

# THE SEATTLE STAR

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 Volume 20

## Letters From Soldiers

The following letter was received by Edgar G. Mills, supreme court candidate, from his son, Edgar, who is "somewhere in France."

Dear Folks: I've tried writing left-handed, but can make no headway, tho, for it was headed for my certain in comparison.

On the night of the 28th I got my right wrist in the way of a shell fragment that seemed to resent the interruption of its mad career. Luck, me that I did get it in the hand, tho, for it was headed for my eyes, which I instinctively shielded. The wound is only slight and is healing well, so that I will probably be all over it in another three or four days, altho there is a possibility of its remaining a little stiffer, could not see my way clear to go to a hospital, with all the excitement that is going on here, so I am trying to carry on, and taking care of the wrist myself. I was more than repaid for sticking to it by the pleasure I got from helping the wounded that were in transit over our lines. I have been riding the trains from the rendezvous to the stations, from which all but the most serious cases are shipped to the hospitals in the rear. The train I was with most of the time consisted of an armored tractor and 10 cars of the type we used to call gondolas, only about one-tenth the size—being narrow-gauge. The average load consisted of about 160 "sitting" and 16 stretcher cases, and except when we picked up slightly wounded Red Cross men, I attended to the crowd all alone, re-adjusted or renewed defective bandages (some job left-handed), administered stimulants and passed the smokes. I was lucky with the smokes, as your shipment of Aug. 28 arrived the day before the wash, and I had saved about 400 from previous shipments and bought, begged, borrowed and bummed 700 from the boys in this outfit. It is the first time that I didn't run short. My one and only stimulant consisted of a keg of particularly red wine, donated by a Belgian friend, and altho it was not strictly according to Hoyle, I believe it kept more than one rain-soaked patient alive. I know that it kept most of them warm, regardless of the cold rain and wind.

The gratitude they expressed was almost a thousand times the efforts I made, and the only regret I have is that I couldn't be on all the trains.

Had a letter from Reed (brother who was gassed), and he is getting along finely; expects to get back the same at any minute. Hope he doesn't.

**HELMETS TOO EASY TO GET**  
 The following letter has been received by Mrs. Charles A. Reynolds, 1033 E. Madison st., from her son, Private Morrin M. Reynolds, with the American expeditionary forces in France:

"Dear Mother: We were all in the little drive that was pulled off last month, and that was where I got my little scratch. But there were some of the old 'H' company that were not so lucky as I. Some of the boys will be in the States, disabled for life, some, while some boys I know will never see Spokane again.

"I received all of the cigars, papers and gum, and was glad to get them. It is impossible to get these things over here. The government hands out some tobacco, but the papers are impossible.

"Speaking of souvenirs, I brought some back from the front myself—a pistol, field glasses, canteen and a leather cigar case. I sold the first two and gave the others away.

"I formerly thought that I would like to get a helmet, but they are so numerous and heavy that few are brought back. We have all we can possibly carry, without these 'souvenirs'.

"The first morning that we went 'over the top' we soon grew so tired of chasing the Germans that we began to shed our clothes and supplies. One man went over in his undershirt, which is against the regulations, but he fought none the worse for it.

"There are lots of grapes in this part of France, but they are not yet ripe to eat here, a big cattle here, where Alexander Dumas is supposed to have obtained his inspiration for the 'Three Musketeers.' There are many caves and underground rivers in this country."

**The Quick Way to Stop a Cough**  
 This Home-Made Syrup Does the Work in a Hurry. Easily Prepared, and Saves About \$2.00.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. It usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good. Four 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain distilled sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you have a full supply—costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly relieves the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex, with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**RABY TAILORING CO.**  
 Headquarters for Suits, Coats and One-Piece Dresses  
 425 Union Street

## "Over There" With the Yanks



**Dear Miss Grey:** Will you please tell me what sort of present I should give a nurse who had done a great deal for me? I thought of giving her a box of candy, but that was too common, so I seek your advice.

A nice box of candy certainly is not to be scoffed at these days. If she is not an intimate friend candy would make a very appropriate gift. I am sure she would appreciate one of those fancy work baskets filled with chocolates and bonbons. If you do not wish to do this, give her a leather-bound book of popular verse.

