UNCLE SAM PLUCKS MORE OF MEADE MEN

Sixty Selects Transferred to Artillery Units in New York

TRAINING SCHOOL READY

About 400 Rookies Will Have Chance to Work for Commissions

CAMP MEADE, ADMIRAL, Md., Jan. 2.

More than 1400 selected men will arrive today from various parts of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

By a Staff Correspondent

CAMP MEADE, Admiral, Md., Jan. 2.

Another raid has been made on Little Penn and sixty selects have been transferred to coast artillery units in New York.

Coupled with this change a second batch has been sent to Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., to attend the training school for engineer officers. The latter, mostly Philadelphians, have been drawn from the 304th Engineers and are the first to be picked for a course in an officers' training school.

The Camp Meade training school for officers will open on Saturday. Approximately 400 selects have been picked to attend the West Point school of Maryland, but the list of lucky men is not available.

That Camp Meade soldiers must learn to abide by military rules becomes more apparent each day, for officers at the cantonment have lost patience with men who absent themselves without leave and are imposing sentences upon them.

Private Robert J. Neese, headquarters detachment of the 154th Depot Brigade violated this rule and as a result must serve six months in a military prison, according to a finding made public by the court-martial today.

OFF TO CAMP LEE

The selects who art given a chance to win commissions in the engineer school at Camp Lee are:

Sergeants Clarence G. Smallwood, Company A, in charge; Aloysius J. Wakem, Company D; Leroy G. Bossert, Company C; Frank E. Kirkpatrick, Company E; Luther Hall, Company F; Corporals John S. Dunn, Company A; Clarence T. Keet, Company A; Fred C. Mitchell, Company E; Alonzo J. Parsons, Company F; Robert L. Gantiswisch, Company F; Privates George L. Hughes and Milton H. Fussell, Headquarters Company; Maurice McN. Lutz, Company A; John D. Sieber and Julius Levine, Company E.

The selects transferred to artillery corps and ordered to report at various forts in New York are as follows:

TO FORT WADSWORTH—Sergeant John Ellison, Company M, 315th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Grady L. Friday, Company B, 315th Infantry, as corporal; Private Samuel A. Stiles, Battery C, 311th Field Artillery, as corporal.

TO FORT HAMILTON—First Sergeant Charles Thiele, Headquarters Company, 315th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Henry Rice, Company D, 315th Infantry, as mechanic; Sergeant Julius Hoffman, Company E, 313th Infantry, as bugler; Sergeant Leo Bainrauch, Company L, 313th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant William H. Gregory, Company D, 313th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Clinton R. Sauer, Company F, 313th Infantry, as corporal; Private James P. Wilkinson, Company B, 313th Infantry, as private, first class; Sergeant Marva J. Roberts, Company E, 313th Infantry, as corporal; Mess Sergeant Thomas S. Valentine, Supply Company, 314th Infantry, as private, first class; Sergeant Thomas Balha, Machine Gun Company, 314th Infantry, as corporal; Sergeant George A. Schell, Company E, 314th Infantry, as corporal; Sergeant Wesley Carpenter, Company A, 316th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Major R. E. B. Randle, Headquarters Company, 311th Field Artillery, as sergeant; Corporal Clarence T. Reich, Supply Company, 311th Field Artillery, as private; First Sergeant Patrick O'Hara, Battery A, 311th Field Artillery, as sergeant; Private Solomon Z. Copeland, Headquarters Company, 312th Field Artillery, as corporal; Sergeant Raymond LaWiggins, Battery C, 312th Field Artillery, as corporal; Corporal Sidney P. Maddrey, Battery D, 312th Field Artillery, as corporal.

