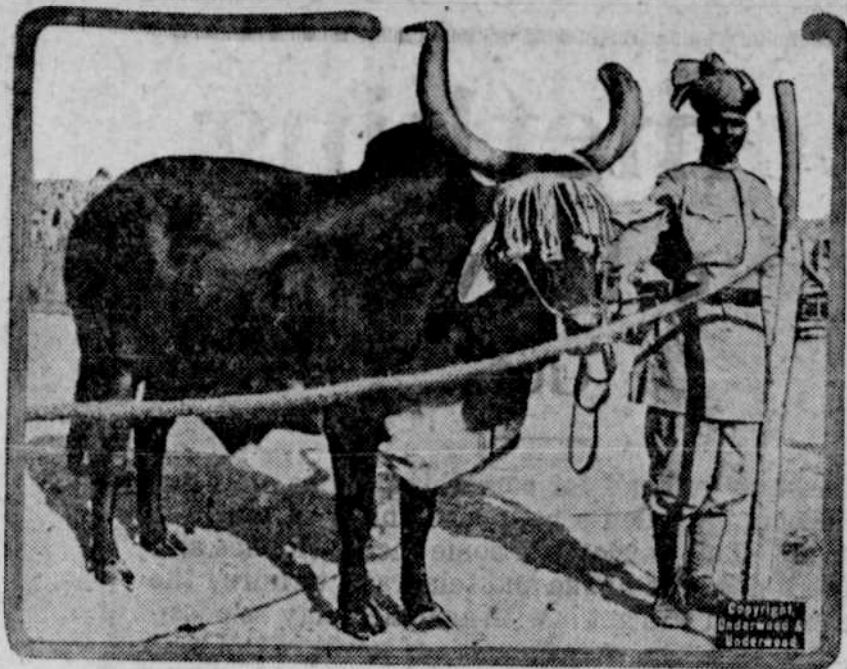


BULLOCK PENSIONED BY GREAT BRITAIN



This bullock saved a big gun from the Turks in the British campaign on the Tigris. For this the British government has allotted it a pension of two cents per day for life.

Von Mackensen Planned Escape

Interned in Hungary Upon Allies' Demands, His Guards Were Friendly.

FOILED BY ALERT OFFICER

French Lieutenant Cuts Wires and Entertains Guard Officer Until Cavalry Arrives—Marshal is Furious at Being Balked.

Paris.—From one of the French officers concerned in the affair a New York World correspondent obtained the hitherto unpublished story of the extraordinary capture of the German Field Marshal von Mackensen, at present a prisoner in a chateau near Temesvar, Hungary, belonging to Count Chotek.

Under the terms of the armistice signed with Austria-Hungary the allies insisted that Mackensen and his entire army, which had fled from Rumania to Hungary in a vain effort to reach Germany, should be interned by the Hungarians. The marshal himself was quartered in the castle of Foth.

Toward the end of December, learning that Mackensen was planning to escape to Germany, Colonel Vix, commanding the French mission in Budapest, applied to French headquarters in Belgrade for permission to place him under arrest and for the force necessary to accomplish this end. Meanwhile he surrounded the castle of Foth with French secret agents. From the latter came reports that Mackensen's baggage had already been sent off and that the marshal himself intended to get away in an automobile at five o'clock the next afternoon, December 31.

Cuts Telephone Wires. Colonel Vix immediately dispatched Lieutenant Genevieve, an exceptionally able intelligence officer, to Foth by motor. The lieutenant reached his destination in the night and immediately cut all the telephone wires connecting the castle with the outside world. Thus Mackensen was unable to communicate with his general staff and the other elements of his army. His isolation, however, was not discovered until an hour or so before the time set for his departure next day. Mackensen wanted to send a final message to his staff. When he found the telephone "out of order" he decided to wait in the chateau until communication could be re-established.

