

**HEAD OF THE JAPANESE  
WAR MISSION TO U. S.**



Photo by American Press Association.  
VISCOUNT K. ISHII.

The Japanese war commission to the United States is due to arrive shortly. The mission will be headed by Viscount Kikuiro Ishii, formerly foreign minister. By virtue of a special ordinance by Emperor Yoshihito, Ishii is designated as a temporary ambassador extraordinary.

**A GENERAL SURVEY OF  
THE WAR**

The advance of the Austro-German forces in eastern Galicia continues uninterrupted, the Berlin war office announces. Tarnopol has been captured and the Germans are nearing Buczacz. The statement also reports the capture of Stanislaw and Nadvorna.

Emperor William watched the Germans repulse a Russian attack from the plain of the Sereth, between Tarnopol and Trembowla, it is officially announced.

Russian commissioners who restored discipline in the Seventh and Eighth armies, making possible the recent Russian offensive in eastern Galicia, after witnessing the retreat of the Russians in the face of the Austro-German attack have sent their reports to Premier Kerensky.

They advise that "capital punishment should be meted out to those who refuse to risk their lives for their fatherland and freedom."

The present line of the southwest front is approximately that occupied after General Brusiloff's drive last summer, except before Tarnopol, where the enemy succeeded in pushing further into Russian territory. The fate of the latter town was virtually decided with the Germans holding the suburb just across the Sereth river, within easy gun range.

Russian women have laid down their lives on the battlefield of democracy. Against the reports of traitorous retreat of some of the Russian male divisions before the Austro-German came word of how the women's "Legion of Death" on the Vilna front fought and died in repulsing an enemy attack.

For the first time in the history of the great world war casualty reports chronicled the death and injury of women in the trenches.

Five women of the "Legion of death" were killed and wounded in this first engagement in which they were called upon to resist with arms the invasion of their country.

German airplanes made a raid on Paris. Two bombs were dropped on the capital. The opinion is held that the raid was made with the object of testing the possibility of a successful German attack in force, similar to the recent raids made on London.

The British cruiser Ariadne has been torpedoed and sunk, with a loss of thirty-eight of those aboard, the admiralty announced.

The vessel, which was of 11,000 tons, carried a crew of 677 officers and men.

Whether more than thirty-eight of these lost their lives in the disaster was not made known in the admiralty announcement.

The scene of the sinking also was not disclosed.

**CROWDED SHIP RAMMED**

1,400 United States Soldiers on Transport Are Saved.

The United States transport Saratoga with 1,400 soldiers on board was rammed and badly damaged off Stapleton, Staten island, by the steamship Panama of the Panama Steamship company.

As the Saratoga, in a sinking condition, made for a dock, all boats were lowered and filled with soldiers. Craft of all kinds rushed to help in the rescue work. The transport was at anchor, waiting orders to sail.

At the office of Colonel J. M. Carson, superintendent of army transportation, it was said that all reports received there had been that there was no loss of life and that everybody had been accounted for. No further comment was made there on the accident.

**Out of the  
Prison Ship**

By ELINOR MARSH

One night in the winter of 1790 a man left his club in London and, after walking a few blocks, turned into one of the parks. While on the pavement he heard a footfall sound distinctly behind him, but on reaching the soft ground it was no longer audible. Presently, however, he heard himself called:

"Captain Arbuckle?"

Turning, by one of the oil lamps in use in those days he saw a pale faced man with white hair.

"What would you with me, sir, at this time of night?" said the captain, laying his hand on his sword.

"You do not recognize me, captain. It is not surprising. I am not the man I was when you were in America. Seven or eight years only have been added to my age, but several times that have been added to my likeness to an old man. I will refresh your memory. General Howe's army occupied New York. Down on the bank of the Hudson river was a cottage where dwelt a girl named Mary Ashurst. You made love to this girl, but one Henry Waterman stood in your way. You accused him of being a spy, and through your instrumentality he was put on board a prison ship.