TO FORT TOTTEN—Corporal William H. Leach, Company D, 315th Infantry, as private; Sergeant John Higgins, Company H, 315th Infantry, as corporal; Sergeant William Howard, Company H, 313th Infantry, as private, first class; Sergeant Earl R. Ellis, Company L, 313th Infantry, as private, first class; Sergeant Bruce Mellis, Company K, 313th Infantry, as private, first class; Private Um de Forest W. Hamilton, machine gun company, 314th Infantry, as private; Corporal Earl W. Burton, machine gun company, 314th Infantry, as private; Sergeant Charles L. Childres, Company L, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Stephen Slovensky, Company B, 316th Infantry, as private; Sergeant Harry G. Wright, Company B, 316th Infantry, as private; Private Marcus H. Linn, Company M, 316th Infantry, as private; Private John Fiehl, Battery E, 311th Field Artillery, as private; Sergeant Charles N. Jones, Headquarters Company, 312th Field Artillery, as sergeant; Corporal Ernest Seidel, Battery B, 312th Field Artillery, as private, first class; Corporal Robert H. Poe, Battery C, 312th Field Artillery, as private, first class; Private Charles Senchuck, Battery D, 312th Field Artillery, as private, first class; Corporal Alexander Andyienski, 304th Trench Mortar Battery, as corporal; Sergeant Earl O. Corbett, Truck Company No. 1, 304th Ammunition Train, as sergeant; Corporal Claude B. Weberry, Caisson Company No. 1, 304th Ammunition Train, as private, first class; Private William L. Dooley, 408th Engineer Detachment, as private; Corporal Clarence V. Bibler, Company B, 310th Machine Gun Battalion, as private.

TO FORT MICHIE—Sergeant Hedor N. Williams, Headquarters Company, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Private Neil G. Gonzales, Ninth Company, Third Training Battalion, as private, first class; Private Charles B. Krumm, Tenth Company, Third Training Battalion, as private, first class; Corporal Fred L. Bowers, Third Company, First Training Battalion, as corporal.

TO FORT H. G. WRIGHT—Sergeant James Chadwell, Headquarters Company, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant Carl F. Knight, Headquarters Company, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Sergeant James Boyle, Company B, 311th Machine Gun Battalion, as corporal; Private Sam Niedelman, Company A, 312th Machine Gun Battalion, as sergeant; Corporal Roy R. Steele, Company C, 312th Machine Gun Battalion, as sergeant.

TO FORT TERRY—Mess Sergeant Joseph V. Gustie, Company A, 314th Infantry, as mess sergeant; Sergeant Walter H. Campbell, Company C, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Supply Sergeant William A. Nesbitt, Company I, 314th Infantry, as sergeant; Supply Sergeant Michael Grogan, Company K, 314th Infantry, as supply sergeant; First-class Private David O. Ponsonby, Company A, 316th Infantry, as private; Third-class Musician Mervin L. Starks, Headquarters Company, 311th Field Artillery, as private; Corporal Daniel Toombs, Battery E, 311th Field Artillery, as corporal; Private John E. Purcell, Ninth Company, Third Training Battalion, as sergeant.

TO FORT TILDEN—Sergeant Roy E. Dawson, Battery E, 312th Field Artillery, as corporal.

OTHER ASSIGNMENTS

Many Pennsylvanians are also given opportunities to become meteorologists. They have been divided into three groups and assigned to the weather bureau in the following cities:

TO BALTIMORE—Sergeant Raymond E. Sprenkle, Supply Company, 316th Infantry; Sergeant Lloyd M. Stoot, Headquarters Company, 312th Field Artillery; Corporal John S. Rush, Company H, 315th Infantry; Corporal Albert H. Sellman, Headquarters Company, 314th Infantry; Private John B. Hill, Company D, 313th Infantry; Private Ellsworth C. Machin, Company K, 313th Infantry; Private Howard E. Kanter, Battery C, 311th Field Artillery; Corporal Kenneth H. Colville, Company B, 311th Machine Gun Battalion; Private Charles D. Maurer, Company B, 304th Engineers.

TO PHILADELPHIA—Sergeant Frank D. Carvin, Battery D, 312th Field Artillery; Corporal Frederick B. Howell, Battery C, 311th Field Artillery; Corporal James Ord, Company A, 312th Machine Battalion; Private Randolph B. Harbin, Headquarters Troop, Seventeenth Division.

TO RICHMOND, VA.—Sergeant Prowell S. Mack, Company C, 316th Infantry; Sergeant Forney L. Parker, Company D, 316th Infantry; Private Aaron R. Taylor, Headquarters Company, 312th Field Artillery; Private Fred B. Turnerton, Battery E, 312th Field Artillery; Private Powell S. MacCalla, Company F, 304th Engineers.

CHARLES L. KURTZ

Philadelphia men at Camp Meade attest that although he is six feet and five inches tall he is every inch a soldier.

