SPY'S DARING ESCAPE *from* GERMAN PRISON

OUTRANKING the real adventures of Latude, the famous prisoner of the Bastile, or the fictitious escapade of the count of Monte Cristo, was the sensational escape from the German citadel at Glatz of Captain Lux, a French officer who was serving a term of six years imprisonment on a charge of espionage. How Captain Lux outdid these two heroes of fact and fiction is best seen from his own simple account of his flight.

"In all the six months I was at Glatz," he said, "I never got a glimpse of my prison from the outside. I was constantly and closely guarded. All day long I was rigorously constrained to keep my room save that from 10 a. m. till noon and from 2:15 till 4:15 I was suffered to walk about the interior of the fortress and talk to my fellow-prisoners, while for an hour morning and evening an officer took me for a walk on the rampart to enjoy the fresh air blowing on the height.

"Well, I was bored, and I wrote to this effect to my people who communicated with my excellent friends. Never shall I forget the warm thrill I had when I got the first communication telling me that my friends were busy on my behalf.

"The surveillance was very strict. All my letters were opened and read, those I received as well as those I wrote. My books and newspapers were likewise opened and anything of a seditious nature was taken away. Often when my luncheon or dinner arrived I found the rolls had been cut into slices in case they might contain a file, and on some occasions even the fruit was sectioned by way of precaution.

"My friends had therefore to communicate with me in secret, and this they accomplished by the old trick of invisible ink. I used to have my letters handed to me with the seal of the envelope open, and the letters themselves contained nothing calculated to arouse alarm.

"But as soon as my warden had left me I used to ungum carefully the flaps of the envelope and hold the inner side to the bars of the great white-tiled stove standing in the room. Then as the paper crackled and contracted a line or two of writing would appear telling me how the plan progressed and what my part was to be.

"I, too, was able to communicate with my friends in this way, but how I managed it is still a secret. I let them know that what I must have above all things else was money and some tools for removing certain obstacles I had noted as being likely to impede my progress when the moment of my escape arrived. Once out of my cell, I should have to open two locked doors and then get through a window protected by a stout iron bar solidly wedged in masonry.

"From the window there was a drop which was not too dangerous to jump, perhaps, but the noise I should have made in alighting on the flagged courtyard beneath would certainly have been heard by the sentries, so I had to have material to make a rope ladder.

"All these observations I passed on to my devoted friends, very discreetly and at rare intervals.

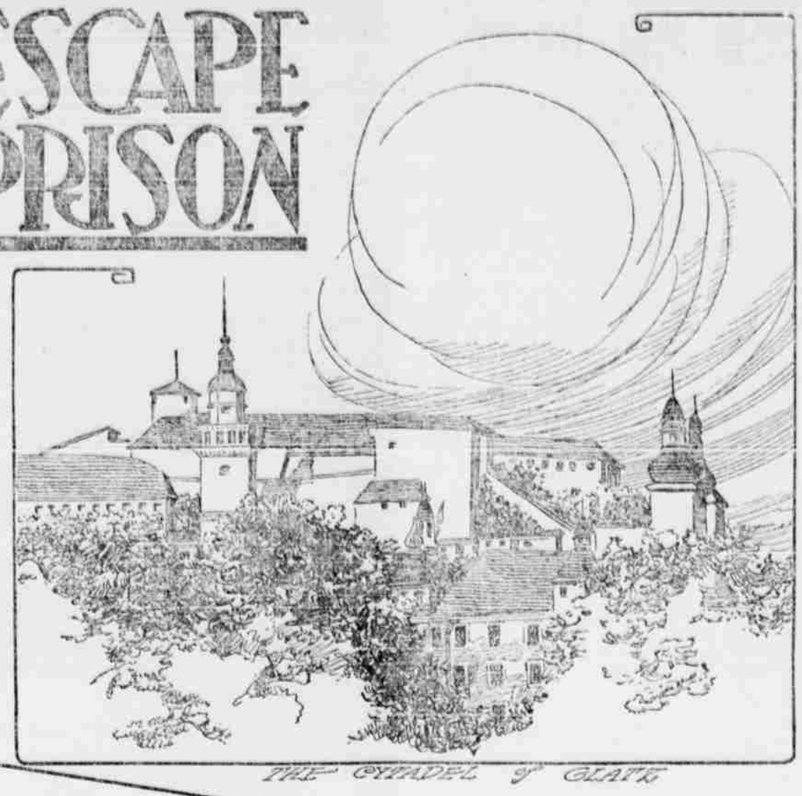
"Every day I received from Paris a large parcel of newspapers and magazines. These were opened in the governor's quarters and then sent in to me after they had been roughly tied up again with the cord fastening them. It was this cord which attracted my attention. It was not the ordinary scrap or end of string with which such rolls of newspapers are generally fastened, but nice, new string, evidently taken off a fresh ball. I examined it carefully and my heart gave a great leap. The cord was waxed!

