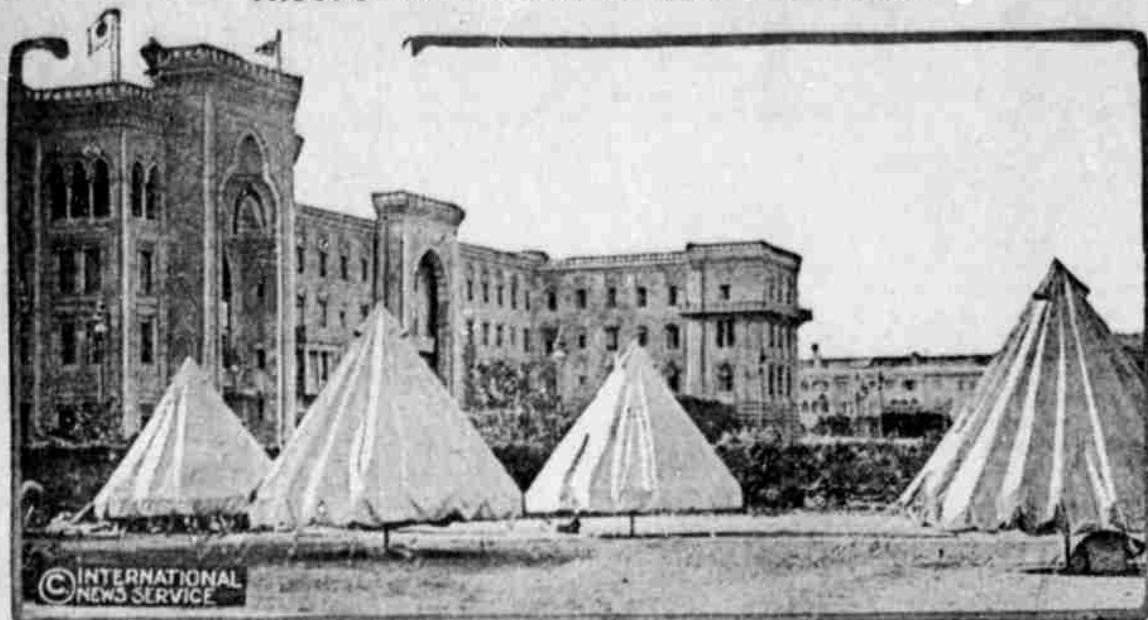


## TROOPS IN EGYPTIAN HOTEL GARDEN



Guards' tents in the garden of the Heliopolis Palace hotel in Egypt. Over the main entrance of the hotel fly the Union Jack and the Red Cross flag, as the building is used as the Australian general hospital.

## DODGE FOE MONTHS

British Soldiers, Separated From Command, Have Exciting Time.

Play Hide and Seek With Germans for Nine Months, Cross Frontier Behind Enemy's Lines and Escape Into Holland.

Rotterdam.—There have just crossed the Belgian frontier behind German lines and come into Holland, six British soldiers. These men were at Mons, in the tragic days of August, and were cut off from their regiment in the great retreat. They crept through the encircling Germans, and for nine months, have been fugitives in France and Belgium, living in fields and dugouts. They have passed through experiences probably without parallel, playing through all these nine months, a game of hide and seek, to have lost which would have meant summary execution.

James Carrigan told me the history of the adventures:

"It was on August 26 that the Germans got round us properly. Our little lot of odd men were collected, and went into one trench. 'The Germans are surrounding us,' said the captain. Then we heard the call to 'Cease fire.' 'Don't mind that, men,' said the captain. 'A German is sounding it.'

"So we kept plugging away. Three times the Germans sounded the call 'Cease fire.' Then the captain stood up to send four men out to the flank. He got a bullet in the heart and was killed instantly. — then took command and gave the word to charge. We went at them once, but had to retire. A second time we charged. — got hit in the hip.

"The third time, when we had another go, it was pitch dark. We had to come back again, and I found there were only seven men with me. We were absolutely surrounded.

"But we managed to hide in a ditch,

GET READY! SAYS ACTOR



Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, the English actor, recently sailed for England, after completing a farewell tour of the principal cities of this country. Just before sailing he said: "My last words to beloved America while I am on her soil are to be well prepared, get ready. Establish compulsory mili-

tary training. Teach young men and boys to be soldiers."

where we stayed all night. Next morning we found ourselves in a little paddock, only two fields away from the Germans, in the middle of their lines. So we lay low all day.

