

OPEN CAMPAIGN TO BAN GERMAN TALK IN STATE

P. O. S. of A. Starts Drive Against Enemy Language in All Institutions

With city department advertisements banned from German language newspapers by order of Mayor Smith, the patriotic Order Sons of America is preparing to conduct a campaign aiming at the elimination of the language from all church services.

These two moves, in addition to the agitation against the continuance of the study of German in public schools, are seen as forecasting the complete elimination of the use of the German language in all institutions here.

The drive of the patriotic organization, which is to begin within ten days, will also be directed against the spread of all forms of German propaganda, and will be carried on in all sections of Pennsylvania.

Four-minute speakers are already at work in some counties, and in every county a committee of five has been appointed to formulate plans for the campaign.

The Mayor issued his order against city advertising in the German language press after the solicitor (conservator) had given an opinion that the resolution passed by Council last Thursday directing the move was valid.

Mr. Connelly, in his statement to the Mayor, believed that if the Legislature were now in session it would no doubt repeal all statutes directing such publication to be made.

The Rev. Mendola de Sala Dead New York, April 30.—The Rev. Mendola de Sala, vice president of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, minister of the Spanish-Portuguese Jewish Synagogue in Montreal and one of the best-known rabbis in Canada, is dead here.

GERMANY CAN'T WIN, CRIES JAMES M. BECK

Forces of Moral Law Against Her," He Says at Bryn Mawr

"If Germany wins, I don't want to live, for life would not be worth living, but Germany can't win. She can't win because the forces of moral law are against her."

"If women of America had demanded that the United States enter the war immediately after the Lusitania was sunk Germany would have been beaten by now, or at least the military situation would not be so critical."

"This was the statement made last night by James M. Beck, of New York, in an address at Bryn Mawr College, where he described women as the high priestesses of the moral law."

"Large groups of men are liable to subordinate their ideals and convictions themselves to the practical things of life," he said. "But women think in terms of the higher law. They are the high priestesses of this higher law, a law which Germany seeks to trample under foot. Consequently, women of America have more at stake in this war than men."

Referring to woman suffrage, Mr. Beck said: "I do not want to discuss it, but if you don't get any more happiness out of casting a ballot than I do, I will feel very sorry for you. The ballot is one of the greatest failures of modern life. Consider any city government that you please. Every one is a running sore."

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS SAVED THREE FIGHTERS, WAR NURSE RELATES

"Eugene" Has Recovered Use of All His Limbs, Although He Was Almost Completely Paralyzed

Ernest Handschutter Had Piece of Shrapnel Imbedded in His Heart, but Was Entirely Restored



Jean Lassoux Had Bullet Wound That Pierced His Brain, but Lived to Join His Army Again

Liege Brushmaker Mentioned in Army Orders Three Times for Bravery and Won "Croix de la Guerre"

"AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT"

(Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company) A WAR NURSE'S DIARY—No. 13. EUGENE owed his life to my friend's special care. He was about twenty-three years old, a married man with two children. From a photograph I should judge that he was handsome, but we never saw him in that stage. When he came in, there were grave doubts as to whether he could live. He had a hole in the back of his skull and his brains protruded. He was paralyzed all down his right side, and quite helpless, for his left arm was broken in several places. Added to that he was literally "pelted" all over face and body with small bits of shrapnel, cloth and mud being driven in to each tiny wound. His face was badly swollen. You could not distinguish features, and he was caked in mud and blood. The skull was trephined and he lay unconscious for a good while. He needed constant attention, as both arms were useless. The left arm was set in splints and day by day little bits of shrapnel were dug out till we had cleaned up the whole surface of his body and cleared out the cloth and mud. He gradually got better, and

JEAN LASSOUX

he even began to get the use of his right leg before he left us. My friend often hears from him. Both legs are normal now; the bones in his left arm are set all right, some of his good looks have returned to him, and under special treatment he has got back the battle scars that were on his face. Now he is in a new trade to support his family.

