

FOLD FOR LAMBS COVERED AMBUSH OF TEUTON GUNS

British Battery Major Senses Ruse in Time to Save Command

DEAF TO OLD MAN'S PLEA

By ELLEN ADAIR

Written especially for Evening Ledger LONDON, April 6.—It was morning in Flanders, and the dawn lit up a scene of ruin and devastation.

An English officer strolled quietly out into the morning air. How splendid to take a long, deep breath after the stuffy atmosphere of his little dug-out!

Yes, there was ruin everywhere. The uncut wheat of last year's crop lay rotting on a neighboring field.

The English battery major paused reflectively. He had been eyeing the charming greenness of some rich pasture land, which stood out, serene and solitary, amidst the wreckage.

THE OLD MAN'S PLEA

He could discern nothing clearly, except—that was that? A figure was surely emerging from the undergrowth and coming toward him.

Slowly the figure approached, grew nearer yet, then paused. What an old man it was, with a long white beard that swept the shrunken chest!

"I have come to beg of you a boon!" said the voice. The artilleryman stared.

"Speak on, old man," said the Major, "and let's hear what you want."

"The noble English, monsieur, are ever kindly toward all you g and tender things," said the man.

"The point, man! Get to the point!" cried the officer testily.

"Kind 'm'sieur," continued the old shepherd sadly, "the English guns lie hid in that wood behind us, and perchance their fire will turn toward my sheepfold."

"I'll attend to the matter," said the Major rather sharply.

"My heartfelt thanks, kind 'm'sieur!"

SUSPICION IS AROUSED. Picking up his bleeding burden, the white-bearded man departed.

"How did that ancient worthy find out that our guns lay behind in this wood?" he soliloquized.

No answer could the Major find to his question, and the day wore slowly on. When shadows lengthened and the night had descended, the officer staid the turning the vexed problem over in his mind.

"Over there," he jerked his head in the direction of the distant belt of trees, "there's an innocent little sheepfold—a lambing creche, to be precise, full of plump young bleaters—which I want especially well guarded."

"No answering heat came from the little huts. Remarkable! How soundly those lambs slumbered!"

Covering himself with a sheaf of wheat, bold Tommy crawled forward closer to those little huts and soon was swallowed up in darkness.

Time passed. The other man waited anxiously. Then suddenly the wheatear reappeared, trembling in every ear, though there was no breeze to account for this remarkable display.

"How's everything, old boy?" whispered the other eagerly.

"No!" gasped the shaking wheatear, "never so much as the wangle of a tail! But guns—German guns—in all their little huts! Scores of 'em! Back, for your life!"

Morning once more found the battery major at his little eminence and still placidly smoking a cigar.

A sudden terrific roar broke the morning stillness. The Major's face was wreathed in a grim smile.

"Range, four thousand. D'ye hear? Right! Then let her rip!"

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BERNE, April 24.—German submarines have abandoned the periscope in most instances and are now shooting without looking, according to reports current in Bern.

The new periscopeless submarine, as it is described in Switzerland, has a great steel disk for an ear, on either side of the boat.

The sinking of Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish ships would be readily explained if the Swiss reports are true.

Consider Charges Against a Criminal Judge and Attorney General

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 24.—The Senate of the Tennessee Legislature met today as a Court of Impeachment in the case of Criminal Judge Jesse Edington and Attorney General Z. N. Estes, of Memphis.

Edington is charged with accepting bribes, with being a partner in a brewing business, offering Attorney General Estes \$50,000 to resign, permitting records in his court to be falsified and permitting fraudulent cost bills to be collected.

Estes is charged with putting post-dated checks into the cash drawer of a brewery agency unitarily engaged in the sale of beer, getting the money and paying no attention to the maturities, with the result that through mistake a young man was accused of a serious charge, also with having the criminal court clerk endorse an enormous sum for himself and then approve enormous cost bills, which were for the benefit of the clerk and others.

Passover Services at Synagogues. Special services in all synagogues were held last night in celebration of the festival of the Passover—one of the most ancient and impressive of the Hebrew holidays.

The closing of the festival, which opened on Monday, will be celebrated by reformed Jews tonight, while the Orthodox Jews will celebrate its close tomorrow evening.

The feast commemorates the deliverance of the Jews from the bondage of Egypt. Since last Monday all religious and devout Hebrews have abstained from eating bread, substituting in its place matzoh, or unleavened bread.

Whitefield-Boyd Co. Stock. 23 Jewel Gold-Filled. Value \$5.00. Price \$1.25. No Interest.

All Famous Makes of Watches in This Sale at Less Than 50% Usual Prices.

There has never been such an opportunity as this to buy a duplicate in wholesale buying. Because these very 23-jewel gold-filled watches are the \$10 variety of the late firm of Whitefield, Boston Co. We have literally cut out our price half.

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"HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS" KEY TO SHAKESPEARE MYSTERY

Simeon P. Mokemacher, Savant With Degree, Upholds Shakespeare

Steps in Mokemacher Solution of Mystery

Puts Famous Controversy in Anagram Class and Stirs Baconians

Simeon P. Mokemacher, the well known meteorologist, by whose unofficial forecasts EVENING LEDGER readers last year changed from heavy to light and let down their shoes according to season, refused point blank to talk on weather when seen last Saturday at his laboratory somewhere near Andalusia.

However, the reporter was guided to the concealed habitation of the erudite weather man by the fragrance of onions.

"Doctor Mokemacher," the savant said, with an ingenuous smile which disarmed any thought that he was making the correction peevishly.

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HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS. Quotation from "Love's Labor Lost." Act V, Scene 1, line 44. HOOT U BAC AND FI U BIL NI RIT IT IS.

HOO YOU, BACON, AND FIE YOU, BILL NYE, I WROTE IT, I.—S. (for Shakespeare).

Journalists at the weekend. Hence his fair for "Flor de Allium" was seen and he finally nosed out Dr. Mokemacher.

"The City Editor has sent me down, Mr. Mokemacher."

"Doctor Mokemacher," the savant said, with an ingenuous smile which disarmed any thought that he was making the correction peevishly.

"As for diversity of opinion among the professional forecasters, what can you expect? They have not yet 'got wine,' as I believe is the colloquial phrase, to the alliacious theory of meteorology. I notice

that your otherwise valuable paper is using a good deal of space on a new system originated by Prof. Willis Moore, formerly chief of the Weather Bureau.

INTERESTED IN CULTURE. "But I must have a story after this trip," the reporter urged.

"Well, the only classics I have heard him quote were the 'Brown October Ale' from 'Robin Hood,' 'The Stein Song' from 'Primo of Pilsen' and a pathetic lyric about semitasses from 'Tillie's Nightmare,' the reporter replied.

"Ah, a convivial sort like Nell Goldsmith, Kit Marlowe and other rare and radiant spirits of the ages. Well, I'll give him something about Shakespeare."

"But we published a whole supplement about the bard today," the reporter interjected.

"Rightly, too! As Matthew Arnold justly observes in his sonnet, which, by the way, you omitted to print:

"Others abide our question. Thus art free." I offer as my contribution to the tenacious irrefutable proof that Shakespeare and not Bacon or any one else wrote the choice and master drama published by Hemmings and Conell in the First Folio of 1623.

"The reporter set his walking stick against the coldframe. This put a new angle on the story, although it was more than 300 years old.

"I will prove it to you by an anagram," Doctor Mokemacher asserted.

"The reporter set his walking stick against the coldframe. This put a new angle on the story, although it was more than 300 years old.

"Ah, it is evident that you have never studied Anglo-Saxon or Middle English. Get out your Chaucer or Gower or Lydgate or even some of the Quarto editions of Shakespeare and you will find that what is apparently riddle, so far as spelling is concerned, is really all right.

"I don't quite get the 'HIT' for 'WROTE,'" the reporter said.

"A sapient observation, that about the photo—I prefer this to the more common form 'photonic'—orthography. It was an irregular verb in Shakespeare's day. It still is, in fact. WRITE, WRIT, WRITTEN. It was irregular in Anglo-Saxon. Compare the old form WRITAN. Shakespeare was simply centuries ahead of Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt when it came to things that were phonetic." It sounded like "phony" to the reporter, but he did not venture any comment beyond saying he did not understand about the final a.

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"What about Bill Nye?" the reporter asked in order to cover the story completely.

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