

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.

The Standard Oil company's tank steamer Luz Blaca was torpedoed and sunk 40 miles off Halifax, N. S., Tuesday, after a thrilling three hours' battle with a German submarine.

Acting on instructions of the state council of defense, Butte, Mont., police early Monday morning made the arrest of 60 men who will be held for investigation. They are charged with violating the law relating to non-producers.

The Germans on both sides of Albert have retreated from the western to the eastern bank of the Ancre river, according to the German official communication issued Tuesday. The statement says the withdrawal was made without opposition.

Continuation of the German withdrawal to the Aisne line is anticipated by army officers in Washington. The fact that the Vesle has been crossed in several places seems to make it certain that no very determined stand is to be expected there.

The first six airplanes especially constructed to carry mail pouches over the Washington - Philadelphia - New York air post were delivered to the government Tuesday by the Standard Airplane corporation of Elizabeth, N. J. The machines will be put into immediate service.

France's war mission to Australia, headed by Albert Metin, member of the Chamber of Deputies and former cabinet officer, and with the famous General Pau as chief of the military section, has arrived in Washington. Arrangements were made for them to call on President Wilson.

Prohibition of intoxicating liquor to the armed forces of the United States has been extended to the merchant marine recruits being trained by the United States shipping board, it was announced in San Francisco Tuesday by Captain I. N. Hibberd, supervisor of sea training for California.

Charged with conspiracy in allowing and accepting over a five-year period rebates on freight charges for livestock shipments, the Pennsylvania Railroad company, Armour & Company, Swift & Company and the Jersey City Stockyards company were indicted by a New York federal grand jury Tuesday.

To help finance crop movements the war finance corporation has announced it would welcome applications from banks for loans to cover advances by the banks to farmers and merchants for harvesting and marketing wheat and other crops. Loans will be limited to four months and will carry interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Paper mills have been listed as an essential industry, the priorities division of the war industries board announced Monday on the understanding that the greatest possible economy will be exercised in the use of paper and that newspapers will reduce their consumption of news print 15 per cent on daily editions and 20 per cent on Sunday editions.

The Colorado state supreme court Tuesday stopped temporarily the "junking" of the Colorado Midland railroad, granting an application to stay action until the attorney-general has had an opportunity to present an application for a writ of superadeas. The supreme court's action does not restore train service, which was discontinued. Inability to meet operating expenses was the cause of the circuit court's decree.

President Wilson has signed the congressional resolution revoking the charter of the National German-American Alliance, which was charged with pro-German activities.

Since March 21 of this year, the British have taken 14,500 prisoners on the western front. James Ian MacPherson, parliamentary secretary of the war office, informed the house of commons Friday.

The French government has conferred upon Otto H. Kahn, American banker, the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services on behalf of the allied cause both before and since America entered the war.

The five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clint Sharp, of Newman Canyon, was instantly killed at Heppner, Or., Thursday morning when an auto in which he and two smaller brothers were playing ran away and overturned. The other children were seriously injured.

John J. Bensing, missing cashier of the Peoria, Ill., postoffice and said to be a relative of Count von Bernstorff, is sought on a charge of absconding with a postoffice payroll of \$6000 and an additional \$5000 lost from the war-savings stamp fund.

An eight-hour working day for deck and engine room crews on all vessels in the Pacific Steamship Company's service was announced in San Francisco to become effective at once. This change was ordered by General Manager A. F. Haynes, Seattle. About 1000 employees of the company were said to be included in the change.

BOLSHEVIKI GROWL AT JAPS

Hostilities Likely on Account of Intervention, Says Lenine.

London.—A declaration of war by the Bolsheviki against Japan is one of the possibilities of the near future, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch Wednesday from Copenhagen. The significance of the dispatch lies especially in the fact that this report of Bolsheviki intentions reached Copenhagen from Moscow by way of Berlin.

Premier Lenine, the message adds, up to this time, has been opposed to such action, but it is believed that Russia "will be compelled to declare war, notwithstanding the fact that we are opposed to any new war."

Official announcement was made of the landing of allied forces, naval and military, at Archangel, on August 2. The landing was in concurrence with the wishes of the Russian population, it is said, and caused general enthusiasm.

Tokio.—Premier Count Terauchi, speaking of allied action in Siberia, said Japan would take further military measures in case the position of the Czech-Slovaks demanded it.

