

A Lost Haversack-- Jerusalem!



By CAPT. FERDINAND TUOHY.

NE afternoon toward the close of October, 1917, a staff officer attached to general headquarters in the field Egyptian expeditionary force, rode out into No Man's Land in the direction of Beersheba.

The distance between the Turk and ourselves at this desert end of the line was sometimes as great as eight miles, and frequently mounted reconnaissance patrols were necessary—the more so at this particular juncture in that Allenby's push for Jerusalem was due to start from day to day.

Followed by an orderly, the staff officer rode about for some little time, now consulting his leather-encased map, now scanning with field-glasses the unending camel scrub and sand. Suddenly—zip, zip, zip!—several rifle shots rang out, and the officer half fell from his horse, then recovering himself, headed about. The couple had apparently ridden right on to a Turkish post, and the orderly needed no second word of command as to the direction in which he was now to proceed.

Before following him, however, the staff officer swung round two or three times in an effort to recover his haversack, which had dropped to the ground as he had tilted over when hit. But the Turkish fire was becoming more rapid, and he apparently was getting weaker. Finally, the haversack had to be left there on the sand under the noses of the Turks.

In the course of the evening a G.R.O. something in this style was circulated throughout the three corps in line:

"URGENT—While on reconnaissance patrol in No Man's Land this afternoon, about 21 d 4, 3, a staff officer lost a haversack. If found, the haversack is to be returned forthwith to general headquarters without being opened or its contents examined in any way."

Later an enciphered wireless message added:

"Determined efforts are to be made tonight by troops in the sector involved to recover the lost haversack mentioned in G. R. O. No. 102."

That night the writer messaged at a corps headquarters and was greeted somewhat after this fashion: "Oh, Lord! Here's one of these G.H.Q. wallahs! Nice business this afternoon. Can't go out on patrol without giving the whole show away to the Turks! Found your blessed haversack yet? I should say not! Not likely to, either! The old Turk's fairly gloating over it by now. Contained the whole plan of the push, I suppose? The fellow who dropped it ought to be strung up! Prancing about up to the Turk with operation orders in his pocket!"

On the Gaza front at this period the British line extended from the



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM

const to the vicinity of Beersheba, 60 or 70 miles inland toward the desert. In the push for Jerusalem, General Allenby's grandiose plan hinged mainly, if not entirely, on the swift and sure reduction of Beersheba. Unless this were effected, the whole action stood in danger of fizzling out.

Well, the Turks got wind of General Allenby's plan, and shortly before "Z" day—the day of our offensive—they moved a division from Gaza across into reserve at Beersheba. The move about balanced the opposing forces, numerically, in the vital Beersheba sector, and so it became absolutely necessary to do something to cause the Turks to move this division back to Gaza again or, for that matter, to any part of the line as long as it was away from Beersheba.

The head of the enemy's intelligence service opposite was one Captain Schiller.

An intelligence service exists to find out what your opponent contemplates doing next.

It now behooved our intelligence to make their—the enemy—intelligence believe that there was nothing to fear in the Beersheba sector, that the vital attack was coming elsewhere.

Scheme after scheme was weighed and found wanting, and the days were slipping by. In the end it was agreed that one hope would be to devise a means of getting "faked" documentary evidence through to Schiller himself, and so to set the stage that even that wily customer would be taken in. It would be a risk, for should Schiller decide that the information in question had been purposely conveyed to him, that, in fact it was "dope," we had better far have left the whole affair most severely alone. But now, to recount this queer tale through its development, let us reconstruct the scene in Schiller's office, as we believe it to have been enacted, that October night following the discovery of a British haversack by a Turkish patrol.

Schiller opens the haversack and finds inside some sandwiches, an electric torch and a flask, a map and a wallet and notebook combined. He reads intently several pages of scribbled pencil notes written in diary form, then pushes back his chair and laughs outright:

"Ha, ha! Das ist gut! Specially dropped for us to pick up! They're getting quite clever, these English!" A signal officer announces:

"The English have just sent out a



GENERAL ALLENBY

wireless message saying that every effort is to be made tonight to recover a haversack that was lost this afternoon in No Man's Land.

"It can't be! It can't be! Don't you realize, Schmidt, that if these notes are genuine all our reckoning has been wrong, that they're going to attack Gaza first, not at Beersheba? These notes refer to all Allenby's conferences for the past month. I'm certain they're faked. Why, look what those prisoners told us only yesterday! And their artillery preparation and wireless activity."

"There are still some papers in the wallet, sir," said the younger officer. "Ist mir egal!" rasps the other fiercely. Then, changing tone: "Gott in himmel! What have we got here?" And he reads:

"Dear K—: Sorry we must delay our little shoot as I'm running down to Cairo for a few days' rest. Back November 4. Yours, E. Allenby."

Schiller looks slowly from the letter to the calendar.

The British offensive was expected for October 28, and here was the British commander-in-chief going away on leave!

"Donnerwetter!" proclaims the German. "If this isn't becoming—Yes what is it?"—this to a junior officer just entered.

"English prisoners taken at El Tugger say they were warned this afternoon about the loss of a haversack. If anyone found it, he was not on any account to open it, but was to send it direct to headquarters."

Schiller doesn't answer as this further evidence of authenticity teems in. Eagerly, almost feverishly, he returns to the wallet, and takes out its remaining contents—a photograph, the photograph of a woman, written across in endearing terms, and a letter.

Schiller reads the letter avidly, on and on. It tells of the birth of a first-born, of little hands and little feet; it rambles on in that tender language which only a young mother can make her own. The letter is crinkled and has been clearly read and reread a hundred times; it is a letter in a million. Its loss could only be accidental.

So reasoned Schiller!

The division that had been hastily moved into reserve at Beersheba was as hastily moved back to Gaza.

On October 28 we attacked the weakened Turkish position at Beersheba, and as all the world knows, carried everything before us.

And the letter concerning the first-born—the letter that saved hundreds, possibly thousands, of British lives and went far to giving us Jerusalem, and ultimately a whole country?

Has the little hospital nurse at El Arish, with the girlish handwriting, forgotten all about it?

The SANDMAN STORY

MR. MOUSE & MR. FROG

ONE day Mr. Mouse, who had been driven from the barn where he lived by Mrs. Tabby and her family, ran across the road to the meadow and wandered down by the pond.

"I may as well jump in and drown myself," said Mr. Mouse, feeling very sad and discouraged. "There is no place I go where that cat does not follow me."

"What is the matter, my friend, that you seem so sad?" asked Mr. Frog.



who sat on a log not far away, and heard all that Mr. Mouse had said. "Why need you drown just because you jump into the water? I live in this pond, and I do not drown."

Mr. Mouse, now that he had a willing listener, told Mr. Frog all his troubles.

"I just eat grain and meal and things in the barn—just a little; and why that cat should be so disagreeable and unfriendly I can't understand," he said.

"She cannot eat those things," said Mr. Mouse, "so why she bothers me I cannot see. Does she ever come here and try to drive you out of the pond?"

"Never," said Mr. Frog. "I have my troubles with the boys, who try to stone me, but I can always escape by jumping in the pond; and Mr. Dog barks at me when I come out on this log sometimes, but he cannot get me. So I just let him bark. It is very funny to see him, too, so I just laugh to myself and stay here as long as I like. Why don't you come here to live? I feel quite sure if you would live on bugs and water and mud and such things no one would bother you."

"But suppose I can't get out if I jump in your pond," said Mr. Mouse, "and maybe I should not like your home. I do not feel at all sure I could live on the things you spoke of."

"Come with me for a visit," said Mr. Frog. "I'll take you down. If you don't like it I will bring you right back."

"How will you manage that?" asked Mr. Mouse.

"You get on my back and cling tightly, and if you don't like it when I go under the water you just pinch

"a little and I'll come right up," said Mr. Frog.

It wasn't a second before he was back again, and Mr. Mouse rolled off on the ground, choking and gasping for breath.

"Why, you did not even get to the bottom of the pond. You pinched almost as soon as we started," said Mr. Frog.

"I know I did, I knew at once that I should never like the water for a home."

"I can't see why," said Mr. Frog, blinking. "There are no cats here and plenty to eat."

"There may be no cats, but there are worse things than cats, I have found," said Mr. Mouse. "Why, that water would kill me. I can run away from Puss if I look sharp, but I could not run away from the water, and as for seeing, how can I see with my eyes full of water?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Frog; I guess I will run back to the barn and take another chance with Mrs. Tabby."

"What funny folks there are in this world," said Mr. Frog, as he watched Mr. Mouse out of sight. "He'd rather live in a barn than in the water. Well, well."

(Copyright.)

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN



Mildred Harris was well known as a "movie" actress before she became the wife of Charlie Chaplin, the film comedian. They were married in the fall of 1918. Mildred Harris is still in the limelight in the silent drama and is well liked by the millions who see her on the screen.

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

PERFUMES

BERNICE writes—"I have recently been reading a number of books about England in the middle of the last century—Wilde's 'Dorian Gray,' Thackeray and others—and I notice so many of them mention a perfume—'frangipani' they call it—as being used by the titled women and beauties of that day. Is it a real perfume, and if so can it be bought now? It must be lovely to have made such an impression upon writers. Can you tell me how it is made, and why it has such a curious name? I read your chats on wearing a distinctive perfume, and wondered whether I could adopt this as my own."

Yes, I can tell you something about it, and how to make it, though I cannot say whether all druggists carry the needed ingredients. It was named for its discoverer, one Frangipani, a gentleman of Rome who lived

old book on court etiquette and cosmetics. The oils and essences are mixed, the whole is shaken up and allowed to settle for a week, being shaken up several times during the day. Keep in a dark place during the week.

The study of perfumes is full of fascination. One soon learns which flower essence and which citric oils form the basis of all odors, then the combination of different sorts becomes a fascinating task.

(Copyright.)

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

GREAT STATESMEN.

We find, in studying them closely—

These statesmen that we once called great—

That they cut up and act morosely

And pick a quarrel with their fate

If some one else succeeds in bringing

About their own long-sought reform.

That ought, it seems, to set them singing—

It merely makes them sulk or storm!

One time we fell for their pretensions,

And thought their very hearts were set

On what they preached—now their dimensions

Have shrunk, much to our regret.

We find that what they really long for

Is not the righteous thing, per se,

But that the thing they are so strong for

Is having great things done "by me."

FINNIGIN PHILOSOFY.

EVERY man goes t'ru a sta-age

whin, if some frind don't wurrk

airnisti' wid 'im, he'll have a

pitcher ta'ken wid 'is head

la-anin' on 'is hand.

Buses (U Silent, as in Mud).

Buses are of three kinds: Omnib,

jitney and incu.

Sometimes the first two become the

latter, and then there is a "for sale"

ad.

The omnib is perhaps the commonest

kind, taking the towns by and large,

especially by.

The regular village omnibus is a

cross between a milk-wagon and a

hearse.

It is as springless as the Sahara

desert, and is lighted for the trips to

the night train with a seventeen-

spunk - power - one - sixteenth - candle-

power kerosene glim, whose chimney

is in deep mourning.

The jitney bus is of newer vintage,

but is already accumulating a charac-

teristic perfume.

In fact, it has always been in bad

odor with street railway companies

and their stockholders.

The incu kind may be almost any-

thing from a wife to a carbuncle.

The plural of incubus is incubi.

And while an incubus is a singular

thing, it is almost always in the

plural.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

She said she'd "not a thing to wear."

I quickly left the place.

Were she to dress thus, I'd not dare

To look her in the face.

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.

"A man who will sell his honor for a song gets all it is worth."



Perfumes Have a Reviving Effect Upon Tired People.

In the time of the Crusaders. The listed ingredients are all spices or oils: Extract neroli, 1 drachm, essence royale, 3 drachms; oil of lavender, oil of cloves, oil of rhodium, 5 drops each; powdered civet, 10 grains; rectified spirits, 4 ounces. The formula I obtained from an old.

CROSBY'S KIDS

Practice Hour



Madness in a Dream.

To dream of madness, although you were the sufferer, is said to signify success in your life's undertakings.

Calls Women Unmusical

Women are naturally mechanical, therefore no woman is really musical, contended J. Swinburne in an address before the Musical association in London.

"It is commonly believed that women's brains are just like men's and that they can do everything that man can do just as well," he said. "The assumption is quite unfounded. Women

are nowhere in science, although scientific training has been open to them for more than a generation.

"The cultivation of music by women hinders the development of the art. One effect of the supposed musical gifts of women is that girls are taught music, while boys are neglected in this training."

Rivers That Are Salty.

There is a salt river in Australia, and another, the Rio Salado, in the Argentine Republic to South America.

The Athabasca river of British North America has two important salt branches, one of which rises in a natural salt spring; and the other has its source in the Cariboo mountains, which contain vast deposits of salt rock. Another salt river, having its origin in a similar formation, is one of the tributaries of the Great Slave river.

There is something the matter with any woman when she is willing to let a man do all the talking.