses throughout Pennsylvania are vital to historic recital.

Principle Must Be Adhered To.

One of the statesmen who fashioned this government upon its broad lines that have endured left us the guiding words that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we should hold fast to that in all our future; that vigilance which shall make us prepared in peace for possible war, prepared in war for promised peace, and watchful both in peace and war for the principles and the policies which will save, if anything will save, our republic till nations are no more.

Put His Americanism First.

"You must remember," said he who first came to us as Marquis de la Fayette when he was asked by what title he preferred to be addressed when he was last on these shores, "that I am an American general."

He had renounced meanwhile one of the proudest patents of nobility in France that he might feel stronger within him the call of freedom. The reply is characteristic of his whole outlook of life.