MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY HOME HELPS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HIS NEW HAT.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Going anywhere special?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, step off the front porch of his hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Nowhere special—just to look for an adventure," answered the bunny.

"Then you won't want to come shopping again with me, will you?" Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy wanted to know.

"Thank you, I guess not," and Uncle Wiggily hopped off in a hurry before he could change his mind. He liked Nurse Jane very much, and she was glad the last time he went shopping with her that she had bought him the new red tie, for it scared the fox, as I told you in the story before this one.

"But, all the same," thought the bunny rabbit gentleman, "I'm just as glad now not to go looking through the seven and eight-cent store for a new piano and end up by buying a tin horn. Just so glad."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped on by himself, over the fields and through the woods, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have, when, all of a sudden, he came to a little spring of water that was as clear and shiny as a looking glass.

In fact, it was very like a mirror, so that when the bunny gentleman leaned over and looked in he saw himself quite plainly. He also saw something else, and that was his tall silk hat.

"My! I never knew before how old and shabby looking my hat was," thought Mr. Longears. "Now that I am this far I might as well hop a bit farther and go shopping for a new one. A new hat will make me look quite spruce and ready for a party, in case I should happen to get an invitation to one. I'll buy a new hat."

No sooner said than done, as they say in stories. On through the woods hopped Uncle Wiggily, and soon he was at the old oak tree, where a black crow gentleman sold hats for the animal folk.

"A new hat for you, Uncle Wiggily? Why, certainly," said Mr. Crow. "What kind?"

"Oh, the same as I always get," was the answer. "A tall silk one."

"Wouldn't you like a new kind?" asked the crow. "Let me show you something quite stylish in a hollowed-out acorn, with hazelnut trimmings."

"No, I think not," spoke the bunny. "My old style will do very well."

So he bought himself a new, shiny, tall, silk hat, and after trying it on, and looking in another pool of water to see how it fitted, Mr. Longears said:

"I'll wear my new one home, and you may send the old one."

"Very well," spoke Mr. Crow. So the bunny put on his new hat, and the old one was wrapped up to be sent later to his hollow stump bungalow.

Uncle Wiggily, quite pleased with himself, his new hat and the quick way he could do his shopping, hopped on through the woods. He was wondering whether he would have a chance to wear the new hat to a party that Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, might give, when, all of a sudden, along came a puff of wind.

And the wind was so strong, and Uncle Wiggily's hat was so new, and slippery and shiny, and was so loose on his head, that, "Whiff!" away it flew, high in the air, over the tree tops and out of sight.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "My new hat is gone! Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"Ha! That's too bad! I'll fly after it for you and see if I can get it back," offered a blue jay bird. Away he flew, but the new hat was gone too far. It couldn't be found, and Uncle Wiggily had nothing to wear on his head.

His ears were getting cold, and he was feeling sniffily and snuffily like, when he happened to see, up in a nearby hollow tree, Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, scampering about.

"What are you boys doing there?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"We just moved in," said Billie.

"And we're helping father put up the stove," said Johnnie." Then he brought out a length of stove pipe and began to shine it. And then Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Ha! The very thing. I can take a piece of that for my hat, until I can get my old one back, or buy another new one."

"Of course you can," said Mr. Bushytail. Then with a can opener he cut off a piece of stove pipe for Uncle Wiggily. Over the top they tied a sheet of black paper, and with some leaves around the lower edge so it wouldn't cut the bunny's ears, there was as nice a tall, black hat as any rabbit could wish.

Uncle Wiggily put it on, hurried back to the hat tree, bought a new one and then he saved the piece of stove pipe for some day when hail stones might fall. They couldn't hurt that hard hat, you know.

And if the loaf of bread doesn't go sailing in the gravy boat and make the napkin ring roll off the table to tag the salt cellar, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Little Fudge.

TWO UNDER ARREST RESULT OF SHOOTING

HAZLEHURST, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—N. A. Drummond, night marshal of Georgetown, this county, who was shot by John R. Beasley, prominent farmer, Saturday night, is still living, but there are small chances for his recovery. The cause leading up to the shooting of Drummond is said to be that Beasley was driving a car without lights when he was ordered by Drummond to put on his lights, but instead four shots were fired at Drummond. Only one took effect, passing through Drummond's lung. He is in a precarious condition.

Beasley, who came here and surrendered to the officers, is in jail, but has made no statement. Both men are prominent. Beasley's wife died a short time ago, but he has seven or eight children, one of which is only a few months old. Drummond is married and is considered a fearless officer.