**The Plaintiff of a Central Girl**  
 Dear Miss Grey: I have read about "street car officials, telephone operators, and other public enemies" who were calling home cows on the way lots of people figure. There are three sides to the telephone service problem—the company's side, the public's side, and last but not least, the operators' side. An extensive telephone system is worthless without efficient operators. Without kicking about the wages or conditions, if the general public would lay aside their natural peevishness and give their numbers distinctly and in a moderate tone of voice and not yell so a person might think they were calling home cows on a Montana ranch, they could help "Central" considerably.

There is a little lady whose calls I answer and she invariably says: "Aw, Central, you make me seek." That's what I feel like saying when someone haws out a number at me. There are lots of ways of giving a number and some people seem to say: "Well, yes, that's the number, now get it and get it quick!" Others: "Yes, that's the number. I'm really surprised, too, that you really recited it correctly, but I suppose the line's busy." And of course they usually are if it is some big ship yard or department store. Then: "Why, Central, they have several lines; they can't all be busy."

Then there are the rush hours, especially in the evening. Hubby simply must get wife right away because he has forgotten what kind of meat to get, and as lots of other hubbies are doing the same thing, if he gets the wrong lady it is Central's fault. Then there is also the old alibi, "I tried to call you all day," etc.

When the service is built up Mr. Crab will always hand it to Central because he's just a crab and can't help it, and so she should worry, and do not.

**AN OPERATOR.**

"Come on!! Fight square—and cut out that hittin' me on th' crazy bone."

## STAR SHELLS

**AS MILE IN TIME'S WORTH NINE**

**REVENGE**  
 As I sit here silently  
 Waiting for a happy thought,  
 Sighing, gleaning, diligent,  
 I wish the editor were naught.

When my veins I turn to him,  
 He sniffs and snorts atrociously,  
 Whiffs it in a basket brimful to the rim,  
 My heart turns red with blood and beats ferociously.

Yet there will come a day,  
 Yes, yeal or I'm mistaken,  
 When he will yet be old and gray,  
 And away he will be taken.

**My Poem in the Rim of the Rim of the Basket**  
 There was a young lady who quite mis-  
 understood  
 The rules and regulations all Seattle  
 people should.  
 For down a hilly way, the sky wind-  
 blew a hat and gray,  
 She walked with but a mask on—what  
 could people say? —Ella Pilbox.

We met a profiteer yesterday,  
 Who has a streak of frankness.  
 "Why are oranges so high?" we  
 asked. "On account of the war?"  
 "No," he answered. "On account  
 of the flu."

"Do you think the kaiser's pr-  
 der will be answered?" postcards D.  
 C. H.  
 We can't answer. We don't know  
 what he is praying for.

**FINE FOR COLD WEATHER**  
 WANTED—Combination range  
 and child's bed; state price and con-  
 dition.—Advertisement in Cleveland  
 (O.) Plain Dealer.

**SHERLOCK BUSY AGAIN**  
 No weapon was found in the  
 house, which leads to the deduction  
 that the slayer carried it away with  
 him.—Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

"He writes that he has been in  
 Paris," says the Macomb (Ill.) Jour-  
 nal, telling of a soldier's letter. "It  
 is a very beautiful, quaint, old  
 town." One may feel sure the sol-  
 dier has been there.

**A WORD FROM JOSH WISE**  
 A loser never runs into many volunteers with help.

Nevertheless, Will Gallup owns a livery stable in Casselton, N. D.

The German slogan: "Keep the Home Liar Earning."

**ABSENT WITH LEAVE**  
 "Why doesn't George call on her any more?"  
 "Well, it is this way. They were sitting on the front porch, talking mushy talk, when she asked: 'Whose little cootie are you?'"—Pass in Review.

**THEN MA SEND HER TO BED**  
 "Pa, did you fall in love with ma at first sight?"  
 "Yes, my dear. But it was a year or so after we were married that the doctors discovered that I should have worn glasses much sooner than I did."—Detroit Free Press.

"My wife is a most careful woman," postcards C. S. "She cooked corned beef and cabbage for supper yesterday and she made the whole family wear masks."

What has become of the old fashioned kaiser who said, "I will stand no nonsense from the United States?"