"Every day brought its packet of papers or reviews wound up with the same strong twine, and one day I found under the flap of an envelope a bill just a line to this effect, 'Gardez ficelle!' (Keep string.)

"The next indication I had was the word 'Reliure,' (binding), which had been written in invisible ink in the envelope of a letter from home. Ever since my arrival at Glatz I had received parcels of books from Paris once or twice a week, and this single word at once suggested to me what was meant. My books were to bring me something, too.

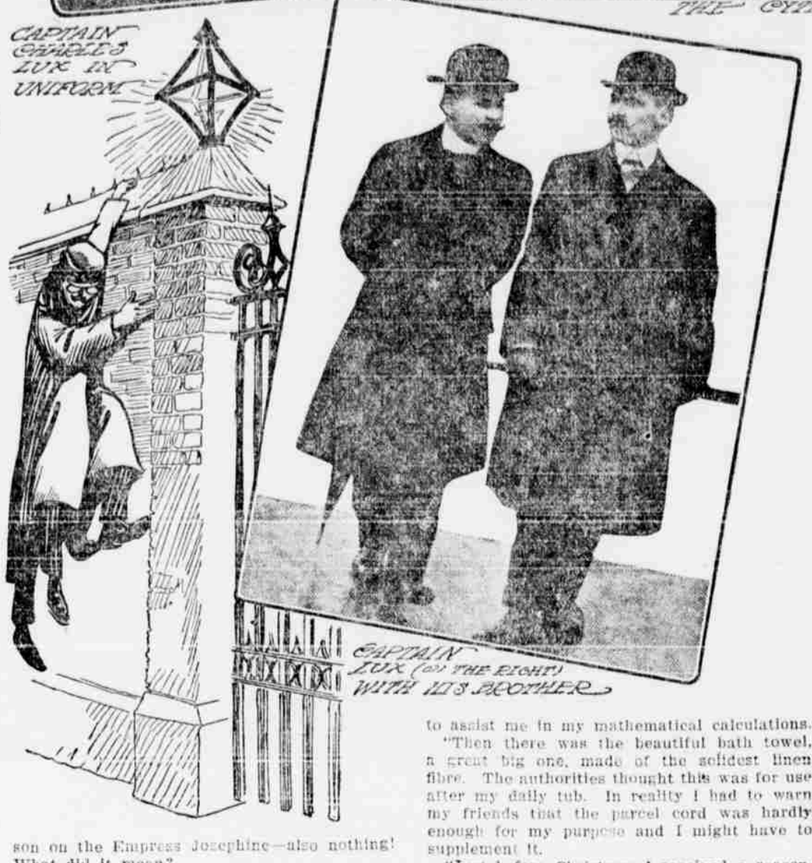
"One, two, three days passed, and on the fourth my warder brought me a box of books. There were several mathematical treatises, for being in the engineers, mathematics have always been a strong point with me, some yellow paper-bound novels and two or three ponderous tomes of history.

