## THE HUN"

LIEUTENANT

PAT O'BRIEN

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(Concluded from last week). The possibility of escape from Holland is always there, but the British authorities have an agreement with the Dutch government to send refugees back immediately. In this respect, therefore, the position of a man who is interned is worse than that of a prisoner who, if he does succeed in making his escape, is naturally received with open arms in his native land. Apart from this restraint, however, internment, with all its drawbacks, is a thousand times, yes, a million times, better than being a prisoner of war in Germany.

It seems to me that when the war is over and the men who have been imprisoned in Germany return home. they should be given a bigger and greater reception than the most victorious army that ever marched into a city, for they will have suffered and gone through more than the world will ever be able to understand.

No doubt you will find in the German prison camps one or two fainthearted individuals with a pronounced yellow streak who voluntarily gave up the struggle and gave up their liberty rather than risk their lives or limbs. These sad cases, however, are, I am sure, extremely few. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the men fighting in the allied lines would rather be in the front trenches, fighting every day, with all the horrors and all the risks, than be a prisoner of war in Germany, for the men in France have a very keen realization of what that means.

But to return to my day in Rotter

After I was fixed up I returned to the consulate and arrangements were made for my transportation to England at once. Fortunately there was a boat leaving that very night and I was allowed to take passage on it.

Just as we were leaving Rotterdam, the boat I was on rammed our own convoy, one of the destroyers, and injured it so badly that it had to put back to port. It would have been a strange climax to my adventure if the saster had resulted in the sinking of my boat and I had lost my life while on my way to England after having successfully outwitted the Huns. But my luck was with me to the last, and while the accident resulted in some delay our boat was not seriously damaged and made the trip over in schedule time and without further accident, another destroyer having been assigned to escort us through the danger zone in place of the one winch had been put out of commis-

When I arrived in London, the reaction from the strain I had been under for nearly three months immediately became apparent. My nerves were in such a state that it was absolutely impossible for me to cross the street without being in deadly fear of being run over or trampled. I stood at the curb, like an old woman from the country on her first visit to the city, and I would not venture across until some knowing policeman, recognizing my condition, came to my assistance and convoyed me across.

Indeed, there was a great number of English officers at home at all times "getting back their nerves" after a long spell of active service at the front, so that my condition was anything but novel to the London bob-

It was not many days, however, before I regained control of myself and felt in first-class shape.

Although the British authorities in Holland had wired my mother from Holland that I was safe and on my way to England, the first thing I did when we landed was to send her a cable myself.

The cable read as follows: "Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, Momence, Ill., U.

"Just escaped from Germany. Letter follows."

As I delivered it to the cable dispatcher I could just imagine the exultation with which my mother would receive it and the pride she would feel as she exhibited it among her

neighbors and friends. I could hear the volley of "I told you so's" that greeted her good tid-

"It would take more than the kaiser to keep Pat in Germany," I could hear

one of them saying. "Knew he'd be back for Christmas, anyway," I could hear another re-

"I had an idea that Pat and his comrades might spend Christmas in Berlin." I could hear another admitting, "but I did not think any other part of Germany would appeal to him very much."

"Mrs. O'Brien, did Pat write you how many German prisoners he brought back with him?" I could hear still another credulous friend inquir-

It was all very amusing and gratifying to me and I must confess I felt

quite cocky as I walked into the war department to report.

For the next five days I was kept very busy answering questions put to me by the military authorities regarding what I had observed as to conditions in Germany and behind the lines.

What I reported was taken down by a stenographer and made part of the official records, but I did not give them my story in narrative form. The information I was able to give was naturally of interest to various branches of the service, and experts in every line of government work took it in turns to question me. One morning would be devoted, for instance, to answering questions of a military riences of my life. nature-German methods behind the front line trenches, tactics, morale of troops and similar matters. Then the aviation experts would take a whack at me and discuss with me all I had observed of German flying corps methods and equipment. Then, again, the food experts would interrogate me as to what I had learned of food conditions in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, and as I had lived pretty close to the ground for the best part of seventy-two days I was able to give them some fairly accurate reports as to actual agricultural conditions, many of the things I told them probably having more significance to them

than they had to me. There were many things I had observed which I have not referred to in these pages because their value to us might be diminished if the Germans knew we were aware of them, but they were all reported to the authorities and it was very gratifying to me to hear that the experts considered some of them of the greatest value.

