

**The Red Cross
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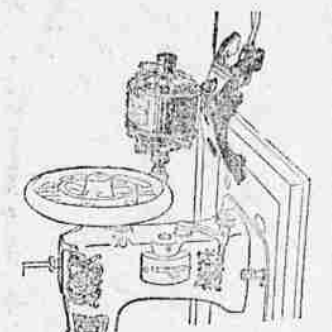


MARGUERITE CLARK
in
Bab's Burglar
A Paramount Picture
**FRIDAY
and
SATURDAY**
Come To The Matinee
ARCADE

The book of Esther is read through by the Jews in their synagogues at the feast of Purim. It has often been remarked as a peculiarity of the book that the name of God does not occur in it.

There is a false modesty which is vanity, a false glory which is levity, a false grandeur which is meanness, a false virtue which is hypocrisy and a false wisdom which is prudery.—La Bruyere.

Prefers Chamberlain's.
In the course of a conversation with Chamberlain Medicine Co.'s representative today, we had occasion to discuss in a general way the merits of their different preparations. At his suggestion I take pleasure in expressing my estimation of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I have a family of six children and have used this remedy in my home for years. I consider it the only cough remedy on the market, as I have tried nearly all kinds.—Earl C. Ross, publisher Hamilton County Republican-News, Syracuse, Kansas.—Adv.



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FOR ONE CENT**

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W. S. FORREST WRITES OF NO MAN'S LAND AT NIGHT

(NOTE: By special permission of the French War Office, W. S. Forrest, United Press Staff Correspondent, recently accompanied a French night patrol on a reconnaissance in No Man's Land. The following story written by Mr. Forrest relating his experiences in No Man's Land at night.)

BY W. S. FORREST.

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

WITH THE FRENCH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Dec. 15.—(By Mail.)

—Night patrolling—reconnaissance in No Man's Land is a something that every first line soldier knows.

The constant surveillance of the enemy necessitates almost nightly examination of the blighted strip of ground in front of the trenches; wire entanglements on the friendly side as well as that of the enemy.

Men who find monotony in night trenches draw their pocket of thrills from the silent games of "hide and seek" that can be played in No Man's Land on any moonless night.

Trench soldiers curse the moon. Tonight it is moonless. The sky is a speckled dome. Occasional bursts of enemy machine-gun fire and nervous grenade and rocket firing have ceased. Both trenches settle down to a period of quiet which is customary at intervals over routine nights in trenches where both sides have been at it for over three years.

"Give them a few rounds with the mitrailleuse and see if they're still alive," the company captain ordered. A machine-gun lieutenant sent a parabolic sweep of lead out into the darkness. A sheepskin coated pole, silently occupying his little niche in the trench next, obeying an order, dropped a grenade into the cup-like end of his grenade rifle and fired.

The half pound explosive slug left the cup with a metallic ring and detonated with a roar and white smoke cloud a score of yards in front. The pole laid his steel helmet on the parapet and deftly heaved a hand grenade which sent its pieces zinging from just in front of the wire as everybody "ducked." A parachute flare sky-rocketed up from a few yards away and floated down lighting up nothing but the frosty tangle of wire and the dull grey grass ahead. Then it became quiet again.

"The Boche is not very hateful to-night," the captain suggests.

A soldier comes along the trench with a steaming pail. It is the night coffee brewed back in the third line rolling kitchen and carried up. This kitchen soldier is the night's most welcome guest. With the coffee he brings along the "gnole," the French army's ration of grog. A pole explained tonight that American soldiers, in this trench some time ago, called it "booze" and drank it with a gulp and a cough. Most poles mix it with their coffee, though this pole added that he found it handy fuel when his regiment was on the Chemin des Dames to heat field rations in a stove made of an upturned German shrapnel helmet.

The night patrol is starting. The trench has been warned not to fire at crawling figures in No Man's Land. A captain and lieutenant crawl "over the top," leading the way. They carry blunt little automatics in one hand. A half dozen poles follow, two deadly "pine-apple" bombs in each hand and the party picks its way cautiously through the wire.

Traversing ordinary wire entanglements is an impossible task but here an almost invisible Hiltz path winds its crooked way over the dead grass carpet where the wire is lowest and occasionally detours to escape a shell hole. This path will be wired up tight again before day-break. The frosty wire rattles and tangles despite utmost care in stepping, high while stooping low and occasionally crawling. Sounds intensify and seem unnecessarily sharp. But to veteran ears they are just the ordinary.

The first entanglements are passed. A short open space and then the next. A soldier stumbles a little over an invisible wire and the captain stops to whisper "doucement." The second maze is passed more quietly because it is narrower.

"It always seems a long time the first time you come through the wire," the captain apologetically whispers. But he's telling a polite little lie and knows it because his first sensation in wire climbing was years ago in this war and now a faded memory.

You are in No Man's Land—waste of grey grassy ground except for shell holes here and there—some old and overgrown with weeds and others now black dirt craters. In front of you is simply blackness hiding other rows of hostile enemy wire ahead. Behind is the vivid frosty stuff you've just come through.

