

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By **LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN**

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(Concluded from last week.)

If Huylliger had revealed my hiding place to the Huns, as I was now confident he had, I felt that there was lit-



"I figured I could put up a good fight."

tle prospect of their overlooking me. They would search the house from top to bottom and, if necessary, raise it to the ground. To escape from the house through the backyard through the iron grating, which I had no doubt I could force, seemed to be the logical thing to do, but the chances were that the Huns had thrown a cordon around the entire block before the squad was sent to the house. The Germans do these things in an efficient manner always. They take nothing for granted.

My one chance seemed to be to stand pat in the hope that the officer in charge might possibly come to the conclusion that he had arrived at the house too late—that the bird had flown.

My position in that wine cellar was anything but a comfortable one. Rats and mice were scurrying across the floor and the smothering crashing going on overhead was anything but promising. Evidently those soldiers imagined that I ought to be hiding in the walls, for it sounded as though they were tearing off the wainscoting the picture molding and, in fact everything that they could tear or pull apart.

Before very long they would finish their search upstairs and would come down to the basement. What they would do when they discovered the wine I had no idea. Perhaps they would let themselves loose on it and give me my chance. With a bottle of wine in each hand I figured I could put up a good fight in the dark, especially as I was becoming more and more accustomed to it and could begin to distinguish things here and there, whereas when they entered the pitchy darkness of the cellar, they would be as blind as bats in the sun.

Perhaps it was twenty minutes before I heard what sounded like my death-knell to me; the soldiers were coming down the cellar steps! I clutched a wine bottle in each hand and waited with bated breath. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! In a moment they would be in the cellar proper. I could almost hear my heart beating. The mice scurried across the floor by the scores, frightened no doubt by the vibration and noise made by the descending soldiers. Some of the creatures ran across me where I stood between two wine cases, but I was too much interested in bigger game to pay any attention to mice.

Tramp! Tramp! "Halt!" Again an order was given in German, and although I did not understand it I am willing to bless every word of it, because it resulted in the soldiers turning right about face, marching up the stairs again, through the hall and out of the front door and away!

I could hardly believe my ears. It seemed almost too good to be true that they could have given up the search just as they were about to come upon their quarry, but unless my ears deceived me that was what they had done.

The possibility that the whole thing might be a German ruse did not escape me, and I remained in the cellar for

nearly an hour after they had apparently departed before I ventured to move, listening intently in the meanwhile for the slightest sound which would reveal the presence of a sentry upstairs.

Not hearing a sound I began to feel that they had indeed given up the hunt, for I did not believe that a German officer would be so considerate of his men as to try to trap me rather than carry the cellar by force if they had the slightest idea that I was there.

I took off my shoes and crept softly and slowly to the cellar steps and then step by step, placing my weight down gradually so as to prevent the steps from creaking, I climbed to the top. The sight that met my eyes as I glanced into the kitchen told me the whole story. The water faucets had been ripped from the sinks, the water pipes having been torn off, and gas fixtures, cooking utensils and everything else which contained even the smallest proportion of the metals the Germans so badly needed had been taken from the kitchen. I walked up stairs now with more confidence, feeling tolerably assured that the soldiers hadn't been after me at all, but had been merely collecting metal and other materials which they expected an elaborate dwelling house like the one in which I was concealed to yield.

Later I heard that the Germans had taken practically every ounce of brass, copper and wool they could lay their hands on in Belgium. Even the brass out of pianos has been ruthlessly removed, the serious damage done to valuable property by the removal of only an insignificant proportion of metal never being taken into consideration. I learned, too, that all dogs over fourteen inches high had been seized by the Germans. This furnished lots of speculation among the Belgians as to what use the Germans were putting the animals to, the general impression apparently being that they were being used for food!