"Who originated the phrase, 'Safety First'?" an anonymous correspondent writes us. We don't know his name but he was a Swede, Norwegian or Japanese, and his business is making matches.

Everything in its place. You never saw a man wearing a silk hat while taking down the screens.

## To a COOTIE



**BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE**  
 (A doughboy re-reads Burns most famous poem.)  
 Ha! where ye gain, ye crowlin' Cootie?  
 To dine on me is nae yer duty!  
 Ye ugly, creepin' blaatit brutie,  
 Ye bite me saurly;  
 Loeh! what a sting is in yer snootie,  
 Ye squattin' ferlie!

Gude faith! there's fu' a hunder dozen!  
 Adoon my breaks I feel ye fassin'.  
 Ye mak' mair panic in my buzzum  
 Than ony German,  
 Tho' sooth! they weel may claim ye cousin,  
 Ye flichterin' vermin!

I wad na be surprised to mark  
 You on some poli's flannen sark,  
 Or, aiblens, on some dud sae dark  
 Na wath waur it!  
 But on my bran new O. D.'s mark!  
 I'll choke ye for it!

Na, Tommy, dinna toss yer heid;  
 Ye only multiply the speed  
 Whereby ye cross the creeshee breed,  
 And soon they settle,  
 Till mair than finger-ends ye need  
 To claut sic cattle.

O, wad some pow'r the gifle gie us  
 Till not a cootie mair could see us,  
 It wad frae many a itchin' free us  
 And wriggling motion,  
 For liniment to mak them lea' us,  
 I'd gie a groschen!  
 (Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

## Cynthia Grey's LETTERS

**Nice Box of Candy Not to Be Scored**  
 Dear Miss Grey: Will you please tell me what sort of present I should give a nurse who had done a great deal for me? I thought of giving her a box of candy, but that was too common, so I seek your advice.

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**Look Up Question in a U. S. History**  
 Dear Miss Grey: Will you kindly inform me thru the columns of The Star the names of our presidents from Washington to Wilson; also those who served two full terms?

You may secure this information from any U. S. history or from the World Almanac. Since you live in the city, if you haven't the books in your home you will find them at the public library. I print this letter because this department is constantly in receipt of numerous similar simple questions which anyone could find the answers to if they cared to take the trouble to look them up.

**Man Refuses to Wed; Girl Peeved**  
 Dear Miss Grey: I am a girl of 21, and have been keeping steady company with a man of 27 for the last five months. His constant friendship has made me really care for him and he always tells me he loves me.

He intimated at intervals that he would never marry; but I paid no attention to the fact, because I believed that these "wise" people fall hardest.

Last night he declared openly that he loved me, but that he would never marry, because when a year or so had elapsed, and he felt like separating, nothing could hold us.

I do not believe he loves me, altho he seems sincere, because, in my opinion, when people love each other they never look forward to separation. I have already made up my mind that I would cease his company, and I am simply wasting my young years with him. I have given up all of my best friends for him and he knows it, too.

What do you think his purpose is? I am selfish. Please give me your opinion in the matter, and it will be greatly appreciated.

J. B.  
 You have no one to blame but yourself. You thought you could turn an ace high trick and got fooled, so don't whine. You give up all of your other men friends, despite the fact that this man told you repeatedly that he had no intentions of marrying. It was a short-sighted move.

As to the man's purpose—I cannot say, as I am not a mind reader. He may have had some unhappy experience, or he may be simply embittered by all of the deceit, faithlessness and intrigue bared in our divorce courts and thru the city press, aside from what person's observations he may have made among his friends and acquaintances. If he has dwelt long and seriously upon this situation it is enough to make him skeptical about taking the leap.

**Miss Fifteen Thinks Daddy Harsh**  
 Dear Miss Grey: My father objects to me speaking to or keeping company with the boys. All other girls of my age do. Why shouldn't I? Do you think this is right of him to act this way? FIFTEEN.

Your father is just as right as right can be, and some day, when you are a grown woman, you will thank him for the kindly interest he has shown in your welfare. You are all wrong when you say that all girls of 15 keep company with the boys. Few of them are permitted to, and certainly none of them whose parents have their best interest at heart.

