

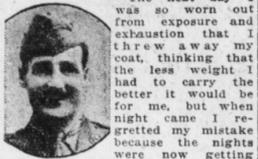
"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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CHAPTER IX (Continued)

In Enter Belgium
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The next day I was so worn out from exposure and exhaustion that I threw away my coat, thinking that the less weight I had to carry the better it would be for me, but when night came I regretted my mistake because the distance were now getting colder. I thought at first it would be best for me to retrace my steps and look for the coat I had so thoughtlessly discarded, but I decided to go on without it.

I then began to discard everything that I had in my pocket, finally throwing by wristwatches into a canal. A wristwatch does not add much weight, but when you plod along and have not eaten for a month it finally becomes rather heavy. The next thing I discarded was a pair of flying mittens.

These mittens I had gotten at Camp Borden, in Canada, and had become quite famous, as my friends termed them "snowshoes." In fact, they were a ridiculous pair of mittens, but the best pair I ever had, and I really felt worse when I lost those mittens than anything else.

I could not think of anybody else ever using them, so I dug a hole in the mud and buried them and could not help but laugh at the thought if my friends could ever see me burying my mittens, because they were a standing joke in Canada, England and France.

I had on two shirts, and as they were always both wet and didn't keep me warm, it was useless to wear both. One of these was a shirt that I had bought in France, the other an American Army shirt. They were both khaki and one as apt to give me away as the other, so I discarded the French shirt. The American Army shirt I brought back with me to England and it is still in my possession.

Buries His Red Cap
When I escaped from the train I still had the Bavarian cap of bright red in my pocket and wore it for many nights. It also had proved very useful when swimming rivers, for I carried my map and a few other belongings in it, and I had fully made up my mind to bring it home as a souvenir. But the farther I went the heavier my extra clothing became, so I was compelled to discard even the cap.

I knew that it would be a tell-tale mark if I simply threw it away, so one night, after swimming a river, I dug a hole in the soft mud on the bank and buried it, too, with considerably less ceremony than my flying mittens had received perhaps; so that was the end of my Bavarian hat.

My experience at the Belgians' house whetted my appetite for war food, and I figured that what had been done once could be done again. Sooner or later, I realized, I would probably approach a Belgian and

find a German instead, but in such a contingency I was determined to measure my strength against the Hun's if necessary to effect my escape.

As it was, however, most of the Belgians to whom I applied for food gave it to me readily enough, and if some of them refused me it was only because they feared I might be a spy or that the Germans would shoot them if their action were subsequently found out.

About the fifth day after I had entered Belgium I was spending the day as usual in a clump of bushes, when I discerned in the distance what appeared to be something hanging on a line. All day long I strained my eyes trying to decide what it could be and arguing with myself that it might be something that I could add to my inadequate wardrobe, but the distance was so great that I could not identify it. I had a great fear that before night came it would probably be removed. As soon as darkness fell, however, I crawled out of my hiding place and worked up to the line and got a pair of overalls for my industry. It was a mighty joyful night for me. The pair of overalls was the first bit of civilian clothes I had thus far picked up with the exception of a civilian cap which I had found at the prison and concealed on my person, and which I still had. The overalls were rather small and very short, but when I put them on I found that they hung down far enough to cover my breeches.

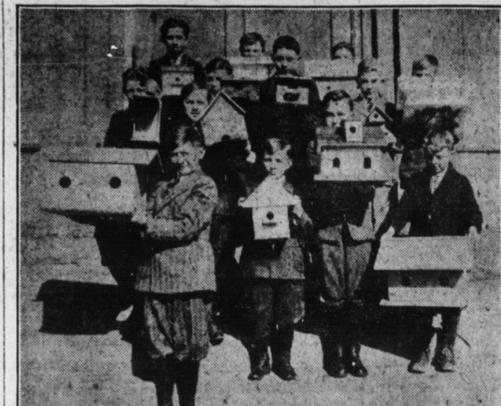
Raided Barn and Gets Coat
It was perhaps three days later that I planned to search another house for further clothes. Entering Belgian houses at night is anything but a safe proposition, because their families are large and sometimes as many as seven or eight sleep in a single room. The barn is usually connected with the house proper and there was always the danger of disturbing some dumb animal, even if the inmates of the house were not aroused.

Frequently I took a chance of searching a backyard at night in the hope of finding food scraps, but my success in that direction was so slight that I soon decided that it wasn't worth the risk and I continued to live on the raw vegetables that I could pick with safety in the fields and the occasional meal that I was able to get from the Belgian peasants in the daytime.

Nevertheless, I was determined to get more in the way of clothing and when night came I picked out a house that looked as though it might furnish me with what I wanted. It was a moonlight night and if I could get in the barn I would have a fair chance of finding my way around by the moonlight which would enter the windows.