This, however, seemed much less likely to me than that they were being employed as dispatch dogs in the trenches, the same as we use them on our side of the line. They might possibly kill the dogs and use their skins for leather and their carcasses for tallow, but I feel quite sure that the Huns are by no means so short of food that they have to eat dogs yet awhile. Indeed, I want to repeat here what I have mentioned before; if anyone has the idea that this war can be won by starving the Huns, he hasn't the slightest idea how well provided the Germans are in that respect. They have considered their food needs in connection with their resources for several years to come and they have gone at it in such a methodical, systematic way, taking into consideration every possible contingency, that provided there is not an absolute crop failure, there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that they can last for years, and the worst of it is they are very cocksure about it themselves.

It is true that the German soldiers want peace. As I watched them through the keyhole in the door I thought how unfavorably they compared with our men. They marched along the street without laughter, without joking, without singing, was quite apparent that the war was still

on them. I don't believe I saw a single German soldier who didn't look as if he had lost his best friend—and he probably had.

At the same time there is a big difference—certainly a difference of several years—between wishing the war was over and giving up, and I don't believe the German rank and file any more than their leaders have the slightest idea at this time of giving up at all.

But to return to my experience while concealed in the house. After the visit of the soldiers, which left the house in a wretched condition, I decided that I would continue my journey towards the frontier, particularly as I had gotten all I could out of Huylliger, or rather he had gotten all he was going to get out of me.

During my concealment in the house I had made various sorties into the city at night, and I was beginning to feel more comfortable even when German soldiers were about. Through the keyhole I had studied very closely the gait of the Belgians, the slovenly droop that characterized most of them, and their general appearance, and I felt that in my own dirty and unshaven condition I must have looked as much like the average poor Belgian as a man could. The only thing that was against me was my height. I was several inches taller than even the tallest Belgians. I had often thought that red hair would have gone good with my name, but now, of course, I was mighty glad that I was not so endowed, for red-haired Belgians are about as rare as German charity.

There are many, no doubt, who will wonder why I did not get more help than I did at this time. It is easily answered. When a man is in hourly fear of his life and the country is full of spies, as Belgium certainly was, he is not going to help just anyone that comes along seeking aid. One of the German's most successful ways of trapping the Belgians has been to pose as an English or French prisoner who has escaped, appeal to them for aid, implicate as many as possible, and then turn the whole German police force loose on them. As I look back on those days I think it remarkable that I received as much help as I did, but when people are starving under the conditions now forced upon those unfortunate people, it is a great temptation to surrender these escaped prisoners to German authorities and receive the handsome rewards offered for them—or for alien spies, as I was classed at that time.

The passport which I had described me as a Spanish sailor, but I was very dubious about its value. If I could have spoken Spanish fluently it might have been worth something to me, but the few words I knew of the language would not have carried me very far if I had been confronted with a Spanish interpreter. I decided to use the passport only as a last resort, preferring to act the part of a deaf and dumb Belgian peasant as far as it would carry me.

Before I finally left the house I had a remarkable experience which I shall remember as long as I live.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Night of Disipation.

During the first two days I spent with Huylliger after I had first arrived in the big city, he had told me, among other things, of a moving picture show in town which he said I might have a chance to see while there.

"It is free every night in the week except Saturdays and Sundays," he said, "and once you are inside you would not be apt to be bothered by anyone except when they come to take your order for something to drink. While there is no admission, patrons are expected to eat or drink while enjoying the pictures."

A day or two later, while walking the streets at night in search for food, I had passed this place and was very much tempted to go in and spend a few hours, particularly as it would perhaps give me an opportunity to buy something to eat, although I was

what happened. While people may think that I had decided unwisely because of the unnecessary risk involved in the adventure, it occurred to me that perhaps after all that theater war about one of the safest places I could attend because that was about the last place Germans would expect to find a fugitive English officer in even if they were searching for me.

As soon as evening came, therefore, I started out for the theatre. I fixed myself up as well as possible. I had on a fairly decent pair of pants which Huylliger had given me and I used a clean handkerchief as a collar.

With my hair brushed up and my beard trimmed as neatly as possible with a pair of rusty scissors which I had found in the house, while my appearance was not exactly that of a Beau Brummel, I don't think I looked much worse than the average Belgian. In these days the average Belgian is very poorly dressed at best.

