

GREAT UNION MEANS VICTORY FOR ALLIES

England, France and America Trinty That Spells Boche Doom

STORY OF A NIGHT RAID

Nine Huns, Impaled on Bayonets in the Dark, Expate Their Crimes

By HENRI BAZIN Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger with the American Army in France

I am writing these lines upon an army typewriter back of the lines at the French front. Seemingly, they have nothing in common with what this story tells; nothing on the surface at least but much in symbol.

It had not been for the Russian situation we would not have had the Italian situation. And if it were not for the Italian situation I verily believe the war would have ended in Allied victory before February snow flies.

Now we must find our loins anew for a longer war in face of the Italian retreat, the menace confronting the Bridge of Sighs and the Doge's Palace. All of which savors of pessimism, of which there is a certain amount.

And I also see this, which nobody can deny, nor anything Russian or Italian after—that the Boche and the Hun are certain of final defeat through these three wills as the coming of tomorrow's dawn.

For France held and advanced while England prepared. France holds and advances while England advances and holds. France and England will be beyond a long line of present No Man's Land when the United States, fully prepared in men and material, takes her genuine place in the line.

Then all three together in effort combined and irresistible, growing effort in strength, thanks to the power in might, men and material of the land of the free across the sea. It's going to be a bit longer ere the victorious end—but that's all.

TRINITY THAT MUST WIN

For that end victorious is certain when in a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together France, England and the United States are on the western fighting line where the war is destined to be won; an inseparable, irresistible, united trinity that will bring about the common end of Prussianism's downfall.

I have not been on the Russian front, and I only know what I know of it through what I read and hear. Neither have I been on the Italian front, and all I know as to the situation there is equally through that which I read and hear.

But believe me, had I been upon either or both, had I witnessed the Russian funk or the extraordinary Italian retreat, it could not have made an iota of difference in my judgment as to ultimate Allied victory over the Boche, because I have lived and studied and absorbed and written upon this western front for two years, witnessed with my own eyes the stuff polli is made of. Tommy is made of, Sammee is made of. Take it from me, they spell the cer-

tainty of final victory for right over wrong despite Prussia, despite Venice, despite the map.

Any man who has seen this American army in the making could not think otherwise. Any man who has seen the army of the King at Vimy Ridge, at Messines Ridge, at varied points from Tynes to the Somme, could not think otherwise. Any man who has seen the horizon blue of France at Chemin des Dames, upon California Hill and Cransonne Plateau, at Verdun and Sully and varied points, even to the bit of reconquered Alsace, could not think otherwise. All of these have I seen. Let us thrust aside any misgivings that temporarily cloud our hopes and rigid our loins anew—we of the three will!

A TRIP "OVER THE TOP"

I had no business to be one of the party, having "butted in" through the kindness of a French officer whom I had been my good fortune to elect as companion during several experiences of the past year. We were twelve as we went over the top, very cautiously. The fog was as solid as a stone and wet as heaven. The night was very quiet and as thick as the mud. In groups of three, close together, we went forward into No Man's Land, no sound but the sucking ooze under our feet and the boom and far-off crescendo of occasional shell screaming through invisible heavens.

Suddenly, at the word, we stopped while our officer peeped through an eye-hole at the interior of a little box strung to his belt. It contained a pocket electric lamp fixed immovably in position with its light thrown upon the face of a compass. As we stood, we heard advancing steps cooing toward us, steps that sounded like ours, and equally numerous. We waited as our officer whispered:

"Spread. Stand side by side. Pick your man and give him the bayonet. And don't shoot, not one of you; the bayonet only, through the trunk."

With the word, he gently pushed me behind him and I saw a bayonet all ready to resist the kindness of his intent. Perhaps at the instant he regretted yielding me my prayer to leave the rats and yellow slime of the trenches with him but a little before. I asked him afterward and he only smiled.

Presently out of the gloom we made the figure of a man in a Boche helmet, then another directly behind him, and behind still, seven more. Just as the last figure reached the place I was standing, so near that I could have almost touched him with outstretched fingertip, the lieutenant coughed.

With the sound there were eleven lungs, but two of which I saw, nine exclamations of pain and nine falling bodies. I saw two go down and a third come toward them in a heap out of the fog. Three were but slightly wounded, it seems, and gave flight, one firing his rifle, the flash showing yellow. Where the bullet went I never knew.

