

# Famous Woman Writer Describes Christmas in Trenches



PATIENT EDITORS AT WORK

PERHAPS you have read some of Mary Roberts Rinehart's thrilling mystery stories, such as "The Man in Lower Ten," "Seven Days," or "Cheer Up." Like as not, you've found your interest centered in the remarkable war reports which she wrote from Europe to one of America's widely circulated weekly magazines, several months ago.

Mrs. Rinehart was writing a group of tales for this magazine when the war broke out. Because she is a popular author whose name is widely known to the reading public, because she is a trained observer with a mind quick to compare values and because of her ability as a writer she commands the highest rates of any woman author in this country, she was sent abroad to "cover" the news of the world's greatest catastrophe.

It is hardly necessary to say that she did her work well. Perhaps because she had been educated as a trained nurse (and possibly because she is the wife of a physician), Mrs. Rinehart gave us wonderful word pictures of conditions in the trenches and on the battlefields of Bulgaria and North France. She was given some remarkable privileges, too.

For instance, the allies permitted her to go into the trenches on the battle front a little more than a year ago. She is the only woman writer who has been granted that privilege. She interviewed the king and queen of Belgium, and General French, then commander of the British forces on the continent—an exploit which was shocking to European newspaper and periodical reporters. Mrs. Rinehart has been active for many years in civic and philanthropic work in Pennsylvania, her native state. Especially has she been interested in the fight on consumption that is being waged by the state, and in the patients at the public hospitals for tubercular persons.

The world's largest tuberculosis sanatorium is at Mont Alto, Pa. The patients there publish a bright little magazine, called "Spunk." Mrs. Rinehart frequently contributes to "Spunk." From her experiences in war reporting she has drawn a lesson for the inmates of this and other sanatoria and sent it to "Spunk." Here it is:

"To the Patients at Mont Alto, Hamburg and Cresson: I am sorry not to be able to write a Christmas article for Spunk this year. One of the things I promise myself, with great regularity, is to try to return to all of you some of the messages of cheerfulness and hope that you send me each month.

But time goes by, and I grow busier, and life presses very hard. So I fail, and no one is sorer than I am. It is a great thing, this message business. There is some sort of a message in every printed word. I am learning that every day, in the work that I do. So it is odd to think that I, who am well and strong, should be looking now and then for a word of cheerfulness from people not so fortunate.

It is really a great lesson. How wise you all are, at Cresson and Ham-

burg and Mont Alto! How well you know that of faith and hope and charity, the greatest of these is hope! Hope and high courage, and battles are won.

There are worse things than illness. There is sickness of the heart, which is despair, and there is sickness of the soul, which is death. And there is a very terrible thing, which is the sickness of nations.

This Christmas, when we are thinking of the birth of the Man of Peace, many nations of Europe are sick unto death.

Last winter, just a week or so later than this, I was at the front in Flanders. The men were being changed about in the trenches. Why? Because of Christmas day!

There had been a Christmas truce. At midnight on Christmas eve, here and there in the confronting trenches men sang the hymns of the Nativity. The Germans sang, "Stille nacht, heilige nacht." The English sang, the French, the Belgians—each the Christmas hymn of his country. The long line took it up. Think of it! Four hundred miles, from the sea to Switzerland, men singing hymns of peace. Eight hundred miles of armed men singing.

The artillery duet ceased, and after breakfast, where the trenches were close enough together, the men held up their Christmas gifts for the other side to see.

At first they raised them cautiously, sometimes on the tip of the bayonet. Then when no one showed a disposition to fire, and the Christmas truce was an established fact, they grew bolder.

The Germans, full of sentiment about Christmas, had many gifts. The French and English were well provided. Men stepped out of the trenches onto the forbidden ground between.

A few threw cigarettes across to those of the enemy who had similarly emerged. Officers forbade it, and turned their backs.

At first cautiously, then without fear, the men mingled. What an extraordinary sight it must have been! Men who had been trying to kill each other but a few hours before, and who on the next day would again be killing, meeting there between the lines, and exchanging gifts, candy for cigarettes, matches—those luxuries of the trenches—for pipe tobacco.

All but the Belgians. Christmas dawned a sorry day for them. They were cut off from their homes. Not even a card could come to them through those lines that stretched across their country.

Even could things have been sent around by way of England, who was there to send them? Many of their families were refugees, and they knew not where. All were impoverished.

But on Christmas morning came gifts to the Belgians after all. An Englishman had thought of them. They got, every man of them, pipes, pipe tobacco, cigarettes and matches.