I can't say I had no misgivings as I made my way to the theatre; certainly I was going there more for discipline than pleasure, but I had made up my mind that I was going there to see it through.

The entrance to the theatre or beer garden, for it was as much one as the other, was on the side of the building and was reached by way of an alley which ran alongside. Near the door was a ticket-seller's booth, but as this was one of the free nights there was no one in the booth.

I marched slowly down the alley imitating as best I could the indifferent gait of the Belgians, and when I entered the theater endeavored to act as though I had been there many times before. A hasty survey of the layout of the place was sufficient to enable me to select my seat. It was early and there were not more than half a dozen people in the place at that time, so that I had my choice.

There was a raised platform, perhaps two feet high, all around the walls of the place except at the end where the stage was located. On this platform tables were arranged and there were tables on the floor proper as well.

I decided promptly that the safest place for me was as far back as possible, where I would not be in the line of vision of others in back of me. Accordingly I slouched over to a table on the platform directly opposite the stage and I took the seat against the wall. The whole place was now in front of me. I could see everything that was going on and everyone who

ORDER FOR DRAFT CALLS.

Men Between Ages of 32 and 36 Inclusive, and 19 and 20 Will be First Summoned for Duty in Army.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 17.—Men between the ages of 32 and 36 inclusive and 19 and 20-year-old registrants will be called first in the new draft, Provost Marshal General Crowder announced recently. Eighteen-year-olds and those above 36 will be called later.

No order as to whether 18-year-old boys will be inducted before those between 37 and 45 has been issued by the War Department, Crowder said. This will be determined later.

September calls will practically exhaust the original class one supply. A few who registered on August 24 are being classified now. Crowder said, but the reservoir is negligible.

Mailing of questionnaires will begin almost immediately after registration.

BOARDS TO REPORT EARLY. By September 16th all States should have reported to Washington their total registration and the work of assigning serial numbers to registrants by the local boards will be well under way, Crowder explained. As rapidly as each registrant is given a serial number his questionnaire will be mailed. There will be practically no loss of time in starting the machinery for inducting men of the new draft, Crowder assured.

Boards will concentrate on the cards of men between 19 and 36 inclusive, leaving those who aren't liable to immediate call for later attention.

General Crowder explained in detail the work of advisers who will sit with local boards. These advisers will not act as a committee, but, instead, each will have his own field. A labor adviser and an agricultural adviser will have jurisdiction over questions relating to industry and agriculture respectively. Additional advisers will deal with the professions and other occupations not falling under the other two divisions. Crowder explained there was no limit to the number of advisers each board might have.

MUST CLAIM EXEMPTION. No claims for deferred classification will be considered unless registrant has mentioned it in his questionnaire, or a third person requests it for him. Crowder urged employers to study their personnel thoroughly so as to be able to advise draft boards regarding the registrants in their employ.

Classification of the 19 to 36-year-old group should take not over fifty days, Crowder said, and this group comprises practically half the entire 13,000,000.

Boys between 18 and 20, inclusive, will have opportunity to attend one of the 400 universities designated by the War Department, Crowder said. Not over 150,000 of the 3,000,000 registrants of these ages are expected to attend college under the War Department's regulations. These men will be entirely those who are qualified to attend universities and volunteer to do so.

BIRTHS.

Wheeler—On August 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome J. Wheeler, of State College, a son, Jerome Julius Wheeler.

King—On August 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, of Coleville, a daughter, Mildred Virginia.

Wagner—On August 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wagner, of Bellefonte, a son, Robert Pierson.

Casper—On August 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Casper, of Bellefonte, a son, Ralph Richard.

Breon—On August 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Breon, of Bellefonte, twin girls, Pauline Emma and Geraldine Lauretta.

Johnson—On August 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Raymond Johnson, of Altoona, a son, James Ray.

Knisely—On August 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Knisely, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Margaret.

Herman—On August 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Miller Herman, of Benner township, a son.

Watson—On August 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson, of Bellefonte, a son.