"They were Frederic Masson's works on the great Napoleon, a favorite hobby of mine. There was 'Josephine Imperatrice et Reine' and 'Josephine Repudiee' and one or two others. With my penknife I slit open the backs of the paper-bound novels—nothing! Then the mathematical books—same result! Masson on the Empress Josephine—also nothing! What did it mean?



THE CITADEL of GLATZ

CAPTAIN CHARLES LUX IN UNIFORM



CAPTAIN LUX (ON THE RIGHT) WITH HIS BROTHER

"Then as I put 'Josephine Repudiee' disconsolately back on the table something jingled on the floor. I stooped and picked it up. It was a German mark. I seized the book again and there emerging from the cover near where my penknife had made its first incision I saw the edge of another silver piece protruding.

"Frantically I tore the cover off and behold, between the outer and inner covering were twenty marks in silver. Looking again at the other Masson volume I found gummed between two sheets of cardboard two exquisitely finished files, made of the finest steel and shaped flat so as to fit exactly in the space between the coverings of the book.

"After that my reputation as a student was established in the citadel of Glatz. Every moment I could spare from my reconnoitering walks I spent at my table, poring over the books which now arrived regularly every five or six days.

"In order to allay suspicion I applied for gum and brushes and amused myself by binding nearly all the paper books in my little prison library in clean blue paper so that my operations with the penknife on the weekly consignments of books might give the impression that I was merely preparing them for rebinding.

"The authorities were quite touched by the solicitude of my family. "'What a good friend your brother is to you,' a German prisoner said to me one day on hearing I had received a present of a splendid box of chalks. He little knew that these colored pencils contained not chalk, but each a precious implement to help me in my escape. I had a Sandow exerciser sent me one day. One of the grips was destined, I knew, to form the handle of a saw which was contained in one of my chalks, the saw itself fitting into a harmless-looking ruler which my thoughtful brother had sent to me to assist me in my mathematical calculations.

"Then there was the beautiful bath towel, a great big one, made of the softest linen fibre. The authorities thought this was for use after my daily tub. In reality I had to warn my friends that the parcel cord was hardly enough for my purpose and I might have to supplement it.

"Just before Christmas I received a reasonable present from an old schoolfellow of mine in the shape of a calendar. How I longed for its arrival, for I had been warned that it would contain a German general staff map of the environs of Glatz showing the way to the Austrian frontier, which was only twelve miles distant.

"We had determined that the best time for the attempt would be Christmas, when discipline was rather relaxed at the citadel and many of the prisoners away on parole.

"But I was not certain what day I could best slip away, so, in the event of not being able to depend on the friendly automobile, I had supplied myself with a complete disguise. Pleading the wet weather, I had obtained permission for a mackintosh to be sent up to the citadel from the town on the grounds that whether it rained or not I could not forego my daily walk on the ramparts. I also got a gray alpaca cap of the kind that German men are in the habit of donning when in railroad cars. With a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, which I had already, my disguise was complete.

"On the morning of Christmas eve I knew that everything was ready. I had learned that the fortress authorities were giving a Christmas tree to the military warders in the afternoon, and this was the moment I had chosen for my attempt.

"I came in from my walk at 4:15, as usual, and presently I heard the distant echo of footsteps as the prison staff trooped along the passages to the room where the Christmas party was being held.

"With my mackintosh over my arm concealing my rope ladder, my saw and files in my pocket, and my money in my purse, I gently opened the door of my cell. Not a sound. The time had come.

"I came to the door at the end of the passage and picked the lock in a hand's shake. I knew that yet another door was before me before I got to my window and that the lock might give me more trouble. It did, and I had to work hard to get that door open, I was perspiring freely as I passed through it and came beneath the window giving access to the fortress garden, which had yet to be traversed.