"Everybody knows what your prison ships were. They took in men and sent them out either corpses or wrecks. I came out what you see me."

"Well, my man, what have we to do now with that which has passed into history? Your people succeeded in your infamous rebellion. That is all settled, and if a British officer admired a Yankee maid, why, 'all's fair in war and love,' and in my dealings with you and her there was both war and love."

"You are right, captain, in saying that we achieved our independence. That is indeed settled. But our affair remains to be settled. When I got out of the prison ship I was more like a dead than a live man. Before I recovered my strength your army surrendered to our general at Yorktown, and before I could reach you you had gone back to England. I counted the days till I should be able to follow you. I am here."

With that the American drew his sword.

"This is not a usual proceeding. But an Englishman, especially an English officer, does not pretend to choose the place or time of fighting. He is always ready, and if mayhap he has offended and the injured party can give him punishment he is always ready to take his medicine like a man."

While the speaker was saying this he was drawing his sword and placing himself in a position for defense.

A few minutes later the watch, hearing the clash of steel, ran in the direction of the sound, arriving in time only to see Captain Arbuckle lying on the ground and a man bending over him. Arbuckle, who was dying, said with his last breath:

"You've finished me. The girl is innocent."

When the watch came up Arbuckle added to him:

"It was a private affair between two gentlemen."

A couple of months after this Henry Waterman, who had recently embarked from a ship that had sailed into New York bay and docked in the East river, entered Broadway from Wall street and, passing through Trinity churchyard, continued down the slope to the river bank. The spring was coming on, and the trees in the yards of the houses were putting forth their young leaves. Waterman opened a gate, entered a yard and, walking up to the house, took the brass knocker in his fingers and rapped gently. A young woman came to the door and on seeing the visitor started back with a cry.

"Harry! Why have you come?"

"Because I know that you are innocent."

"You would not believe me."

"Forgive me."

She fell into his arms and burst into a passion of tears. Presently she looked up and asked:

"How have you become convinced of my innocence?"

"I was told by the man who put me out of his way to win you."

"Where have you been?"

"To London."

"And you have seen him?"

"I have."

"Why?"

"He put me in a prison ship on a false charge."

"And you have—have punished him?"

"I have. With his last breath he exonerated you."

She unwound her arms from about him.

"You blame me? You loved him."

"Yes, no. There is blood on your hands."

"Whose blood? The man who wrecked me to win you."

He took her again in his arms, and she did not resist.

"These British aristocrats are conscienceless where a woman is concerned and do not admit that a commoner has any right to their respect. But they are men for all that. He met me like a man, fought like a man, took care before he died to tell the watch that I was no murderer and exonerated you. He paid the penalty of his crime with his life, and for this at least we owe him respect."

A century ago a street was cut through where this cottage stood, and the bodies of Henry Waterman and Mary Ashurst, his wife, rest a short distance above here, in St. Paul's churchyard.

**The Song Old Glory  
Sings**



**WHAT** is the song Old Glory sings  
When the wind goes roaring by  
And the banner born of valor flings  
Itself against the sky?  
Know you the song it rustles out  
To the time beat of the breeze?  
'Tis the blended chord of a battle shout  
Caught up between the seas.

**AMID** the smoke it rose and clung  
To the blazing Stripes and Stars,  
And it is the call the flag gave tongue  
When rent by shrapnel scars.  
It ripples out when the wind is high  
As it did in days long gone.  
The flag careers to the bending sky  
With its valiant shout "Come on!"

**THAT** is the song Old Glory sings  
In the battle glare of noon,  
And the breath of wild war trumpets rings  
In this defiant tune.  
The hoarse hurrah, the vibrant cheer,  
Have been woven in its folds,  
And the piercing fife note, shrill and clear,  
Is in the song it holds.