A negro woman was placed in jail here Sunday afternoon, having been arrested just across Pearl river, at her home, where she was in hiding. When arrested she was in possession of a pearl pistol and when this was shown to Beasley, it is said he admitted it was the weapon used in shooting Drummond.

S. A. T. C. APPLICANTS ALLOWED MORE TIME

UNIVERSITY, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Capt. J. R. Bluck, commanding officer of the University of Mississippi, is in receipt of advices from Washington to the effect that men may enter the S. A. T. C. by indication through transfer from their local boards, up to and including Oct. 30. This is an extension from Oct. 26. After Oct. 30 men can enter but will have to do so by application made to the war department after their arrival.

The university finds, in looking over the hospital records, that approximately 275 of the students were stricken with the influenza, and out of this number there was only one fatality.

Monday morning university physicians dismissed all patients from the hospital except five. Everything at the university is operating on schedule time and in the usual systematic way.

CARROLL BOND HOLDERS OUTNUMBER DEPOSITORS

HUNTINGDON, Tenn., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Carroll county went over the top in the fourth Liberty loan drive. The allotment was $251,000 and when the full returns are in, the total will be around $260,000. In the third Liberty loan the allotment was $211,000, which was more than subscribed and it was hardly believed when the campaign started for the present allotment that those in charge would be able to obtain a larger sum for this loan. The county has so far gone over the top on every proposition submitted to her by the government and now has more bondholders than a few years ago she had individual depositors in the banks.

INCREASED FOOD DRIVE PLANNED IN MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Agricultural extension forces in Mississippi will start a great drive for increased food production in January, according to R. W. Wilson, state head of this work. Wilson said the crop situation generally in Mississippi is good, except that forage crops are short. He forecast the biggest wheat crop next spring since the Civil war.

Stress will be laid in the next year's campaign upon production of grains and live stock.

FLU EPIDEMIC IN COVINGTON ABATING

COVINGTON, Tenn., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—The epidemic of influenza which has been raging in this county for the past three weeks, now seems to have passed its crest, and is on the decline. Medical officials of the county state that more than 100 persons have died of the disease and pneumonia since the outbreak of the malady.

Dr. C. L. Hays, county health officer, estimates that not less than 5,000 persons in the county have suffered from the malady within the past three weeks.

RECOVERING FROM FLU.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Perrin Holmes Lowrey, head of the school of English in Blue Mountain college, who is now serving in the aviation corps of the United States army, and who has been seriously ill with Spanish influenza at the aviation school of the University of Texas, has passed the crisis and is steadily recovering, according to reports from the aviation school. Prof. Lowrey had planned to come home on a furlough, but has been hindered by illness and the rigid quarantine at the camp. He is a well-known poet.

NOT HURT IN SINKING.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Mrs. W. L. Giles, of this county, whose son, Clifford Giles, is a sailor on the U. S. transport America, which sank last week in the harbor of Hoboken, N. J., has had a communication from her son stating that he was not injured when the big ship went down. His family was solicitous for his safety, his position as a stoker on the liner making his liability to injury exceedingly probable in case of an accident to the transport.

COUNTY ATTORNEY QUITS.

COVINGTON, Tenn., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Sherrod Smith, county attorney of Tipton county, has tendered his resignation to the county court, to take effect immediately. Attorney Smith some time ago offered his resignation to the court, but because the statute creating the office did not provide for the resignation of the incumbent it was not accepted.

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BELGIUM UNDER THE GERMAN HEEL

—BY BRAND WHITLOCK—

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Mr. Hoover had gone back to London late in September, and early in October Mr. Crosby followed him, to return no more. We were all a little saddened at his going and I regretted my own inability to join the ceremony at which the men of the C. N. and of the C. R. B. expressed their appreciation of the executive services he had rendered. I happened just then to be confined to my quarters by the orders of my physician. The long strain had told on all of us, and worse than the strain was the almost intolerable depression, one with the atmosphere all about, that settled down like a black cloud, October had come, with all the signs of the early autumn and the menace of another dark winter of war. The gray, dripping skies seemed but the reflection of the universal spirit of man.