"One's troubles only begin with a file, and more than once while engaged on that solid iron bar I despaired of overcoming this obstacle. For four mortal hours I sawed away, the perspiration pouring down my face. I had to stop every minute to listen if any one were coming, but all remained still.

"When I look back on those four hours behind that grated window I don't know how I held out, and I can hardly recall how I got through and let myself down the sixteen feet separating me from the ground. All I know is that I left a stump of bar on which I had fixed my ladder, and a minute later I sprang noiselessly to earth.

"Here I found myself in some gardens which I crossed stealthily. I knew what was to come. My objective was a high iron gate surmounted by a gas lamp, where I knew a sentry would be posted. Once past this danger point and I was free—of the citadel at least. For the gate gave on to the roadway.

"Stealing cautiously over the ground and picking my way I came to the high fortress wall. Step by step I sidled along that wall until I reached the gate. I scaled it and looking over the top saw in the road immediately beneath me the spike of the sentry's helmet flashing in the rays of the gas lamp.

"If the man had been prompted to look up he would have seen me in that instant and I should have been lost. But he was just on the turn. With his great-coat collar turned up to his ears and his rifle firmly grasped in his mittened hand he turned and tramped, stamping, back to his sentry box, which he passed and then returned in my direction.

"I ducked my head. When he turned his back on me again I would make a dash for it. From behind the gate I heard the heavy tramp cease an instant and then recommence. Then I raised my head. I was full in the glare of the lamp. It was now or never, so getting both legs over the top of the gate I let myself fall lightly to earth.

"I found myself within a few yards of the sentry and opposite a kind of timber shelter on the other side of the road. In a moment the sentry would turn again, so I leaped on tiptoe like a flash for the shelter. After waiting a few seconds I walked boldly out, disregarding the sentry, down the road to the station."

This is where Captain Lux's story ends. He will say no more for fear of causing unpleasantness to any one of those who helped him in his marvelous escape.

This extraordinary Monte Cristo up to date just walked into the station of Glatz and boarded the Austrian express. When the conductor came for the tickets the muffled-up German gentleman with the gold-rimmed glasses and the green overcoat explained he had run a little short of money, but would pay his ticket to the frontier station of Mittelwalde in Austria. Here he was handed over to the stationmaster, to whom he frankly explained his case, revealing his identy with a calmness which stupefied that gold-laced functionary.

Very politely the captain asked for permission to use the station telegraph to wire his friends in Budapest for money. Permission was granted, for, as a political prisoner, the captain was immune from extradition proceedings, and in a few hours the money was forthcoming for the captain by telegraph. And then, a free man once more, he took train for Paris, having wired his friends the news of his successful escape by means of a telegram signed "Karl Noel."

WOMEN'S LEAP YEAR RIGHTS

In Scotland Years Ago They Were Recognized as Real, and Well Defined by Law.

Ancient, indeed, are the prerogatives that are accorded to women in leap year. They are so old that none can tell just how or when they originated. However, the ancient Scottish parliament gives us a date as well as a law upon which to hang the right of women to take the initiative in leap year, as convention forbids them to do in other years.

In the year 1228 this body passed a law which, in its quaint old English, expressly conferred on womankind the right to propose marriage in leap year. Here is the law, just as it was written the parliamentary records:

"Ordonit that during ye reign of her maist blessed Malestie, ilka maiden, ladee of baith high and lowe estait, shale hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak hir to bee his wyf, he shale bee mulct in ye sum of ane hundridty pundes, or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwais gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to anether woman, then he shale be free."

HANDS WOULD CRACK OPEN

"About two months ago my hands started to crack open and bleed, the skin would scale off, and the good flesh would burn and itch dreadfully. When my hands first started to get sore, there were small blisters like water blisters which formed. They itched dreadfully, it just seemed as though I could tear the skin all off. I would scratch them and the skin would peel off, and the flesh would be all red and crack open and bleed. It worried me very much, as I had never had anything the matter with my skin. I was so afraid I would have to give up my employment.