A figure huddles in a shell hole ten yards away. Everybody sees it and crouching lower, stops. The lieutenant crawls ahead alone, his automatic poised. But nothing happens and he waves the others ahead. It was only a pole who came out earlier to mend the wire where a Boche shell missed it up early in the day. He had been a little puzzled by the silent patrol.

The party moves ahead, Indian file and in five minutes the no-man's-land suddenly discovers that every direction is darkness. The tangle of wire in the rear has faded from view. Occasionally a white object appears on the ground. A close-up look and you try to forget it. The rest of the patrol have seen things like this before and think nothing of it. But a grinning white thing in the center of No Man's Land has its food for thought—for the beginner.

"Rat-tat-tat"—a Boche machine gun breaks the silence. Everybody flattens against the ground and waits until the stillness becomes depressing. This "rat-tat-tat" shows that the Boche is still really very much alive and it is a warning to be cautious. Most any minute an unfriendly parachute flare is likely. The patrol's work is done. It has found nothing "unusual in No Man's Land."

As steadily as any North American Indian ever crouched or crawled the patrol heads back but ready to flatten out again with a second notice. But quiet continues and you return to the friendly wire, crawl and wriggle through it and into the trench which, for the first time during the night, has the sensation of being the safest place in the world.

Word is passed down the trench to all its silent watchers that the patrol is ended and that trench warfare is on again.

At daybreak there will be more coffee and "gnole" and the night trench dwellers will pass the watch to the day shift who have been sleeping peacefully in dugouts a few yards away.

After six days and nights of "first trench" life the pole goes back to "rest and quiet" in the second line.

"It isn't bad when you get used to it," the captain explains.

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Real Showman.

"That boy of mine is a natural born showman."

"What makes you think so?"

"He gives circuses every afternoon in our back yard that are the talk of the neighborhood."

"Aren't you afraid he'll break his neck performing on a trapeze or making high jumps?"

"No, indeed. He just takes the ticks. That's why I think he's a natural born showman."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Not the Reward of Merit.

The young lady across the way says \$15 a month certainly seems like nice-ly small pay for leave soldiers, and for her part she thinks they ought to be cancelled much more liberally.—Cartoons Magazine.

UNCLE SAM RUSHES TRAINING OF LIGHT ARTILLERY



Gen. Pershing reports that light artillery, as well as cavalry and infantry, has demonstrated its value in the British push toward Cambrai. Uncle Sam is speeding up light artillery practice among the "selects" at the American cantonments. Here's a picture of Photographer R. P. Dorman, showing the loading of a light field gun "somewhere in America."

POET NAILED AS HERO OF ITALY

D'Annunzio is Decorated by Two Kings for Deeds of Bravery.

GREATEST WARRIOR OF AIR

In Addition to Triumphs as an Author and Aviator, D'Annunzio Has Shown Marked Ability as Statesman and Politician.

Rome.—Two rulers, the King respectively of Great Britain and Montenegro, have conferred medals on Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Without the history of this man's remarkable career fresh in mind the reader of this news is hardly likely to realize the fact that in D'Annunzio is embodied probably the highest type of contrasting versatility now living.



Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The greatest living poet, the greatest living playwright of a great and talented people, is now acknowledged its greatest living warrior of the air.

Fifty-three years seems an appropriate age at which to attain distinction in literature or art, but the greatest flyers of other nations are men in their twenties. Mature age is supposed to have mellowed the nerves and cooled the enthusiasm as to milita man, in a large measure, for brilliant work above the clouds. D'Annunzio has disproved this theory.

Shows Talent as Statesman.

In addition to his triumphs as an author and aviator, D'Annunzio has shown marked ability as a politician.

The career of this remarkable man began in his fifteenth year. While he was studying at Padua he published a volume of poems in which he disas-

ed such marked ability that he attracted the attention of literary critics throughout Europe.

It is upon the "epicness" of his themes that D'Annunzio's enemies base their most severe criticisms, but the esteem in which he is held by the Italian public was shown vividly in the uncertain days of 1915. At this time Giolitti, the Italian ex-premier, was the leader of the pro-German element in Italy.

At a critical time Giolitti visited Rome and attempted a coup which would have committed the nation to active participation in the war on behalf of the Entente with which she is now locked in a life and death struggle.

D'Annunzio's voice, which was the real voice of Italy, was raised against such a move and so stirred were the people in his audience that they rushed en masse to the streets and threw up barricades behind which they fought for the preservation of the country's honor against those who would betray them to the Kaiser and his intrigues.

Cries "Always Forward."

On May 19, 1915, the Italian parliament declared war and the next day D'Annunzio issued an impassioned statement declaring that "this day the people of Italy have once more become healthy; they have recovered their strength and their liberty. Be they few or be they many, one against one, one against four or one against ten—forward. Always forward to the charge. Victory is only to those who believe in victory, who swear by victory."