The leaves were falling, and it remains as a part of the memory of that gloomy October that the apprentice of Le Ieune, the barber, had just told me that if "le patron" could survive "la tombee des feuilles" he might live until "la pousse des feuilles." It was of some old superstition, I suppose, that he had this curious notion, and yet it seems in a way to express the feeling of all those suffering Belgians. They had felt for awhile a mounting of their hope as the cannon precluded the great allied offensive of that autumn, but after the guns had thundered in full orchestra all about the vast circle that stretched from the Yser to the Vosges, they realized, even if they were too stubbornly courageous to admit it, that they were the victims of one more great disappointment. The frequent publication on the walls of those sinister proclamations reporting the morning activities of the firing squad beat down the spirits, each day seemed to outdo its predecessor in some such dread news. The terror was spreading. Gen. von Kraewal had been removed because, it was said, he had not been severe enough, and was succeeded as chief of staff and military governor of Brussels by Gen. von Sauberzweik.

Every day brought some terrible tale. One that I remember was of a man whose wife and the baby in her arms and his little boys were killed by the Germans before his eyes, and who lived on, and indeed was kept alive only by the thought of vengeance. It was said that, the offensive getting on their nerves, many of the German soldiers were deserting and that those sent back from Russia to face the fighting on the west front were half mad with terror. There was a story, too, to the effect that six German officers had deserted and were being hunted down. At any rate, the Germans were beating la Foret de Soignes for deserters, and they were systematically closing streets and making perquisitions one after another in all the houses, looking for letters, pictures—everything. The Rue de Commerce, there in the Quarteir Leopold, was closed in this way, and a man was shot, so the rumor had it, for assisting some German officers to escape.

Despair Settles Down.

Brussels was nearer black despair than it ever had been. Winter was coming on. No one smiled, and the people only hoped on because they must; there was nothing else to do. And then there came a thing that threw its black and monstrous shadow not only over us, but over the whole world. It seemed somehow like the whelming doom that had been implicit in the deadful events of that dark month, the denouement toward which they had been so implacably tending. It was so inharmony with the atmosphere, the spirit and the feeling of the time; it was one of a thousand other injustices essentially as bad, but because it doomed in its tragic circumstances a noble woman of our own blood and tradition and tongue it well nigh overwhelmed us, as it did the world, with its horror.

Early in August Brussels had heard—or all Belgium, or at least all that part of Belgium that lived in chateaux had heard—that the Princess Maria de Croy and the Countess Jeanne de Belleville had been arrested. The De Croys are one of the oldest families of the Belgian nobility, and the Princess Maria was a maiden lady who lived almost in seclusion in her chateau of Bellignie, near Mons. The Countess Jeanne de Belleville lived not far away at her chateau of Montignies-sur-Roc, near Andregnies, in the province of Hainaut. These two distinguished ladies had been arrested for "treason in time of war" and were accused of having aided British soldiers to pass the Belgian frontier.

At the beginning of the war the Princess de Croy had established a Red Cross hospital in her chateau, where Belgian, English and German wounded were cared for.

After the battle of Mons a great many British soldiers, cut off in the retreat, had been left behind in Belgium, and had lived under great difficulties and hardships all through the winter and spring; had lived the lives of hunted animals, in the woods or in the farms and fields of Hainaut and Brabant. Near the chateau of the Princess de Croy 13 British soldiers had hidden in a haystack on a Belgian farm, and, tracked down at last by German soldiers they were taken, stood against the wall and shot without mercy. This atrocity so affected the princess that she determined to organize methods whereby British soldiers, who, finding themselves in a position that in all civilized countries would have entitled them at least to the consideration shown to prisoners of war, could be cared for and if possible got out of the country. And though frail and delicate in health, she and the Countess de Belleville and Madame Thuliez and certain others, organized a system to aid British soldiers who were still in hiding and to send them to Brussels, where, as she declared in her interrogatory before the military tribunal, she thought they would be less rigorously dealt with than near Mons, which was under the military regime, whereas Brussels was in the territory of the general government. The princess declared that she did not know what became of them after they reached Brussels. There, however, others aided them to get across the frontier into Holland. It was for this that these courageous women were arrested.

Cavell Arrested.