One of the most amusing incidents of my return occurred when I called at my bankers in London to get my personal effects.

The practice in the Royal Flying corps when a pilot is reported missing is to have two of his comrades assigned to go through his belongings, check them over, destroy anything that it might not be to his interest to preserve, and send the whole business to his banker or his home, as the case may be. Every letter is read through, but their contents is never afterwards discussed or revealed in any way. If the pilot is finally reported dead, his effects are forwarded to his next of kin, but while he is officially only "missing," or is known to be a prisoner of war, they are kept either at the squadron headquarters

or sent to his bankers. In my case as soon as it was learned that I had fallen from the sky, it was assumed that I had been killed and my chum, Paul Raney, and another officer detailed to check over my effects. The list they made and to which they affixed their signatures. as I have previously mentioned, is now in my possession and is one of

the most treasured souvenirs of my adventure.

My trunk was sent to Cox & Co. in due course, and now that I was in London I thought I would go and claim it.

When I arrived at the bank I applied to the proper window for my mail and trunk.

"Who are you?" I was asked rather sharply.

"Well, I guess no one has any greater right to Pat O'Brien's effects than I have," I replied, "and I would be obliged to you if you would look them up for me."

"That may be all right, my friend," replied the clerk, "but according to our records Lieutenant O'Brien is a prisoner of war in Germany, and we can't very well turn over his effects to anyone else unless either you present proof that he is dead and that you are his lawful representative, or else deliver to us a properly authentiticated order from him to give them to you."

He was very positive about it all, but quite polite, and I thought I. would kid him no more.

"Well," I said, "I can't very well present proofs to you that Pat O'Brien is dead, but I will do the best I can to prove to you that he is alive, and if you haven't quite forgotten his signature I guess I can write you out an order that will answer all your requirements and enable you to give me-Pat O'Brien's belongings without running any risks," and I scribbled my signature on a scrap of paper and

handed it to him. He looked at me carefully through the latticed window, then jumped down from the high chair and came

outside to clasp me by the hand. "Good heavens, leftenant!" he exclaimed, as he pumped my hand up and down, "how did you ever get away?" and I had to sit right down and tell him and half a dozen other people in the bank all about my ex-

I had been in England about five days when I received a telegram which, at first, occasioned me almost as much concern as the unexpected sight of a German spiked helmet had caused me in Belgium. It read as follows:

"Lieut. P. A. O'Brien, Royal Flying Corps, Regent's Palace Hotel, Lon-

"The king is very glad to hear of your escape from Germany. If you are to be in London on Friday next, December 7th, His majesty will receive you at Buckingham palace at 10:30 a. m. Please acknowledge.

"CROMER." Of course, there was only one thing to do and that was to obey orders. I was an officer in the army and the king was my commander in chief, I had to go, and so I sat down and sent off the following answer: "Earl Cromer, Buckingham Palace,

London: "I will attend Buckingham palace

10:30.

"LIEUT. PAT O'BRIEN." In the interval that elapsed, I must confess, the ordeal of calling or the dreadfully every day, and I really believed I would rather have spent another day in the empty house in the big city in Belgium or, say, two nore days at Courtrai, than to go through what I believed to be in store for me. Orders were orders, however, and there was no way of getting out of it. As it turned out, it wasn't half as bad as I had feared—on the contrary, it was one of the most agreeable expe-

## CHAPTER XIX.

I Am Presented to the King. When the dreaded 7th of December command, directed the chauffeur to cause to. drive me to Buckingham palace, as though I was paying my regular morn-

ing call on the king. My friends' version of this incident, I have since heard, is that I seated myself in the taxi and leaning through the window said: "Buckingham palace!" whereupon the taxi driver got down, opened the door and exclaimed threateningly:

"If you don't get out quietly and chuck your drunken talk, I'll jolly quick call a bobby, bli' me, if I won't !"

nothing of the kind occurred. When I arrived at the palace gate, the sentry on guard asked me who I

But I can only give my word that

was and then let me pass at once up to the front entrance of the palace. There I was met by an elaborately uniformed and equally elaborately decorated personage who, judging by the long row of medals he wore, must

have seen long and distinguished service for the king. I was relieved of my overcoat, hat and stick and conducted up a long stairway, where I was turned over to another functionary, who led me to the reception room of Earl Cromer,

the king's secretary. There I was introduced to another earl and a duke, whose name I do not remember. I was becoming so bewildered, in fact, that it is a wonder that I remember as much as I do of this eventful day.

I had heard many times that before being presented to the king a man is coached carefully as to just how he is to act and what he is to say and do. and all this time I was wondering when this drilling would commence. I certainly had no idea that I was to be ushered into the august presence of the king without some preliminary instruction.

Earl Cromer and the other noblemen ta'ked to me for a while and got me he probably appreciated this manner to relate in brief the story of my experience, and they appeared to be very much interested. Perhaps they much interested. Perhaps they much interested the usual "Your Majesty." Perhaps the attributed it to the fact that I did it only to give me confidence and as a sort of rehearsal for the main didn't evince any displeasure at my performance, which was scheduled to departure from what I understand is take place much sooner than I ex- the usual form of address. pected.

I had barely completed my story when the door opened and an attendant entered and announced: "The king will receive Leftenant

O'Brien!" If he had announced that the kaiser

was outside with a squad of German guards to take me back to Courtrai my heart could not have sunk deeper. by Germans, because if you were unhim and we went into a large room, again they would undoubtedly shoot where I supposed I was at last to receive my coaching, but I observed the earl bow to a man standing there and

presence of the king of England. "Your majesty, Leftenant O'Brien!" the earl announced, and then immedialmost as bad. The only thing that ately backed from the room. I be- I can suggest for you to do is either lieved I would have followed right to take up instruction-a very valubehind him, but by that time the able form of service-or perhaps it king had me by the hand and was might be safe enough for you to congratulating me, and he spoke so serve in Egypt, but just at present, very cordially and democratically leftenant, I think you have done

that he put me at my ease at once. whether I was in a condition to converse, and when I told him I was, he and we both said "Good-by." said he would be very much pleased to hear my story in detail.

"Were you treated any worse by the Germans, leftenant?" he asked, "on at the length of my visit. account of being an American? I've heard that the Germans had threatthe British army if they captured them, classing them as murderers, because America was a neutral counbe the case?"

I told him that I had heard similar reports, but that I did not notice any ing received by his majesty, the appreciable difference in my treatment from that accorded Britishers. The king declared that he believed

my escape was due to my pluck and will power and that it was one of the most remarkable escapes he had ever heard of, which I thought was quite a compliment, coming as it did from the king of England.

"I hope that all the Americans will give as good an account of themselves as you have, leftenant." he said, "and I feel quite sure they will. I full appreciate all the service rendered us by Americans before the States entered the war."

At this moment I asked him if I was taking too much time. "Not at all, leftenant, not at all!"

he replied, most cordially. "I was extremely interested in the brief report that came to me of your wonderful escape and I sent for you because I wanted to hear the whole story firsthand, and I am very glad you were able to come."

I had not expected to remain more than a few minutes, as I understood that four minutes is considered a long them I figured that I was now in as must be fed and fed with good food." Pershing.

as directed, Friday, December 7ti, at audience with the king. Fifty-two minutes elapsed before I finally left

During all this time I had done most of the talking, in response to the king of England loomed up nore king's request to tell my story. Occasionally he interrupted to ask a question about a point he wanted me to make clear, but for the most part he was content to play the part of a lis-

He secmed to be very keen on everything and when I described some of the tight holes. I got into during my escape he evinced his sympathy. Occasionally I introduced some of the few humorous incidents of my adventure and in every instance he laughed heartily.