The premier indicated that if the chaotic situation in Siberia continued, Japan might find it necessary to adopt suitable military measures to combat the Austro-German menace in the far east.

Count Terauchi said that the present step had been taken in perfect accord with the allies. If it should be necessary for the allies to dispatch additional troops and arms the country must be prepared to meet the emergency.

It is understood that the Seiyukai majority party in the house is willing to adopt a wait-and-see policy. Consequently the Kensei Kai minority, which had hoped to effect an opposition combination, is powerless for the present.

'WOMAN AND BABY' DESTROY SUBMARINE

London.—Revelations regarding the work of British mystery craft known as "Q" ships, which have played an important part in anti-submarine warfare, are made by the naval correspondent of the Times.

How a "woman and baby" accounted for a U-boat is told by the correspondent.

The submarine ordered a vessel to surrender and fired a few shells into her. The boats then left the ship, leaving on board a woman who had run up and down the deck with a baby in her arms as if mad.

The U-boat came alongside the vessel and the woman hurled the "baby" into the open hatch. The "baby" exploded and blew out the bottom of the submarine. The "woman" was decorated with the Victoria cross.

On another occasion a retired admiral, serving as a captain, placed a haystack on board an ancient looking craft. When the U-boat ordered her to surrender the Germans were astonished to receive a broadside from the haystack.

A seavorn tramp steamer was crossing the North Sea when a submarine ordered the crew to abandon the ship. So sure was the German of his prey that the bombs with which he intended to sink the vessel were brought on deck around the conning tower. It required only a shell or two from the tramps' concealed armament to explode the bombs and blow the U-boat out of the water.

Washington, D. C.—Until the close of the war it will be the policy of the government to make no contribution to permanent highway improvement in or to national parks, unless there is some war purpose to be promoted by such work. There will be no diminution, however, in road maintenance, in order to keep the roads passable for tourists. Announcement of this policy was made in correspondence to Senator Charles L. McNary, relative to improvement of the road from Medford to Klamath Falls, by way of Crater Lake.

Belgium Honors Hoover
Havre.—The Belgian government has conferred the title of "honorary citizen and friend of the Belgian nation" on Herbert C. Hoover, the American food administrator.

Paris.—Herbert C. Hoover, American food administrator, has paid a visit to the battlefield, where he rendered homage to the American soldiers who have fallen on the field of honor. Among the places he visited was Belleau Wood. He went over the ground where the American army made heroic stand against the Germans.

Homes Open to Soldiers.
Paris.—French homes may be opened to soldiers from America, the British dominions and the French colonies under plans which are now being studied. It is believed that "Franco-allied clubs" will be formed so that people unable to open their own homes may meet the allied soldiers on a social footing. Premier Clemenceau has given his hearty approval to the idea, saying it was "excellent popular diplomacy."

Germans Rob Belgium.
London.—Speaking in the house of commons Tuesday, Lord Robert Cecil, assistant secretary of state for foreign affairs, stated that the Germans had levied war contributions to a total of 2,330,000,000 francs upon Belgium, besides enormous fines upon localities, firms and individuals. These "monstrous exactions," he said, must certainly be taken into account when peace terms are being arranged.

Cholera Toll is Heavy.
Amsterdam.—There are more than 20,000 cases of cholera in Potrograd, according to the Fremdenblatt, of Hamburg, which reports that up to last Saturday 1100 deaths had occurred.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The forest fire situation in the district near Kirk, 40 miles north of Klamath Falls, is somewhat improved.

The Astoria federal authorities have picked up two alleged slackers. They are Kustaa Heikkila, who was called with the second draft, and Frank Russell, who is wanted by the Seattle authorities for failing to report when called for military service.

Gifford Cheshire, aged 13, of Cheshire, Lane county, is making money as a pig raiser. He delivered two hogs to a buyer in Junction City this week. The sale of the animals realized \$87.97. The boy says he expects to invest his money in war savings stamps and more pigs.

A carload of matches on a north-bound freight train caught fire Tuesday afternoon while the train was switching in the Southern Pacific yards in Albany. The fire did not spread so rapidly as the nature of the contents of the car would indicate, for the boxes were packed closely.

Mrs. S. B. Thompson of Pendleton has learned from the war department that her nephew, Sergeant Hugh Leland, a member of the seventh United States Infantry, was wounded severely while fighting in France. The young man was born in Pendleton. He joined the service at the time of the Mexican border expedition.