This was extremely fortunate for Lieutenant Genevieve, for the reinforcements, without which the arrest could not be carried out, had not yet arrived. Four squadrons of Spahis cavalry were on their way by train from Belgrade, but there were unforeseen delays, and at five o'clock in the afternoon—the hour of Mackensen's intended flight—the lieutenant had no news of them. Moreover, the cutting of the telephone wires might be de-

tected at any moment, and such a discovery would impel Mackensen to leave at once.

The marshal was nominally in the custody of Hungary, but the Hungarian guards posted at the chateau were favorably disposed toward him and quite ready to see him get away. Genevieve knew that the officer commanding these guards suspected the presence in the vicinity of French agents, and that if he heard of Mackensen's trouble with the telephone he would immediately deduce that the Frenchmen were the cause of it.

The lieutenant therefore determined to entice the Hungarian commander away from the guardroom on the outskirts of the chateau.

Marshal Is Peeved. While he was recalling Mackensen's jailer-ally in the village inn with tales of that dear Poree which in bygone years the latter had known and adored, Lieutenant Genevieve heard the sound of galloping hoofs. He went to the door and saw the Spahis charging up to the chateau of Foth. Point-

Is Lonesomest Man In Germany

American Lieutenant on Outpost Duty at "Stepping Off" Place.

Has Quarters in Great Castle at Coblenz, and Under Anti-Fraternalizing Order He Cannot Visit With Other Inhabitants.

Coblenz.—In a great castle on a hill and with a count and countess and their four daughters as his nearest neighbors dwells today the lonesomest American in all the occupied territory of Germany. He is Lieut. John W. Scott of Detroit, commanding Company K, Twenty-eighth infantry, on outpost duty at the "stepping off" place of the Coblenz bridgehead where it skirts a beautiful valley stretching away toward Berlin.

Just across the hallway from the quarters of the lieutenant on the second floor of the castle, Count and Countess von Walderdorf have been allowed to remain by courtesy of army officers. But the Germans keep to themselves, looking upon the Americans as invaders, and an army anti-fraternization order prohibits Lieutenant Scott from visiting them.

Spends Evenings Alone. On the first floor of the castle 50 American soldiers have their beds and mess and a large living room where they play cards and enjoy each other's company during the long winter evenings and tell of their war experiences, and of all the wonderful things they intend to do when they get home again. Lieutenant Scott spends his evenings, alone, devouring book after book.

Visitors are few at this furthestmost outpost across the Rhine twenty miles from Coblenz. During the day the lieutenant makes his rounds, visiting one sentinel after another, always alone. At the foot of the hill crowned by the castle of Molsberg is the village of Molsberg, of which Lieutenant Scott is military commander, but he talks to the townspeople only on questions of business. And so, day after day, the lieutenant meets no one excepting his soldiers and the civilians on routine matters of duty.

The meals of this loneliest of Americans are served in his quarters, where he dines, alone, with giddy green warrior tapestry figures gazing down upon him from their places on the walls, just where they were hung something like 300 years ago. The figures of one panel picture a gay and jolly party and all the others suggest companionship in some form.

Phone for Business Only. The officer has a telephone which reaches to Montabaur, the 1st division headquarters, but its use is restricted

ing them out to his chagrined companion, he exclaimed, "My job is done!" and hurried out to join the troopers. Colonel Guespereau, who commanded the cavalry forces, entered the chateau and demanded to see Mackensen. The marshal, furious at having been outmaneuvered, sent back a flat refusal.

Guespereau said quietly: "Tell him unless he consents to see me immediately I shall have my Spahis break down the door of his room."

Mackensen gave in and received the colonel forthwith.

The Frenchman saluted him and said: "Sir, you are my prisoner. I have called on you merely to assure myself that you were here. That is all."

"I understand," the Field Marshal replied in low tones.

A week later he was removed in a special train to the Chotek chateau, where he will remain interned until the conclusion of peace.

BUILD 300,000 BRITISH HOMES

Government Adopts Plans to Settle the Housing Problem and Abolish the Slums.

