

(Concluded from last week.) SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Introductory. Pat O'Brien tells of his purpose in writing the story of his adventures.

CHAPTER II—Tells of his enlistment in the Royal Flying corps, his training in Canada and his transfer to France for ac-tive duty.

CHAPTER III-Describes fights in which he brought down two German airplanes and his final fight in which he was brought down wounded within the Ger-man lines and was made a prisoner of

CHAPTER IV-Discovers that German hospital staff barbarously neglected the fatally wounded and devoted their ener-gies to restoring those who might be returned to the firing lines. Witnesses death in fight of his best chum. Lieut. Paul Rainey.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the of-ficers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he began planning his escape. By great sac-rifice he manages to save and hide away two daily rations of bread.

CHAPTER VI-He confiscates a map of Germany and just half an hour later is put on a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He leaps through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 30 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VII-For nine days he crawls through Germany, hiding during the day, traveling at night, guided by the stars and subsisting on raw vegetables. He covers 75 miles before reaching Lux-emburg

CHAPTER VIII-For nine days more he struggles on in a weakened condition through Luxemburg in the direction of Belgium.

CHAPTER IX—He endures terrible hardships, swims rivers while delirious from hunger, living like a hunted animal and on the eighteenth day after jumping from the train he crosses into Belgium.

CHAPTER X—When well on his way through Belgium he is befriended one night by a Flemish peasant, who feeds him and directs him to a man in a Bel-gian city who will help him to get a pass-

CHAPTER XI-By mingling with Bel-gian peasants he manages to elude Ger-man soldiers and reaches the Belgian city where he finds the home of the man from whom he expects help.

CHAPTER XII-Huyliger forges a pass Dert for O'Brien and promises to assist him in getting into Holland. Later Huy-liger and his associates demand an ex-orbitant sum for their services and O'Brien breaks with them.

necessary arrangements, and I will be as patient as I can."

The first thing to do, Huyliger told me, was to prepare a passport. He had a blank one and it was a comparatively simple matter to fill in the spaces, us ing a genuine passport which Huyliger possessed as a sample of the handwriting of the passport clerk. My oc-

cupation was entered as that of a sailor. My birthplace we gave as Spain, and we put my age at thirty. As a matter of fact, at that time I could easily have passed for thirtyfive, but we figured that with proper food and a decent place to sleep at night, I could soon regain my normal appearance, and the passport would have to serve me, perhaps, for several

weeks to come. Filling in the blank spaces on the passport was, as I have said, a comparatively easy matter, but that did

not begin to fill the bill. Every genuine passport bore an official rubber stamp, something like an elaborate tion? All I have on me, as you know, postmark, and I was at a loss to know how to get over that difficulty.

Fortunately, however, Huyliger had I get back, if I ever do, I shall not half of a rubber stamp which had evi- easily forget that kindness you have dently been thrown away by the Ger- shown me. I am sure you need have mans, and he planned to construct the no concern about my showing my other half out of the cork from a wine gratitude in a substantial way." bottle, He was very skillful with a penknife, and although he spoilt a sisted, looking at me in a knowing sort score or more of corks before he succeeded in getting anything like the afterwards, and then again you may result he was after, the finished article not. I'm not satisfied to wait. I want was far better than our most sanguine | to be taken care of now !" expectations. Indeed, after we had pared it over here and there, and re- How much do you expect in the way moved whatever imperfections our re- of compensation? How can I arrange

which made an impression so closely anything that is reasonable." resembling the original that without a that it was a counterfeit.

Huyliger procured a camera and in the R. F. C., he would hardly have took a photograph of me to paste on asked a larger sum. Perhaps he tell them how I got it, and explain the passport in the place provided for thought I was. that purpose, and we then had a passport which was entirely satisfactory ly, thinking that perhaps he was joko both of us and would, we hoped.

stead he would take me to an empty

until he told me it was advisable for

This was quite agreeable to me. as I

had had misgivings as to the kind

of a priest I would make and it seemed

to me to be safer to remain aloof from

everyone in a deserted house than to

have to mingle with people or come in

contact with them, even with the best

That night I accompanied Huyliger

to a fashionable section of the city,

where the house in which I was to be

This house turned out to be a four

story structure of brick. Huyliger told

me that it had been occupied by a

wealthy Belgian before the war, but

since 1914 it had been uninhabited save

for the occasional habitation of some

refugee whom Huyliger was befriend-

Huyliger had a key and let me in,

but he did not enter the house with

me, stating that he would visit me in

I explored the place from top to bot-

tom as well as I could without lights.