**WHAT** is the song Old Glory sings  
When the breeze is soft and slow  
And the banner curves and sways and swings,  
All stately, to and fro?  
Know you that song, all gentleness,  
With its measures sweet and smooth,  
When the old flag waves with a mild caress  
In cadence made to soothe?

**THIS** is the song Old Glory sings  
When its ripple slowly runs:  
'Tis a song of peace on gentle wings,  
A song of silent guns.  
All joyful, too, that the stress is done  
And the throbbing drumbeats cease;  
'Tis a chant of victories long won,  
A wondrous strain of peace.

—Chicago Daily News.

**How Peter Alexief Was  
Saved From Siberia**

By PAUL VRONSKY

In a northern province of Russia there lived a peasant whose daughter, Anna, was a very pretty girl. Peter Alexief, a young farmer, wooed and won her, and it seemed that a happy future was before the young couple. That was before the revolution which deposed the Czar Nicholas, and the government was keeping a sharp eye on all persons who were suspected of plotting against it. A large force of secret police—better named spies—was scattered all over Russia.

Not only those who were really so minded reported to the minister of the interior at the capital, but if one person had a private grudge against another there was liability that he would take revenge by reporting him to the police as a revolutionist, or what was then called a nihilist. This was also true of the spies themselves. If a spy chose to condemn a person he wished to get rid of, that person was taken away and nothing was heard of him afterward. He was buried in the convict mines of Kara.

While Peter and Anna were making their preparations to be married there came to the province where they lived a man whose name was Ivan Ivanovitch. He did not look like a Russian, for he was dark complexioned, with the people among whom he had come had light skins and hair. Ivan had come from the Crimea, which is a southern province, where what is called the Mediterranean race is prevalent. This race is of southern blood and used to a hot climate.

Ivan had no visible occupation and was known to be a government spy. He met Anna at a dance in a barn and conceived a passion for her. Anna, knowing him to be a spy, dreaded him, but dared not refuse to dance with him, fearing that he would take revenge upon her.

Ivan, becoming more and more enamored of Anna, began to look about for some act of Peter's which could be used as evidence against him. This was shortly before the revolution whereby the people of Russia wrested a constitution from the czar, and Peter's neighbors were beginning to plan for resistance against the government's despotism. Peter got wind of the inquiries of Ivan and told his friends that he feared the spy was planning to get him out of the way that he

might possess himself of Anna. Meanwhile Anna, not daring to decline the attentions of Ivan, accepted invitations from him. One evening the two were walking together toward Anna's house when Ivan left her. As he turned away a citizen tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to come with him. The citizen took him to a house where a dozen men were waiting for them. One of the men said to Ivan:

"You are suspected of trying to make a case against Peter Alexief to send him to Siberia that you may marry his betrothed. You are hereby notified that if anything happens to Peter your life will be forfeited."

"I deny the charge," replied Ivan. "I have no need to get rid of Peter. The girl prefers me to him."

It was plain to all that quite likely if Anna were called upon to choose between the two she would not dare to choose Peter for fear of Ivan.

"I am ready to fight with my rival for the girl I love and who, I believe, loves me. This proves that I am not planning to take any underhanded advantage of him."

Now, it was suspected that Ivan, who had come from a country where weapons are in common use, would make short work of Peter, who had been born and grown up a simple farmer. The spokesman of the tribunal before whom Ivan was arraigned consulted with the others and then turned to the prisoner.

"Your proposition to fight your rival for the possession of the girl is accepted. Since you are the challenger he will have the choice of weapons."

Peter was sent for and closeted with the leader of the citizens who were endeavoring to save him from his rival. They proposed to Peter that he should fight Ivan, choosing weapons which would give him an advantage over his enemy. Peter could think of no weapon that he could wield even indifferently, whereupon one was suggested to him. He gave his consent at once, and it was arranged that the duel should come off at dawn.

