

GERMAN ANSWER SAYS PEOPLE RULE

Unofficial Version of Peace
Note Reaches U. S.

SINCERITY APPARANT

Washington, D. C., Oct. 21—Germany has replied to President Wilson with a note which, though no one is prepared to say that it will lead the President even to continue exchanges on the subject of an armistice and peace, has at least served almost to bring conviction here that the people of Germany actually are taking the reins of government and sincerely desire peace on any terms the United States and the allies are willing to give.

There was no intimation of the attitude of the President and probably there will be none until the official text of the new German communication has been received.

Text of German note as received by wireless:

In accepting the proposal for an evacuation of occupied territories, the German government has started from the assumption that the procedure of this evacuation should be left to the judgment of the military advisers and that the actual standard of power on both sides in the field has to form the basis for arrangements safeguarding and guaranteeing this standard.

The German government suggests to the president that an opportunity should be brought about for fixing the details. It trusts that the President of the United States will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with honor of the German people and with opening a way to a peace of justice.

The German government protests against the reproach of illegal and inhuman actions made against the German land and sea forces and thereby against the German people.

For the covering of a retreat, destructions will always be necessary and they are carried out insofar as is permitted by international law.

The German troops are under most strict instructions to spare private property and to exercise care for the population to the best of their ability. Where transgressions occur, in spite of these instructions, the guilty are being punished.

The German government further denies that the German navy in sinking ships has ever purposely destroyed lifeboats with their passengers. The German government proposes with regard to all those charges that the facts be cleared up by neutral commissions.

In order to avoid anything that might hamper the work of peace, the German government has caused orders to be dispatched to all submarine commanders precluding the torpedoing of passenger ships without, however, for technical reasons, being able to guarantee that these orders will reach every single submarine at sea before its return.

As a fundamental condition for peace the President prescribes the destruction "of every arbitrary power that can separately, secretly and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world." To this the German government replies:

Hitherto the representation of the people in the German empire has not been endowed with an influence of the formation of the government.

The constitution does not provide for a concurrence of representation of the people in decisions of peace and war. These conditions have just now undergone a fundamental change. A new government has been formed in complete accordance with the wishes (principle) of the representation of the people based on equal, universal, secret, direct franchise.

The leaders of the great parties of the Reichstag are members of this government. In the future no government can take or continue in office without possessing the confidence of a majority of the Reichstag.

The responsibility of the Chancellor of the empire to the representation of the people is being legally developed and safeguarded.

The first act of the new government has been to lay before the Reichstag a bill to alter the constitution of the empire so that the consent of the representation of the people is required for decision on war and peace.

The permanence of the new system is, however, guaranteed not only by constitutional safeguards, but also by the unshakable determination of the German people, whose vast majority stands behind these reforms and demand their energetic continuance.

The question of the President, with whom he and the governments associated against Germany are dealing, is therefore answered in a clear, unequivocal manner by the statement that the offer of peace and an armistice has come from a government which is free from any arbitrary and irresponsible influence, is supported by the approval of an overwhelming majority of the German people.

SOLE.

Boches Declared Strong.

Advises received from Berlin say Mathias Erzberger, member of the clerical center in the Reichstag, has sent this telegram to the center party: "The new government must labor with all resoluteness and energy to give the fatherland peace after the hard struggle. The German people are so strong they do not need to conclude a humiliating peace; but useless bloodshed must cease."

NO ARMISTICE FOR AUSTRIA

Czechs and Jugo Slavs Must Be Freed
First Says President.

Washington, D. C.—On the eve, apparently, of the receipt of another peace note from Germany, President Wilson has rejected the plea of Austria-Hungary for an armistice and peace negotiations, and in doing so has made clear the conditions which the central powers must meet to end the war.

In a note written Friday and made public soon after it was well on the way to Vienna the president, in effect, says there can be no talk of peace with the Austro-Hungarian government except upon the basis of complete liberty for Czechoslovaks and other subject nationalities as free members of the family of nations.

