GERMANS TEAR

DOWN FLAG AND

County School Is Being

Investigated

Zap, N. D., March 4.-There has

just been reported to a member of

the local exemption board at Stanton,

fully disloyal demonstration staged at

the Expansion school on Lincoln's

birthday, when it is alleged a program

arranged in honor of German parent-

age, encouraged and aided and abet-

displayed their contempt for every-

thing American. A careful investiga-

DEFILE LINCOLN

INTO VALLEY OF SHADOW OF DEATH AND BACK AGAIN WITH BRESSAC, A FRENCH PRIVATE

For a While Poilu Didn't Care Whether He Lived or Died But Who Could Die with Villiere and Ruvel and Etienne Hanging Round Just to Keep Heroes from Dying?

This is the thirteenth article on FRANCE TODAY written by George Randolph Chester, originator of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and his wife, Lillian Chester, who went to Frange to get story expressly for the Daily Tribune and other members of the Newspaper enterprise Association. These stories will appear in no other Bismarck newspaper.

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Nenspaper Enterprice Association.) Paris, March 4.—Bressac lay listlessly in his little white cot in his little white room, oblivious to all the sounds of the big hospital. His eyes were staring at the dim, high ceiling, and his hand lay motionless on the coverlet. The only movement in him was at regular intervals of about 15 minutes when his brows knotted tensely, after which he closed his

It was more like the tinkle of a mu-

There was a laugh; unmistakably

Bressac frowned at the interruption,

as he opened his eyes wider and turn-

His room was larger, much larger;

There was another bed by the side of

been learning English in the trenches.

"Say your other American word,

He was Etienne, and there was a med-

"Goodbye!" obliged Villiere, gaily.

didly camouflaged, out of colored

"Permit me," offered the insouciant

Etienne from the doorway. "Monsieur

Bressac, I have the honor to present

Monsieur Hamotaque, and the sleeping

election. Monsieur Ru

Bressac rolled his eyes again, to

see Bonsieur Ruvel, a gentleman of

many whiskers, in the bed near the

door, peeling an orange with keen in-

terest. He would never be of any

more value in this world, but he was

Bressac," said President Ruvel, "Can

"I am happy to welcome Monsieur

Monsieur Bressac closed his eyes,

"Good!" evclaimed the president,

The grin on the face of Villere was

"Am I permitted?" he inquired,

"Not immediately on the arrival of

touching a preliminary chord on his

any new member," declared President

Ruvel firmly, whereat they all laugh-

ed, including Villiere. It took very

little to make these fellows laugh.

"But you may play your new selec-

the gan in his grin, and taking up his

mandolin, from which the "E" string

was missing, he systematically pick-

ed out note by note, an air with which

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"Good," laughed Villiere, displaying

and they all laughed. "Villiere sings,

when we permit it, and one such is

marvelous to see. He grinned just

as well having one leg as if he had

very well loved!

enough."

mandolin.

you sing, Monsieur?"

but opened them again.

Play Monsieur Bressac your new

there was a laugh!

eyes for a while, The reason for that monotony of slight movement was this; Bressac was in the fog with Janet and Maupe ta, and it was a raw, chilly morning. The ground was rough, pitted and scarred with projectiles of every size

from mere bullets to big shells. There was barbed wire scattered all around, ienne." He rattled it off like a preand from some place nearby came the scription. rattling purr of the machine gun they had been sent out to find.

Dimly he could distinguish the half dozen other men of the detachment, came the purr of machine gun fire-Coulon in the lead, standing out a lit- No. There was something wrong with tle way from the rest; and Coulon, the sound this time. advancing, and peering all about him for stray sharpshooters who might be sical instrument. concealed in heavens knows what mud hole, was bending his elbow regularly and putting something to his mouth. He was eating a piece of bread! ed his head.

Suddenly there was a veer in the direction of the sound of the machine gun fire, and Coulon fell face downward, and lay perfectly still. A man his, and in it sat a fellow with black came running from the group of which hair and a bristling black mustache, rest of his men, and, as he passed ing. This was Villere, and he had a Bressac and Jamet and Maupeta, he mandolin.