Altogether the impression I got of him was that he is a very genial, gracious and alert sovereign. I know I have felt more ill at ease when talkarrived, I halted a taxicab and in as ing to a major than when speaking matter-of-fact tone of voice as I could to the king-but perhaps I had more

During the whole interview we

were left entirely alone, which impressed me as significant of the democratic manner of the present king of England, and I certainly came away with the utmost respect for him. In all my conversation, I recalled afterwards, I never addressed the king as "Your Majesty," but used the military "sir." As I was a British officer and he was the head of the army,



The King Had Me by the Hand.

What American Meat Packers Are Chicago, Oct. 14.—American packwas an American. At any rate, he and sailors of the United States and her allies, according to C. S. Church-

Before I left he asked me what my

plans for the future were. "Why, sir, I hope to rejoin my squadron at the earliest possible mo-

ment!" I replied. "No, Leftenant," he rejoined, "that is out of the question. We can't risk losing you for good by sending you back to a part of the front opposed Earl Cromer beckoned me to follow fortunate enough to be captured you."

"Well, if I can't serve in France, sir," I suggested, "wouldn't it be feasrealized that I was standing in the ible for me to fly in Italy or Salon-

"No," he replied, "that would be

enough anyway." He then asked me how I felt and Then he rose and shook hands with me and wished me the best of luck,

In the adjoining room I met Earl Cromer again, and as he accompanied me to the door seemed to be surprised

As I left the palace a policeman and a sentry outside came smartly to ened to shoot Americans serving in attention. Perhaps they figured I had

been made a general. As I was riding back to the hotel in a taxi I reflected on the remarktry and Americans had no right to able course of events which in the hundred per cent. since February, 1916. In the case of our female help mix in the war. Did you find that to short space of nine months had taken me through so much and ended up, like the finish of a book, with my bethis help now receiving 165 per cent.

king! When I first joined the Royal

Home Again.

That same day, in the evening, I

Savoy by a fellow officer who had

bet three other friends of mine that

wager had been made at the time he

heard that I was a prisoner of war,

The first intimation he had of my

safe return from Germany and the

"War bread bad, so I came home.

"PAT."

and the dinner was the stake.

"Lieut. Louis Grand:

lows:

Mr. Churchill said that all the pack-Flying corps I never expected to see the inside of Buckingham palace, ers in the country had been forced to build new freezers and buildings of much less being received by the king. every description at a cost two to three times greater than pre-war CHAPTER XX.

more than in 1916."

the war.

He paid tribute to the government inspectors of the Bureau of Animal Industry and of the army who select was tendered a banquet at the Hotel the meat, and said: "In addition to the safeguard that this is to the soldier and sailor, it is a safeguard to us. It safeguards us I would be home by Christmas. This

from attack from those who for their own personal aggrandizement or for other reasons may seek to criticize unjustly one of the few industries that in the early days of the war, and up to the present time, has continued fact that he had won his bet was a to supply our government with what telegram I sent him reading as folit wanted, as it wanted it, when it was needed, without quibble as to

"That is a record of which we should be proud, gentlemen. It demonstrates that we are doing—not our He said he would not part with bit, but our full share toward winthat message for a thousand dollars ning this war, doing it cheerfully, who have died, were indebted. Ac-Other banquets followed in fast suc- willingly and because we are in this tion on the measure was speeded up

much danger of succumbing to a surfeit of rich food as I had previously COURT HOUSE NEWS. been of dying from starvation, and for my own protection, I decided to leave London. Moreover, my thoughts and my heart were turning back > REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

the land of my birth, where I knew

letters she had received.

hand and said "Hello!"

minute.