He refuses to entertain the Austro-Hungarian suggestion for this reason, without discussing the military questions dealt with in the reply to Germany.

The Vienna government asked for negotiations on the basis of the president's announced program of peace, mentioning the speech of January 8 last, in which the president said the peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity for autonomous development.

The reply says this is impossible; that the Czechoslovak National Council has been recognized as a de facto belligerent government, the justice of the nationalistic aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs has been recognized, and more autonomy no longer can be accepted.

25,000,000 BELIEVED BOND PURCHASERS

Washington, D.C.—Probably 25,000,000 or more individuals bought bonds of the fourth liberty loan, unofficial reports reaching Washington Sunday showed.

A large proportion of these filed their subscriptions during the last few days of the campaign, which ended Saturday night. Consequently, it will be a task of many days to count the number of pledges and to compile reports from the entire country.

Definite figures and the total subscriptions to the loan were not available Sunday night. The only official figures in hand were of Friday night, showing about \$1,400,000,000 yet to be subscribed.

Despite this total lack of definite information, officials were confident that the \$5,000,000,000 popular war credit had been oversubscribed. This belief was based on indications that advance promises of large sums from financial interests in New York and elsewhere would be found to be fulfilled when the final count is made.

OSTEND RESIDENTS REJOICE AT LIBERTY

London.—Admiral Keyes' entry into Ostend was made in the course of operations designed to clear up the military situation between Neuport and Ostend, which was obscure, the admiralty announced Saturday. The naval force withdrew when the Germans, who were not clear of the town, began shelling the warships.

The withdrawal was for the purpose of saving the lives of civilians and also avoiding further bombardment of the town by the Germans, as German shells were falling close to a crowd of excited inhabitants.

Yank Veterans to Teach.

New York—Because many American officers incapacitated for service overseas are available as instructors at American cantonments, preparations are under way to return to Europe all the allied officers now in the United States who have been detailed for this service, according to announcement here by members of the British and French missions. Fifty American officers have arrived here within the last two days.

Ex-Senator Kearns Dies.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Ex-United States Senator Thomas Kearns, mining magnate and railway builder, died at his home here Friday following a stroke of apoplexy, suffered several days ago. Mr. Kearns was struck by an automobile about two weeks ago and the excitement due to the accident is said to have brought on the stroke.

Questionnaires Ordered Released.

Washington, D. C.—Questionnaires for men of the 37-to-46 and 18-year age classes under the draft were ordered released Saturday by Provost Marshal General Crowder in all local board districts where the classification of other groups has been completed. Local boards sending out questionnaires must release 10 per cent a day.

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.

Subscriptions to the liberty loan at Manila, P. I., exceeded \$10,000,000, according to unofficial returns at midnight Saturday.

The German consul at Bilbao, Spain, has handed over to the Spanish authorities the German steamer Euripia. The Spanish colors have been hoisted on the vessel.

The body of Major C. H. Lyell, assistant military attache of the British embassy, who died last week, was buried in Arlington cemetery Monday with full military honors.

The men, women and children of Ostend were so overjoyed when the king and queen of Belgium landed there Thursday that many of them heartily kissed the rulers of the liberated town.

Emperor Charles will soon issue a manifesto to the Hungarian people announcing the independence of Hungary, according to the Budapest correspondent of the Rhenish Westphalian Gazette.

Kiel harbor is unable to accommodate all the submarines which have returned from Ostend and Zebrugge during the last week, and some are lying off shore, according to advices received at Geneva.

The steamer Maria, which had been requisitioned by the Spanish government, has been torpedoed by a German submarine, the Epocha says. The steamer was used in transporting phosphates to Spain.

The Irish steamer Dundalk was torpedoed in the Irish sea last week. Of the crew of more than 30, only 13 were rescued. The Dundalk was owned by the Dundalk and Newry Steam Packet company. She measured 863 tons.