The house was elaborately furnished,

but, of course, the dust lay a quarter

of an inch thick everywhere. It was a

large house, containing some twenty

rooms. There were two rooms in the

basement four on the first floor, four

on the second five on the third and five

on the top. In the days that were to

come I was to have plenty of oppor-

tunity to familiarize myself with the

contents of that house but at that time

I did not know it and I was curious

enough to want to know just what the

Down in the basement there was a

huge pantry but it was absolutely bare,

except of dust and dirt. A door which

evidently led to a sub-basement at-

tracted my attention and I thought it

might be a good idea to know just

where it led to in case it became neces-

affairs had taken and in the rosy pros-

before you are well out of the woods,

and I decided that it would be just as

In such an elaborately furnished

sary for me to elude searchers.

me to proceed to the frontier.

of disguises.

ing.

the morning.

house contained.

concealed was located.

quilts and big soft pillows. Indeed, I bedroom I should honor with my presence that night. Judge of my disappointment, therefore, when after vis-Iting bedroom after bedroom, I discovered that there wasn't a bed in any one of them that was in a condition to sleep in. All the mattresses had been removed and the rooms were abso-

lutely bare of everything in the way do.' of wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The Germans had apparently swept the house clean.

There was nothing to do, therefore, quick too!" but to make myself as comfortable as I could on the floor, but as I had grown accustomed by this time to sleeping I swallowed my disappointment as cheerfully as I could and lay down for the night.

In the morning Huyliger appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money

I told him that I banked at Cox & Co., London, and that if he needed I shall sleep in this place just once any money I would do anything I could know just how such things could be arranged.

"Don't worry about that, O'Brien," he replied. "We'll find a way of getting it all right. What I want to know is how far you are prepared to go to compensate me for the risks I am rendering you!"

The change in the man's attitude stunned me. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Of course I shall pay you as well as I can for what you have done, Huyliger," I replied, trying to conceal as far as possible the disappointment his demand had occasioned me, "but don't you think that this is hardly the proper time or occasion to talk of compensais a few hundred francs, and that, of course, you are welcome to, and when

"That's all right, O'Brien," he inof way; "you may take care of me

"Well, what do you want me, to do? peated test disclosed, we had a stamp to get it to you? I am willing to do.

"I want ---- pounds," he replied, magnifying glass, we were sure, it and he named a figure that staggered; would have been impossible to tell me. If I had been Lord Kitchener instead of just an ordinary lieutenant;

> "Well, my dear man," I said smilinging, "you don't really mean that, do

with thick hair mattress, downy paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance debated for a while which particular from you at any price, and what is more I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you a day or two ago!"

"I'm sorry about that, O'Brien," he retorted, with a show of apparent sincerity, "but that is something I cannot

"If you don't give me back those papers at once," I replied hotly, "I will take steps to get them, and d-d

"I don't know just what you could do, O'Brien," he declared coolly, "but as a matter of fact the papers and under far less comfortable conditions, pictures you refer to are out of the country. I could not get them back to you if I wanted to."

Something told me the man was lying.

to you for your own good. I have an-"See here, Huyliger!" I threatened, other plan to get you into Holland advancing towards him, putting my and if you will go with me to another hand on his shoulder and looking him house, I will introduce you to a man straight in the eye, "I want those papers and I want them here before. help you." midnight to-night. If I don't get them more and then, at 8 o'clock to-morrow

port, which would be his deathknell as TRANST

"Your Lives Won't Be Worth a Damn."

thorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed for me, out food for many hours at a time beeverything."

do so again. I shall look for you to-Huyliger paled. We had no lights morrow evening." in the house, but we were standing

The next evening he came and I acnear a landing at the time and the

tions between us.

border."

The Story of the Battle Hymn.

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The following is from the volume entitled "Julia Ward Howe," by Laufact, the ones that are missing were ra F. Richards and Maude Howe Elonly of sentimental value to me and you are welcome to them. We'll call j.