there was a loving mother who was

I walked over to him, held out my

He looked at me steadily for at least

I quickly convinced him that his

eyes were still to be relied upon, and

then he stared at me for another min-

he did not think it possible for me to

Canada last May, but the squadron I

As we sat on the deck exchanging

experiences, I would frequently no-

tice him gazing intently in my face

as if he were not quite sure that the

Outside of this unexpected meet-

I arrived at St. John, New Bruns-

wick, and eventually in the little

I have said that I was never so

happy to arrive in a country as I was

when I set foot on Dutch soil. Now,

I'm afraid I shall have to take that

statement back. Not until I finally

landed in Momence and realized that

I was again in the town of my child-

hood days did I enjoy that feeling of

absolute security which one never

really appreciates until after a visit

Now that I am back, the whole ad-

venture constantly recurs to me as a

(THE END)

Doing.

advisory superintendent

"There isn't a pound of stock food

goes to put weight on live stock that

is badly needed by our soldiers and

"The tons of fertilizer which we

manufacture aid in growing more crops that will be used later to feed

more soldiers to fight the Hun. Glue

has its uses. Soap certainly is a big

item. Albumen is another highly im-

portant product; it is now used in the

ducts, too numerous to mention, not

one of which, I believe, does not have

an important place in the conduct of

ing credit where credit is due and I want to say that our labor has per-

formed cheerfully the giant tasks set for us by the Food Administration.

No order has been too big, no job too

overwhelming for them.
"Recognition of this willingness to

serve has resulted in an increase for

male labor totaling more than one

the increase has been even greater,

To take care of the war business,

"We, of Swift & Co., believe in giv-

"There are also many other pro-

construction of aeroplanes.

I won't wake up and find it so.

town of Momence, Ill., on the Kan-

and that I was an imposter.

ing, my trip was uneventful.

survive that fall.

joined in France.

kakee river.

to foreign parts.

coats.

ed by the government.

believe my eyes. Who are you?"

longing for more substantial evidence and Clinton counties: \$10. of my safe escape than the cables and John P. Sebring to Harry W. Loneberger, tract in State College; \$4500. Strangely enough, on the boat which William Slee, et ux, to Max Finberg, tract in Philipsburg; \$200. carried me across the Atlantic, I saw John Harrington, et ux, to Furst an R. F. C. man-Lieutenant Lascel-Harnish, tract in Snow Shoe; \$1.

Central Railroad Co. of Penna. to

Charles F. Schinener, tract in Centre

Harry Kaplan, et ux, to William Slee, tract in Philipsburg; \$150. Prudence Haines to M. F. Stonebraker, tract in Philipsburg; \$2500. Howard A. Vail, et ux. to Joshua "My friend, you certainly look like Pat O'Brien," he declared, "but I can't

Hartshorne, tract in Philipsburg; \$237.50. Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to Yetta Cohn, tract in Philipsburg; \$50. Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to

Yetta Cohn, tract in Philipsburg; \$50. ute or two, shaking his head dubi-T. B. Budinger, et al, to W. B. Hall, et al. tract in Snow Shoe: \$3000. His mystification was quite explicable. The last time he had seen me M. D. Kelley, et ux, to Annie Burns, I was going down to earth with a tract in Snow Shoe; \$100. bullet in my face and my machine do-ing a spinning-nose dive. He was one by, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$151.

Anna Mary Slothers, et bar, to Anof my comrades in the flying corps nie Petrof, tract in Rush township; and was in the fight which resulted in my capture. He said he had read Sarah E. Stover to Calvin F. Gilthe report that I was a prisoner of

war, but he had never believed it, as bert, tract in Aaronsburg: \$650. Florence E. Dillen, et al, to John F. Gill, tract in Huston township; \$900.

He was one of the few men living Geo. H. Yarnell, sheriff, to Ellie out of eighteen who were originally Mandel, tract in Rush township; in my squadron-I do not mean the \$1800. eighteen with whom I sailed from

Guy Hillard to William R. Grazier, tract in Ferguson township; \$300. Geo. H. Yarnell, sheriff, to Carrie Detwiler, tract in Miles township; \$750.