London.—This country needs immediately at least 300,000 dwellings for its working classes, according to Dr. Christopher Addison, president of the local government board, whose housing scheme has just been approved by the British war cabinet. A bill outlining his ideas is to be presented soon to the house of commons.

State assistance will be given only within the next 12 months to schemes submitted to the local government board and must be carried out within the next two years.

Housing commissioners are being appointed to help the various authorities, each commissioner to have a staff, including an architect and a surveyor.

Fittings are to be standardized, "but this does not mean," Doctor Addison's statement says, "that houses are to be built on one pattern. The government is anxious to avoid any such calamity."

In order to do away with "slums" it is proposed the same financial aid be given for clearing and improving insanitary areas as for building new houses on new sites.

Too Much Realism. New York.—Edward Dillon, director of moving pictures, says he's off scenarios calling for holdups. To make one realistic the other day, he hired a former stick-up man. Now he has no watch.

Through the Looking Glass

By EVELYN NESBIT

Have you ever seen a chicken fly? Or a waddling duck look longingly in to the sky and try her wings?

Try as they may, they cannot reach the clouds. They cannot do what every saucy sparrow and every black crow can do.

All of which goes to prove that if you are a chicken don't try to be a sparrow. And if you are a duck, don't try to be a crow. A chicken cannot even be a duck. The chicken has this fact brought forcibly to mind every time it tries to swim.

It is good to have ambitions, but nature has imposed certain limitations on every human being. You cannot have Mary Jones' nose, no matter how much you despise your own button of a nose. You console yourself with the fact that Mary Jones could not have your beautiful curls and your sweet disposition if she angled after them for a century.

It is waste of time for a woman to long to be a sparrow if she is a duck. Let her make the most of her duck-like qualities, and she will beat the sparrow anyway.

Be as ambitious as you can be. Ambition is the axle grease that makes the world go round. But misdirected ambition is like pride—it "goeth before a fall." It fills the world with grumpy, discontented fools, who do not realize how well off they are.

LINEN TEA CLOTHS CHARMING

Table Spread Combined With Filet Crochet on Quaint Mahogany Furniture Is Greatly Admired.

A linen tea cloth combined with filet crochet on a quaint old mahogany table was recently the subject of comment and praise at an afternoon tea and the hostess said: "My store of linen was small—just a roll or two—but it was homespun by my two grandmothers. Both these dear ladies loved to tell tales of their early days. One had spun her linen in New England and the other in Old England, and I determined to enhance my heirlooms with my own handiwork."

"This tea table cover has only a 12-inch square of linen in its center, but the filet lace is broad enough to make it seem of considerable size. The lace motif is the crown and scepter in honor of my British ancestry. Another cover I value is made from the ends of an old homespun sheet. I re-enforced it on the under side with fine stitching before I made it into a dinner cloth. It has some insets of filet and wherever it had to be cut or punched I strengthened the linen by running a little embroidery stitch around it. This made-over linen has been re-created in odd moments and is a treasure to me, and I know my daughters will appreciate it and add to it as I have done."

BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON FROCK



This is a dainty afternoon frock of gray chiffon with chenille striped satin of same shade used as banding.

Furniture Cleaner.

To save time and labor while doing housecleaning try putting some olive oil in a pan of lukewarm water which has been made slightly soapy with a pure soap. Use this to wash furniture, then polish with a dry soft cloth. Woodwork, leather and all will look like new, for the olive oil feeds, while the soapy water cleans, and there are no injurious chemicals to eat the varnish.

The Troublesome Tenant

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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July 14th.

Mr. Amos Giles. Dear Sir: I have been greatly inconvenienced since moving into the house rented from you a week ago—by a leakage in the roof directly over the cook stove. Also, the stove cannot be made to cook. Will you kindly send your agent, immediately upon receipt of this, to attend to the matter, and ablige, the new tenant?

BELINDA BRIGGS.

Lyndenville, July 15th.