The barn adjoined the main part of the house, but I groped around very carefully and soon touched something hanging on a peg. I didn't know what it was, but I confiscated it and carried it out into the field. There in the moonlight I examined my booty and found that it was an old coat. It was too short as an overcoat and too long for an ordinary coat, but, nevertheless, I made use of it. It had probably been

EXHIBIT OF BIRD BOXES AND APRONS



Dillsburg, Pa., April 27.—An entertainment with a "Bird Day" and "Apron" program was given by the A-Intermediate School of Dillsburg, Pa., recently. The program included: Singing, "Happy Hours" by the school; dialog, "Bird for the Right" by three boys; recitation, "What the Choir Sang," Maxine Karns; dialog, "Economy Club," by eight girls; dialog, "Good-bye," Frances Eveler and Esther Fishel; exercise, "Bird Day Verses" by eight boys; singing, "The Orioles Babies," by school; dialog, "Dialog in Name Only" by three boys; recitation, "When Company Comes," Ethel Williams; dialog, "The New Man," Maxine Karns and Bertha Siddle; piano duet, Margery Eveler and Frances Eveler; recitation, "The Raggedy Man," Ruth Irving; recitation, "Our Hired Girl," Bertha Siddle; music, "Spring in the Orchard," by the school; recitation, "A Boy's Composition on a Mule," Marshall Smith; recitation, "A Composition on Pins," Esther Fishel; solo, "The March Wind," Pearl Walls; exercise, "Bird Dialogue," by eight girls; dialogue, "The Lost Knife," by Marion Wolf, Adelle Nelson, Blanche Cassel and Bertha Siddle; dialog, "What's in a Name," by four boys; dialog, "Entertaining Sister's Beau," by Marion Wolf, Adelle Nelson, Ruth Irving and Pauck Smith; singing, "What the Bird Sang," by the school. The boys brought in bird boxes and the girls aprons which they had themselves made during the winter. Miss Maxine Karns is the teacher of the A-Intermediate school.

an overcoat for the Belgian who had worn it.
I never realized until I had to part with it just how much I thought of that uniform. It had been with me through hard trials and I felt as if I were abandoning a friend when I parted with it.
(To Be Continued.)

Dry Federation Wages Registration Work

Dr. John Royal Harris, superintendent of the Dry Federation of Pennsylvania, issued an appeal from state headquarters in Pittsburgh yesterday, to the unregistered dry voters of all third class cities, urging them to register at their polling places tomorrow, May 1st, and thus qualify themselves for participation in the May primaries when the ratification of the national prohibition amendment will be one of the paramount issues in the nomination of candidates for the general assembly. The statement is as follows: "On behalf of the Dry Federation of Pennsylvania, I wish to strongly urge all of those residents of third class cities who are in sympathy with the effort being made to make our state dry and who did not register last fall, to be sure to do so on the only day for so doing, Wednesday, May 1st, so far as participation in the May primaries is concerned. We believe that if all those who are interested in the abolition of the liquor traffic will vote for the proper men at the May primaries, a majority of the next legislature will be elected which will vote to ratify the national prohibition amendment. It is in the third class cities that the fight now centers and it is up to the dry forces to do their full duty and register themselves and all their friends and be ready to vote for the dry candidates for the legislature."

Teutons Prepare For Final Drive Push

Rome, April 30.—"The Germans are preparing for a final push," declares the Zurich correspondent of Corriere d'Italia. They are ready to sacrifice one-third of their men, it is said. All available troops have been drawn from the garrisons. Even the little Grand Duchy of Lippe furnished two divisions (24,000 men), while Wurtemberg furnished eight. Despite German denials, Austrian divisions have crossed Brenner Pass, en route to Flanders. "The enemy is determined to stake all on a great effort before the full strength of America materializes," the report states.

"MOONLIGHT WORKERS" IN ENGLISH GARDENS

London.—A new type of garden laborer, known as the "moonlighter," has appeared in the suburban country districts, owing to the shortage of general laborers. The moonlighter is a workman who is employed all day, but who is willing to earn a little extra money by working during the moonlight nights in the gardens and allotments. His is the only sort of labor that the suburbanites can now employ in the digging and sowing of the vegetable plot, which every suburban householder regards as an essential part of his household.

"BLUE DEVILS" ARRIVE
An Atlantic Port, April 30.—One hundred Blue Devils, French soldiers, specially trained, who "will go through hell itself for their officers," arrived yesterday to tell Americans about the war and the necessity for success of the Liberty Loan. Owing to special orders to U-boat commanders to "get" the blue devils not even the Liberty Loan managers knew they were coming here.

CANADIAN TROOPS SAFE

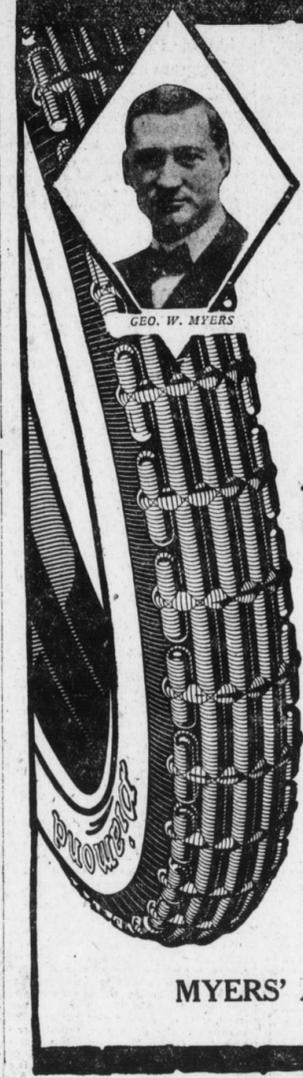
Ottawa, April 30.—Safe arrival of 2,905 Canadian troops in England is announced through the chief press censor's office. They include infantry drafts from British Columbia, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Quebec, field artillery from Vancouver, London, Ont.

SELLS ENTIRE VILLAGE

Phoenixville, Pa., April 30.—William McKinley, former coroner of Chester county, has sold the entire village to Harry Schmell, of the Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator—Ad.

tario and Toronto, forestry, cavalry, railway and water transport details, airplane pilots and a Serbian draft.

same place, on private terms. This little village is on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, and consists of a store and dwelling, three small houses, blacksmith shop, old grist mill, barn and other farm buildings, with several acres of ground.



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