A Surgical Novelty

Ernest Handschutter is another most interesting case from a surgical point of view. He had a piece of shrapnel imbedded in his heart. They cut open his left breast, took out a piece of rib and exposed the heart to full view. Removing the outer skin of the heart, the found the bit of shrapnel, took it out and sewed him up again. Afterward Ernest's hands and feet looked rather blue and felt cold and clammy, so some seekers went they opened him up again and found a bit of skin had adhered to the heart and was impeding the proper beating. They loosened and closed him all up for the second time. The operation this time was a complete success and soon after Ernest was walking about. Now he is in an orderly in a base hospital.

Jean Lassoux

The fourth case I have kept until last. He is not only an almost unique surgical case, but a remarkable hero. Jean Lassoux is his name. He was a wholesale brushmaker from Liege, a man about thirty-seven. He was brought into our ward on a stretcher, with his head swathed in bandages. A bullet had gone through his left eye, damaged part of the brain and came out by his right ear. The surgeon said nothing could be done for him at present; he must lie still and the bandages which had been applied in the trench must be removed. He was profoundly unconscious and breathed heavily. We thought that he was dying. As he lay there in that pitiful condition, the colonel of the regiment was announced, with other officers. Opening a little leather case, he took out the highest order of the Belgian army, the Premier Order of Leopold, pinned it on the wounded man's shirt, placing by him a long parchment on which were enrolled the names of his regiment, congratulating on his bravery and records of a list of brave deeds which won him honor and distinction. Jean Lassoux had indeed done his part.

First

When his colonel asked for a volunteer to go over a hill and reconnoiter at the grave risk of his life, as the Germans were on the other side of the hill, Jean offered and went. Second. On two occasions in a burning town he rescued the occupants of a burning house—once penetrating into the cellars with the fire blazing all around and bringing up the suffocating refugees. Another time, climbing up a post when the first floor was in flames and the staircase burnt, he rescued the people upstairs. Third. On the occasion of receiving his present head wound he had scrambled over the trench to a wounded

Those Damned Boches

Jean was with us for weeks. His brain was not normal even when he left us. During the first part of the war he held his own. His constant remarks were: "Where are my boots? Where is my gun? I want to kill those damned boches." As he became clearer in his mind he never could go back to the trenches as he had only one eye and was deaf in one ear. But he rejoined. "If I had two eyes I should start to look down my gun and shoot." He was so set on going back that, seeing the circumstances, the King granted him special leave to return. Since then he has served two years in the front line trenches, been wounded and in the hospital twice, but always returning to his work. He wrote many war poems. I did not think he would remember me because his brain was not quite clear, but months after he came back and gave me a hilarious greeting. Since then he has often written to me, his letters being sometimes in verse, all about his comrades and trench life.

The cold weather was passing. A body of soldier workmen had built us a new front drive and filled up the slough of despond in our farm yard. The flooded Year once more returned within the limits of its banks. Out in the fields little pink daisies grew among the grass and down in a certain wood the daffodils rejoiced our hearts and made the wadis bright with spring. The countryside was covered with green buds and spring flowers. The everlasting mud was being fought out. Preparations for a new offensive also were on foot and every one felt that we were on the eve of great events. When I had been a day or so looking around the quiet country—fields being plowed, birds building nests, larks soaring in the air—that the greatest war in history was being fought out, that death and desolation were blotting out nature's beauty and depriving the world of the best of its manhood?

Potato Water Makes Soap Substitute

Soap is almost unobtainable in occupied Belgium and the housewives are accordingly using potato substitutes. To them a chemist, through the medium of a Brussels newspaper, gives this advice: "Put the hot water in which peeled potatoes have been boiled over the linen to be washed. Allow it to cool, then add a little soda, then rub it as you would in a lather, but without adding soap or anything else. The linen will come out of the tub perfectly white."