One day in August it was learned at the legation that an English nurse named Edith Cavell had been arrested by the Germans. I wrote a letter to the Baron von der Lancken to ask if it was true that Miss Cavell had been arrested, and saying that if it were I should request that Maitre de Leval, the legal counselor of the legation, be permitted to see her and to prepare for her defense. There was no reply to this letter, and on the 10th of September I wrote a second letter, repeating the question and the requests made in the first. On Sept. 12 I had a reply from the baron, stating that Miss Cavell had been arrested on Aug. 5; that she was confined in the prison of St. Gilles; that she had admitted having hidden English and French soldiers in her home; as well as Belgians of an age to bear arms, all anxious to get to the front; that she had admitted also having furnished these soldiers with money to get to France and had provided guides to enable them to cross the Dutch frontier; that the defense of Miss Cavell was in the hands of Maitre Thomas Braun, and that inasmuch as the German government, on principle, would not permit accused persons to have any interviews whatever, he could not obtain permission for Maitre de Leval to visit Miss Cavell as long as she was in solitary confinement.

We at the legation had not at the time seen anything more serious in the case than in the numerous other cases that were similarly brought to our notice, or of which we were constantly hearing. It was the German practice in Belgium to arrest anyone "on suspicion," as we would say in America, and investigate the facts afterward. Under the German system in vogue in Belgium, as Maitre Theodor had not feared so many months before to point out to the authorities, persons who were arrested were not told of the offense with which they were charged, nor were the offenses themselves clearly defined. So that Miss Cavell, like many another who has shared her fate, was arrested and held in prison while the secret police continued their investigations and made up the "dossier," (brief), which would reveal its secrets only before the military court, which was prosecutor, judge and jury.

For one of our Anglo-Saxon race and legal traditions to understand conditions in Belgium under the German occupation it is necessary to banish resolutely from the mind every conception of right we have inherited from our ancestors—conceptions long since crystallized into infinitable principles of law and confirmed in our charters of liberty. In the German mentality these conceptions do not exist; they think in other sequences; they act according to another principle, if it is a principle—the conviction that there is only one right, one privilege, and that it belongs exclusively to Germany; the right, namely, to do whatever they have the physical force to do.

Trials in Belgium.

These so-called courts, of whose arbitrary and irresponsible and brutal nature I have tried to convey some notion, were mere inquisitorial bodies, guided by no principle save that interest in their own bloody nature; they did as they pleased, and would have scorned a Jeffreys as too lenient, a Lynch as too formal, a Spanish auto de fe as too technical, and a tribunal of the French revolution as soft and sentimental. Before them the accused had literally no rights, not even to present a defense, and if he was permitted to speak in his own behalf it was only as a generous and liberal favor.

The defense was not a defense in our meaning of the word. The lawyer was not allowed to see his client before he appeared to plead the case before the court where the accused was arraigned for trial, and he was not permitted to speak to his client during the trial. Often he did not know what the accusation was until the trial began, and sometimes he did not know it even then.

There were no written charges and no specifications, much less an indictment or information; indeed, the so-called judges—the bench of German officers sitting there in the senate chamber—did not know themselves the charge on which they were to pass judgment. The secret police would bring upon them all the evidence, as they called it, which they had been able to collect, and present it as they pleased, with no concern as to its pertinence or relevancy.

The court would admit heresay, and presumtions, and conclusions, and inferences, and innuendoes, so long as they were on behalf of the prosecution; there was no cross-examination, sometime even so interrogatory on the part of the presiding judge. The accused was sometimes allowed to present a defense, but it was generally only such as he might contrive in sparring with the judges if they questioned him. He had no process for witnesses in his own behalf, and no right to have them heard even if they appeared.

After the evidence was in the officer, a kind of judge advocate, who acted as prosecutor, would state the penalty he thought applicable, and the court would vote to apply it. The lawyer for the defense, after having gone through the case without any possibility of preparation, without having spoken to his client before or during the trial, and with no admitted principles to guide him, without the right to present testimony in rebuttal, would be allowed to make a statement or an argument. But as though he were not already laboring under a disadvantage sufficiently heavy, he must be careful in his argument not to say anything that would reflect in the least on one of the witnesses, especially if the witness happened to be a German soldier, even a German; he must not contradict or contrary a judge advocate, or question the validity, or propriety of any act of the prosecution, for this would be equivalent to contempt of court and amount to the heinous offense of failing in respect to the German army. He must show the most exquisite and exaggerated respect for the court, and as a result he could only stand there niddy-nodding, pale with fear, and—say nothing.

In a word, even when the judgments of those extraordinary tribunals reflected a kind of natural justice, as perhaps they did on occasion, the whole proceeding was the veriest travesty and mockery. The judges could be swayed by any passion, and prejudice, any whim, and when the accused happened to be someone who had offended the secret police or "Messieurs les Militaires," the judgment was a foregone conclusion—unless he was a personage, especially a titled personage, and then, with revolting snobbishness, he was shown consideration.