"Then eight Frenchmen crawled up to us. We managed to keep out of sight until most of the Germans had gone on. We had most of the time in orchards, and lived on pears for ten days. We were then a party of twenty-one, eleven English and ten French.

As we were desperate for want of food we decided to make for a village and fight to the last man if we met any Germans. Just before we left the orchards twelve Germans caught two of our French comrades and bayoneted them without giving them any chance to surrender if they had wanted to.

"We got to a village, making our way along the railway line and through the forest. Here we all lodged in a barn, and a woman, the best soul we ever met, brought us milk three times a day.

"The Germans, who were searching for us, were in a horseshoe shape round the village, and were closing in on us. Private Jamieson, a scout, and a good one, took command. He got us out, nearly under the noses of twelve uhlans. We got into a field, and stayed there for a month, with

Germans only six fields away.

"We dug a sort of trench along the fence, to hide in. The farmer gave us civilian clothes, and we worked for him in the fields for three weeks, under the noses of the Germans. Then we had to clear again.

"We divided into three parties. My little party of eight got into a field, where we made a dugout. We lived in this for a month, stealing out at night to get food from some people in a village close by. While we were there a Frenchman brought us a notice which had been stuck up by the Germans in the villages about. This said they knew where there were Englishmen hiding in the district, and that if we did not give ourselves up we would be shot when we were caught.

"We made another trek, and then lived a month in a hut, which we built in a corner of a field. Then a Belgian guided us to a village."

What happened to the fugitives after this must not be disclosed, as it might implicate friends who helped them to escape. Private Jenkins has scratches on his face and torn clothes, as a result of creeping through the barbed wire into Holland.

For the first six months the six intrepid fugitives wore their uniforms under their civilian clothes. Said Private Carrigan: "We were determined to stick to our khaki."

## TAKES WAR LIGHTLY

Russia Shows Little Evidence of Great Conflict.

Determination to Win and Break German Militarism Is the Spirit of the Czar's People—No End to His Armies.

By SLOAN GORDON.

Correspondent of the Chicago News.

Petrograd, Russia.—How the great war has drained the human reservoirs of France—how the boulevards of Paris are manless wastes; how the call to arms has taken male Germans from the farms and the villages and the cities; how rare are men of fighting age upon the streets of Budapest and Vienna, and how, even in London, there is noted a marked falling off in the number of visible male beings—all these evidences of the effects of international blood letting have been set forth in countless columns in the newspapers of America for months.

That the stories are true of those German and Austrian and French and even British centers there can be no reasonable ground for doubt—the numerous authorities attest their accuracy. But it may be set down that this is not true of Petrograd. To all outward appearances in this war capital there is no war. There are evidences here and there of great military activity. There are daily drills upon the public squares and there are Red Cross signs in great profusion. But of men, or, rather, the absence of men—there is no such thing.

Great, mysterious, brooding Russia—the unfathomable Russia—goes about her daily ways with a nonchalance that is baffling to the western mind. Her streets are crowded—the streets of Petrograd and of Moscow and even of Warsaw, where the fighting lines are but a few miles distant. Tens of thousands, literal hordes of men of all ages jostle and crowd along the famous Nevsky Prospekt from morning until night and far into the night. The hotel lobbies are jammed with men and women in furs and finery.

"Is it always like this?" exclaimed an American who has spent many years in Petrograd and other parts of Russia, in response to inquiry. "Well, just about. I wouldn't know there was a war going on if it weren't for the newspapers."

"Russia," he continued, "is going about this war business with an air of confidence that I have never seen before. It is not quite the same confidence that your typical Britisher displays, the sort we always associate with the English and which has been variously classed as bullheadedness, arrogance, egotism and plain nerve. It is none of these with Russia. It is merely a concrete national example

of what is really underneath the surface—a Russian individual characteristic. Your Russian is a fatalist in great crises. When it comes to something really big he settles down to an imperturbable calm, shrugs his shoulders, and takes his medicine."

That the general attitude of Russia toward the war has changed since hostilities began is testified to by those who have observed.