A big Handley-Page army bombing plane on its way from New York to Dayton, O., arrived in Cleveland Monday. Carrying seven men and five guns, the machine covered the 89 miles between Buffalo and Erie in 46 minutes.

A warning to Spanish influenza sufferers against the use of alcoholic beverages was issued Tuesday night by Dr. Loyal S. Copeland, health commissioner, of New York, who declared alcohol tended to increase the danger from the disease.

The abdication of Emperor William and the crown prince is the only means of solving the "terrible crisis," according to opinions expressed by the Munich Post, the Swabische Tagwacht and Frankische Morgen Post, a dispatch from Zurich says.

Worried because he believed his soldier brother was dead, Hayes E. Moon, a teamster, of Sioux Falls, S. D., shot and killed his two mules and then killed himself. He had written a letter to his brother which was returned with the inscription "Deceased."

The British government has recognized the Polish national army as autonomous allies and co-belligerents, according to an official announcement.

British cavalry has occupied Tripoli, 45 miles north of Beirut, and Hama, about 85 miles north of Damascus, according to an official statement on operations in Palestine.

The London official press bureau is officially informed that the reports published Wednesday afternoon to the effect that Germany has capitulated have no foundation in fact.

Lieutenant Roland G. Garros, the noted French aviator who was posted as missing on October 7 after a flight over the German lines, was shot down and killed October 4, a Berlin message Thursday announced.

Camp Lewis, Wash., medical officers have found a new complication of influenza. They have termed it "flu-phobia." The disease is as much or more prevalent than influenza itself, they say. It is not severe.

The British foreign office stated Wednesday evening that it had no official confirmation of the rumors that the German emperor had abdicated, but that opinion in well-informed circles was not disposed to reject the rumor.



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER
WHO WENT
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

©1917 BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

EMPEY HEARS THE STORY OF THE TOMMY WHO HAD A BROAD STREAK OF YELLOW.

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. Exciting experience on listening post detail. Exciting work on observation post duty. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play. Once more in the front trenches, Empey goes "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German lines. Soon afterwards Empey and his comrades repulse a determined gas attack launched by the Germans. His next experience is as a member of a firing squad which executes a sentence of death.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

—21—

After standing at "attention" for what seemed a week, though in reality it could not have been over five minutes, we heard a low whispering in our rear and footsteps on the stone flagging of the courtyard.

Our officer reappeared and in a low, but firm voice, ordered:

"About—Turn!"

We turned about. In the gray light of dawn, a few yards in front of me, I could make out a brick wall. Against this wall was a dark form with a white square pinned on its breast. We were supposed to aim at this square. To the right of the form I noticed a white spot on the wall. This would be my target.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The dark form sank into a huddled heap. My bullet sped on its way, and hit the whitish spot on the wall; I could see the splinters fly. Some one else had received the rifle containing the blank cartridge, but my mind was at ease, there was no blood of a Tommy on my hands.

"Order—Arms! About—Turn! Pile—Arms! Stand—Clear."

The stacks were re-formed.

"Quick—March! Right—Wheel!"

And we left the scene of execution behind us.

It was now daylight. After marching about five minutes, we were dismissed with the following instructions from the officer in command:

"Return, alone, to your respective companies, and remember, no talking about this affair, or else it will go hard with the guilty ones."

We needed no urging to get away. I did not recognize any of the men on the firing squad; even the officer was a stranger to me.

The victim's relations and friends in Blighty will never know that he was executed; they will be under the impression that he died doing his bit for king and country.

In the public casualty lists his name will appear under the caption "Accidentally Killed," or "Died."

The day after the execution I received orders to report back to the line, and to keep a still tongue in my head.

Executions are a part of the day's work, but the part we hated most of all, I think—certainly the saddest. The British war department is thought by many people to be composed of rigid regulations all wound around with red tape. But it has a heart, and one of the evidences of this is the considerate way in which an execution is concealed and reported to the relative of the unfortunate man. They never know the truth. He is listed in the bulletins as among the "accidentally killed."