"I don't know what your object is in

retaining the rest of my pictures, Huy-

liger," I replied, "but as a matter of

I don't know whether he understood

a beat."

a few moments.

sarcastically.

him. Will you go?"

well as my own.

go the next evening.

remained in the house.

Accordingly I said I would be quite

willing to go with him whenever he

was ready, and he suggested that we

I pointed out to him that I was en-

tirely without food and asked him

whether he could not arrange to bring

or send me something to eat while I

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he replied, "but

I'm afraid you will have to get along

as best you can. When I brought you

a desperate chance. If I had been dis-

entering this house with food in my

possession, I would not only have paid

the penalty myself, but you would have

been discovered, too. It is too danger-

ous a proposition. Why don't you go

There was a good deal of truth in

chances to help me in view of the rela-

"Very well," I said; "I've gone with-

fore and I suppose I shall be able to

liot: "Returning from a review of troops near Washington, her carriage was surrounded and delayed by the marching regiments; she and her companthe idiom, but he sat down on the ions sang, to beguile the tedium of the way, the war songs which everybody stairs just below me and cogitated for

was singing in those days. "O'Brien," he started finally, "I'm The soldiers liked this, cried "Good for you!" and took up the chours with its rythmic swing. 'Mrs. Howe,' sorry things have gone the way they have. I feel sorry for you and I would really like to help you. I don't supsaid. Mr. Clarke, 'why do you not pose you will believe me, but the write some good words for the stir-matter of the order which which I ring tune?' 'I have often wished to do so!' she replied. Walking in the asked you to sign was not of my doing. gray of the next morning, as she lay However, we won't go into that. The waiting for the dawn, the words came to her. 'Mine eyes have seen the gloproposition was made to you and you turned it down, and that's the end of ry of the coming of the Lord—' She lay perfectly still. Line by line, stanit. At the same time, I hate to leave you to your own resources and I am za by stanza, the words came sweep-ing on with the rhythm of marching going to make one more suggestion feet, pauseless, resistless. She saw the long lines swinging into place before her eyes, heard the nation speak-ing through her lips. She waited till the voice was silent, till the last line who I think will be in a position to was ended; then sprang from bed, and, groping for pen and paper, scrawled in the gray twilight the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' She "How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble " I answered, was used to writing thus; verses oft-"You can arrange that when you see en came to her at night, and must be scribbled in the dark for fear of wak-ing the baby; she crept back to bed, and as she fell asleep she said to her-self, 'I like this better than most I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself and things I have written.' In the morn-ing, while recalling the incident, she decided to see the thing through. I found that she had forgotten the knew Huyliger would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of words. the fact that I had the tell-tale pass-

"The poem was published in the Atlantic Monthly, for February, 1862. 'It was somewhat praised,' she says, on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. . . I knew and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard from time to time of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers.' "She did not, however, realize how

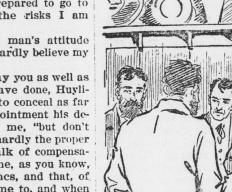
rapidly the hymn made its way, nor how strong a hold it took upon the people. It was sung, chanted, recited, and used in exhortation and prayer on the eve of battle. It was printed your breakfast this morning I took in newspapers, army-books, on broad-a desperate chance. If I had been dis-sides; it was the word of the hour, covered by one of the German soldiers | and the Union armies marched to its swing."

On a memorable occasion directly after the battle of Gettysburg, the author says:

"When, some time after, McCabe was released from prison, he told in out by yourself and buy your food at Washington before a great audience the stores? That would give you con- of loyal people, the story of his warfidence and you'll need plenty of it time experiences; and when he came when you continue your journey to the to that night in Libby Prison, he sang the 'Battle Hymn' once more. The effect was magical; people shouted, wept, sang, all together; and when what he said and I really could not the song was ended, above the tumult blame him for not wanting to take any of applause was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks,— 'Sing it again'!"—Ex.

War Vultures Again.