"My doctor said he didn't think it would amount to anything. But it kept getting worse. One day I saw a piece in one of the papers about a lady who had the same trouble with her hands. She had used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was cured. I decided to try them, and my hands were all healed before I had used one cake of Cuticura Ointment. I am truly thankful for the good results from the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, for thanks to them I was cured, and did not have to lose a day from work. I have had no return of the skin trouble." (Signed) Mrs. Mary E. Breig, 2522 Brown Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Didn't Surprise Mrs. Flynn.

Dennis Flynn, while returning from work, took refuge under a tree during a thunderstorm. The tree was struck by lighting and Dennis was blown some twenty feet away by the concussion and badly stunned. A neighbor found Dennis and began the work of resuscitation; another hurried to the home of Dennis to inform Mrs. Flynn of the accident. Mrs. Flynn listened to the neighbor's account of the accident with mingled terror and joy, and when told that her husband was not much hurt and would soon be home, her pleasure was gratifying to behold. "An' Dennis was twinty fate away, did yez say?" "About that, yes." "Och, my Dennis always was quick on his fate," said Mrs. Flynn, with a proud shake of her head.

Wheat Goes Down.

De Broker—Hear about De Curbb?

De Ledger—No. What's happened to him?

De Broker—Knocked flat.

De Ledger—You don't say? Was he caught by the drop in wheat?

De Broker—Well, yes; something like that. A barrel of flour fell on him.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of sunshine in the soul, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Occasionally we meet a man whose train of thought reminds us of a row of flat cars.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Loveliness of character is nothing but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.—Froude.

Garfield Tea will keep the whole system in perfect condition.

Some men don't know very much, but they don't know it.

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women."—Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.

How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation.

Brownsville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation.

"I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got in such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon.

"Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles.

"I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownsville, Ind.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Homestead or buy land at reasonable prices.

Now's the Time

—not a year from now, when land will be higher. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 60 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.
J. M. Macfadden, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.
Please write to the agent nearest you.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 10–1912.

Meant to Rout the "Hants"

Why Looking Glasses Are So Generally Placed on Graves in South by Colored People.

It would be very difficult at this late day to discover anything new in the way of negro superstitions, but one has been unearthed in Raleigh, N. C., which may or may have not have wide prevalence, according to the New York Herald. A negro graveyard—for they do not use the word cemetery at all—is often a strange sort of place. There is something barbaric about it. In a cemetery there a great many of the graves are covered with bright objects, and in one case, where a man died of consumption, the earth mound is almost covered with triangular bottles, which once contained medicine, bits of looking glass being set here and there, so that the effect is really dazzling.

In another case a grave is covered with broken bits of looking-glass of all sorts and shapes, and it is this particular grave which developed the fact of the superstition. An aged negro was met very near it, and conversation began, taking quite a range. There was some discussion of "hants" and a story is told regarding the appearance of one of these specters in the suburbs of Raleigh, an aged negress declaring that a little before dusk she had seen the "hant." Here is what she told about it:

"I wuz standin' in my poach when I seed er sort uv twinkle in de element (meaning the sky) and right dar and den er hant drapped. He flung hisself all erbout on er little grass mound 'side an ole well what ain't got no top, tuk off his hald, put it under one arm and den jump't over a road into er graveyard. He didn't go by er place whar a whole lot of horseshoes is nailed up on er house do.' Hants an' no other kind ur sperets kin stan' horseshoes."

The old darky listened to this story very intently; his eyes rolled and he said: "Bless Gawd!" several times. Then he looked about and said: "Niggers shorely is feared uv hants. Dat's why dey puts lookin' glasses on dese here graves. Er hant cums erlong; er floatin', and when he sees hisself in dem glasses he goes on. He thinks dat er bigger hant dan he is er guardin' ginst him."

Try to Make Each Day Count.