WHARTON WORKS SOLD

Switch Plant at Jenkintown Bought by Textile Machinery Company

The property of the Wharton Switch Works, north of the Jenkintown station on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, has been sold to W. S. Smith, president of the General Textile Machinery Company, of Langhorne, Bucks County. The price is believed to have been upwards of \$200,000.

Furnished 2000 Comfort Kits

The service also consists of the overseas committee of the Government Aid unit to last night has furnished 2000 comfort kits to the men departing to the training camps since last Wednesday and through the cooperation of the Red Cross sweaters and socks to men in need of them.

77 HIGH SCHOOL BOYS WORK ON FARM CAMP

Philadelphia Sends Contingent for Agricultural Training at State College

Seventy-seven boys of the Philadelphia High School farm camp, clad in overalls and armed with hoes and rakes, are at State College today, getting their first practical experience in the art of gardening. The boys left here yesterday and are scheduled to be graduated May 19 for assignment to duty in farm camps throughout the State.

Flouring, planting, weeding, hoeing—these are in the course which the 77 boys of the class will study. They will be taught everything essential to successful farming. The camp is under the supervision of State College farm laborers to be carried on vigorously and prominent speakers were being engaged to visit the schools and ask for volunteers. Five hundred boys were sent to farms from this district last year and leaders of the movement expect to triple this number this summer.

Two of the authorized State camps opened today—one at Blue Hill school-house, near Media, and another on the Charles Yarnall farm at Krasner. Each camp will have twenty-four boys under an instructor and overseer. Thirty-six camp leaders are now being trained at State College.

HOG ISLAND WORKERS BOOST TOBACCO FUND

Shipyards Employes Send \$362 and Promise Weekly Contributions for "Smokes"

The tobacco fund of the overseas committee of the Emergency Aid announced today the receipt of \$362, contributed by employees of the shipyard at Hog Island.

The contribution was entirely unexpected and came as the result of a reference to the fund in a speech made by Miss Fells, president of the committee at the shipyard. Part of the money is the balance from the fund and the balance contributed by the boys. They have also formed a weekly contribution plan and will send in a stated amount for smokers for the boys "over there" each week.

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G. A. R. HERE OPPOSES PERPETUATING BODY

Men of '61 Against Including Other U. S. War Veterans. Propose Extinction

Civil War veterans here oppose the extension of the Grand Army of the Republic by taking in Spanish War veterans and veterans of the present war as a means of perpetuating the organization.

Although more veterans died last month than were killed in the three-day battle at Gettysburg, Samuel T. Town, assistant adjutant general of the Pennsylvania division, said it is the wish of the organization that when the last Federal soldier of the Civil War dies the Grand Army of the Republic will cease automatically to exist.

Veterans are agreed, however, that when the present war is ended those who shall have served in it will undoubtedly form an organization of their own. The proposal to amend the constitution of the Grand Army so as to permit Spanish War veterans and the veterans of the present war to become members has gained considerable circulation through resolutions recently passed by Kallepoff Post of Kallepoff, Montana. Mr. Town made it plain that, even threatened thus early with extinction

FOUR WIN COMMISSIONS

Qualify as Second Lieutenants at Camp Funston

Washington, April 30.—Among those qualified at the third officers' training camp at Camp Funston, Kan., for appointments as second lieutenants are: Jackson Mason, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Infantry; Thomas E. Killeen, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Infantry; Harry W. Shoppers, Atlantic City, N. J.; Infantry; John A. Welles, Montclair, N. J.; Infantry.

CONSERVATION

Bring That Old Coat or Suit Will Remodel Equal to New for Little Money

Ladies Tailoring Establishment, 24 Floor, 1213 Chestnut.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY "THE MAD GIANT"

A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER II The Pirate of the Sky

Yesterday it was told how Peggy was summoned by two cunning rascals to protect Birdland from the Giant of the Woods, and how on the way there they were attacked by the Pirate of the Sky.