The law passed to protect the de-pendents of dead soldiers from war vultures, it seems, says the Indianapcompanied him to another house not olis News, is being evaded. Immedilists bereaved relatives are receiving letters from attorneys, or men so representing themselves, offering not to act on the collection of war risk money, which is forbidden by law, but to help collect refunds on unpaid Liberty loan pledges or to help otherwise in settling the soldier's affairs. A substantial fee, of course, usually 20 or 25 per cent. of the amount collected, is asked for the service. The government will settle all of the soldier's affairs in his relation with it and charges nothing for the service. Not a cent need be paid to anybody for acting in this connection. The United States government is not a debtor that must be coaxed or coerced into discharging its obligation to the soldiers that have given their lives for their country. tempts to wring fees from the de-pendents of dead soldiers for any "service" are generally fraudulent. The man who approaches women in an hour of bereavement with an offer of help for which he is to get a subto us the passport we gave you before | stantial return is an object of suspicion at the best. When he proposes to help in getting money from the government he can be put down definitely as a fraud of the lowest type. He knows that he cannot perform any useful service, that whatever he takes from the dependents of soldiers is blood money. The government warns relatives to have nothing to do with the sharpers. It should do more and make it illegal for the vultures to solicit fees for acting in any capacity in settling the affairs of the soldier with the government. The present law is inadequate in that it forbids acting for dependents to obtain war risk insurance or compensation money, but says nothing about back pay on Liberty bond refunds. The penalty should be made severe enough to fit the crime.



to get it for him, although I did not morning, I shall go to the German au

In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Belgian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event that I was called upon to speak. Huyliger said I would be given sufficient money to bribe the German

guards at the Dutch frontier, and he assured me that everything would work out according to schedule.

"Yours is not the first case, O'Brien, we have handled successfully," he declared. "Only three weeks ago I heard



Outlining the Plans He Had Made for My Escape.

from an English merchant who had escaped from a German detention camp and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course, but the fact that the plans we had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you."

I told Huyliger I was ready to follow his instructions and would do anything he suggested.

"I want to rejoin my squadron as while and go to bed instead. soon as I possibly can," I told him, "but I realize that it will take a cerhouse I had naturally conjured up

prove equally so to our friends the you?" "I certainly do, O'Brien, and what is Huns.

house, where I could remain in safety had mentioned and demanded that I

more," he threatened, "I intend to get It had taken two days to fix up the every cent I have asked, and you are passport. In the meanwhile Huyliger informed me that he had changed his going to help me get it." He pulled out an order calling for plans about the convent and that in-

sign it.

I waved it aside. "Huyliger." I said, "you have helped me out so far and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now, I think, I see what your motive was, but I certainly don': intend to be blackmailed and I tell you right now that I won't stand for it." "Very well," he said, "it is just as

the payment to him of the amount he

you say, but before you make up your mind so obstinately I would advise you to think it over. I'll be back this evening."

My first impulse, after the man had left, was to get out of that house just place of my poor chum Raney, I ceras soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me, and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty, and when I got there I would have to use my own ingenuity to get through.

It was evident, however, that Huyliger still had an idea that I might change my mind with regard to the payment he had demanded, and I de- | take the risk of my carrying out my anything until he paid me a second visit.

At the beginning of my dealings with Huyliger I had turned over to him he had of mine were really of ng use some pictures, papers, and other things | to him, and I have never been able to that I had on me when I entered his | ascertain why it was he wished to rehouse, including my identification disk, and I was rather afraid that he might refuse to return them to me.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast Huyliger had brought to as evidence to account to his supeme. From the windows I could see plenty to interest me and help pass the time away, but of my experiences while in that house I shall tell in detail later on, confining my attention now to a narrative of my dealing with Huyliger.

That night he appeared as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he en-In that cellar I found case after case tered the room where I was awaiting | forsake me after all he had promised of choice wine-Huyliger subsequently him, "what do you say? Will you sign told me that there were 1,800 bottles of the order or not?" it! I was so happy at the turn my

It had occurred to me during the day that the amount demanded was so pects which I now entertained that I fablulous that I might have signed the was half inclined to indulge in a little order without any danger of its ever | stairs celebration then and there. On second being paid, but the idea of this man. thought, however, I remembered the who had claimed to be befriending me. old warning of the folly of shouting endeavoring to make capital out of my plight galled me so that I was determined not to give it to him whether I well to postpone the festivities for a could do so in safety or not.