SAILOR AFLOAT ON ICE

Rescued in Ambrose Channel, Unable to Tell Identity

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—A sailor, believed to be a member of the crew of an American steamship, was discovered by the lighthouse tender Yarkspur floating out to sea on a big cake of ice. He was in such a condition from exposure that he could not make his identity known.

He was picked up in Ambrose Channel, about eight miles out, and as the steamship had passed by a short time before it is presumed he had fallen overboard and had contrived to climb on the ice floe before losing consciousness.

BUSY TIMES COMING FOR CAMP DIX MEN

Soldiers Back From Holiday Vacations Will Get Real Workout

NEW SCHOOL ORGANIZED

Evening Ledger Staff Correspondent

CAMP DIX, Wrightstown, Jan. 2.

Divisional military work will be resumed now the men have returned from their holiday furloughs, and Camp Dix will plunge deeply into courses for the development of specialists in various branches of modern war.

In addition to the officers' school for those trying for commissions as second lieutenants, eleven other courses have been mapped out for picked men who later will act as instructors for others. Two separate buildings will be set aside for centering activities of this military university. The structures are located near division headquarters and soldiers assigned to them will have the advantage of the knowledge of the experts in the United States army, in addition to that brought from the battlefronts by foreign officers sent to this camp by the War Department.

The rifle and pistol, the automatic rifle and the light machine gun, heavy machine gun and trench mortar will be studied, in addition to the work assigned for sappers, bombers and pioneers in the engineer department.

Organization commanders have been instructed to detail the officers and noncommissioned requested and none will be relieved from attendance except by orders from headquarters. Each pupil successfully completing the course will receive a certificate attesting his proficiency to act as instructor. With the exception of Sundays, holidays and Saturday evenings classes will be held daily beginning at 8:30 o'clock in the morning, 1:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 in the evening.

In the small arms department of the Infantry School of Arms, covering hand and rifle grenades, Lieutenant Colonel G. H. White, infantry, National Army, will be senior instructor and his assistants will be Second Lieutenants G. T. Purves, of the 312th Infantry, and F. G. Frum, of the 311th. Advisory instructors will be First Lieutenant Jean Meslier, of the French army, 50th Infantry, and Adjutant Pierre Savary, of the French army. In the bayonet section Lieutenant Colonel G. H. White, infantry, National Army, will be the senior instructor, and his assistants will be First Lieutenant Gerald M. Morgan, of the 310th Infantry; Second Lieutenant H. J. Bush, of the 309th Infantry, and Charles J. Piester, of the 310th Infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel G. S. Turner, Infantry, National Army, will be senior instructor for rifle and pistol and automatic rifle and light machine gun. In the lessons covering the automatic pieces the assistant instructors will be First Lieutenant R. W. Sandbury, of the 311th Infantry, and Second Lieutenants Earl D. Snyder, of the 307th Machine Gun Battalion, and Nelson B. De Lavan, of the 310th Infantry. Advisory instructors will be First Lieutenant R. J. Bagues, of the 144th Machine Gun Corps of the French army, and Adjutant Eugene Milon, of the French army.

The heavy machine gun course will also be under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel White, with First Lieutenant M. M. Mitchell, of the ordnance reserve corps, as assistant instructor, and Captain E. H. Petrie, of the British Army Suffolks Machine Gun Battalion, and Sergeant F. Tupmon, of the British army, advisory instructors.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Livonia is threatened with revolution. Students, civilians, even army veterans, are ready to overthrow the monarchy and proclaim a republic. KING FERDINAND II is at the point of death and his grandson, FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO, Crown Prince of Livonia, is only eight years old. The time is propitious for revolt, and the King and his Chancellor, Metlitch, know it.

In order to safeguard the heir to the throne LIEUTENANT NIKKY LARISCH, a young officer, is ordered to watch over Otto. Nikky is in love with HEDWIG, the Crown Prince's cousin, but her mother, ARCHDUCHESS ANNUNCIATA — the grandaunt of the Crown Prince—orders the two not to meet. The plans about are to have Hedwig marry KING KARL OF KARNIA, a neighboring kingdom, and thus remove an enemy on the border and so strengthen internal affairs that the revolution will be thwarted.

COUNTESS OLGA LOSCHEK, in love with Karl, and a follower of the Livonian court, sends a code letter to Karl telling him of the arrangements. PETER NIBURG, a clerk, is the messenger. He is followed by HERMAN SPIER, an agent of the revolutionists, and Heydemann, of BLACK BUMBERT, a giant leader of the enemies of the throne.