"In the beginning of the war," said one of these observers, a Russian merchant with large interests in Petrograd and Warsaw, "we felt that we were fighting only to repulse an enemy—to prevent invasion of our territory. There was little show of bitterness against the Germans. But it is different now. This war has done more to make Russians think and to draw them together than anything that has ever happened in the history of the country. Today there is a fixed determination to fight it out to a finish and to end the probability of future conflict by destroying Prussian militarism. That may sound strange to those who have looked so long upon Russia as a military nation, but it is nevertheless true. A new feeling of patriotism has been born."

"And do you know," he added, much as though it were a matter of course, "that it is impossible for Russia to lose—for the allies to lose this war? Russian resources of men and money are too vast. Why, there are a million young men arriving at military age every year. Russia could lose a million every 12 months, which is inconceivable, and still keep her armies in the field in undiminished number. Russia can feed her armies, and never feel it. All the blockades in the world cannot affect us! We raise our own food, and can and will make our own supplies of every sort, if necessary. We have the money, we have the men, and, by heaven, we have the spirit!"

Prisoners May Fish.

Greencastle, Ind.—A fish pond probably soon will be built on the state penal farm, according to the trustees. Deer creek passes through the farm, and the trustees say they will stock the stream with game fish. The trustees say they want the prisoners on the farm to have some recreation. They are of the opinion that fishing will be about as good as any.

3 Names in 10 Minutes.

Winamac, Ind.—Mrs. Ida Moore obtained a divorce from William Moore in the circuit court here and her maiden name, Ida Malheur, was restored. Ten minutes later her name was again changed when she was married to William Beach. It was the fourth marriage for Mrs. Beach and the first for Beach.

Bargain Day at Flushing.

Flushing, N. Y.—Six shaves, two haircuts, two shampoos and three massages for \$1 was one of the bargains sold at a "dollar day" celebration here.

## PRIESTS IN ARMIES

Thousands Are Serving With the French Forces.

Fight Bravely, and Their Presence Is a Great Encouragement to the Soldiers—Many Pastors in the German Ranks.

Since the middle ages, when bishops and priors rode at the head of their troops, every war has had its clergymen fighting as warriors. The great war now going on in Europe has thousands of priests and clergymen fighting in the ranks as privates.

It is stated on definite authority that France's army of fighting priests numbers 20,000. They are in three classes—combatants, priests exercising only their sacred functions, and those acting as stretcher bearers. In the first six weeks of war no less than 219 priests were proposed for the Legion of Honor; the "military medal" was won by more than twice that number, and a still larger number was mentioned in the "orders of the day."

Nine and a half months of war have increased the number of medal winners, those mentioned for bravery and those who are to lie in the quickly formed grave until the last trump shall sound.

In a railway terminus among the wounded one man seemed to be very greatly alarmed.

"Is there a priest here?" he asked the nurse. "I want a confessor very badly."

A soldier lying near by, hearing the request, said: "Nurse, I am a priest; I can give him absolution. Carry me to him."

The priest was in much pain and mortally wounded. The nurse hesitated. She knew the ebbing strength of the dying priest. The priest read her mind.

"You are of the faith and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?"

Tenderly the priest was carried to the bedside of the dying soldier. The confession occupied but a brief time, but when the time came to give absolution he had to say to the nurse: "Help me to give the sign."

The nurse held the quivering arm, but the priest and penitent died hand in hand a few minutes afterward.

How the work of clergymen in war is conducted may be seen from what happened when Maj. Gen. Hubert I. W. Hamilton died on the field.

General Hamilton was standing with a group in a covered place, the officer writes, "when a shrapnel shell burst 100 yards away. A bullet pierced General Hamilton's temple and he was killed on the spot. No other member of the group was scratched."

"It was a fine death, but I know how the general would have felt to be taken before his work was done."

The funeral service was held while shells were bursting all around. The din was so great that the chaplain's voice was drowned."

According to Right Rev. Arthur Winnington Ingram, bishop of London, who went to the British front to hold Easter services, it was the "most touching service that he had ever conducted."

ducted." After giving holy communion to 200 officers and men within a mile of the German lines, in a schoolroom the roof of which had been taken off by a shell, he was told at the end of the service 150 men and officers from other regiments were outside asking for their Easter communion.