"No, Huyliger," I replied, "I have

decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. ued, and perhaps half of the phototin length of time for you to make the ideas of a wonderfully large bed, I shall see that you are reasonably graphs.

moonlight was streaming through a stained-glass window. The Belgian turned on his heel and

started to go down the stairs. "Mind you," I called after him, "I

shall wait for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities. I am a desperate man, Huyliger, and I mean every word I say." He let himself out of the door and I sat on the top stair and wondered just what he would do. Would he try to

steal a march on me and get in a first word to the authorities so that my story would be discredited when I nut it to them? Of course, my threat to give myself

up to the Huns was a pure bluff. While I had no desire to lose the papers which Huyliger had and which included the map and the last resting tainly had no intention of cutting off my nose to spite my face by surrendering to the Germans. I would have been shot, as sure as fate, for after all I had been able to observe behind the

German lines I would be regarded as a spy and treated as such. At the same time I thought I detected a yellow streak in Huyliger, and I figured that he would not want to cided that it would be foolish to do threat even though he believed there was but a small chance of my doing so.

> If I did, he would undoubtedly share my fate, and the pictures and papers tain them unless they contained something-some information about mewhich accounted for his complete change of attitude towards me in the first place, and he wanted the papers

riors for his conduct towards me. When he first told me that the plan of placing me in a convent 'disguised as a priest had been abandoned he explained it by saying that the cardinal had issued orders to the priests to help no more fugitives, and I have since wondered whether there was anything in my papers which had turned him against me and led him to

to do for me. For perhaps two hours I sat on that

staircase musing about the peculiar turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huyliger ascended the

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brien," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession." I looked through the little bunch he

Times-Union. handed me. It included my identification disk, most of the papers I val-

very far from the one in which I had a tely after publication of casualty been staying and not unlike it in appearance. It, too, was a substantial dwelling house which had been untenanted since the beginning save perhaps for such occasional visits as Huyliger and his associates made to it.

Huyliger let himself in and conducted me to a room on the second floor, where he introduced me to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was his own brother. The other was a stranger.

Very briefly they explained to me that they had procured another passport for me-a genuine one-which would prove far more effective in helping to get me to the frontier than the counterfeit one they had manufactured for me.

I think I saw through their game right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say. "Of course, you will have to return we can give you the real one," said Huyliger's brother.

"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied, "if the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?" There was considerable hesitation on the part of Huyliger's brother and the other chap at this.

"Why, I don't think that's necessary at all, Mr. O'Brien," said the former. "You give us the old passport and we will be very glad to give you the new one for it. Isn't that fair enough?" "It may be fair enough, my friends," I retorted, seeing that it was useless to conceal further the fact that I was fully aware of their whole plan and why I had been brought to this house. "It may be fair enough, my friends," I said, "but you will get the passport that I have here," patting my side and indicating my inside breast pocket,

"only off my dead body!" I suppose the three of them could have made short work of me then and there if they had wanted to go the limit, and no one would ever have been the wiser, but I had gone through so much and I was feeling so mean towards the whole world just at that moment that I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"I have that passport here," I replied, "and am going to keep it. If you gentlemen think you can take it from me you are welcome to try!" Continued next week) .

A Thought. "Just to think," said the Sweet

Young Thing on the piano stool, "all these pretty keys once belonged to an elephant." "And now," replied the gallant man, thy belong to a dear."-Florida

-For high class Job Work come to the "Watchman" Office.

Fainting Goats.

Did you ever see a goat faint? robably not. But the thing does happen—not, perhaps, to the every-day goat, but to animals of that breed which are found in Tennessee.

Oddly enough, in that State the "fainting goats," as they are called, seem to be restricted to one small locality. In other respects they are just like ordinary goats, but on slight provocation they will "throw a fit."

If suddenly approached or other-wise startled they fall to the ground. Apparently the trouble with them is not heart-weakness, but a peculiar nervous complaint. Any sort of alarm gets their goat, so to speak.

Experienced Matriculator.

"I suppose young Jack Grabcoin has a deep and abiding love for his alma mater."

"Naturally, but Jack's affections are considerably scattered." "How's that?"

"He's been expelled from so many different institutions of learning that it's rather difficult for him to concentrate his affections on any particular one."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

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