Sager—On August 4, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Sager, of Bellefonte, a son, Russell William.

Garbrick—On August 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garbrick, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

Zettle—On August 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Archie W. Zettle, of Pleasant Gap, a son, John Archie.

Packer—On August 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emery Packer, of Pleasant Gap, a son, Elwood Milford.

Kane—On August 10, to Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, of Zion, a son, James Francis.

Guiser—On August 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Guiser, of Mingoville, a son, Charles Calvin.

Betz—On August 10, to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Betz, of Nittany, a daughter.

Albright—On August 2, to Mr. and Mrs. William F. Albright, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

Kane—On August 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kane, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth.

Eckel—On August 24, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Eckel, of Bellefonte, a son, Samuel Urich.

McMurtrie—On August 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McMurtrie, of Bellefonte, a son, Ray Francis.

Bottomf—On September 13, to Mr. and Mrs. William Bottomf, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Mary Katherine.

Two soldiers caused some amusement at a golf course the other day. The first man teed up and made a mighty swipe, but failed to shift the ball. The miss was repeated no fewer than three times.

His pal was unable to stand it any longer.

"For heaven's sake, Bill," he broke out, "hit the bloomin' thing. You know we have only four days' leave!"

"—Tit-Bits.— They are all good enough, but the "Watchman" is always "the best.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged.—Swedenborg.

A lovely little boudoir cap is made of net, banded with little ruffings of half-inch wide pink ribbon. The cap is cut with a long point, like the to-boggan caps of childhood, and on the very tip end is a downy pink tassel that bobs on the shoulders.

Handsome new wide braids make the fashionable sashes. Come in black and colors.

New small neckpieces that are quite distinctive, are of Hudson Bay sable, made of one or two skins and most effective indeed.

Wool plaids (and the larger the better) are the note of the moment in the dress goods stores. They are used to make the attractive separate skirts that will be worn with those sleeveless velvet jackets this fall.

Camouflage veils are the newest—they are of filmy meshes, have deep frills and are worn flowing.

Three-piece sets of fur are as smart as they are new—broad stoles, fashionable muffs and small hats, all to match. There are sets of Hudson seal, sheared muskrat and a beauty of moleskin.

Tricotee is the rich, new silk that is to be used to make some of the handsomest winter dresses; and baronet satins in Autumn shades will make the separate skirts.

Purple, rich and deep and lovely is a fashionable millinery color—and there are hats of purple velvet and of purple beaver; one great, furry beaver tam (and tams are new too) is stunning.

Red Cross authorities have provided comfortable quarters for army and navy nurses, in which to spend off hours and to get such recreation as may be possible near the base hospitals at the front at an approximate cost of \$350,000. Not all of these buildings have been completed but many have been and others soon will be ready.

The standard building, similar in architecture to the convalescent houses for soldiers, though smaller, provides a lounging room and a dining room, kitchen and laundry. The large room will be supplied with easy chairs and couches, tables, writing desks, piano or phonograph and special library. Dishes, linen, sewing machines and utensils will be installed in the service end of the house, that the nurses may prepare special dishes or serve meals for themselves and their friends, or make or launder garments when necessary.

In some camps the Red Cross has cottages nearby in the mountains or at the seashore where nurses in need of rest can go for a recuperative week-end.

Women's uniforms for war service are getting to be almost as conspicuous on the streets of a large city as are those of men, though, to be sure, they have by no means attained the variety of styles which appear in the masculine apparel. One recent style among them, however, is the official uniform adopted by the American women canteen workers in the Young Men's Christian Association huts in France. Work over there in the canteens is much too vigorous to permit of frills and flounces, or even of the ordinary garb of civilian life, they say. So a new style has been worked out which, though most utilitarian, is as trim and smart as one could ask. This uniform consists of the following articles: One gray whipcord coat and skirt, one hat of blue or gray cloth—and the shape is a smart one—two shirtheists, blue or white flannel, one blue necktie, one blue woolen muffler, four canteen overall aprons and two caps.