The supreme court library has filed its estimate for the next biennium with the state tax commission at \$15,500. Of this \$6000 is represented in salaries and \$10,500 in new books. A total of \$15,000 was appropriated for the present biennium. The library estimates that it will take in \$1200 in fees from bar examinations.

Lum Yen, proprietor of a Chinese opium joint at Astoria, is being held by the federal authorities under \$1000 cash bail to await the action of the federal grand jury on a charge of having opium in his possession. Yen had five full and three half cans of opium, as well as a number of opium cards, which he was selling at 50 cents each.

The Altamont Ranch, two miles southeast of Klamath Falls, a 650-acre tract and one of the most valuable in Klamath county, has been taken over by Asa Fordyce, a stockman of the Fort Klamath district, from Captain J. W. Siemens. The consideration was not made public. Captain Siemens has purchased from Bellman & Son 320 acres adjoining his other property.

Final completion of the paving on what is known as the Bellevue extension east of Sheridan indicates that state force account highway work can be done more cheaply than under private contract. Approximate figures just announced show that the work was done at least \$12,000 cheaper than the lowest bid of \$52,000, made by a private contractor, and it may run as much as \$2000 lower than that estimate.

The Bandon woolen mill, conducted for the past year under direction of E. H. Tyrone, as receiver, and which had run on government contracts, has been purchased by E. N. Smith, a former resident of the county. The past activities of the mill have required the employment of 20 operators, but the new owner contemplates an increase in capacity and the addition of new machinery sufficient to double the number of employees and the manufacture of a wider range of woolsens. Much of the past year's output went to a government contracting company in Chicago.

That the forest fires near Kirk, in northern Klamath county, which Friday were threatening the timber tracts of the Pelican Bay Lumber company, are checked somewhat owing to a heavy rain, is the belief of the company officials, although they have been unable to reach the camps in that district by phone.

The Horst evaporator plant at Independence has closed down temporarily, as the crews had disposed of all the available vegetables. As soon as more supplies reach the plant it will resume operations again. The Horst plant gives employment to a number of people, as it is filling a large government contract for dried fruits and vegetables.

A loss of \$60,000 is estimated as the result of a fire which destroyed a warehouse at Wacanda, nine miles north of Salem, at an early hour Friday. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The heaviest losers are Paul Marnarch and L. F. Evans, of Salem, who had stored oak lumber in the building for use in eastern Oregon.

The Hood River peach crop is short, and it is likely that fruit will have to be imported to meet the canning demands of local housewives. Numerous ranchers who sold quantities of peaches last season report that their trees are bare of fruit this year. The earlier variety of peaches are reaching the market now and meets a ready demand at 4 cents a pound.

Frank L. Grannis, of Marshfield, is on his way to the cadet officers' training camp at the Presidio of San Francisco, where he will receive instruction in military science. Mr. Grannis is one of two faculty members, of the Eugene high school, who will take the course provided by the war department in fitting themselves to act as instructors of the high school cadets.

Judge I. B. Hazeltine, for many years county judge of Grant county and recorder of the town of Canyon City for upward of a quarter of a century, suffered a stroke of paralysis Tuesday at his home in Canyon City and is not expected to recover.

While trolling for salmon in the Columbia at the mouth of the White Salmon river Wednesday, Herman O. Kresse, a Hood River druggist, caught two large Dolly Varden trout. While these game fish are often caught in the smaller streams, it is unusual to catch them in the deep water of the Columbia.

"OVER THE TOP" By An American Arthur Guy Empey Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

EMPEY AND A COMRADE HAVE EXCITING EXPERIENCE WHILE ON LISTENING POST DUTY.

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. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Much attention is required by wounded men from the corps of doctors and nurses. On listening post detail.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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If a man is killed he is buried, and the responsibility of the government ceases, excepting for the fact that his people receive a pension. But if a man is wounded it takes three men from the firing line, the wounded man and two men to carry him to the rear to the advanced first-aid post. Here he is attended by a doctor, perhaps assisted by two R. A. M. C. men. Then he is put into a motor ambulance, manned by a crew of two or three. At the field hospital, where he generally goes under an anesthetic, either to have his wounds cleaned or to be operated on, he requires the services of about three to five persons. From this point another ambulance ride impresses more men in his service, and then at the ambulance train, another corps of doctors, R. A. M. C. men, Red Cross nurses and the train's crew. From the train he enters the base hospital or casualty clearing station, where a good-sized corps of doctors, nurses, etc., are kept busy. Another ambulance journey is next in order—this time to the hospital ship. He crosses the channel, arrives in Blighty—more ambulances and perhaps a ride for five hours on an English Red Cross train with its crew of Red Cross workers, and at last he reaches the hospital. Generally he stays from two to six months, or longer, in this hospital. From here he is sent to a convalescent home for six weeks.