PEGGY was scared. The flash of the Pirate from the clear heavens, like an unexpected bolt of lightning, took away her breath. The airplane speeding on carried her quickly out of danger from attack. But she had no idea of leaving Homer Pigeon to his fate. She wheeled around to see if she could give aid.

The Pirate, his victim clutched harshly in his bare claws, was already far away making swiftly for a distant forest. As Peggy sped after him she thought of an airplane battle about which her father had read to her a few nights before. In it an American aviator had seen a German flyer crashing to earth by getting above and behind him and then pouncing down, just as the Pirate had done. Peggy tried to give the Pirate a dose of his own medicine. She turned the airplane upward until she was far above him. Taking a long breath, she dove downward.

My, what a plunge it was! Peggy felt her heart flutter and almost stop. It was like dashing down a roller-coaster incline, only a hundred times faster and farther. What if she couldn't stop!

What would she do when she got to the Pirate? The American aviator, she now remembered, had brought the German down by pouring bullets into him with a machine gun. But she had no machine gun—just a hatpin javelin, if she only had something to hurl at him!

Impulsively Peggy put her hand out to where a machine gun would naturally have been if the airplane had had one. It touched something that felt like a gun. Peggy quickly looked down. It was only a toy automobile horn which she had put on the airplane because she didn't have any auto.

She was disappointed, but the horn gave her an idea. Ordinarily it made only a little squeak. Perhaps the fairy ring grass would have the same effect upon it that it had upon the airplane and cause it to act like a real automobile siren. She was now plunging down upon the Pirate at terrific speed. She didn't take time for a second thought but pressed the auto horn button. Instantly the horn let out a piercing shriek.

The Pirate, sailing triumphantly homeward with his prey, was startled nearly out of his wits. He glanced back and saw a strange object hurtling itself at him. At the same moment the horn let out a second strident scream. The Pirate dodged to one side, and just in time, for Peggy swept past him like a whirlwind.

Peggy knew that it would not do to let the Pirate remain above her, so, like an American aviator, she turned the airplane upward and looped the loop, running for a few seconds upside down.

"If I should fall now I'd be smashed flat," she thought, "and so would any one that I fell on!"

But she didn't fall. The loop brought her around behind the Pirate again, and once more she plunged toward him, the auto horn shrieking like a locomotive whistle.

The Pirate was no coward. Indeed, he was noted as a fighter. If it was as fierce as its shriek he felt himself a goner. Dropping Homer Pigeon he put on all speed for his forest home. Peggy was close behind him, so close she felt she could touch him. She leaned forward and gave him a jab with her hatpin. The Pirate screamed and fell fluttering into the woods.

Peggy turned back to look after Homer Pigeon. She found him bruised and torn but still able to fly.

"My brave princess!" he sobbed. "You saved me from that terrible Hawk."

So that was a Hawk. No wonder he was called the Pirate of the Sky.

Carrie Pigeon had fled at the first attack, being sure that Homer Pigeon could not possibly escape from the Hawk. She was frantic with joy when Peggy brought Homer safe and sound into the council hall of Birdland.

All the birds that Peggy had met on her first adventure were there—Mr. Reddy Wood Pecker, Bob Ollie, the Chickadee, Blue Heron and the rest. Judge Owl, looking very wide-awake and chipper, for it was still early morning and not yet his bedtime.



"There's none so sweet as Peggy in Pajamas"

greeted Peggy and conducted her to the mound of flowers on which she had been crowned Princess of Birdland. His greeting was in verse: "Of all fair maids, from China's down to Panama, 'Panama' is the name of the girl who is the sweetest of them all. There's none so sweet as Peggy in Pajamas."

Peggy thought this a rather rude welcome and she answered tartly: "A real poet wouldn't rhyme Panama's with pajamas."

"A real poet couldn't afford to rhyme with Judge Owl, winking at her so comically she had to laugh at his joke, even though she thought it a bit silly. "But it's true about your being sweet," he continued, "and brave and wise, and your going to need all your bravery and all your wisdom now, our Princess, for the Giant of the Woods has gone mad."