Since the association which is sending these women across the seas has taken over the entire canteen work for the army in France, hundreds of new canteens will soon be opened there and scores of American women, paying their own expenses and dispensing with many comforts formerly considered essentials will, in these trim, simple uniforms, join their French and English sisters in doing their share to help along the war for democracy.

Toast is another form in which partly stale bread can be made attractive. In many families it is served only for breakfast, luncheon or supper, but the custom which many high-grade restaurants have adopted of serving thin, crisp, hot toast with the more substantial meals, might well be followed at home.

Such dishes as chopped meat with gravy, creamed chicken or fish, egg, melted cheese, baked asparagus, Swiss chard, baked tomatoes, etc., are served very commonly on toast.

Cream or milk toast (that is, toast with a cream sauce or milk gravy, perhaps flavored with a little chipped beef, salt fish or other savory) may be used as the main dish at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

Slices of toast may also be dipped in water or milk and beaten egg and lightly browned on a hot greased pan. It may be used at breakfast, and has the advantage of making the eggs "go further" than if used in a separate dish, or it may be served with cinnamon and sugar, syrup or any sweet sauce for dessert.

When ostrich feathers have become a sorry sight, after exposure to dampness, they may be fluffed up again and given some curl by holding them over a very small gas flame. Great care should be taken to have the flame low and to hold the feathers high enough to move slightly in the warm air, and so escape catching fire. If feathers are treated in this manner they will become surprisingly freshened almost immediately.

When frying eggs add one teaspoonful of hot water to each egg. Put the water around the egg and you will find they will be more like poaches and much easier to digest.

Prijzen der Dranken	
Bieren	
Bock 12 0.80	Stout de l. 1.25
Dubbel Geraten de flesch (Michaux) 0.85	
Warme Dranken	
Koffie 1.50	Thé de portie. 1.50
Chocolade de portie 1.50	Warme wijn 2.50
Melk 1.50	Bouillon OXO 1.50
Koffie met melk 1.50	Cacao 1.50
Verskillende Groes 2.50	Koffie de portie (met melk) 1.50
Verfrisschingen	
Oranje-water 1.25	Graaustappelen 1.50
Limon squasch 1.50	Kisselmas 1.50
Limonades azuurloos 0.80	Belien 1.50
Ginger beer 1.50	Maitrank champagnise 1.50
Sparkling Dry Ginger Ale 1.50	
Minerale Waters	
Spawater 1/22.0.80	Apollinaire 1.50
Vichy 1/4 fl. 1.50	Schweppe soda 0.80
Wijnen	
Turijn Vermouth 1.25	Porto rode 1.50
Franché 1.25	Porto witte 1.50
Dabonnet 1.25	Sherry 1.50
Cyrrh 1.25	Malaga 1.50
Graves superieur (1809) 1.50	Madera 1.50
Bordeaux - Chateau La Ville Puyferre - 1906 1.50	

Price List of Drinks O'Brien Picked Up at a Free Motion Picture Show in a Beer Garden.

came in, but no one, except those who sat at my own table, would notice me unless they deliberately turned around to look.

The place began to fill up rapidly. Every second person who came in the place seemed to me to be a German soldier, but when they were seated at the tables and I got a chance later on to make a rough count, I found that in all there were not more than a hundred soldiers in the place and there must have been several hundred civilians.

The first people to sit at my table were a Belgian and his wife. The Belgian sat next to me and his wife next to him. I was hoping that other civilians would occupy the remaining two seats at my table, because I did not relish the idea of having to sit through the show with German soldiers within a few feet of me. That would certainly have spoiled my pleasure for the evening.

Every uniform that came in the door gave me cause to worry until I was sure it was not coming in my direction. I don't suppose there was a single soldier who came in the door whom I didn't follow to his seat—with my eyes.

Continued next week.

The Difference.

"Pa, what's the difference between a patriot and a jingo?"

"A patriot, my son, is one whose bosom swells with pride of his country, while in the jingo the swelling appears in his head."—Boston Transcript.