"Why do so many fail in life? Because they don't make each day count. Many a man who may be full of hope and ambition for the future fails to see this point. He doesn't realize that success depends upon persistency. Each day lost is a setback, a pearl dropped from the necklace. He loses or wastes a day, then another. Soon the number of lost days increases, and before long he finds himself slipping backward. Before he knows it he is out of a position which might have given him a great future if he had taken care of it. Take care of the days and the weeks, months and years will take care of themselves."—Monroe E. Phillips.

Avoiding Writer's Cramp.

Shuangh chi'u-er, although the name may sound like a disease, is not a form of writer's cramp. On the contrary, "their" purpose is to prevent it. The words mean "the double balls," and shuangh chi'u-er are two iron balls, an inch or so in diameter, which nestle in the right hand of every Chinese man of letters for hours each day, one being revolved about the other until they are worn bright. They are just large enough to make a handful, and the action of shifting one about the other brings the fingers into play and lends them that suppleness and digital dexterity which is necessary in the manipulation of the Chinese lettering-pen or fine-pointed brush. Of what a simplicity!—Atlantic.

What to Do For a Cold

May Generally Be Prevented, but If Present Here Are Some Good Remedies.

Now that King Winter is here, bringing with him the usual number of coughs, colds, and cases of grip, it is time for us to use the ounce of prevention which is better than the pound of cure. Many people dread the cold weather, just because there is so much sickness. But there is a reason for it, and that is our manner of living. Think of the tightly closed houses and the roaring fires, with never a breath of the pure outdoor air inside.

If you would avoid colds and coughs, thoroughly air your rooms even on the coldest days by opening your windows for a little while. A room filled with pure air is more easily warmed than one filled with foul air; and it is the foul air that causes disease. Teach the children to love the cold weather. Have them snowball, coast, make snow men, and skate. If they are comfortably clad they will enjoy it, and will not be sick over it either. For those who think they cannot get through the winter without having colds and coughs I give a few simple and effective remedies:

For sore throat use a gargle of salt, water, pepper and vinegar as strong as can be used.

A mixture of turpentine, lard and quinine rubbed on the lungs will often loosen a heavy cold. Or a cloth wrung out of cold water placed on the lungs and a thick cloth placed over this is equally good.

A drop of turpentine on a lump of sugar and eaten will relieve hoarseness.

A little sweet cream, or a little sugar, will relieve a tickling sensation in the throat which keeps one coughing.

The disagreeable taste in taking quinine may be avoided if the mouth is kept tightly closed for a few minutes after taking.—Minerva.

Imperative Reason.

She—My dear, we can't take this flat.

He—Why not?

She—Because it is so dark and we are going to do light housekeeping.

The Shortest Cut.

"Is there any way to cross the social chasm?"

"Certainly; by bridge whist."

DON'T PUT YOUR MONEY INTO ROOF COATING

Why buy cheaply made, inferior roofings that must be frequently painted and repaired when your local dealer sells

GAL-VA-NITE ROOFING

"TRIPLE ASPHALT COATED, MICA PLATED" NEEDS NO PAINT—NO AFTER ATTENTION FIRST COST—LAST COST

Gal-va-nite Roofing is the cheapest in the long run because it is made to stand the wear and tear of the elements without after trouble or expense.

It is 15 pounds heavier than the standard weight and is constructed only of the best of materials. Its unusual weight makes it proof against heavy winds and hail storms.

Gal-va-nite Roofing has been approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and takes a low rate of insurance. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity or lightning.

Attractive in appearance, easy to lay, suitable for either steep or flat roofs, **Gal-va-nite** is the ideal roofing for any kind of a building in any kind of a climate. It has stood the "Test of Time."

Gal-va-nite is put up in rolls of 108 square feet complete with zinc coated, galvanized nails, cement and illustrated direction sheet. Made in 3 weights.

Ask your dealer for **Gal-va-nite** or write us for samples and booklets, "Galvanite Qualities" and "The Inside of an Outside Proposition."

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