It was before such a court that Edith Cavell was to be arraigned. I had asked Maitre de Leval to provide for her defense, acting on his advice, inasmuch as Maitre Braun was already of counsel in the case, chosen by certain friends of Miss Cavell. I invited him into consultation. Maitre Braun was a Belgian lawyer of standing and ability; his son was defending the most distinguished of the accused, the Princess of Croy; he was a man thoroughly equipped, who had the advantage of knowing German as well as he knew French, and had appeared constantly and not without success before the German tribunals. I asked, then, that Maitre Braun would appear for Miss Cavell, representing the American legation.

It was supposed at first that the case was no more serious than the generality of cases brought before such tribunals, that is, that it was one of those numerous cases in which Belgians were being condemned to deportation to some German prison, like Madame Carton de Wiart or Maitre Theodor, to mention the most celebrated, or, if one were to consider the cases of those less prominently situated, the many convictions and sentences to imprisonment for terms of years—two, or ten, or 20. They all amounted to the same thing, those terms of imprisonment, for they would be freed at the conclusion of peace, if they lived and if peace were ever concluded.

It was not until weeks had passed that we heard that the charges to be brought against Miss Cavell were serious, but still we were in mystery; all we could learn was that "the instruction was proceeding," and that things were taking their course. Then we heard that the offense with which she would be charged was that of aiding young men to cross the Dutch frontier. I think that we were somewhat relieved; such cases were common. The sentences provided in such cases were not in general severe, according to the standards of those in vogue in occupied Belgium.

Edith Cavell herself did not expect such a fate. She was a frail and delicate little woman about 40 years of age. She had come to Brussels some years before the war to exercise her calling as a trained nurse. She soon became known to the leading physicians of the capital and nursed in the homes of the leading families. But she was ambitious and devoted to her profession and ere long had entered a nursing home in the rue de la Clinique, where she organized for Dr. Depage a training school for nurses. She was a woman of refinement and education; she knew French as she knew her own language; she was deeply religious, with a conscience almost puritan, and was very stern with herself in what she conceived to be her duty. In her training school she showed great executive ability, was firm in matters of discipline and brought it to a high state of efficiency. And every one who knew her in Brussels spoke of her with that unvarying term of respect which her noble character inspired.

Some time before the trial Maitre Thomas Braun announced to the legation that for personal reasons he would be obliged to withdraw from the case, and asked that some one else appear for Miss Cavell. We engaged Maitre Sadi Kirschen. I had thought of asking to have Maitre de Leval appear, but on second thought, and on the advice of Maitre Braun and Kirschen as well as that of Maitre de Leval himself, I came to the conclusion that perhaps it would not be entirely tactful to do this, for the presence of Maitre de Leval as an observer might suggest to the hypersensitive suspicions of the Germans a lack of confidence that could only react against Miss Cavell.

Case Comes to Trial.

It was the morning of Thursday, the 7th of October, that the case came on before the court-martial in the senate chamber where the military trials always took place, and Miss Cavell was arraigned with the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville and 32 others. The accused were seated in a circle facing the court in such a way that they could neither communicate with their own counsel, who were compelled to sit behind them. Nor could they see the witnesses, who were also placed behind them.

The charge brought against the accused was that of having conspired to violate the German military penal code, punishing with death those who conduct troops to the enemy. Its basis in German military law is found in paragraph 58 of the German military code, which says:

"Whoever, with the intention of helping the hostile power, or of injuring the German or allied troops, is guilty of one of the crimes of Paragraph 90 of the German penal code, will be sentenced to death for treason."

Among the crimes mentioned in Paragraph 90 is that of "conducting soldiers to the enemy." ("Dem feinde mannschaften zufuhrt.")

We have no record of that trial; we do not know all that occurred there behind the closed doors of that senate chamber, where far four score years laws based on another and more enlightened principle of justice had been discussed. The lips of the lawyers who were there, and of the accused, those among the 34 who were acquitted, have not been unsealed, and will not be until the little land is released from the terror which daily enacts such scenes.