**Spanish Influenza in Training Camps**  
 Dear Miss Grey: I notice by the

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

(Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association)  
 "Thousands of lives may depend upon your success, my dear," said Daddy Lorimer, as he took my arm and led me to his favorite corner of the sunroom. "Your trip has to do with our chemicals, of course. We're up against rotten luck with this shipment. We sent a cargo East, but we found a bomb in the hold of your boat. We moved the ship to a new port of departure. Now, we've got a new ship—you'd better not know where. We don't want to trust the new plan to wire, phone or mail. But, if you can carry my message to the right party, that blamed thing will be slipped aboard and the ship will make her way—maybe I can get a night's sleep before long."

**I AM TO QUOTE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES AS CODE MESSAGES**  
 I followed Daddy's words with tense interest, and, I hoped, with understanding. I asked:  
 "Then, it isn't losing the cargo which bothers you so much, Daddy? You want to get it out to sea, where it can't knock up the continent if German spies should spot it?"  
 "That's the grand idea, my child. By the way, have you been around the office lately?"  
 "No, Daddy. Chrys said she couldn't bother with me this week!"  
 "Chrys is all right," Daddy smiled at his daughter. "You must not be recognized as a Lorimer employee. If you meet anyone you know on the train—say you are going to New York to buy clothes!"  
 "Me—go East—to buy frocks in war time? I'd be ashamed, Daddy Lorimer! I'm going to see the committee of the A. B. F. E. Permanent Blind Relief War Fund! Doesn't that sound better?"  
 "It certainly does," I said. "That's a grand idea. And if you don't blotch this business, I'll send your war relief a check for \$5,000!"  
 "Daddy, you might just as well make out that check right now. I'll take it along. It will show why I'm going East—if I need proof. When do I start?"  
 "Day after tomorrow—on No. 6. You will put up at the new hotel—what's its name?—Victory! In the afternoon a man will phone and ask you to tea. You will accept. Over the table, he will hand you one of my cards—a man to this—and on it will be scribbled in my handwriting, 'Where do we go from here?'"  
 "Daddy, you're joking! No? Then what am I to reply to such nonsense?"  
 "Nothing at all hard to remember, my dear," Daddy chuckled, however, as if it were a great joke. "It's easy; but, remember, don't twist it. If you don't keep it straight, half a state may go up in dust!"  
 "Honestly, I feel sure of myself," I said eagerly. "And the message is—?"  
 "Mary had a little lamb!"  
 "Oh, Daddy!" My tone was a wall of reproach. I thought he was teasing me, and I was on the verge of tears.  
 "Dear child," he said quite solemnly, "can't you see that nobody, especially no danged Teuton spy, would ever suspect that the world-famous of war ammunition into a Mother Goose rhyme?"  
 (To Be Continued)

press reports that there are, or were, 200,000 cases of Spanish influenza in the United States army. Are these men who have passed a perfect physical examination, and expected to be in the best of health when entering the army, after vaccination and inoculation, supposed to be immune from contagious diseases like the "flu"? If not, why compulsory vaccination and inoculation?  
 J. P. K.

The period of quarantine the boys in naval and army camps are put thru is to protect them from such diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria and contagious diseases that are well known to medical experts. The Spanish influenza is a new form of an old disease. The germ is so minute that it is difficult to discover. Medical ex-

pers and physicians are working upon an absolute preventive and cure for this epidemic.

**SHOP EARLY**  
 The north wind will blow and we shall have snow. But the Christmas shopper will not care a rap. She's done all her shopping, early she went shopping. And December storms cannot spoil her nap. The money she might be spending that month she will put into Thrift and War Stamps at once.

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## Mail by Air

In a spirit of prophecy, we venture an assertion. Aerial mail will entirely supersede train service between ALL large cities ere a decade slips into the past.

It is logical, practical and possible within five years. When the world's energies are turned from the prosecution of war to the pursuits of peace, tremendous impetus will be given this epochal innovation.

It is swift and direct, of inestimable value to the commercial sphere. The development, expansion and perfection of this postal branch promises to create a competitive situation with the exploiters of day letters by wire.

Thousands of contingencies that now must be met by recourse to Morse via dot and dash; hundreds of sales complications, business difficulties and personal problems necessarily settled by wire today—will as advantageously be handled by air mail dispatch tomorrow.