Belinda Briggs. Dear Madam: I understand that my agent stated, when renting the house, that it was offered at present low figure, because of its impaired condition, the understanding being that occupant could afford needed repairs because of the decided reduction in price. This is still condition of agreement. Truly yours,

AMOS GILES.

Lyndenville, July 16th.

Mr. Amos Giles. No one could possibly agree to have rain pouring on their virtuals at any low figure. The deceiving man who rented your house, suggested merely, that desired alterations might be accomplished with the reduction of rent. What are you going to do about it?

B. BRIGGS.

July 17th.

Belinda Briggs. Dear Madam: Will send man to fix roof. Any further difficulty will have to be remedied at your own expense.

A. GILES.

July 20th.

Dear Mr. Giles: It is now the bedroom roof which leaks. Damp sleeping rooms are bad for rheumatism. Will you send your workman over again as soon as possible?

BELINDA BRIGGS.

July 20th.

My Dear Mrs. Briggs: It will be impossible for me to attend to any more repairing. Why can't you send your husband up to fix the leak?

A. GILES.

July 21st.

If I had a husband, he never would have rented this house. Only a lone woman could be so imposed upon. I am going to move out.

BELINDA BRIGGS.

July 22nd.

Miss Briggs: Some other place will probably be more conducive to the improvement of your rheumatic condition. My agent failed to inform me that he had rented the place to an elderly woman living alone. Will you forward key at once, as I wish to take possession of the house myself.

A. GILES.

July 22nd.

Mr. Giles: Enclosed find key. Would like to add, that I might have made my complaint less peremptory, had I known that you were an elderly invalid. You were pointed out to me only this morning at the post office.

May I suggest the south bedroom as the most beautiful in your house?

Sincerely,

BELINDA BRIGGS.

P. S.—Have taken for the summer, the small cottage across the way.

B. B.

July 23.

Lyndenville.

My Dear Miss Briggs: Pardon what may appear impertinent curiosity. Was it not the white cottage opposite, which you had rented for the summer? And was I not given to understand that you live alone? Yet this afternoon, a young and beautiful girl suddenly faced me from the window seat of my own living room, beneath which she explained, she had left her music while occupying this house; possessing the music, she passed out of my house and directly over to yours. I may also add that I have inadvertently noticed the young woman from time to time in your garden. Was it by your authority, Miss Briggs, that she came for the music? Respectfully,

AMOS GILES.

July 29th.

Dear Mr. Giles: Am returning answer by messenger. I, Belinda Briggs, went for the music; I must be your "young and beautiful girl." I never told you that I was old or rheumatic, but merely mentioned the fact that damp is injurious to rheumatism. I'm working out here on a book of children's stories and my bulldog is my sole companion. But this is very perplexing. It was a youngish man who faced me at the window seat today, you, I did not see at all. Perhaps my spinsterish name made you think me old, that's why I like to call myself just—

LINDA.

July 29th.

Miss Linda Briggs—by same messenger: The youngish (make it young) man who faced you today at the window

was your late landlord—though I'm not a "dead one." In fact—I never felt so in love with life before. Old Amos is my grandfather, and I guess he handed over this old rookery to me, in compensation for his ancient name. I hoped to sell the house and cut short my enforced stay in the village. But now—I want to have my car sent out—and linger in this beautiful spot. I confess I never realized its full glory until today. May I come over to apologize for my rudeness? Please say yes. Yours,

A. GILES.

Mr. Giles—again by same messenger: You may come. The bulldog approves.

"LINDA"

DAMASCUS STEEL LONG BEST

Old City for Many Centuries Led the World in Producing and Distributing Finer Grades.

Before the use of gunpowder, weapons of steel, such as sword and spear, were the soldier's chief reliance; and in making and distributing the finer grades of steel Damascus led the world. The knight who owned a "Damascus blade" had the very best thing of its kind, still unsurpassed, though the sword has gone out of fashion. According to a writer in the Journal of the Royal Society of Arts, this high-grade steel came originally from India and was the result of a process devised and developed by Hindu artificers.

