

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I decided promptly that the safest place for me was as far back as possible, where I would not be in the line of vision of others in back of me.

The first people to sit at my table were a Belgian and his wife.

Every uniform that came in the door gave me cause to worry until I was sure it was not coming in my direction.

It Seemed Better to Parrot the Belgian.

Just before they lowered the lights, two German officers entered. They stood at the door for a moment looking the place over.

These two seats were in front of the table facing the stage and except when the officers would be eating or drinking their backs were toward me.

As the officers seated themselves, a waiter came to us with a printed bill-of-fare and program.

When it became dark I left the house accordingly and mixed with the crowd, which consisted largely of Germans.

It seemed better to parrot the Belgian and order "Bock" and that was what I decided to do.

One item on the bill of fare tantalized me considerably. Although it was listed among the "Prizen der dranken," which I took to mean "Prizes of drinks," it sounded very much like something to eat.

To keep myself as composed as possible I devoted a lot of attention to that bill-of-fare, and I think by the time the waiter came around I almost knew it by heart.

German officers by my right name and rank as attempt to pronounce it.

While the waiter was away I had a chance to examine the bill-of-fare and I observed that a glass of beer cost 80 centimes.

Apparently the German officers were similarly fixed and when they offered their bill to the waiter, he handed it back to them with a remark which I took to mean that he couldn't make change.

Right there I was in a quandary. To offer him my bill after he had just told the officers he didn't have change would have seemed strange, and yet I couldn't explain to him that I was in the same boat and he would have to come to me again later.

During my first half hour in that theatre, to say I was on pins and needles is to express my feelings mildly.

After the first picture, when the lights went up again, I had regained my composure considerably and I took advantage of the opportunity to study the various types of people in the place.

From my seat I had a splendid chance to see them all.

The German soldiers at the different tables were very quiet and orderly. They drank beer and conversed among themselves, but there was no hilarity or rough-housing of any kind.

I had passed a night which will live in my life as long as I live. The bill of fare and program and a "throw-away" bill advertising the name of the attraction which was to be presented the following week which was handed to me as I came out, I still have and they are among the most valued souvenirs of my adventure.

CHAPTER XV.

Observations in a Belgian City.

One night shortly before I left this city, our airman raided the place.

When it became dark I left the house accordingly and mixed with the crowd, which consisted largely of Germans.

I had a first-class observation of the damage that was really done by our bombs.

As the station was undoubtedly our airman's objective I was very much impressed with the accuracy of his aim.

I walked by the station and mingled with the crowds which stood in the entrance.

During the time that I was in this city I suppose I wandered from one end of it to the other.

ever, no longer worried me as it had at first. I had mingled with the Huns so much in the city that I began to feel that I was really a Belgian.

I decided, therefore, to walk out of the city in the daytime, when the sentries would be less apt to be on the watch.

When night came I looked around for a place to rest.

After I had got about a mile away from this spot I came to an humble Belgian house and I knocked at the door and applied for food in my usual way.

I have't the slightest doubt that she realized I was a fugitive. She lived so near the border that it was more fully the extent of the risk she ran, for no doubt the Germans were constantly watching the conduct of these Belgians who lived near the line.

My theory that she realized that I was not a Belgian at all, but probably some English fugitive, was confirmed a moment later.

I carried the lace through my subsequent experiences, feeling that it would be a fine souvenir for my mother, although as a matter of fact I had known that it was going to delay my final escape for even a single moment.

On one piece of lace was the Flemish word "Charite" and on the other the word "Esperance."

There were a good many bicycles in use by the German soldiers in Belgium and it had often occurred to me that if I could have stolen one, the tires would have made excellent gloves and insulated coverings for my feet.

I decided to wait until I arrived at the barrier and then make up my mind how to proceed.

To find a decent place to sleep that night, I crawled under a barbed wire fence, thinking it led into some field.

Instantly there came out of the night the nerve-racking command: "Halt!"

Again I feared I was done for. I crouched close down on the ground in the darkness, not knowing whether to take to my legs and trust to the Huns' Great Men Can Find No Other Book That Combines Its Literary or Historical Merits.

"The bulk of the people—business men, lawyers, doctors and others—don't read the Bible, but writers universally recognize it as the greatest book." Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale university said in a recent address.

"Being a serious book, it is weak in humor," Professor Phelps said. "But I think Job intended a grim joke when he said, 'Would that mine adversary had written a book.'"

"No narrative writers can match the style of the Bible's Old Testament stories—Hume, Gibbon, Rose—they are all inferior. This is the day of the short-story writer, Kipling, De Maupassant, O. Henry, but their best efforts fall short of the stories of the Bible. So it is with its poetry in the Psalms.