'Over there they are!" Just that, No dramatics about Lombardin.

They all ran after him, stumbling and enjoyed the accomplishment. over strands of half buried barbed ed a saucy poilu with a rakish cap and wire and scrambling down into little declivities, and up on the other side; a cigaret in his mouth. and suddenly, through the mist, they Villiere," invited this poilu in French. came in sight of an old shell crater which had been supplied with very carefully concealed fortifications, and from there three machine guns were pumping lead at the scattered Frenchmen, with all possible vim.

"Here they are!" sried Lieutenant Lombardin triumphantly, and, with his pistol in his hand, led the way straight into that murderous fire.

The man next to Bressac dropped, as they ran side by side. It was Janet. He was Bressac's best friend. The man just ahead of Bressac fell, rose, staggered forward, jumped for the crater, and tumbled over and over down in-

That was Lombardin. There were half a dozen of them rushing together right at the edge of the crater, when Bressac suddenly ceased to re-

have the great honor to present Monmember, to know, to feel, to exist. When he comes to that point his sieur Bressac. brows alway knit; then he closes his eyes in exhaustion for three or four minutes. As soon as his mind has rested itself, it goes back to him in the fog with Jamet and Maupeta, and from then on, always including Coulon eating bread, to the edge of the crater, where he knows nothing more.

All this is automatic. Bressac has no interest in it, or in anything else. A gentle-faced sister came in, moving softly as a thistledown, and bent over him, her wide, stiff black cap sticking out in the dimness like wings. Bressac allowed his eyes to remain shut. He did not want to explain why he had not eaten his dinner, or how he felt. He did not care how he felt. The sister moved out again, as softly as she had come in, taking his tray

The director came in, a tali, lean old fellow, with a glistening bald head and a fringe of white hair, and the wrinkles of humor around his eyes. He too, gazed down at Bressac contemplatively; but he was a man who had inside eyes as well as outside eyes and he had seen countless Bressacs since his war began.

"Good evening, Bressac." A very gentletone, one calculated not to arouse a sleeper. No movement.

"The doctor says you are getting on splendidly for so short a time after your operation, Bressac.'

"The doctor says you are getting on splendidly for so short a time, after your operation, Bressac." An irrepressible flutter of weari-

The director smiled, and his eyes twinkled, and he noiselessly drew up a chair and sat before the disinterest-

ed patient. "You're going to recover nicely, the doctor says. How do you feel?" The eyelids relaxed. Bressac was going back to the fog; automatically.

"We'll have you out in a couple of weeks, Bressac, my moy!"
Would they? No stirring of vitality in Bressac over that cheerful an-

nouncement. He was at that ebb in the struggle between life and death where it made no difference to him whether he lived

Everything was too much trouble. There was silence between the two men for quite a little time; then Bres-

sac's brows contracted, knotted painfully, after which exhaustion followed. He had just dropped again at the edge The director studied Bressac with

his inside eyes, then he hunted the doctor in those upper wards where stupor and pain and fever held sway over the rows of white cots. "Is it safe to move Bressac?"

The doctor stroked his beard and surveyed the director. They had I

all the world is familiar, under various names; the fundamental ragtime

"I have only played the mandolin one month, since I have been here," explained Villiere with naive pride.

"I know another song," whereupon he played it, but no one could guess the name, much less Bressac, who was now asleep.

Music in the corridor, and it was morning! Bressac had heard that music before, but had paid not attention; the quartet from the big convalescent ward across the hall,

Etienne brought them in, and they sat in a row on th eempty bed of Joisseaf, who was out of bed now, on his crutches, and taking his breakfast downstairs, with a dozen other good fellows; at a table. The quartet sang very low, and Bressac went to sleep. When he awoke again he was in the

cold gray fog, with Jamet and Maupeta, and-no, he wasn't! He heard. laughter. He looked around quickly. Joisseau was back, and was playing a game of jaquet with Hamotaque; Villiere, from across the room, was unfavited referee. A droll fellow,

that Villiere, and Bressac smiled smiled! The sister came in, to bring the flowers for that room. "Oh, Monsieur Bressac!" she said,