All of that day, the strange truce went on. When night fell, the singing began again. They sang the day out, as they had sung it in.

But the next day the men were moved in the trenches. Hate had died of a Christmas day, and war cannot live without hate. The unseen enemy across had been seen and talked to, and proved to be men, men

Not That Kind. Whenever I see a man sitting in a trolley car reading Plato, I feel sure of one thing.

And what is that? "He isn't on his way to put through a deal that will net him a fortune."

Either Way. Ho—So your father objects to my coming to see you, eh? She—Well, not exactly; but he objects to my being at home when you call.

Who Wants This Job Next? William Metzler of Portland has a wonderful job picked out for him by the Great Northern Pacific Steamship company, the San Francisco Chronicle observes. He will travel between San Francisco and Hawaii on the Great Northern as official company chaperon for all young women making the trip unaccompanied.

With him on the lookout the chance of romance budding to culmination on the liner is slim indeed, for he is to have a curfew, so that all the young

women who had sent them gifts, men who smiled and who sang. They were moved on, and the fighting began again.

So I say that there are worse things than being ill. There is hating, and the business of war, and sickness of nations.

And now, to those of you who are so cheerfully and bravely fighting your battle against the enemy, disease, and fighting, like the soldiers at the front, away from your homes, let me wish for all of you a Christmas truce.

(Signed) MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

## FOLK SONG AS OLD AS MAN

University Professor Has Told of Its Compelling Influence on Absolute Music.

Ever since human beings began to use musical sounds to express feelings, some sort of folk song has undoubtedly existed, writes Prof. Frederick Holmberg of the University of Oklahoma, according to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, but most of the folk songs as we know them today are of fairly recent origin, having been written not more than five or six centuries ago. Folk songs and dances are both father and mother of modern music. It was a great struggle during the early Christian musical scientists, with their technical perversions, had to give up using music as a handmaid to their poetry and their ritual church to their folk songs as a basis for the music of their churches. It was a great musical discovery when gifted composers found that folk songs of different characteristics could be welded into one composition fitting the need of contrasts and still retain their unity.

When this was done we were given some of the essential forms of musical composition and were fairly on the way toward creating a new art, namely, "absolute music," such as is found in the works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The folk song caused a musical revolution and the end of this revolution is not in sight. Our best composers are striving at all times to idealize the folk songs and dances of some great nation, and the material is still abundant.

Naturally a question one may ask regarding this interesting subject is, "What is the folk song? How did it originate?" We know the names of very few composers of folk songs; most of the songs have come into being suddenly, without premeditation, dictated by the feelings of some individual living under certain social conditions. One thing alone is sure—the folk song is not a premeditated composition by some skillful professional composer.

The Captain of Industry. "Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor, curiously.

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."—Life.

Diplomacy. "It takes diplomacy to get on with a husband," said the woman who speaks her mind freely.

"I believe it does," replied Miss Cayenne. "As I understand it, diplomacy consists largely in seeming to be deceived whether you are or not."

The Difference. Kidder—A man enjoys himself at the theater when he has had a good laugh.

Katherine—And a woman when she has had a good cry.

women on the liner will be in their rooms at an early hour at night.

No more will the tropic moon and the glamour of the broad Pacific in the moonlight unite fond hearts on the decks of the liner. Cupid is to be banished by Metzler.

New Brand. Lady (in book department)—Have you "Coffee and Reparaté"?

Clerk—Groceries upstairs, madam. I'm not sure that we carry that brand of tea, but you might inquire.

# Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

## New York Building Has World's Strongest Rooms

NEW YORK.—In the basement of one of this city's latest skyscrapers are two vaults of a safe deposit company which can claim the distinction of being the strongest rooms in the world. From first to last they took two years to build and cost over \$500,000. In reality they consist of two huge steel boxes, placed one above the other. The lower one is 150 feet long, 31 feet wide and 10 feet high, and the upper one 85 feet long, 20 feet wide and 10 feet high.

They are built of the best Harveyized nickel steel armor plate, and about 14,000 tons of this material was used—a greater quantity than goes into the making of a modern warship. None of these plates of which the vaults are constructed weighs less than five tons, and some of them turn the scale at fifty or sixty tons apiece.

Indeed, the two biggest plates are the largest pieces of armor plate ever forged for any purpose. These plates, which form the shell of the vaults, are five inches thick, except at the openings for the doors, where the armor is 18 inches thick. No bolts or rivets were used in the construction of these strong rooms, the plates interlocking into each other by means of wedge ends and channels. This means that the completed structure is, to all intents and purposes, one solid piece of metal, and any force applied to the joints has only the effect of tightening the grip of the wedges.

As a further precaution, a firewall of concrete, 12 feet thick, was laid around the vaults, except, of course, at the doors. Then, underneath, comes the foundation, which consists of ten feet of alternate layers of concrete and steel rails, laid flange to flange, built up from the solid rock.

Access to these strong rooms is gained through two round doors. They weigh 25 tons apiece, and are the largest and heaviest round doors ever made. Twenty tons of this weight are in one solid mass of material, seven and one-half feet in diameter, while the remaining five tons are accounted for in the bolt work and mechanism operating the lock. There are 34 round bolts in each door, weighing 100 pounds. An electric motor huc on the inside of the door gives the power to the gear.

## Modern Orpheus Plays in the Philadelphia Zoo

PHILADELPHIA.—The rhino and the rabbit, as well as the bear and the bison, at the Philadelphia zoo are yearning for the return of a mysterious Westerner to "soothe their savage breasts." The animals, whose restorers probably underwent the same experience with the great God Pan or Orpheus, were alternately aroused and soothed, excited and calmed in a quite shameful manner by the stranger by means of a violin, which skillfully imitated the cries of birds and beasts.

The musician, who described himself as Roy Young, "violinist and nature poet," secured permission from the zoo officials to experiment on the animals with his violin. For two hours he "fiddled," causing shrieks of fear and anger and then bringing the animals to passive submission by playing a soothing lullaby. Some of the creatures refused to respond. The failure, Mr. Young explained, was due to the fact that these particular animals' "dominant note" was an unknown quantity.

The ability of a musician, especially a violinist, to make a dog howl with a certain note is well known. This was the principle on which the "nature poet" worked. His first effort nearly cost him his valuable violin, as a bull bison took exception to a certain weird strain in "That Alamo Rag" and charged, causing Mr. Young to scramble over the fence. Somebody's "Hunting Song" caused the herd of Scotch red deer to flee in terror. Tchaikowsky's "Marche Slave" made a huge chimpanzee show its teeth and howl with rage. Its anger was in an instant changed to joy with Schubert's soothing "Traumerei." Ostrich, rhinoceros, leopard and monkeys were in turn made subjects of the experiment.

Chicago Police Entertain a "Future Senator"

CHICAGO.—Desk Sergeant Jerry Nelligan of the Desplaines street station spent one happy hour the other night. Jerry possesses more than a passing pride in his star and chevrons, and nothing delights him more than to exhibit to the "stranger within his gates" the wonderful efficiency of Chicago's police department.

He needed but one look at the middle-aged, round man who stepped up to his desk to classify him in a category far above that of the average complainant.

"I'm William Schauer," said the visitor, stroking his mustache. "You don't know me. I'm from Minnesota. I may say," he added, smiling as he clasped Jerry's hand in a convincing grip "that I'm the future senator from Minnesota. Now I'm making an issue of police protection in my campaign and I've come to Chicago to investigate conditions in your police stations, which, I have been informed, are far superior to those up our way. I was referred to you—er—oh, yes, Sergeant Nelligan—as the man most thoroughly acquainted with these things."

"Sure thing, senator—er—Mr. Schauer," replied Jerry, beaming. "I'll be delighted to show you through."

Accompanied by half a dozen detectives, Jerry led the way through the various offices of the squadroom. He showed the visitor the operators' room and how police and fire calls were received.

The detectives led the way to the cellroom, where they pointed out the "prize prisoners" and told the record of each. Then the corpulent visitor drew Jerry aside and whispered:

"I want to get the experience of spending a night in a cell. Do you think you could arrange it? Put me in with some bum."

Jerry stroked his chin.

"Besides," added the "senator to be," "I have no money and no place to sleep anyway."

"Oh, Doc," yelled Jerry.

Dr. John O'Brien, ambulance physician, came and looked the visitor over.

"Nut," was his diagnosis.

## Why Jefferson City Man's Car Refused to Start

JEFFERSON CITY.—Assistant Attorney General Thomas J. Higgs is the owner of a new automobile. He is his own chauffeur and he delights in entertaining friends when they come to the state capital by taking them for drives on the good roads about Jefferson City.

Some days ago a distinguished member of the Kansas City bar went riding with Higgs. The weather was fine, the road in splendid condition, and the assistant attorney general started to make the "33-mile run" via Wardville and Taos.

About twenty miles out there was tire trouble. Higgs "jacked up" the back end of the car, and in about half an hour had fixed things up. But when it came to starting, the car refused to budge. Higgs was at a loss what to do. His guest was anxious to get back to town to catch a train.

"I'm dinged if I know what is the matter with the dad-blamed thing," said Higgs.

"Say, mister," said a farmer who had driven up, "it looks to me like that machine would run if you took them jacks out from under the hind wheels."

And so it did. Higgs had forgotten all about the jacks.

BEFORE THE WAR AND NOW. When explained by such a clever railroad traffic man as Harry C. Clevinger, it all becomes as easy as borrowing your friend's best umbrella.

"Before the war," said he, "you could send a ton of coal to Boston for 60 cents. Now it will cost \$3. And the worst of it is—you know there is always a 'worst of it' somewhere in a story—that the people who own boats are not keen to accept even the \$3."

Expressing surprise that a 500 per cent advance in ocean rates failed to satisfy the lords of the sea, I demanded to know what they wanted, "Girard" writes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Well," queried Mr. Clevinger, "what would you do with your ship if you could get net \$3 but \$10 a ton to carry coal to South America and have an equally profitable cargo to bring home?"

I fancy I'd do just what the ship owners are doing—send my boat to Rio and take the \$10 a ton, wouldn't you?

## LEAVENED BREAD A MENACE

Italian Hygienist Recommends the Substitution of Whole Wheat With Minimum Amount of Yeast.

Leavened bread has been declared a menace to health as well as a national economic loss by Prof. A. Romano, a distinguished Italian hygienist. Professor Romano's statement came as a result of the study of Italian scientists and medical men of the bread and wheat situation to forestall the threatened shortage of wheat and consequently bread. The professor urges substitution of the leavened bread a bread made from whole wheat and, at the most, from the minimum of yeast.

The Italian expert declares that the process of leavening makes bread too soft and renders it liable to be badly masticated and imperfectly mixed with saliva, especially when taken in milk or soup or dipped into various liquids according to prevailing Italian custom, when it is apt to be rapidly swallowed. The digestion of bread under these conditions is more or less imperfect, even though it does not necessarily reach the point of causing dyspeptic symptoms, and it is assimilated in less proportion to what it would be in normal circumstances.

Moreover, the added yeast preserves part of its activity even after baking, and continues to ferment in the stomach, giving rise to the production of acetic and lactic acids, among other substances, which are harmful to those subject to an irritable state of the mucous membrane. Professor Romano insists, therefore, that the use of white leavened bread is a serious error in alimentary hygiene, while it also constitutes an enormous loss in domestic and national economy. He advises that bread should not only be made with whole wheat, but that it should not be subjected to the process of leavening.

Least it should be thought impossible to manufacture a wholesome bread without leavening which would satisfy the taste, he mentions that such bread has been for some time on the market abroad, and in regard to flavor has met with entire approbation.

## No Cure for Grippe.

There is no use worrying about the weather, about the war, about unpleasant neighbors, about pressing necessities and about everything, but one. Go out and get the grippe. When you get that all your other troubles will be trivial. The doctors tell of many ways to prevent the grippe, but no one has discovered a cure. Put sulphur in your shoes, advises one physician, as a preventive. Another says tie some asafetida around your neck; that will keep the grippe germs away and your friends also. A third suggests eating saline crackers and going to a bed, while another says soap is a hereditary enemy of the gripper. Lather yourself with it and then go to bed.

A Brooklyn physician advises gripper patients to wait into some hospital and have that sinister thyroid gland cut away from his hair. Then you will be immune. "Don't smoke, don't drink, don't indulge in kissing, and above all taboo eating as much as possible," says the health department, then you escape the ka-choo. The foregoing are only a few ways to prevent grippe. If you carefully follow all these instructions what is left of you will not have the gripper.

## Metals and Munitions.

Some remarkable facts about the metal required to fill the orders for shrapnel and other shells that Europe has placed in the United States were given recently by the Mining and Engineering World. A British 3.3-inch shrapnel shell requires 6 pounds 15 1/2 ounces of steel, and 5 pounds 9 1/2 ounces of brass that contains from 60 to 70 per cent of copper, or about 3 1/2 pounds; and round the shell is a small copper band that weighs 4 1/2 ounces. A shell of that size requires 1.87 pounds of spelter. Its contents consist of 7.92 pounds of bullets, composed of seven parts of lead and one part of antimony. Now, Europe has ordered not less than 25,000,000 shells of all kinds. To make them will use up 101,000,000 pounds of copper, 46,750,000 pounds of spelter and 175,250,000 pounds of lead.

## Must Have Albuminous Food.

The fact that mosquitoes so continually harass rich-blooded creatures is due to the fact that they cannot lay eggs without the albuminous food which is thus secured. In tropical countries the greatest enemy of the malaria-bearing mosquito is a species of bat which is protected from the insect's bite by its strangely shaped hairs. The bat is very swift of flight and the mosquitoes, especially those which have already made a suppur of blood are their ideal food.

## Rather to Be Encouraged.

"Husband, we ought to do something to correct that child. He is very meddlesome." "Let him follow his natural bent. He will go far in life as it is lived today. The way to be great now is to insist on regulating the affairs of your fellow men."—Kansas City Journal.

## "Just Ticked."

The Atchison Globe vouches for the small boy, who, returning from a first dental experience, was asked, "Did it hurt?" and replied, "No, he just tickled my teeth with his little auto."

## In Golf Terms.

"Yes, I am learning to shave myself." "What progress?" "Oh, I can go over the course in 110, or thereabouts."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Nobody Home.

Cholly—Do you know, sometimes I think my mind is going. Miss Keen—Really? Why, I didn't know it had come.—Boston Evening Transcript.

## Now All Shut Up.

Wife—Have you shut up everything for the night? Husband (meekly)—I'm sorry to say, dear, that I haven't.—New York Sun.

# BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

## MORE THAN SHE COULD STAND

"Scan'lous" Remark Made by Young Colored Husband Was Responsible for His Black Eye.

Bob Gibbs, a good-natured and industrious young negro, had brought about the arrest of his new wife. In the testimony it was shown that the girl had spent all she could lay her hands on for dress and self-ornamentation. Her home and husband had suffered in consequence. An altercation had taken place, and the wife had blacked her better half's already dusky eye.

The judge ordered Matty Gibbs to stand up.

"Do you think more of your clothes than of your husband?" the court demanded sternly.

"Lawdy, judge," Matty gasped, "I don't need no time ter think dat over. I done cotted him wid clothes, an' 'low dat's how I gotted keep him. No-buddy never woulda hit fat nigger ef he hadn't made some scan'lous remarks 'bout green not gold' wid coal-color."—Case and Comment.

## Archie's Neck.

Little Willie—in small boy stories the central figure is nearly always named Little Willie—came running into the house, stuttering in his excitement.

"Mommie," he panted, "do you know Archie Sloan's neck?"

"Do I know what?" asked his mother.

"Do you know Archie Sloan's neck?" repeated her offspring.

"I know Archie Sloan," answered the puzzled parent; "so I suppose I must know his neck. Why?"

"Well," said Willie, "he just now fell into the backwater up to it."—Sat. urday Evening Post.

## That Was Different.

"I just think it should be stopped by law," said the good wife, looking up from her paper.

"What should be stopped by law, my angel?" asked the kind husband.

"This practice of people hyphenating their nationalities. There should be no German-Americans or French-Americans or Italian-Americans. They should all be just plain Americans."

"But if such a law were passed, my angel," meekly suggested the kind husband, "would that affect your name? Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks-Muggley?"

But her only reply was a byphenated sniff.—Judge.

## Reminder.

"Look here!" said the indignant house owner to the agent from whom he had bought his home on the installment plan. "The paneling in my dining room is opening up so you can put your finger through the cracks."

"That's all right," replied the agent. "The house is settling. And that reminds me, it's about time you settled up for last month's installment."

## Simplified.

"I'm trying to figure out a way to enlarge the lobby of my theater," said the manager. "It's entirely too small."

"Why not cut out the box office?" suggested one of his patrons. "I haven't been able to buy a ticket there in three years. The speculators have them all."

## RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Herbol Compound, and 34 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair and remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

## Vacation.

Cook—What is your definition of a vacation? Hook—A vacation is something that enables a man to get away from home for a time, so he won't have to live up to his reputation.

## PREPAREDNESS!

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, destroys germs, acts as a Tonic and Laxative and thus keeps the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one "BROMO QUININE" E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. See.

## Easy.

Mrs. Jones—What would you give a dog to prevent his barking at night? Mr. Smith—Give it away.

## The Fad.

Knicker—Tired? Bocker—Yes, I was up all night skating the baby.

City sidewalks are used by pedestrians, but the crab has a side walk of his own.