And what happened to the shooter and his two unshooting fellows was swift and certain. In less time than it takes to write there was silence. Somebody said somewhere that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Well, the only good Boche is a dead one, and these visible and unseen men were very good.

BANKER IS DIRECTOR OF ENEMY TRADE BOARD

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—John Henry Hammond, of the New York banking firm of Brown Brothers & Co., has been appointed director of the bureau of enemy trade, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. The bureau is a department of the War Trade Board and has charge of the issuing or refusing of licenses to deal with an "enemy" or "ally of enemy."

CAPTURED

By Lieut. J. HARVEY DOUGLAS Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles A Hero and Thrilling Tale of the Expedition of a Wounded Canadian Officer, Who Fell Into the Hands of the Enemy. (Copyright, 1917, by the Public Ledger Company)

I don't know positively, but I believe that the machine gunners got two of the men that were with me—they were only a short distance away, and I never saw them rise from the ground when the bombardment was over. As we lay there hoping the Boche machine gunner was not a very good shot, we distracted ourselves by watching the "crumps" (large high explosive shells) light around us. These you can often see during the last hundred feet of their flight. They are traveling so fast that they have the appearance of being very much shorter than they really are, although their diameter does not appear altered. It was fascinating to watch them shooting in at all angles and to see the dirt and bits of trench fly in the air as the terrific explosion came.

RUDELY DISPELLED

Suddenly, about 10 o'clock, we were aware of the fact that the bombardment had ceased. At first we did not know what had happened. Our own artillery had also ceased fire. It was still as the tomb of death. There was not even the crack of a rifle to break the silence. It was also strange, after the terrific row that had been going on all morning, that we did not know whether we were alive or dead. I actually did believe for a minute that I had gone to heaven and that that was the reason there was no noise. I probably flattered myself regarding my future destination, but that was the feeling I had.

My conjectures on this subject were rudely dispelled by the most peculiar sensation I had ever experienced. The ground had started to sway from side to side like a ship on a rough sea. It was not a jerky motion, but a gentle, slow movement and the ground was lying on rose what seemed to me about ten or fifteen feet. Up till this moment there had been no noise. I looked and exclaimed, "My God, Barclay, there goes a mine!"

Precisely at that instant there was the most deafening roar I had ever heard. Just under the place where

we had left these badly wounded men a huge mine went up. We could clearly see the stumps of trees, bits of trench and parts of what had once been soldiers soaring upward to a tremendous height. The air was filled with such a mass of earth that for a few moments it was almost as dark as night. Gradually the ground was lying on settled down and a deluge of stones, timber and earth fell around us. I looked up and saw a large piece of timber coming down which seemed to have picked me out as a good soft spot on which to land.

It was no use trying to dodge it. I had not time, but even if I had, one spot seemed about as good as another. With a terrific thud it struck me on my steel helmet, which undoubtedly saved my life.

BARCLAY WAS UNTOUCHED

I don't know how long I was unconscious, but when I opened my eyes Barclay was there beside me untouched, by some miracle. I could not move hand or foot and was fully convinced that my neck was broken. I told Barclay I was done in and that he had better get to observation ridge if he could. The Germans would probably attack in a moment and that we would undoubtedly take up a position on the ridge with any supports that might be coming up. Barclay, however, stayed with me a few minutes and I soon found that with his assistance I could get up and stagger along. My steel helmet had been driven down on my head so far that it had torn my scalp in several places and I could hardly see for the blood streaming down my face. Barclay examined my head and found that the wounds were not serious and we continued at a little better pace. We were walking over the ruins of the old trenches and not a living man was to be seen anywhere.

We came to a sort of lean-to dugout which had received a direct hit, and in the wreckage I found Mr. Wells, who had his feet pinned down by revetting material. With him were one or two dead and very seriously wounded men. Mr. Wells himself was very much dazed. He

aged that he could hardly hear me when I spoke to him. I had enough strength to release his legs and we decided to cross the little stretch of marshy ground which lay between us and Observatory Ridge. We were staggering along together when the sharp crack! crack! crack! of a German "typewriter" caused us to look around. For the first time we saw the long lines of advancing Huns. We knew we did not have much chance, but we kept on. The bullets were kicking up the dirt all around us and it seemed to us as if they went between our legs and under our arms without touching us. We knew if we could gain Observatory Ridge we would be all right. But this was not to be.