glowing with pleasure. "You are botter! "Yes, thank you," returned Eres Bressie awoke as usual in the cold gray fog. He was with Jamet and

spirit of gentleness seemed A Maupeta. From some place hearby have fallen on the room. It seemed full of peace. Oh this was a good place to be, this hospital of France, run on the basis of gentleness and cheer-

fulness, run on the basis that putting men togother raised their spirits, roused them from their lethargy, made them want to live, gave them renewed interest in life and in the things life meant. You could only pursue that sys tem with men of a brave spirit, If they were morbid-minded fellows, like

the Germans, they would help to Coulon had been a part. It was Lieu- and a wide grin which disclosed the make each other more morbid. Sudtenant Lombardin, followed by the fact that two front teeth were miss. dealy I ressac remembered what some on had told him about the German hospitals, how a wounded soldier was taken up and put through the " 'Allo!" said Villiere, cordially, ca ching Bressac's eye. Villiere had curative processes like clock work, how the isolation system was pracficed as much as possible, how there was a marked diference in the treat-A laugh from the door, where leanment of the soldier who could be used in the ranks again, and the one who would be a burden after his recovery.

Efficiency! The memory of the very word made Bressac's temper come up, his first temper since he

had been wounded. If the Boche were to have his way. lection, Villiere," invited another if he were to establish his dominion voice, a very well cultivated voice in over France, for instance, and Gerdeed; and Bressac rolled his eyes to man kultur and efficiency were to see, in the other corner of the room, a supplant all this gentleness and cheerlight-haired, slender-facer young fel- fulness and human fellowship, and low, with the very tiniest of colorless men here, as in Germany, were to be mustaches, sitting up in bed energetic- reduced to mere automatons without ally weaving a French war boat, splen- hearts and emotions, and valuable only for the strength of their limbs-

Bressac, in the nergy of his emotions, tried to rise, but sank bacm, exhausted. When he next awoke he was not at all in the cold gray fog. Far from He was burning with a question knot who is Joisseu. I have also the

honor to present Monsieur Ruvel, who which it was curious had not come is the president of this room by unan- to him before. "Tell me!" They were so startled who had not cared whether he lived or died, that Ruvel, who was eating his luncheon, swallowed a fishbone. "Is there anyone here of my com-



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THE LAST WORD IN COMMANDEERING!

There's no limit, it seems, to what the armies will commandeer. This poilu appropriated a baby carriage—the only vehicle handy—when the barrel of wine he was taking to his comrades in the trenches became too

pany?" went on Bressac, and named

his regiment and division, "Why yes." Etienne from the doorway, lighting his after luncheon cig-He knew everybody in the hostomorrow. "Over in the big ward and almost well: Jamet.'

ped open, and his eyes rounded.

"Jamet! Jamet!" He repeated it incredulously, then suddenly his ex-

citement came back. "Tell him Bressac is here, and asi him, ask him, if you please, IF WE He was going out day after TOOK THAT SHELL HOLE! Eienne was away like a shot in

spite of his limp, and everybody in "JAMET!" Bressac's mouth drop that room suspended luncheon and waited breathlessly.

Etienne's limping footsteps come hurrying along the hall, then they heard his voice before he reached the door.

"YES!" shouted Etineene. "Yes,

YES, YES, YES!" The room was full of exultation, No Outrage Perpetrated at Mercer one there but Bressac knew the circumstances surrounding that shell hole, but they all had a vital interest in whether it had been captured

For every man there had his own shell crater, and that shell crater was his individual war!

Bressac raised himself by the and by him referred to the United handle which hung from the ceiling over his bed and sat with glistening eves, he doctor and the director passed the door just then, and Bressac called them.

The director twinkled as he saw that the indifferent patient now car- ted, it is alleged, by their elders. It ed about something, but the doctor is charged that the boys tore down and took one glanse at Bressac and at trampled under foot the American flag his glistening eyes, rushed in, pushed vilely mutilated and then destroyed him down in bed. and put a thermom- a picture of Lincoln and in other ways eter in his mouth.

'Eut doctor," grinned the patient. the thermometer wobbling as he talked. "How soon may I go back to the trenches?"

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