The thermometer at sunrise stood at 30 degrees below zero. Peter, who was used to cold weather, walked out to the yard in the rear of the house where the fray was to take place in shirt and trousers. Ivan, who had been used to a hot climate, had on his warmest clothing. One of those present handed each of the disputants the nozzle of a hose. Ivan stood aghast. He saw at once that he must fight with cold water.

But it was too late to recede. A faint hope came to him that his warm clothing would protect him. He took the nozzle offered him, the signal was given, and the two men poured a

stream at each other which was as cold as it could be without freezing. Peter did not seem in the least troubled by his cold bath, but his enemy collapsed in five minutes. He dropped his weapon and ran for the house.

As soon as he had put on dry clothing and poured a hot drink into his stomach he was told to leave the place at once if he wished to save himself from the displeasure of the citizens. A month later the revolution broke forth.

**RECIPROCITY.**

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

**Funston's Nickname.**

General Frederick Funston was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at the University of Kansas. The general's fraternity brothers at Kansas knew him as "Timmy." This nickname came about through the poor writing of the fraternity member who sent in the names of the pledges the year Funston became a Phi Delt. The name was printed "Timston" in the Phi Delta Theta magazine, and in the form of "Timmy" stuck to the stocky, cocky collegian throughout his college career.—Kansas City Star.

**Snake Bites in India.**

India's annual loss of over 30,000 lives from snake bite has forced the production of an antidote serum. The Parel laboratory, Bombay, keeps a supply of cobras from which venom is extracted every ten days. The snakes are forcibly fed with egg flip through a tube. The venom is dried over lime and then dissolved in a salt solution. Increasing doses are injected in a horse until at the end of two years the animal can stand a dose 200 times the original one and is quite immune from the cobra poison. The serum from the blood of this particular horse is an antidote and is absolutely effective if injected in time. Many lives have been saved by its use. However, each bite requires an antidote made from the venom of the same sort of snake that inflicted the bite.

**Queer Nest of the Tontobane.**

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

**BEN WILSON IN NEW SERIAL**

A new Universal serial is an event, for the standard set by the company in this respect is very high, and they have a great number of successes. The latest will be released in the week of March 12, and is a mystery-serial, the plot of which is absolutely unsolvable. It is called "The Voice on the Wire," and is a screen adaptation by J. G. Alexander of the popular novel of the same name, by Eustace Hale



Ben Wilson.

Ball. The serial will be in fifteen episodes of two reels each.

The production is in the capable hands of Stuart Paton, whose greatest claim to distinction is the tremendous special feature, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," which broke all records at the Broadway theatre, New York. Paton will have as his star Ben Wilson, one of the most popular leading men on the screen, with scores of successes to his credit. In the new serial he has the role of John Shirley, a student of criminology, who is called upon to solve the mystery of a series of murders, all of which are committed in the same way, by the "Japanese death punch," delivered just over the heart, and in all of which the only clue is a voice over a disconnected wire. The role fits Wilson to a "T."

The leading lady will be Neva Gerber, one of the prettiest of screen actresses, who has been appearing with great success on the Universal program. She is more than a pretty girl, for she is an accomplished actress as well. Prominent all through the serial are Howard Crampton and Joe Girard, both of whom have roles in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." When the first episode is run, it will be seen that the Universal has struck twelve again.

**CAMERAMAN A FINE CHEF.**

Whenever the Harry Carey company, featured in the Bison dramas, under the direction of Fred A. Kelsey, goes "on location," Cameraman Harry Gant takes his chafing dish with him. Gant is the acknowledged master of the art of chafing-dish cookery at Universal City, and the members of the company always look forward to an extra culinary treat when he prepares the luncheon. The only one who protests is the director, Fred A. Kelsey, who is trying to follow the regime of the book, "Eat and Grow Thin."