Nikky comes upon an attack against Niburg, led by Spier, Humbert and Soler, and is laid low, but he soon recovers sufficiently to assist the battered Niburg home. The latter, however, as soon as he thinks the some Heydemann is out of sight, stumbles his way to the Cathedral, where he gives Olga's letter to a chauffeur. Nikky hides in the automobile until the Karnia-Livonia boundary is crossed and then attacks the chauffeur, who, faced with death, decides to tell his secret.

Back in Livonia Humbert and Soler are entrapped in a bottle of wine with a young student, Haeckel, one of Metlitch's spies. For weeks Haeckel has been kept at the point of death, but he persistently refuses to divulge any information.

Nikky, in possession of all the information, leaves the chauffeur bound and gagged at the side of the road, takes out the letter without glancing at it, places some cigarette papers in its place and seals the envelope. Then he starts for King Karl's hunting lodge.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

BEFORE he returned to the machine he consulted his watch. It was three o'clock. True, the long early spring night gave him four more hours of darkness. But the messenger was due at three, at the hunting lodge in the mountains which was his destination. He would be, at the best, late by an hour.

He pushed the car to its limit. The fine hard road, with its border of trees, stretched ahead. Nikky surveyed it with a soldier's eye. A military road, or he knew nothing—one along which motor lorries could make express time. A marvelous road in that sparsely settled place. Then he entered the forest, that kingly reserve in which Karl ran deer for pastime.

He was nearing his destination.

On what the messenger had told him Nikky hung his hope of success. This was, briefly, that he should go to the royal shooting box at Wedeling, and should go, not to the house itself, but to the gatekeeper's lodge. Here he was to leave his machine and tap at the door. On its being opened he was to say nothing, but to give the letter to him who opened the door. After that he was to take the machine away to the capital, some sixty miles farther on.

The message, then, was to the King himself. For Nikky, as all the world, knew that Karl, with some kindred spirits, was at Wedeling, shooting. That is, if the messenger told the truth Nikky intended to find out. He was nothing if not thorough.

Nikky had lost much of his jaunty air by that time. On the surface he was his usual debonair self, but his mouth was grim and rather contemptuous. This was Karl's way; to propose marriage with a Princess of Livonia, and yet line the country with his spies! Let him but return, God willing, with his report, and after that let them continue negotiations with Karl if they dared.

When at last the lights of the lodge at the gate of Wedeling gleamed out through the trees, it was half past 3, and a wet spring snow was falling softly. In an open place Nikky looked up. The stars were gone.

The lodge now, and the gatekeepers' house. Nikky's heart hammered as he left the car—hammered with nervousness, not terror. But he went boldly to the door and knocked.

So far all was well. There were footsteps within and a man stepped out into the darkness, closing the door behind him. Nikky, who had come so far to see this very agent and to take back a description of him, felt thwarted. Things were not being done, he felt, according to specification. And the man spoke, which was also unexpected.

"You have the letter?" he asked.

"It is here." Luckily he did not speak the patois.

"I will take it."

Nikky held it out. The man fumbled for it, took it.

"Orders have come," said a voice. "That you remain here for the night. In the morning you are to carry dispatches to the city."

Poor Nikky! With his car facing toward the lodge, and under necessity, in order to escape, to back it out into the highway! He thought quickly. There was no chance of overpowering his man quickly and silently. And the house was not empty. From beyond the door came sounds of men's voices, and the thud of drinking mugs on a bare table.

"You will take me up to the house and then put the car away until morning."

Nikky breathed again. It was going to be easy, after all. If only the road went straight to the shooting-box itself the rest was simple. But he prayed that he make no false turning to betray his ignorance.

"Very well," he said.

His companion opened the door behind him. "Ready, now," he called. "The car is here."

Two men rose from a table where they had been sitting and put on greatcoats of fur. The lamplight within quivered in the wind from the open door. Nikky was quite calm now. His heart beat its regular seventy-two, and he even reflected, with a sort of grim humor, that the Chancellor would find the recital of this escapade much to his taste. In a modest way Nikky felt that he was making history.

The man who had received the letter got into the machine beside him. The other two climbed into the tonneau. And, as if to make the denouement doubly ridiculous, the road led straight. Nikky, growing extremely cheerful behind his goggles, wondered how much petrol remained in the car.