Guns were booming hard by and British aeroplanes were circling like guardian angels over the service to guard the attractive target of 4,000 men and officers with the Bishop of London in the middle.

"It made a scene that was very impressive," said an eyewitness.

France is not alone in its fighting priests. Reports at the Vatican on October 9 indicated that there were 63,000 ecclesiastics serving with the Belgian, French and Austrian armies. Russia contributed several thousand priests and Germany has several thousand pastors in its ranks.

In fact, so great is the number of priests engaged that Emperor William, acting on a petition of Cardinal Hartmann of Cologne, ordered that French Catholic priests who entered the ranks as French soldiers and were taken prisoners should be treated in the same manner as French soldiers.

The Fire Fiend.

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, who is advising stricter measures to prevent insurance frauds, said:

"There are, you know, a great many business men who in their ideas about insurance are like Exe.

"I'm afraid, father," said Exe's son, this property isn't worth repairing any more."

"Very well, son," said Exe. "Send, then, for Smith of the Marine and Fire company at once. Let us always bear in mind the old proverb: What can't be cured must be insured."

Nothing Doin'.

"Mamma," called four-year-old Harold from the nursery, "please come and sit by my bed until I go to sleep."

"Mamma's busy now," was the reply. "Keep quiet and the angels will be with you."

"You said that before, mamma," rejoined Harold, "and I have kept quiet ever so long, but not a blamed angel has showed up."

Summer Plans.

"You are going away for the summer?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Bilgins; "that is to say, my family will go away. I'll stay here."

"But the climate won't be comfortable."

"I don't care anything about the climate. All I want is rest and quiet."

For Her Sake.

"You can't afford to be without this wonderful work."

"That's good. My wife says I am always doing things I cannot afford to, and this will prove she is right."

Its Affliction.

"What's the matter with that infant industry?"

"I think it has infant paralysis."

At the Club.

"So our proposal was laid on the table, after all."

"I thought it would be dished."

Difference between China's John D. and ours is about \$380,000,000.

## DEVOTED HIS TO GOOD WORK

Devout Little Johnny Would Give His Penny to Buy Bibles for Poor Kids.

The little visitors at Aunt Mary's were Helen, age six, and John age four. They played keeping grocery under the piano, envelopes, books and other articles representing the stock in trade. They took turn about as grocer and customer. The grocer bore the name of Mr. Popcorn.

"Mr. Popcorn," said Helen, "have you any rabbits this morning?"

"Yes'm," answered the polite grocer. "Are they nice and fresh?"

"Yes'm."

"Then you may give me a good, big fat one for 15 cents."

During a lull in the grocery transactions Aunt Mary gave each of the visitors two cents—two cents in real money.

"And what are you going to do with the money?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I'm going to put my two pennies in the bank," said Helen.

"And I," said John, "I'll buy candy with one penny."

"And what will you do with the other penny?"

And John, who has been impressed by the missionary talks at Sunday school, answered: "I'm a-goin' to give it to buy Bibles for poor kids."—Providence Tribune.

Forced to Make Up for Lost Time.

"Whenever I'm yur in Kay See," stated Sandstorm Smith of Rampage, Okla., who is for the nonce in the city's midst, "I don't go to bed with the chickens, by any manner of means, and yet I'm never triffin' around so late at night that I don't see hundreds of prominent people scooting through the scenery in automobiles. Strikes me that folks yur are scandalously behind with their riding."—Kansas City Star.

Keen Rivalry.

"All the farmers hereabouts seem to own motor cars. I don't suppose an automobile salesman could do much business in this community."

"Oh, yes, he could. The farmers about here have quit trying to see who can raise the finest cattle and the biggest crops. Every one of them is trying to get hold of a car with improvements the other fellows' cars don't have."

A Long Vulgarian.

"This seems to be a very exclusive restaurant."

"Yes, indeed. Why, even the waiters are perfect gentlemen. The only coarse person one ever sees here is the proprietor, and I don't suppose it would be possible to exclude him."

The Big Idea.

"Why do you want me to remain engaged to him another year? By the end of another year he won't have enough money left to get married on."

"That's what I was thinking."

Its Outcome.

"Who won at the tea fight?"

"Nobody. It was a drawn battle."—Baltimore American.

Suspicious Precaution.

"Did he marry for money?"

"Well, he always makes her wear a veil when they go out together."



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