**How a Pirate  
Was Downed**

By EDWARD STEWART

More than a hundred years ago young Captain Herbert Chandler sailed his ship, the Wasp, into a cove on the shores of the island of Jamaica, cast anchor and sent boats ashore with casks for water. While waiting their return two vessels appeared out on the sea, the one a clumsy brigantine, the other a low cut, rakish craft with enormous sails. Chandler brought his glass to bear on the two ships and was not long in determining that one was a merchantman, the other a Spanish pizaroon, and the pizaroon was chasing the merchantman. The former flew no flag, but the captain knew only too well that she was a pirate and if the wind held would overtake the merchantman.

This was at a time when piracy had been almost entirely swept from the West Indies, and few merchant ships had means of opposing the villains. Chandler could see no evidence of guns aboard the brigantine, and he had but one little barker on his own ship. He had no women aboard, but judged from the size and build of the merchantman that she might have passengers.

The wind was now very light, and what there was was dying down. The sun was near the western horizon, and it had no sooner set than the last traces of a breeze went with it. The two vessels, now about three miles apart, stood still, their sails flapping as the swells rolled under them. Chandler began to take thought how he might save both his own and the other ship from the pirate. He had some small arms aboard, but no guns except the one mentioned, while, though the portholes in the pizaroon were masked, he knew that she must be well armed with cannon. His small arms would be of no use against her.

Chandler ran over in his mind what he had aboard that he might use in a fight and remembered that he was carrying, among other things for blasting purposes in the Mexican mines, a fulminating powder used in those days. But what use could be made of this against the cannon balls of the pirate?

Chandler was a Yankee, and the Yankees even at that remote period were famed for their shrewdness and inventive genius. He formed a plan to attack the pizaroon with fulminating powder. Noting the positions of the ships with his compass, he waited till midnight; then, putting a crew in each of two boats, he weighed anchor and ordered them to tow the Wasp out to sea, his object being to get between the two vessels. Neither ship displayed a light, but a faint glimmer of cabin lights was perceptible on the pirate.

Chandler stopped when he thought he might be in the proper position. He did not cast anchor, for the sound would betray him.

When the first faint dawn came Chandler saw that the Wasp, the pirate and the merchantman occupied three corners of a triangle. He was pleased to see that he was nearer the pirate than the merchantman, for if the former attacked the latter before attacking the Wasp Chandler could afford no assistance. His plan did not admit of this. All three ships had their sails hoisted ready to take advantage of the slightest breeze. As soon as there was sufficient light the pirate displayed the skull and crossbones from her peak and sent a shot before the bow of the Wasp. Chandler, understanding this as a demand for surrender, returned from his poptun a shot no bigger than a boy's rubber ball. He did this that the pirate might attack him with his ship instead of sending boats to take possession without a fight.

With the rising of the sun a ripple was seen coming on the water, and a breeze came with it. It caught the pizaroon first, and she approached the Wasp, running out her guns as she did so, but nearing her prey it was plain that there was no armament aboard, and she ran them in again.

The critical moment had come. Chandler stood on the quarterdeck awaiting his enemy, occasionally casting a glance at a man partially concealed aloft on that end of the gaff swung from the mainmast. The breeze had reached the Wasp and filled her sails, enabling the helmsman to keep the vessel before it with some headway. When the bowsprit of the pizaroon came within a cable's length of the Wasp, Chandler gave an order to lower the sails. The pirate lapped the Wasp and was making ready to grapple and board when a signal was given that turned the tables. Chandler raised his hand. Men concealed under the bulwarks pulled on a line fastened to the end of the gaff, swinging it over the side next the pizaroon. The man above, carrying a demijohn, nimbly crawled out on it, gaining a position nearly over the pirate, now not twenty feet from the Wasp. Giving the demijohn a swing, he tossed it on the pirate's deck.

There was an explosion that blew the little pirate so far apart that the water, rushing into the gaps in her sides, sunk her within two minutes, leaving her men floating in the water. They were mercilessly picked off by the sailors on the Wasp.

The conquering ship was badly injured, but all damages were paid for by the owners of the merchantman, loaded with a valuable cargo and a number of passengers, including women and children.