If by wounds he is unfitted for further service, he is discharged, given a pension, or committed to a soldiers' home for the rest of his life—and still the expense piles up. When you realize that all the ambulances, trains and ships, not to mention the man power, used in transporting a wounded man, could be used for supplies, ammunition and reinforcements for the troops at the front, it will not appear strange that from a strictly military standpoint, a dead man is sometimes better than a live one (if wounded).

Not long after the first digging party, our general decided, after a careful tour of inspection of the communication trenches, upon "an ideal spot," as he termed it, for a machine-gun emplacement; took his map, made a dot on it, and as he was wont, wrote "dig here," and the next night we dug.

There were twenty in the party, myself included. Armed with picks, shovels and empty sandbags we arrived at the "ideal spot" and started digging. The moon was very bright, but we did not care as we were well out of sight of the German lines.

We had gotten about three feet down, when the fellow next to me, after a mighty stroke with his pick, let go of the handle, and pinched his nose with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time letting out the explosion, "Gott strafe me pink, I'm bloody well gassed, not 'alf I ain't." I quickly turned in his direction with an inquiring look, at the same instant reaching for my gas bag. I soon found out what was ailing him. One whiff was enough and I lost no time in also pinching my nose. The stench was awful. The rest of the digging party dropped their picks and shovels and beat it for the weather side of that solitary pick. The officer came over and inquired why the work had suddenly ceased, holding our noses, we simply pointed in the direction of the smell. He went over to the pick, immediately clapped his hand over his nose, made an "about turn" and came back. Just then our captain came along and investigated, but after about a minute said we had better carry on with the digging, that he did not see why we should have stopped as the odor was very faint, but if necessary he would allow us our gas helmets while digging. He would stay and see the thing through, but he had to report back to brigade headquarters immediately. We wished that we were captains and also had a date at brigade headquarters. With our gas helmets on we again attacked that hole and uncovered the decomposed body of a German; the pick was sticking in his chest. One of the men fainting. I was that one. Upon this our lieutenant halted proceedings and sent word back to headquarters and word came back that after we filled in the hole we could knock off for the night. This was welcome tidings to us, because—

Next day the general changed the dot on his map and another emplacement was completed the following night.

The odor from the dug-up, decomposed human body has an effect which is hard to describe. It first produces a nauseating feeling, which, especially after eating, causes vomiting. This relieves you temporarily, but soon a weakening sensation follows, which leaves you limp as a dishrag. Your spirits are at their lowest ebb and you feel a sort of hopelessness and a mad desire to escape it all, to get to the open fields and the perfume of the flowers in Blighty. There is a sharp, prickling sensation in the nostrils, which reminds one of breathing coal gas through a radiator in the floor, and you want to sneeze, but cannot. This was the effect on me, surmounted by a vague horror of the awfulness of the thing and an ever-recurring reflection that, perhaps I, sooner or later, would be in such a state and be brought to light by the blow of a pick in the hands of some Tommy on a digging party.

Several times I have experienced this odor, but never could get used to it; the enervating sensation was always present. It made me hate war and wonder why such things were countenanced by civilization, and all the spice and glory of the conflict would disappear, leaving the grim reality. But after leaving the spot and filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure, fresh air, you forget and once again want to be "up and at them."

CHAPTER XV.

Listening Post.

It was six in the morning when we arrived at our rest billets, and we were allowed to sleep until noon; that is, if we wanted to go without our breakfast. For sixteen days we remained



Entrance to a Dugout.

in rest billets, digging roads, drilling, and other fatigues, and then back into the front-line trench.

Nothing happened that night, but the next afternoon I found out that a bomber is general utility man in a section.

About five o'clock in the afternoon our lieutenant came down the trench and stopping in front of a bunch of us on the fire step, with a broad grin on his face, asked:

"Who is going to volunteer for listening post tonight? I need two men."