"Mad?" questioned Peggy. "What do you mean?"

"Crazy," answered Judge Owl. "Dippy, batty, eccentric or whatever you want to call it. He's been raging around ever since you freed the captives from his dungeons. Will you save us from him?"

Before Peggy could open her mouth to answer, a dreadful howling rang through the forest.

"The Giant!" cried Mr. Wood Pecker. "He's on a tear again! Fly for the marshes!"

With a confused flutter the birds took flight. Peggy, as she ran to mount the airplane, saw the Giant of the Woods stagger into the council hall. His eyes were gleaming and his arms were flying about wildly as he brandished his gun. He fired both barrels at the fleeing birds, then began savagely kicking the throne of flowers to pieces and tearing down the beautiful vine draperies. As the airplane carried Peggy upward there came from his

Advertisement for Wildroot hair tonic, featuring a bottle and text: "Little grains of dandruff mean good-by to Hair".

The Glorious World Through a Baby's Eyes

A PERFECTLY healthy baby is the happiest thing on God's green earth.

Lying on his back, softly chuckling to himself, playing with his adorable pink toes, or sturdily plodding on all fours over the unexplored continent of the next room—every minute is crammed

with new sensations—new happiness—new prizes of a wonderful world.

He gets more real concentrated joy out of one big warm bottle than grown-ups get in a lifetime.

And sleep stretches gentle fingers over his drowsy eyelids like the peace of heaven itself.

NOW here's a very surprising thing. Almost every baby who ever comes into the world is born healthy—ready to enjoy life with every ounce in his fat little body. Nature sees to that.

And all you have to do to keep him healthy—it is so simple—keep him warm, clean and quiet—give him plenty of fresh air—and give him the right food.

Your own milk, little Mother, if you can, of course, but if you can't—then here is a food most like Mother's milk—so perfectly suited to that tiny stomach that almost every

time babies thrive on it and go happily ahead into the full joy of healthy life. This is Nestlé's Food.

Remember that Nestlé's is simply the purest, freshest milk, with just the right amount of sugar and cereal added—all reduced to a pure fluffy white powder so you add water, boil—and give your baby health.

We will be glad to send you free, enough Nestlé's Food for 12 feedings and the big 96-page book on baby care by specialists. Send the coupon or a postcard—now, and make the world glorious for your baby.

Nestlé's Food advertisement with logo and contact information: "NESTLÉ'S FOOD A Complete Milk Food".

Much Good Food is Spoiled in the Cooking

Mazola—the Oil for Cooking and Salads—Turns the Ordinary Meal into a Delicious Feast!

If you would have light, flaky pastries, crisp and easily digested fried potatoes, fish, crullers and doughnuts, use Mazola for deep frying, sautéing, shortening.

Mazola opens up a new field of cooking for the thrifty housewife.

Coming from a wholesome, edible source (Indian Corn) it is the ideal vegetable oil.

And since it does not burn as easily as butter, lard or suet, there is not nearly so much danger of spoiling the foods cooked in it.

More economical, too, as it does not carry the odor or flavor of one food to another—can be used over and over again.

Mazola also has a delicacy of flavor which improves salad dressings. You will find it easier to mix than olive oil, too.

For sale in pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons. For greater economy buy the large sizes.

There is a valuable Cook Book for Mazola users! It shows you how to fry, sauté, make dressings and sauces more delicious, more light, digestible pastry. Shows you how to use Mazola in every home. Send for it or ask your grocer. FREE.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY P. O. Box 161, New York

Selling Representative NATIONAL STARCH CO. 35 South 2nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mazola advertisement featuring a can of Mazola oil and text: "Mazola—The Oil for Cooking and Salads—Turns the Ordinary Meal into a Delicious Feast!"

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap: "Your Best Asset A Skin Cleared By Cuticura Soap".

Advertisement for Wildroot hair tonic: "Little grains of dandruff mean good-by to Hair".