We went down together. Wells got it through the side and at first I did not know where I was wounded. I felt as if some one had struck me across the back of the neck with a crowbar. I rolled over and found that my left hand was flopping uselessly at my side. I knew that my arm was broken. We had both been pretty weak before we were hit, but this was the last straw. We just had enough strength to crawl into a shell hole on the edge of which we were lying.

Our artillery opened fire and shrapnel started to beat all around us. There was the occasional crack of a rifle from Observatory Ridge, but our hearts sank when we noticed how intermittent the fire was. We knew that no body of supports had been able to get up alive through the German barrage fire. We hoped that every crack of a rifle meant a Hun down and we cursed our luck that we had not had time to go back to our dugout for our revolvers. We might have accounted for one or two, but if we had, this story would probably never have been written.

As we lay there in the shell hole several groups of Huns passed quite close to us. They were advancing slowly over the swampy uneven ground which had been torn up by shell fire and were fortunately paying more attention to where they stepped than to us. Every man had his rifle slung across his back. They knew that there would be no one left to offer any resistance. They wore a look of pride and confidence which almost

approached joy. We cursed them under our breath and thought of what we might have done to them if the bombardment had not wiped out our men so completely. They were wearing their full equipment, and in addition each man carried a long-handled spade slung across his back. Now and then we would see an "unter-officer" examining a map as he advanced, evidently figuring on a new line of trenches.

SMOKE SIGNALS

We feigned death whenever a Hun passed close to us, but we watched them through our half-closed eyes because we wanted to follow their actions and hoped later on to be able to regain our own lines. We knew they had not gone far past us because from a few yards away smoke signals were being shot into the air. These were beautiful to watch. They were fired from a large pistol, probably similar to the very pistol which we use for sending up flares. One solid ball of smoke rose about a hundred feet in the air and then burst into two smaller balls which flew off at a tangent. This was evidently the signal that their objective had been reached.

The stream of advancing Huns stopped and at last we were able to pay more attention to ourselves. I managed with one hand to get Wells's tunic aside to examine his wound. He could not tell exactly where he was hit, but thought it was through the stomach. I was glad to be able to tell him that this was not the case. I fixed him up as well as possible with a little shifting we managed to get him into a more or less comfortable position in the bottom of the shell hole. I was in a filthy state. My left sleeve and the left side of my tunic and breeches were soaked with blood. Wells helped me pull up my sleeve, and I examined my wound. I found that the hole where the bullet had come out was about three inches in diameter. It had evidently struck one or both bones, flattened itself out, and on emerging had torn out pieces of bone, flesh and tendons and the blood was flowing freely. If I had not felt so weak and sick I would have examined with interest the interior workings of a man's forearm. My first thought was of the lectures in

first aid by Captain Stanley Mills of the Thirty-fifth Battalion. I knew that the correct thing to do was to put on a splint. Captain Mills had given us great scope in the selection of splints, but unfortunately, none of the articles recommended were to be had in this one little shell hole. The only thing I could find was a tiny, mossy sprig hardly strong enough to support a canar.

Wells produced from his pocket some gelatin wafers of a soothing drug which we both took. I produced my flask of whisky from which we each took a pull. We felt better and stealthily lit a cigarette, carefully blowing the smoke down to the ground. We expected a bomb any minute, but as this did not come we continued smoking until we had finished the few cigarettes I had. We must have slept for some time, for the first thing I remember after that was the fact that it was getting dusk. This was the moment we had been waiting for. If the Germans had not completely cut off our retreat we hoped to

crawl back home in the darkness. I put my head above the shell hole and looked around. There was no new German trench almost anywhere, and fairly brilliant with Huns, only a few yards away, but between us and brightly. Had we stronger we might have been able to jump the trench and make a dash for it. It would have been a million to one chance, but as it was, we were through the loss of blood that we never had crossed this new trench had there been no one to hinder us.

We held a long consultation, and decided that if we lay there to counter-attack we would probably be dead the next day from loss of blood. We were both needed medical attention at once and decided with tears in our eyes to surrender as the only means of obtaining it.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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