J. F. Dietz, et ux, to Lycoming Silica Sand Co., tract in Howard townwhole proposition was not a hoax ship; \$1500.

Benjamin F. Booth, et ux, to Leonard Smeal, tract in Philipsburg; \$2600

Mary Watson, et bar, to Solomon Shay, tract in Milesburg; \$600. Samuel C. Bowers, et al, to Margaret J. Fye, tract in Curtin township;

John R. Thompson, et ux, to J. F. Fye, four tracts in Ferguson township; \$1000. Andrew Moyer, et ux, to Edgar B. Stover, tract in Haines township; Aaron Leitzell's Exr's to Cornelius

Stover, tract in Miles township; \$160. S. Clementine Miller, et bar, to Cornelius Stover, tract in Miles township; \$300.

C. O. Mallory, et ux, to Cornelius Stover, tract in Miles township; \$190. dream, and I'm never quite sure that John G. Uzzell's Admrs. to Geo. B. Uzzell, tract in Snow Shoe borough and township; \$2000.

Henry Lesh to Horace A. Kaufftract in Walker township; \$1200. Carrie M. Strange, et bar, to Annie

M. Sloter, tract in Rush township; ers are doing far more than merely \$100. ods to the soldiers Sarah C. Culver, et bar, to Dora H. Fye, tract in Snow Shoe township; \$900.

John M. Myers, et ux, to Eva My-Swift & company, who addressed the ers Sheets, tract in Rush township: American Meat Packers' convention

A. W. Reese, et ux, to Wm. Daley Lytle, tract in Worth township; \$300. "The general public realizes little of the work that the packer is doing to win the war," said Mr. Churchill. Leantine S. Alexander, et al, to Sa-We are furnishing a great deal of rah R. McCartney, tract in Howard material for the manufacture of mutownship; \$400.

nitions, including glycerine, potash, and sulphuric acid. Our sheep skins L. A. Schaeffer, et ux, to Whiterock Quarries, tract in Walker township; \$685. are used to manufacture cold-proof Domer Myers to Elizabeth Zigmer, "Every pound of wool that we have tract in Rush township; \$2000.

is taken by the government as fast Alice M. Stover, et bar, to Fay Stoas we produce it, and the price is fixver, tract in Liberty township: \$1000. MARRIAGE LICENSE. manufactured today that is not being used to help win the war, because it

Curtis A. Woleslagle, and Lillian E. Stark, Snow Shoe. J. Calvin Etters, Lemont, and Ella B. Spyker, State College. Earl Foster Frazier, Spring Mills,

and Anna Jane Smith, Centre Hall.

Joseph Fleming Leete, North East, and Helen Kimball Barnard, Philadelphia. Ralph A. Miller, Axe Mann, and Lorana Bumbarger, Munson. Robert Edwin Tussey, Tyrone, and Margaretta M. Goheen, Boalsburg.

Robert Edwin Tussey, Tyrone, and Margaretta M. Goheen, Boalsburg. Wm. Haines and Katherine Shirey, Beaver Springs. Sephares C. Lynn, Berwick, and Sara Balliet, Milton.

Wayne D. Stitzinger, New Castle, and Pauline H. Johnston, Bellefonte. Samuel C. Lehman and Frances R. Friese, Decatur township.

Russell, R. Hagan, Spring Mills, and Lillian E. Rohrbacher, Pittsburgh.

Senator Cummings was discussing question of monopoly. "These people," he said, "remind me of a chap in a railroad station eating bar.
"The fellow opened a big sandwich

gingerly, broke off a piece of pickle and closed the sandwich again. "A moment later he reopened the sandwich, chose a bit of ham, put the lid on and munched away quietly.

"Proceeding in this manner he almost completely gutted the interior of the sandwich.

"A gentleman, overcome by curiosity, said to him:
"'Excuse me, but why don't you eat your sandwich instead of picking at it in that way?' "'Well, you see,' said the chap, glancing cautiously around, 'I can't very well. It's not my sandwich."—

Philadelphia Bulletin. Pay Debts of Dead Soldiers.

Washington.-The Senate passed a War Department bill authorizing the government to reimburse citizens of France to whom American soldiers, at the urgent request of