It is needless to say no one volunteered, because it is anything but a cushy job. I began to feel uncomfortable as I knew it was getting around for my turn. Sure enough, with another grin, he said:

"Empey, you and Wheeler are due, so come down into my dugout for instructions at six o'clock."

Just as he left and was going around a traverse, Fritz turned loose with a machine gun and the bullets ripped the sandbags right over his head. It gave me great pleasure to see him duck against the parapet. He was getting a taste of what we would get later out in front.

Then, of course, it began to rain. I knew it was the forerunner of a miserable night for us. Every time I had to go out in front, it just naturally

rained. Old Jupiter Pluvius must have had it in for me.

At six we reported for instructions. They were simple and easy. All we had to do was to crawl out into No Man's Land, lie on our bellies with our ears to the ground and listen for the tap, tap of the German engineers or sappers who might be tunnelling under No Man's Land to establish a mine-head beneath our trench.

Of course, in our orders we were told not to be captured by German patrols or reconnoitering parties. Lots of breath is wasted on the western front giving silly cautions.

As soon as it was dark, Wheeler and I crawled to our post which was about halfway between the lines. It was raining bucketfuls, the ground was a sea of sticky mud and hung to us like glue.

We took turns in listening with our ears to the ground. I would listen for twenty minutes while Wheeler would be on the qui vive for German patrols.

We each wore a wristwatch, and believe me, neither one of us did over twenty minutes. The rain soaked us to the skin and our ears were full of mud.

Every few minutes a bullet would crack overhead or a machine gun would traverse back and forth.

Then all firing suddenly ceased. I whispered to Wheeler, "Keep your eye skinned, mate; most likely Fritz has a patrol out—that's why the Boches have stopped firing."

We were each armed with a rifle and bayonet and three Mills bombs to be used for defense only.

I had my ear to the ground. All of a sudden I heard faint, dull thuds. In a low but excited voice I whispered to Wheeler, "I think they are mining, listen."

He put his ear to the ground and in an unsteady voice spoke into my ear:

"Yank, that's a patrol and it's heading our way. For God's sake keep still."

I was as still as a mouse and was scared stiff.

Hardly breathing and with eyes trying to pierce the inky blackness, we waited. I would have given a thousand pounds to have been safely in my dugout.

Then we plainly heard footsteps and our hearts stood still.

A dark form suddenly loomed up in front of me; it looked as big as the Woolworth building. I could hear the blood rushing through my veins and it sounded as loud as Niagara falls.

Forms seemed to emerge from the darkness. There were seven of them in all. I tried to wish them away. I never wished harder in my life. They muttered a few words in German and melted into the blackness. I didn't stop wishing either.

All of a sudden we heard a stumble, a muddy splash, and a muttered "Donner und Blitzen." One of the Boches had tumbled into a shell hole. Neither of us laughed. At that time—it didn't strike us as funny.

About twenty minutes after the Germans had disappeared something from the rear grabbed me by the foot. I nearly fainted with fright. Then a welcome whisper in a cockney accent. "I s'y, myte, we've come to relieve you."

Wheeler and I crawled back to our trench; we looked like wet hens and felt worse. After a swig of rum we were soon fast asleep on the fire step in our wet clothes.

The next morning I was as stiff as a poker and every joint ached like a bad tooth, but I was still alive, so it did not matter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Battery D 238.

The day after this I received the glad tidings that I would occupy the machine gunners' dugout right near the advanced artillery observation post. This dugout was a roomy affair, dry as tinder, and real cots in it. These cots had been made by the R. E.'s who had previously occupied the dugout. I was the first to enter and promptly made a signboard with my name and number on it and suspended it from the foot of the most comfortable cot therein.

In the trenches it is always "first come, first served," and this is lived up to by all.

Two R. F. A. men (Royal Field Artillery) from the nearby observation post were allowed the privilege of stopping in this dugout when off duty.

One of these men, Bombardier Wilson by name, who belonged to Battery D 238, seemed to take a liking to me, and I returned this feeling.

In two days' time we were pretty chummy, and he told me how his battery in the early days of the war had put over a stunt on Old Pepper, and had gotten away with it.

I will endeavor to give the story as far as memory will permit in his own words:

Despite the excellent targets men are not allowed to shell Fritz, Empey relates in next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)