Miss Cavell did not know, or knew only in the vaguest manner, the offense with which she was charged. No written statement of it had ever been delivered to her, no written statement of it had ever been given to her attorney, and it is a pathetic circumstance that it was her own honesty and frankness, her own direct English way of thinking, that convicted her. With the naivete of the pure in heart she assumed that the Germans were charging her with the deeds she had committed, and this she really admitted, and even signed a paper to that effect. But we know enough to be able to say that Miss Cavell did not deny having received at her hospital English soldiers whom she nursed and to whom she gave money; she did not deny that she knew they were going to try to cross the border into Holland. She even took a patriotic pride in the fact. She was very calm. She was interrogated in German, a language she did not understand, but the questions and responses were translated into French. Her mind was very alert and she was entirely self-possessed and frequently rectified any inexact details and statements that were put to her. When in her interrogatory she was asked if she had not aided English soldiers left behind after the early battles of the preceding autumn about Mons and Charleroi, she said yes; they were English and she was English and she would help her own. The answer seemed to impress the court. They asked her if she had helped 20.

"Yes," she said, "more than 20; 200."

"English?"

"No, not all English; French and Belgians, too."

But the French and Belgians were not of her own nationality, said the judge—and that made a serious difference. She was subjected to a nagging interrogatory. One of the judges said that she had been foolish to aid English because, he said, the English are ungrateful.

"No," replied Miss Cavell, "the English are not ungrateful."

"How do you know they are not?" asked the inquisitor.

"Because," she answered, "some of them have written to me from England to thank me."

It was a fatal admission on the part of the tortured little woman; under the German military law her having helped soldiers to reach Holland, a neutral country, would have been a less serious offense, but to aid them to reach an enemy country, and especially England, was the last offense in the eyes of a German military court.

The trial was conducted on Saturday, and on Sunday one of the nurses in Miss Cavell's school came to tell me that there was a rumor about town that the prosecuting officer had asked the court to pronounce a sentence of death in the case of the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville and of Miss Cavell, and of several others. The court had not as yet pronounced judgment, however, and there was some hope, or in the courts to which Maitre de Leval and I were used to practice, there would have been some hope, that the court would not pronounce the judgment proposed. I remember to have said to Maitre de Leval, when he came to report this astounding news:

"That's only the usual exaggeration of the prosecutor; they all ask for the extreme penalty, everywhere, when they sum up their cases."

"Yes," said Maitre de Leval, "and in German courts they always get it."

Maitre de Leval sent a note to Maitre Kirschen asking him to come on Monday at 8:30 o'clock to the legation of to send a word regarding Miss Cavell. Maitre Kirschen did not send Maitre de Leval the word he had requested, and on that Sunday de Leval saw another lawyer who had been in the case and could tell him what had taken place at the trial. This lawyer thought that the court-martial would not condemn Miss Cavell to death. At any rate no judgment had been pronounced and the judges themselves did not appear to be in agreement.

On Monday, Oct. 11, at 8:30 in the morning, Maitre de Leval went to the political department in the rue Lambermont, and found Conrad. He spoke to him of the case of Miss Cavell and asked that now that the trial had taken place, he and the Rev. Mr. Gahan, rector of the English church, be allowed to see Miss Cavell. Conrad said he would make inquiries and inform de Leval by telephone, and by one of the messengers of the legation, who that morning happened to deliver some papers to the political department, Conrad sent word that neither the Rev. Mr. Gahan nor Maitre de Leval could see Miss Cavell at that time, but that Maitre de Leval could see her as soon as the judgment had been pronounced.

At 11:30 o'clock on that Monday morning, Maitre de Leval himself telephoned to Conrad, who repeated this statement. The judgment had not yet been rendered, he said, and Maitre de Leval asked him to let him know as soon as the judgment had been pronounced so that he might go to see Miss Cavell. Conrad promised this but added that even then the Rev. Mr. Gahan could not see her because there were German protestant pastors at the prison, and that if Miss Cavell needed spiritual advice or consolation she could call on them. Conrad concluded this conversation by saying that the judgment would be rendered probably on the morrow, that is, on Tuesday, or the day after, and that even when it had been pronounced it would have to be signed by the military governor before it was effective and that the legation would be kept informed.

Maitre de Leval is one of the most meticulously exact men that I ever saw. The instant he had an important conversation of any sort he used to dictate the purpose of it to a stenographer, and thus he always had a record of everything, the date, the hour, precisely what was said and done. I have had the benefit of a glance at Maitre de Leval's own notes in preparing this account. At 12:15 on that Monday, not having received any news from Maitre Kirschen, Maitre de Leval went to his house but did not find him there and left his card. At 12:30 o'clock Maitre de Leval went to the house of the lawyer to whom reference has already been made, and left word for him to go to Maitre de Leval's house. At 4 o'clock that afternoon the lawyer arrived at the legation and said that he had been to see the Germans at 11 o'clock and that there he had been told that no judgment would be pronounced before the following day. Before leaving the legation to go home Maitre de Leval told all that had happened to Gibson, and asked him to telephone to Conrad.