In the last ten years I have several times read stories in magazines of cowards changing, in a charge, to heroes. I used to laugh at it. It seemed easy for story-writers, but I said, "Men aren't made that way." But over in France I learned once that the streak of yellow can turn all white.

I picked up the story, bit by bit, from the captain of the company, the sentries who guarded the poor fellow, as well as from my own observations. At first I did not realize the whole of his story, but after a week of investigation it stood out as clear in my mind as the mountains of my native West in the spring sunshine. It impressed me so much that I wrote it all down in rest billets on scraps of odd paper. The incidents are, as I say, every bit true; the feelings of the man are true—I know from all I underwent in the fighting over in France.

We will call him Albert Lloyd. That wasn't his name, but it will do: Albert Lloyd was what the world terms a coward.

In London they called him a slacker. His country had been at war nearly eighteen months, and still he was not in khaki.

He had no good reason for not enlisting, being alone in the world, having been educated in an orphan asylum, and there being no one dependent

upon him for support. He had no good position to lose, and there was no sweetheart to tell him with her lips to go, while her eyes pleaded for him to stay.

Every time he saw a recruiting sergeant he'd sink around the corner out of sight, with a terrible fear gnawing at his heart. When passing the big recruiting posters, and on his way to business and back he passed many, he would pull down his cap and look the other way from that awful finger pointing at him, under the caption, "Your King and Country Need You!" or the boring eyes of Kitchener, which burned into his very soul, causing him to shudder.

Then the Zeppelin raids—during them, he used to crouch in a corner of his boarding-house cellar, whimpering like a whipped puppy and calling upon the Lord to protect him.

Even his landlady despised him, although she had to admit that he was "good pay."

He very seldom read the papers, but one morning the landlady put the morning paper at his place before he came down to breakfast. Taking his seat he read the flaring headline, "Conscription Bill Passed," and nearly fainted. Excusing himself, he stumbled upstairs to his bedroom, with the horror of it gnawing into his vitals.

Having saved up a few pounds, he decided not to leave the house, and to sham sickness, so he stayed in his room and had the landlady serve his meals there.

Every time there was a knock at the door he trembled all over, imagining it was a policeman who had come to take him away to the army.

One morning his fears were realized. Sure enough, there stood a policeman with the fatal paper. Taking it in his trembling hand he read that he, Albert Lloyd, was ordered to report himself to the nearest recruiting station for physical examination. He reported immediately, because he was afraid to disobey.

The doctor looked with approval upon Lloyd's six feet of physical perfection, and thought what a fine guardstman he would make, but examined his heart twice before he passed him as "physically fit;" it was beating so fast.

From the recruiting depot Lloyd was taken, with many others, in charge of a sergeant, to the training depot at Aldershot, where he was given an outfit of khaki, and drew his other equipment. He made a fine-looking soldier, except for the slight shrinking in his shoulders and the hunted look in his eyes.

At the training depot it does not take long to find out a man's character, and Lloyd was promptly dubbed "windy." In the English army "windy" means cowardly.

The smallest recruit in the barracks looked on him with contempt, and was not slow to show it in many ways.

Lloyd was a good soldier, learned quickly, obeyed every order promptly, never groused at the hardest fatigues. He was afraid to. He lived in deadly fear of the officers and "noncoms" over him. They also despised him.

One morning about three months after his enlistment Lloyd's company was paraded, and the names picked out for the next draft to France were read. When his name was called, he did not step out smartly, two paces to the front, and answer cheerfully, "Here, sir," as the others did. He just fainted in the ranks and was carried to barracks amid the sneers of the rest.

That night was an agony of misery to him. He could not sleep. Just cried and whimpered in his bunk, because on the morrow the draft was to sail for France, where he would see death on all sides, and perhaps be killed himself. On the steamer, crossing the channel, he would have jumped overboard to escape, but was afraid of drowning.

Arriving in France, he and the rest

were huddled into cattle cars. On the side of each appeared in white letters, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." After hours of bumping over the uneven French roadbeds they arrived at the training base of Rouen.

At this place they were put through a week's rigid training in trench warfare. On the morning of the eighth day they paraded at ten o'clock, and were inspected and passed by General H—, then were marched to the quartermaster's, to draw their gas helmets and trench equipment.

At four in the afternoon they were again hustled into cattle cars. This time the journey lasted two days. They disembarked at the town of Frevent and could hear a distant dull booming. With knees shaking, Lloyd asked the sergeant what the noise was, and nearly dropped when the sergeant replied in a somewhat bored tone:

"Oh, them's the guns up the line. We'll be up there in a couple o' days or so. Don't worry, my laddie, you'll see more of 'em than you want before you get 'ome to Blighty again, that is, if you're lucky enough to get back. Now lend a hand there unloadin' them cars, and quit that everlastin' shakin'. I believe yer scared." The last with a contemptuous sneer.

They marched ten kilos, full pack, to a little dilapidated village, and the sound of the guns grew louder, constantly louder.

The village was full of soldiers who turned out to inspect the new draft, the men who were shortly to be their mates in the trenches, for they were going "up the line" on the morrow, to "take over" their certain sector of trenches.

The draft was paraded in front of battalion headquarters and the men were assigned to companies.

Lloyd was the only man assigned to D company. Perhaps the officer in charge of the draft had something to do with it, for he called Lloyd aside and said:

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you."

The next day the battalion took over their part of the trenches. It happened to be a very quiet day. The artillery behind the lines was still, except for an occasional shell sent over to let the Germans know the gunners were not asleep.

In the darkness, in single file, the company slowly wended their way down the communication trench to the front line. No one noticed Lloyd's white and drawn face.

After they had relieved the company in the trenches, Lloyd, with two of the old company men, was put on guard in one of the traverses. Not a shot was fired from the German lines, and no one paid any attention to him crouched on the firing step.

On the first time in, a new recruit is not required to stand with his head "over the top." He only "sits it out" while the older men keep watch.

At about ten o'clock, all of a sudden, he thought hell had broken loose, and crouched and shivered up against the parapet. Shells started bursting, as he imagined, right in their trench, when in fact they were landing about a hundred yards in rear of them, in the second lines.

One of the older men on guard, turning to his mate, said:

"There goes Fritz with those d—d trench mortars again. It's about time our artillery 'taped' them, and sent over a few. Well, I'll be d—d, where's that blighter of a draft man gone to? There's his rifle leaning against the parapet. He must have legged it. Just keep your eye peeled, Dick, while I report it to the sergeant. I wonder if the fool knows he can be shot for such tricks as leavin' his post!"

Lloyd had gone. When the trench mortars opened up, a maddening terror seized him and he wanted to run, to get away from that horrible din, anywhere to safety. So quietly sneaking around the traverse, he came to the entrance of a communication trench, and ran madly and blindly down it, running into traverses, stumbling into muddy holes, and falling full length over trench grids.

Groping blindly, with his arms stretched out in front of him, he at last came out of the trench into the village, or what used to be a village, before the German artillery razed it.

Mixed with his fear, he had a peculiar sort of cunning, which whispered to him to avoid all sentries, because if they saw him he would be sent back to that awful destruction in the front line, and perhaps be killed or maimed. The thought made him shudder, the cold sweat coming out in beads on his face.

Empey learns that a streak of yellow sometimes can turn all white. He tells the unusual story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Best Material for Splints.
Galvanized wire netting is claimed to be much superior to wood as a material for surgical splints. It is strong, light in weight, non-absorbent and easily sterilized, and, unlike wood and plaster, gives free ventilation. The new splints are woven from wire so tempered that it can easily be pressed into shape to be bound closely upon the injured limb.

Daily Thought.

No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself, dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, a vivifying influence in man's life.—Carrige.