System, science, efficiency—all will be introduced to cut postage till it bids fair to compare with our present regular figures.

Where words need not be numbered to restrict tariffs, and the speed of delivery is comparable with telegraphed day message, it is instantly appreciable that the language latitude a letter allows, plus the economy of postal rates, will favor the air service.

Its effect on the telegraph organizations, however, will not be detrimental. They'll be obligated to speed wire service to its utmost; a matter in many instances heretofore given dilatory attention. The rivalry will likewise insure wire charges at their lowest, commensurate, of course, with existing general conditions and the expedited service.

In view of the extraordinary advances inventive genius has of late permitted in many directions, it is not unlikely that trains of planes will populate the air while we stroke beards and reminiscently call to mind not only this infant stage of a revolutionary project but the day we hesitated to take our first spin in a benzine buggy.

## Help the United War Work

Every American woman who goes to France for war work finds American women ready to greet her at the port city, where she lands. American friends are awaiting her in the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in Paris. If she is a nurse, Americans again greet her at the base hospital to which she is assigned.

One of the outstanding phases of Y. W. C. A. work in France is the care of American women doing war work there. Since the United States entered the war, the Y. W. C. A. has opened 28 centers for American women in Paris, Tours, and Bourges, and in 16 American base hospitals.

The Hotel Petrograd, the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in Paris, has already outgrown its quarters and an annex has been opened a block distant. The Petrograd, situated in the heart of the city, calls together a greater variety of uniforms than any other institution in Paris.

Soldiers and sailors of all ranks meet their women friends there, or drop in to talk "to an American woman." American signal corps girls, who are under the protecting wing of the Y. W. C. A. from the moment they assemble in New York for departure overseas, remain at the hostess house until time to proceed to their posts of duty. Nurses make the Petrograd their home when they are passing thru the city, or spending their furlough at the capital.

A portion of the funds to be raised in the United War Work Campaign the week of November 11th, will be applied to this work.

## A Lamentable Election Result

One of the most disappointing results in the King county election, from the standpoint of forward-looking citizens, is the defeat of Senator Ralph Nichols, progressive, at the same time that such reactionary state senators as Wray and Taylor were re-elected.

The bitterness of the thing is that progressives themselves contributed to Nichols' defeat by pitting a rival candidate against him, instead of supporting him.

The Star means no discourtesy to Senator-elect O'Harra. As a member of organized labor, O'Harra is undoubtedly loyal progressive. But at the best he cannot function any worthier than Senator Nichols did when he led the labor and progressive forces in the last session. Nichols earned the bitter enmity of certain special interests. He expected THEIR opposition, but there was no ground nor any excuse to expect a campaign against him by any progressive element, inside or outside of organized labor.

Yet the peculiar situation in Nichols' district was that the very worst reactionary elements were fighting Nichols just as hard as the O'Harra progressives were, a unique combination indeed. Just how progressives can hope to improve their cause by scorning those officials who HAVE been truly progressive, is difficult to see. It is an experiment that ought not to be tried too often.

## Punishment

"We are not out for revenge, we are out for reparation," said Lord Derby recently.

In the vicinity of victory we are likely to lose the smouldering spirit of hatred within us for which we condemn and despise the Hun.

Revenge is not a part of the Christianity we profess. A million more Huns dead won't restore life to one boy of ours slain over there.

But several million Teutonic murderers, rendered impotent and compelled to make such reparation as is possible, destined to live on—loathed by humanity till purged of the bestiality with which their race is besotted—will suffer most keenly.

Bring the beast to his knees but don't hack the body for sheer bloodlust.

Mental tortures is the only effectual means of dealing with this arch-criminal, civilization's menace.

Give him the peace our president prescribes; time will complete the havoc to the ostracized Hun that Foch the Formidable has already begun!

The Hun notes keep getting shorter and shorter. When their words become as few as their ideas, this diplomatic exchange will cease.

Every woman secretly believes she would be fascinating in a harem veil. Wearing a flu mask is a good, safe way to try the effect.

And now America shows the German army what a real long-range bombardment can accomplish.

Berlin says the people rule, but Kaiser Bill still holds the rank of emperor. 'Twon't do.

Our new allies will prove a Czech, so to speak, on the duplicity of the Hun.