Then at intervals all day long the inquiry had been repeated, and the same response was made. Monday evening at 6:20 o'clock, Belgian time. Topping one of the clerks of the legation, with Gibson standing by, again called Conrad on the telephone, again was told that the judgment had not been pronounced and that the political department would not fail to inform the legation the moment the judgment was confirmed. And then the chancelleric was closed for the night.

KITTEN, FOUND IN RUINED CHATEAU KEPT AS PET BY BRITISH GUN CREW

In the ruins of a French chateau members of a British gun crew came across a tiny kitten, left behind by the family. The kitten has become the mascot of the crew. The photo shows the pet on a mammoth man-killing shell.

MISSISSIPPI TO LIFT FLU BAN IN TEN DAYS

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Mississippi's influenza quarantine will be lifted within ten days, unless the disease takes a turn for the worse or fresh outbreaks occur in territory where it is thought to have run its course, according to Dr. W. S. Leathers, executive officer of the state board of health.

Dr. Leathers reports the situation generally as improving. Winona, one of the hardest hit towns in the state, is virtually clear of the disease, while Meridian reports conditions as clearing.

There has been a decrease of new cases in Jackson for several days, but Sunday marked the largest number of deaths for any one day since the epidemic began.

Four white persons and two negroes died of the disease. The white persons were Miss Eugenia Valerie Harbin, private stenographer to Gov. Theo G. Bilbo; Edward Doran, for 14 years in the employ of the city as a fireman; C. H. Rimball, restaurant man, and Mrs. J. C. Stratham.

BRITAIN HAS PLANS TO MAKE ENEMIES DEPART

LONDON (via Montreal), Oct. 22.—Replying to Mr. Kennedy Jones, in the house of commons, Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, stated that a government committee had carefully considered the question of preventing enemy aliens interned in England from remaining here after the war. It was undesirable to discuss the matter at the present time, he said, but the government's proposals would be introduced in good time.

Replying to Gen. Croft, Home Secretary Cave said that if the German government sanctioned further brutalities to British prisoners this would amount to a deliberate rejection of our recent demands and the government would be entitled to take immediate action.

POPE'S APPEAL TO SAVE BELGIUM IS ANSWERED

ROME, Oct. 22.—An appeal was made to Prince Maximilian, the German imperial chancellor by the holy see, asking that the Germans refrain from devastating and burning those portions of Belgium through which they are retreating, according to the Osservatore Romano, the semiofficial Vatican organ. A reply was received Oct. 13, giving assurances that categorical instructions have been issued by the German general staff that localities should be preserved and respected in every way possible.

Later the papal nuncio at Munich was informed that Lille and other places within the zone of operations had been spared as far as possible by the German armies.

SHOE MEN UNDER ORDERS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—Shoe manufacturers and mail order houses selling directly to the consumer are required, under a ruling today by the war industries board, to sign retailers' pledge cards and abide by the recently established price and quality standardization program.

Another order forbids importation of men's and boys' felt hats which do not conform to the style, shape and color restrictions imposed upon domestic manufacturers.

DR. MEUX DAUGHTER DEAD

News of the death of Mary Carnett, 15-months-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Meux, of Stanton, was received by Memphis relatives Tuesday. The child died Monday evening and the funeral was to take place at Stanton Tuesday afternoon. She was a niece of Mrs. John W. Farley and Mrs. Jack McNeil, of Memphis.

STARS INCLINE DON'T COMPEL | HOROSCOPE | FOR THE COMING DAY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1918.

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For all purposes this would seem to be a fortunate day, according to astrology. Venus, Jupiter and Uranus rule strongly for good. Mars is in a malefic aspect.

It is above all things a fortunate sway for romance, unless a soldier may be concerned in the love affair.

The rule makes for much success in all the artistic pursuits and foreshadows a month of profit for theatricals and musical entertainments.

Persons who cater to the tastes of women should benefit and it is predicated that there will be increase of trade for jewelers.

During this configuration the purchase of clothing is supposed to be lucky. Modistes and milliners should benefit greatly.

In accordance with the law of extremes, to which the seers so often refer, there will be much wearing of uniforms by women to offset extravagance of dress that will be apparent among wage earners.