The men behind talked in low tones. Of the shooting, mostly, and the effect of the snow on it. They had been after pheasants that day, it appeared.

"They are late tonight," grumbled one of them, as the house appeared, full lighted. "A tardy start tomorrow again!"

"The King must have his sleep," commented the other, rather mockingly.

With a masterly sweep Nikky drew up his machine before the entrance. Let them once alight, let him but start his car down the road again, and all the devils of the night might follow. He feared nothing.

But here again Nikky planned too fast. The servant who came out to open the doors of the motor had brought a message. "His Majesty desires that the messenger come in," was the bombshell which exploded in Nikky's ears.

Nikky hesitated. And then some imp of recklessness in him prompted him not to run away, but to see the thing through. It was, after all, a chance either way. These men beside the car were doubtless armed—one, at least, nearest him, was certainly one of Karl's own secret agents. And, as Nikky paused, he was not certain, but it seemed to him that the man took a step toward him.

"Very well," said Nikky, grumbling. "But I have had a long ride and a cold one. I need sleep."

Even then he had a faint hope that the others would precede him, and that it would be possible to leap back to the car and escape. But, whether by accident or design, the group closed about him. Flight was out of the question.

A little high was Nikky's head as he went in. He had done a stupid thing now, and he knew it. He should have taken his letter and gone back with it. But, fool or not, he was a soldier. Danger made him calm.

So he kept his eyes open. The shooting-box was a simple one, built after the fashion of the mountains, of logs and wood-lined. The walls of the hall were hung with skins and the mounted heads of animals, boar and deer, and even an American mountain sheep, testifying to the range of its royal owner's activities as a hunter. Great pelts lay on the floor, and the candelabra were horns cunningly arranged to hold candles. The hall extended to the roof, and a gallery half way up showed the doors of the sleeping apartments.

The lodge was noisy. Loud talking, the coming and going of servants with trays, the crackle of wood fires in which whole logs were burning, and, as Nikky and his escort entered, the roaring chorus of a hunting song filled the ears.

Two of the men flung off their heavy coats and proceeded without ceremony into the room whence the sounds issued. The third, however, still holding the letter, ushered Nikky into a small side room, a sort of study, since it contained a desk. For kings must pursue their clerical occupations even on holiday. A plain little room it was, containing an American typewriter, and beside the desk only a chair or two upholstered in red morocco.

Nikky had reluctantly removed his cap. His goggles, however, he had [illegible] to retain. He was [illegible] guide was studying him [illegible] not with suspicion, he [illegible] as one who would gauge [illegible] the man before him. He [illegible] fied, too, for his voice, which [illegible] curt, grew more friendly.

"You had no trouble?" he asked.

"None, sir."

"Did Niburg say anything?"

Niburg then, was the spy of the cathedral. Nikky reflected. Suddenly he saw a way out. It was, he afterward claimed, not his own thought. It came to him like a message. He burned a candle to his patron saint some later for it.

"The man Niburg had had an unfortunate experience, sir. He reported that, during an evening stroll, he met me, he was attacked by three men, with the evident intention of securing the letter. He was badly beaten up."

His companion started. "Niburg," he said. "Then——" He glanced at the letter he held. "We must find some one else," he muttered. "I never trusted the fellow. A clerk, nothing else. For this work it takes wit."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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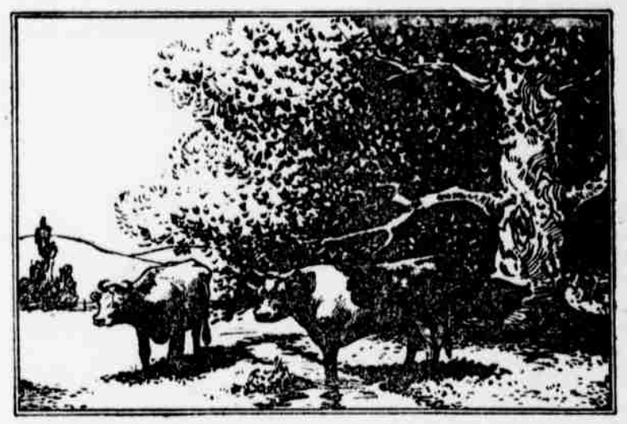

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