"One of the many articles which contributed to the world importance of Indian trade was the famous Indian steel," he writes. "It appeared in western Europe during the middle ages, under the names of damascene, or Damascus steel. By another trade route through Persia and the Caucasus it found its way into Russia."

"The iron and steel industry was highly developed in ancient India. A witness to this exists not only in the famous wrought-iron pillar of Delhi, but in many other specimens, some of them at least being undoubtedly high carbon crucible steels."

"To this last category belonged the wootz, or small cakes of carbon steel, from which the damascene blades were manufactured. Some of such cakes were investigated by Reaumur, but he found nobody in Paris who could forge them. Some others were presented to the Royal society by Doctor Scott of Bombay, and brought to this country by Doctor Pearson. Faraday took a keen interest in them, and his investigation of alloy steel, conducted in conjunction with Stodart, was the result."

HAVE CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE

People of Today Enjoy Luxuries Not Thought of Only a Few Short Years Ago.

"Have you ever thought of the fact," said the middle-aged man who always takes the same table in a little restaurant in Herald square, according to the New York Herald, "that as regards inventions and discoveries the last twenty-five years are the richest and most momentous in all the world's history? Of course you haven't. We take all such things so lightly. When I was a boy we had no motion pictures to entertain us, and the only amusement we had was to be taken occasionally to a dime museum or a Punch and Judy show."

"Just think of what the children now have compared to that. We used to ride in dingy horse cars, with straw on the floor in winter and a little stove in the corner. And it was impossible to read in those cars by the flickering oil lamps. Now, just let me give you a list of a few things that make for our comfort, convenience and entertainment today—all of which have come to us within a quarter of a century. Here they are:

"The electric light, the telephone, the automobile, the electric car, the motion picture, the phonograph, the airplane, the subways, the tubes under the rivers, the typewriter, duplex telegraphy, wireless telegraphy, the air-brake, the typesetting machine, the color press, sanitary plumbing and a bathtub in almost every home, antiseptics and marvelous advances in photography. Now, my friends, think this over and you will be amazed how much farther advanced this generation is and what comforts and advantages we enjoy to which we give so little thought. Surely we have reason to be thankful."

Twenty Years in One Room.

If we devote, on an average, eight hours to sleep, says Sir St. Clair Thomson, the English throat and nose specialist, a third at least of our 24-hour day is spent indoors, and each individual who reaches sixty years of life will have passed no less than twenty years of his existence in the one and only room where he is likely to be sole arbiter of the ventilation. Unless there are exceptional conditions, the windows of every sleeping room should be wide open all night and every night. The blinds should be drawn up, otherwise, from their valve-like action, they will only permit intermittent and uncertain ingress of fresh air, while the only egress for devalitized air is by the inadequate route of the chimney.

Old Songs.

Who can fittingly describe the warmth of feeling, the awakening of tender memories that come to us when we hear an old song—one that we have known and loved in other years? asks David Bispham. In this we find a sentiment at once true and deep—a sentiment it may be of the romantic, weaving its magic in unromantic lives like our own.

WHISTLER GOT EVEN FOR ONE HOUR'S SENTENCE

One of the units at Camp Lewis, Washington, had in its ranks a chronic whistler. In barracks, at drill, everywhere and all the time, this soldier whistled. Suggestions, threats, sarcasm in regard to his musical efforts all rolled off him like water off a duck's back. There was no stopping his whistling.

Finally an officer took the man in hand. "You stand out there at attention," the officer commanded, "and whistle for an hour."

The soldier grinned and obeyed.

For one hour he stood in the company street, whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner."

And for an hour officers and soldiers stood at attention with him.

MRS. BALINE BEALE



Mrs. Baline Beale, who was Miss Harriet Blaine, daughter of the late James G. Blaine, is ward visitor at Walter Reed hospital, Washington. The wounded soldiers find her both gracious and companionable.