Jupiter gives promise of gain to merchants, manufacturers and importers. Commerce will open new avenues of trade for which it is not too early to prepare, astrologers declare.

Since the beginning of the war soothsayers have warned that perfidy will be uncovered somewhere close to the head of the United States government and this is taken to mean that spies have obtained important positions.

Speculation of every sort is subject to the most unfortunate direction of the stars. A sudden slump of the stock market is foretold.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of much travel and change; also many meetings with friends. Pleasure and surprises are indicated, but there is danger of disputes and even lawsuits.

Children born on this day will be kind and affectionate, fond of admiration and often rather rash. These subjects of Scorpio often get many difficulties in life.

A Line On Men You Read About

The recent selection of Brig.-Gen. Benjamin D. Foulois by Gen. Pershing to be the head of the service for the "First army," has brought to the forefront a young man who has made an enviable record.

BRIG.-GEN. BEN D. FOULOIS.

He is America's youngest brigadier-general. Only 37, a native of Connecticut, he rose in military circles from the ranks.

He enlisted at 20 and as a private saw service in the Philippines with the 19th infantry.

Foulois was the second United States army officer to fly in a heavier-than-air machine. His light weight favored him and he was picked by Orville Wright as a passenger in the first army tests in flights from Fort Myer to Alexandria, Va.

His intrepid manner convinced army officials that he had the nerve to undertake any aerial job that might come his way abroad.

The sequel was told in cablegrams from Europe a few days ago, when Pershing announced he had singled out Foulois to direct the airships of the American army abroad.

He succeeded Col. Robert N. Paddock.

Foulois now is in full command of American flyers at the front.

LARSON QUITS BUREAU BECAUSE OF HEALTH

F. B. Larson, assistant secretary-manager of the Hardwood Traffic association, is leaving Memphis Tuesday night for Denver, Col., in search of health.

Announcement to this effect was made Tuesday morning by J. H. Townshend, secretary-manager.

J. S. Thompson, who recently came to the association from Louisville, Ky., where he was engaged in handling traffic matters, will temporarily take the place made vacant by Mr. Larson.

E. A. Eagle, assistant at the Louisville offices of the association, will come to Memphis immediately to help take care of the work here.

Mr. Larson came to Memphis from Washington, bearing a letter of recommendation from J. M. Jones, chief of the tariff bureau of the interstate commerce commission, who pronounced him one of the best rate men in the United States.

His specialty was embargoes, and he was declared by officials and members of the association to be the best informed man on this subject in the entire hardwood lumber industry.

GEORGE WATSON AT REST IN FOREST HILL

Funeral services of the late George Watson, aged 55, of the firm of Graves & Watson, furniture dealers, who died at his residence, 1644 York avenue, Monday afternoon at 4:40 o'clock, were conducted in Forest Hill cemetery Tuesday afternoon, following brief services at the residence.

The deceased was one of the best known business men of Memphis, being the active junior partner of the company which bore his name. His wife, who survives him, is seriously ill with the influenza, which claimed her husband. Watson is also survived by three sisters, Mrs. H. C. Robinson, of Union City, Tenn.; Miss Jennie Watson, of Columbus, Ky., and Miss Margaret Watson.

BOYS IN MISSISSIPPI TO REGISTER IN RESERVE

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 22. (Spl.)—Boys in Mississippi between the ages of 10 and 15 years will register Nov. 15 in the boys' working reserve, according to an announcement made here by J. T. Calhoun, state head of the B. W. R. movement.

Boys who register will be allowed to wear a uniform. The summer outfit will cost $9.75 and the winter one $19.75. Registration will enable the nation to have immediate access to this great reserve of labor, according to Calhoun, who hopes for a 100 per cent response on the day set.

STOP DANDRUFF! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL

Girls! Draw a Cloth Through Your Hair and Double Its Beauty.

Spend a Few Cents! Dandruff Vanishes and Hair Stops Coming Out.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff, is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed, and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will, you can not find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. adv.

Daily Recipes

Virginia Waffles.

One and one-half cups boiling water, one-half cup white cornmeal, one and one-half cups milk, two cups flour, three tablespoons sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half teaspoons salt, two eggs, beaten separately; two tablespoons melted butter.

Cook the meal in the boiling water 20 minutes. Add the milk, then flour, sugar, baking powder and salt sifted together thoroughly, yolks of the eggs beaten until thick, butter and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Cook as waffles.

Waffles.

Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt,