

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!

"The artilleryman stared. Not since his childhood days when Father Christmas was his hero had he seen any one quite so old!

"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, "I'm generous as you are brave, I beg of you—"

"The point, man! Get to the point!" cried the officer testily. "There's no time here for long-winded speeches!"

"The old man trembled visibly. "Such a small favor, kind monsieur," he murmured. "I only ask of you to spare my lambs!

"Opening a queer bundle, the old man drew forth a forlorn lamb, and laid it at the Major's feet. The Major stared, amazed.

"Kind monsieur," 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. "But take this tribute away with you—take it back to my mummy!"

"My heartfelt thanks, kind monsieur!"

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 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 bleat came from the little huts. Remarkable! How soundly those lambs slumbered! And if I can smell something," whispered Tommy, "but it ain't no sheep. I'm blessed if it ain't—yes, it is—it's a kind of human smell—like a workhouse on a hot night—well, I'm jiggered!"

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

anxiously. Then suddenly the wheatstack reappeared, trembling in every ear, though there was no breeze to account for this remarkable palsy.

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

"No!" gasped the shaking wheatstack. "Never so much as the wangle of a tail! But guns—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. But he was doing something else, too. He was talking gently into the receiver of a little portable instrument, a bright little telephone, whose copper wire slid way back into the valley behind.

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

A sudden terrific roar broke the morning stillness. The Major's face was wreathed in a grim smile. "Just in the nick of time!" he murmured calmly, as, again adjusting his fieldglasses, he watched the British shells make havoc of the distant sheepfold.

"Another 10 minutes and they'd have had us! Farwell, my boys! Be shepherds and his would-be lamb!"

U-BOATS HIT BY SOUND; "EAR" TELLS NO TALES

Periscopeless Submarines Strike Without Looking—No Wake for Witness

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

In the course of the past 26 sinkings in British waters no one has seen a submarine, and in but few cases has the white wake of the torpedo been observed.

Only the discovery of bronze bits of torpedoes or the nature of the explosion has offered proof that the ships were submarine victims. If the periscopeless submarine is a success survivors of torpedoed ships will never again be able to say: "We saw the trail of the periscope in the water."

The new periscopeless submarine, as it is described in Switzerland, has a great steel disk for an ear, on either side of the boat. Telephone receivers, connected with these disks, lead to the ears of an officer and the approach of a ship is heard with unmistakable definiteness.

As the ship approaches the noise becomes louder in one ear or the other. When the submarine commander hears an equally loud noise in each ear he knows that the ship is straight ahead. "Fire," he orders, and the torpedo shoots toward the surface at a carefully calculated angle, hitting the ship well behind the waterline.

The sinking of Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish ships would be readily explained if the Swiss reports are true. The submarine commander, guided to his prey by sound alone, would have no way of fixing the nationality of the ship attacked.

TENNESSEE SENATE MEETS AS IMPEACHMENT COURT

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 cases 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. \$5.00. Famous Whitefield-Boyd Co. Stock in This Sale at Less Than 50% Usual Prices.

There has never been such an opportunity as this to buy such 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 our price in half.

I. PRESS & SONS. IMPORTERS & CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS. CORB & AND CHESTNUT STS. 808 MARKET ST. 1323 MARKET ST.

Sold by all Dealers

"HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS" KEY TO SHAKESPEARE MYSTERY

Simeon P. Mokemacher, Savant With Degree, Upholds Shakespeare

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. Dr. Mokemacher—he is entitled to this distinction of reference as he is to receive an honorary degree next commencement season, he admitted modestly, though he would not divulge just what college is engraving the sheepskin—as a side-line and by-product of his genius is quite the authority on the alliacious family of vegetables.

"Do not mock me," the savant said, with an ingenuous smile which disarmed any thought that he was making the correction peevishly. "Down, Doctor Mokemacher," the reporter resumed, adding the comma as well as he could by his enunciation, "to ascertain if it will be safe for EVENING LEDGER readers to wear their new Easter apparel tomorrow? There is a wide divergence of view in the various forecast, and as bonnets will be hand-painted this season we would like to protect the ladies from danger of having the paint run. The squirrel decorations on hats are expensive, so you can see that what you may say will have a decided effect on the cost of living."

"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. It is all wrong. All wrong," he repeated emphatically, as he fingered one of the juvenile onions' incipient whickers lovingly.

"By the way, have you checked off Professor Bites' recent 'prophecies'? It is to laugh, if I may be permitted the expression. But I must not talk about the weather. Anyhow, the onions of this year's crop are not ripe enough."

INTERESTED IN CULTURE. "But I must have a story after this trip," the reporter urged. "The city editor—" "Is he a man of culture?" Doctor Mokemacher asked.

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

"Ah, a convivial sort like Noll 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 ten-centenary 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 1823."

"This looked like a story, and the reporter put his hat back on a garden rake leaning against a coldframe. '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. The assistant city editor, he remembered, was always interested in having a new angle to any story no matter how old. Della Bacon, Ignatius Donnelly and the others who had attacked the Shakespearean authorship had based their claims on cryptography. He pulled out a wad of copy paper so he would not lose the distinction between an anagram and cryptogram when the difference which he felt sure existed was divulged. The story was rapidly assuming the proportions of a beat.

Steps in Mokemacher Solution of Mystery

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS. Quotation from "Love's Labor Lost." Act V, Scene 1; line 44. HOOT U BAC AND FI U BIL NI RIT IT IS. Anagram in simplified form of 1644th English of foregoing quotation. HOOT YOU, BACON, AND FIE YOU, BILL NYE, I WROTE IT, I.—S. (for Shakespeare). Modernized spelling and style of anagram.

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

SAVANT BUSY WITH ONION SETS. The scientist was busy over his hotbed, in which he was inspecting the sprouting of onion sets developed from his trained hirsute variety which he finds more infallible than an aneroid or any other type of barometer in forecasting the weather.

"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.

"Down, Doctor Mokemacher," the reporter resumed, adding the comma as well as he could by his enunciation, "to ascertain if it will be safe for EVENING LEDGER readers to wear their new Easter apparel tomorrow? There is a wide divergence of view in the various forecast, and as bonnets will be hand-painted this season we would like to protect the ladies from danger of having the paint run. The squirrel decorations on hats are expensive, so you can see that what you may say will have a decided effect on the cost of living."

"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. It is all wrong. All wrong," he repeated emphatically, as he fingered one of the juvenile onions' incipient whickers lovingly.

"By the way, have you checked off Professor Bites' recent 'prophecies'? It is to laugh, if I may be permitted the expression. But I must not talk about the weather. Anyhow, the onions of this year's crop are not ripe enough."

INTERESTED IN CULTURE. "But I must have a story after this trip," the reporter urged. "The city editor—" "Is he a man of culture?" Doctor Mokemacher asked.

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

"Ah, a convivial sort like Noll 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 ten-centenary 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 1823."

"This looked like a story, and the reporter put his hat back on a garden rake leaning against a coldframe. '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. The assistant city editor, he remembered, was always interested in having a new angle to any story no matter how old. Della Bacon, Ignatius Donnelly and the others who had attacked the Shakespearean authorship had based their claims on cryptography. He pulled out a wad of copy paper so he would not lose the distinction between an anagram and cryptogram when the difference which he felt sure existed was divulged. The story was rapidly assuming the proportions of a beat.

Malone, Tyrwhit, Furnival, Furness, Smyth, Rolfe, Hudson, Schelling—all the commentators had missed something essential discovered by a man who had never been in the public eye as a Shakespearean scholar.

GIVES THE KEYWORD. "In your reading of 'Love's Labor's Lost'—please spell it as William Shakespeare did, with a 'u'—did you ever hear about the word HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS?"

The reporter mutely conceded he had never tried to pronounce it. "Well, it appears in Act V, scene 1, line 44. Why do you think Shakespeare introduced such an extraordinary neologism?"

Not being sure of neologism, the reporter declined to make any formal statement. "To catch the attention of future generations. It's simply the 'psychology of advertising.' He was the victim of an intrigue during his lifetime. He feared posthumous pilfering of his fame. I myself, as the prey of scientific conspirators, know his mood completely. He took the most unusual word he could devise and used this as the basis of an anagram. Had he been living to contribute this to the 'column' of your Mr. Tom Daly, the Easter plump would certainly have decorated his slightly bald dome. But no matter. The laurels of the ages are green on his brow."

"How does the anagram go, Doctor?" The reporter interrupted what was apparently intended as a piece of literary criticism. "Transpose the letters in the keyword and you will have the following," said the Doctor, repeating the jawbreaker with gusto and then jotting down the following apparently hieroglyphic syllables on the flyleaf of a seed catalogue: HOOT U BAC AND FI U BIL NI RIT IT IS."

"Pardon me, Professor," said the reporter forgetting the amenities of academic address, "but this does not mean anything to me."

"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 will modernize it for you. Thus: HOOT YOU, BACON, AND FIE YOU, BILL NYE, I WROTE IT, I.—S. Do you see?"

"Shakespeare must have been one of the early phonetic spellers," he suggested. "I don't quite get the 'RIT' for 'WROTE.'" "A sapient observation, that about the

photo—I prefer this to the more common form 'phonetic'—orthography. It was an irregular verb in Shakespeare's day. It still is irregular. WRITE, WRITEST, 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.

THE BARD'S INITIAL PROVES IT. "Very simple," he was told. "That is the mark of authenticity. Can't you see it is Shakespeare's initial?"

"What about Bill Nye?" the reporter asked in order to cover the story completely. "Shakespeare had the gift of prescience," Doctor Mokemacher declared with absolute conviction. "He knew what a humorist Edgar William Nye would be and forestalled all jests of the 19th century. You can see how his policy of preparedness anticipated the humor book of the Donnellites and Dellabaconians."

"Well, good-by," the savant added, turning to the bell c'locks with a garden cultivator. "I must get after the weeds." "As 'ere Ben Jonson' said, Shakespeare was not for an age, but for all time," he called over his shoulder in farewell as the reporter threaded his way among rows of alliacious.

Aged Negro Stabs Man to Death. CHESTER, Pa., April 24.—William Campbell was stabbed to death last night in a cabin at Eddystone by William K. Hanson, a negro, 74 years old and a veteran of the Civil War. He thrust a duck knife twice into Campbell's neck, causing instant death. He asserts that he was attacked by Campbell and used the knife in self-defense. Campbell was 50 years old.

Seen Daughter Confirmed, Dies. NEW YORK, April 24.—After witnessing the confirmation of his 13-year-old daughter Mildred in the Hollis Lutheran Church yesterday, William Capell, 45, a resident of Hollis, L. I., was found dead in his automobile in front of the church at the conclusion of the ceremony. He left the church before the service was over, saying he felt ill. When Mrs. Capell and her daughter came out a few minutes later they found him in his automobile dead.

Founded 1865 FOUNDED APRIL 19, 1865 Founded 1865

This is the last week—only 6 more days!

Heppe Anniversary Sale

This is the last week for you to take advantage of the great saving privileges and advantages offered during our 51st Anniversary.

On Saturday night, at 6 o'clock, every one of the special features will be withdrawn and every article will go back to the regular prices and the regular terms.

Every piano and player-piano in our store, even the Steinway, Weber, Heppe and H. C. Schomacker instruments, can now be secured at real savings, with many special privileges and advantages.

Special discounts, special prices, special down-payments, special monthly terms, special free Life Insurance and Relief Insurance, and many similar advantages, are now available on every piano and player-piano in our stock.

Aeolian Player-Pianos for Only \$395!

Savings on the genuine Pianola and the Heppe line of Pianos!

Pianos Heppe Quality \$247.50 \$5 Down—\$1.25 Weekly No Interest

Think of it—you receive an Aeolian Player-Piano of guaranteed \$600 quality for the price of \$395.

You pay only \$5 down—instead of the usual \$25 payment required on player-pianos.

You pay only \$2.25 weekly—instead of the usual \$15 or \$20 per month usually paid on player-pianos.

All of these savings you secure without interest—which usually costs from \$35 to \$50.

Then in addition—

You secure Life Insurance—which gives your instrument free to your family if you should die while paying for it.

You secure Relief Insurance—which allows you to make half payments if you become sick or out of employment.

You secure a bench and 20 rolls—all absolutely free.

You secure free tuning for one year.

You secure a 30-day refund—which guarantees to return your money if you find a better value.

You secure a 6 months' free exchange, which allows you full credit on an exchange if later you want any other style.

You secure a ten-year guarantee against defects in material or workmanship.

You secure free delivery within 10 miles of City Hall. \$10 is charged for delivery beyond this distance.

All of this for a \$5 first payment.

And similar savings are available on every player-piano we sell.

On pianos we offer practically the same advantages on every piano in our stock. For instance, you may buy a piano of regular \$350 value for \$247.50. A down-payment of \$5 only being required and weekly payments of only \$1.25—all without interest. Life Insurance, Relief Insurance, the 30-day refund, a 1-year exchange, the 10-year guarantee, the free delivery, a stool and instruction book—all are included.

Surely no such opportunity was ever offered in Philadelphia before.

And after next Saturday this offer will be withdrawn! You owe it to yourself to investigate this at once!

Mail This Coupon Today!

C. J. HEPPE & SON 1117-1119 Chestnut St. or 6th and Thompson Sts. Please send me full particulars about your Anniversary Sale. I am interested in: [] Pianos [] Player-Pianos [] Victrolas Please check [] Name Address Evening Ledger 4-24-16

C. J. Heppe & Son 1117-1119 Chestnut St. 6th and Thompson Sts.