"Lincoln knew only two books—the Bible and Shakespeare—and yet he was a splendidly educated man. To know the Bible is to be educated. One of the finest metaphors in Keat's 'Ode to a Nightingale' is taken directly from the Bible: 'Nearer My God to Thee' is simply a paraphrase of the Bible."—Detroit News.

Wall of a Lost Soul. This is not a camp story, but one written by a lieutenant on his way "over there."

missing me in the darkness if he fired, or stay where I was.

I heard the German say a few words to himself, but didn't understand them, of course, and then he made a sound as if to call a dog, and I realized that his theory of the noise he had heard was that a dog had made its way through the fence.

For perhaps five minutes I didn't stir, and then figuring that the German had probably continued on his beat I crept quietly under the wire again, this time being mighty careful to hug the ground so close that I wouldn't touch the wire, and made off in a different direction.

I figured that other sentries were probably in the neighborhood and I proceeded very gingerly.

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Price List of Drinks O'Brien Picked Up at a Free Motion Picture Show in a Beer Garden.

Prijzen der Dranken. Bieren: Bock 1.20, Dubbel Gersten de flesch (Michaux) 0.85. Warme Dranken: Koffie 1.50, Chocolade de portie 1.50. Verschillende Groen: Citroen-water 1.25, Lemon squash 1.50. Mineral Waters: Spa water 1/2 liter 2.00, Vichy 1 liter 1.00. Wijnen: Turijn Vermouth 1.25, Dubonnet 1.25, Oyrth 1.25, Graves superieur 1.50.

BETRAYERS HATED

Latin Countries Execute Memory of Judas Iscariot.

His Effigy Burned, Hanged and Scourged Throughout Spain and Portugal on Good Friday—Picturesque Mexican Rite.

In Latin countries the worst persecuted person is Judas Iscariot. They never let up on him.

On Good Friday of each year he is burned, hanged and scourged all over Spain and Portugal.

On board of Portuguese ships he is ducked, lashed to the capstan and beaten to tatters with knotted ropes, kicked about the deck, knocked to the yardarm and finally burned.

In all such affairs Judas, of course, is represented by an effigy—usually a suit of clothes properly stuffed and provided with a head and hands of sorts.

The city of Lisbon, however, makes the really impressive Good Friday celebration. In front of nearly every house a grotesque figure supposed to represent the arch-betrayer is set on a sort of funeral pyre or else suspended high in air by a rope across the street.

At stroke of noon the bell of the great cathedral tolls. Fire is set to all the pyres and the dangling effigies are exploded.

All over South America Judas is hanged on Good Friday. In Mexico street vendors peddle pasteboard figures clad in gaudy paper costumes.

In front of the Jockey club in Mexico City Judas assumes the character of a superbly dressed caballero on horseback.

This very gorgeous Judas and his horse are stuffed with money. In fact, they have been fed on silver coins until they are fat with the diet.

At noon out comes a servant from the club with a lighted taper on the end of a long pole.

"High-Powered" Food.

What would you think of a slice of bread that has the same food value as a beefsteak sandwich? It isn't a dream nor an exaggeration.

At noon out comes a servant from the club with a lighted taper on the end of a long pole.

Department stores in many of the large cities have called on home demonstration agents to assist them in giving instruction in food conservation to their customers and employees.

Wasting Money. Corporal Joseph Cohen of New York and a platoon of men were in shallow trenches under heavy shell fire.

Her Sacrifice. "Miss Flapp is always talking about the duty of those at home to make sacrifices for the country."

Page Mr. Hoover. First Suburbanite—I understand he was arrested by the government.

Second Suburbanite—What for? First Suburbanite—He cast his bread upon the waters and later found out it was a wheelless day.

Bad Sign. "Didn't you tell me that old lady was a prohibitionist?" "Yes; what of it?" "Then why is she wearing cork-creep curls?"



Again I Feared I Was Done For.

perhaps eighteen. The caller eyed me very suspiciously, although I must have resembled anything but a British officer.

One of the odd results of the introduction of Christianity in China was the appearance in 1851 of a rebel leader who called himself Tien-tch, and who announced himself as the restorer of the worship of the true god, Shang-ti, and derived many of his dogmas from the Bible.

Most young men are city or town bred. Hence few of the soldiers of our national army have a clear idea of distances in nature.

Free From Conceit. "I am glad to see you are free from that conceit which prompts professional jealousy," said the man who assumes a patronizing and paternal manner.

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