D'Annunzio was among the first to manifest an intense interest in aviation. When the Wright brothers were in Europe he passed a great deal of time with them, and it was through his influence largely that the Italian government consented to consider seriously what until then had been regarded as a fantastic dream. The airplane at that time was an unstable and perilous machine. Nobody knew this better than the inventors, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that Orville Wright one day consented to take the poet with him in a short flight.

The flyer and his passenger mounted only a short distance above the ground but the sensation was sufficient to leave D'Annunzio an aviation enthusiast.

Marriage or a Career.

A woman aviator, herself married and twenty-three years of age, states that a woman who expects to follow an intellectual life should marry young. This is a sound view, for the woman who fully appreciates the value of her intellectual life realizes that the best years of the mind are those that come after the age of most exalted right bearing. It is a very different view from that of the young woman in professions which serve only to bridge the few brief years between school days and marriage, and for whom marriage closes for all time participation in the world's work outside of the home.

Clearly we can never have an intellectual community in the world's work on a program that would require professional life to the remaining days or months of irresponsibility with marriage. The first gives no brief a period and most subordinate woman to inferior clerical labor, while the second would win infelicity at the sacrifice of woman life and confine participation in the world's affairs to a small and ephemeral group of women.

SEIZED GERMAN SHIPS IN SERVICE

Damage Done to 109 Vessels Repaired by Processes Deemed Unique.

HOPES OF FOE ARE BAFFLED

Written Orders Show Central Authority Gave Instructions for Making Craft Useless—Navy Makes Great Record.

Washington.—Every one of the 109 German ships seized by the United States is in the transport or cargo service, the damage deliberately done to their engines having been repaired thoroughly.

This information was given out by the committee on public information in the course of a statement which again confirmed the stories of the destruction secretly performed by German crews by orders from Berlin.

In the statement the committee says that "there is evidence that a German central authority gave an order for destruction on these ships effective on or about February 1, 1917, simultaneously with the date set for unrestricted submarine warfare, and that the purpose was to inflict such vital damage to the machinery of all German ships in our ports that none could be operated for from 15 months to two years. This purpose has been defeated in signal fashion. In less than eight months all the ships were in service."

Committee Tells of Repairs.

In describing the repairs, the committee says that the government to repair and rebuild three ships the public information committee says:

"There is abundant proof that the enemy believed the damage irreparable.

"To obtain new machinery would have entailed a prolonged process of design, manufacture and installation. Urged by the necessity of conserving time, the engineers of the navy department succeeded by unique means in patching and welding the broken parts and replacing all of the standard parts which the Germans detached from their engines and destroyed or threw overboard."

"The mechanical evidence is that the campaign of destruction was operated on these ships for more than two months and that the Germans were convinced that they were making a thorough job of it. Their schemes of ruin was shrewdly devised, deliberately executed, and it ranged from the plugging of steam pipes to the utter demolition of boilers by dry firing."

"When the United States shipping board experts first surveyed the ruin the belief was expressed that much new machinery would have to be designed, manufactured and installed, making 18 months a fair minimum estimate of the time required. However, at the navy department, where the need of troop and cargo ships was an urgent issue, officers of the bureau of steam engineering, having faith that the major portion of the repairs could be accomplished by expedient and well-

ing, decided to wait passage to cover the ships for service by Christmas, and the last of the fleet actually took her final sea test and was ordered into service as a Thanksgiving gift to the nation.

Many Volunteered Service.

"To accomplish this end the navy department secured the services of all available machinery welders and patchers, many of them having been voluntarily offered by the railroads.

"Most of the time that elapsed between the date on which work was begun and the date on which the last ship was put into commission after vigorous tests was, in fact, chargeable less to the actual repair work than to the tedious task of dismantling all machinery from bow to stern of every ship for inspection, thus eliminating every chance of overlooking concealed mutilation."

The government's repair forces worked always in apprehension of concealed explosives. They found everywhere on the ships instances of arduous pipe plugging of concealing steel nuts and bolts in delicate cylinders, of depositing ground glass in oil pipes and bearings, of cunningly changed indicators, of filling fire extinguishers with gasoline. The statement goes on to say:

"The method of patching and welding broken marine engines had never before been practiced, although the art has been known in the railroad industry for 15 years. Three methods of patching were used; electric welding, acetylene welding and ordinary mechanical patching, the latter often later being welded. Following the repairs, tests of the machinery were first made at the docks, where the ships were pushed firmly to the pier while the propellers were driven at low speed, and later each ship was taken to sea for vigorous trial tests. The patches and welds were reported as having given complete satisfaction.

The former German liners, sailing under distinctly American names, are fitted as troop and cargo ships. Each is convertible to a completely equipped hospital ship for return voyage service. The fleet of seized merchantmen added 500,000 tons to the American merchant marine.

What has become of the old-fashioned theorist who asserted that it was bad policy to save anything?

The inventor of the lamp as we know it, with the wick fitting into a cylinder and an upward air current supplying oxygen, is said to have been Aime Argand, a Swiss, born in 1755.

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