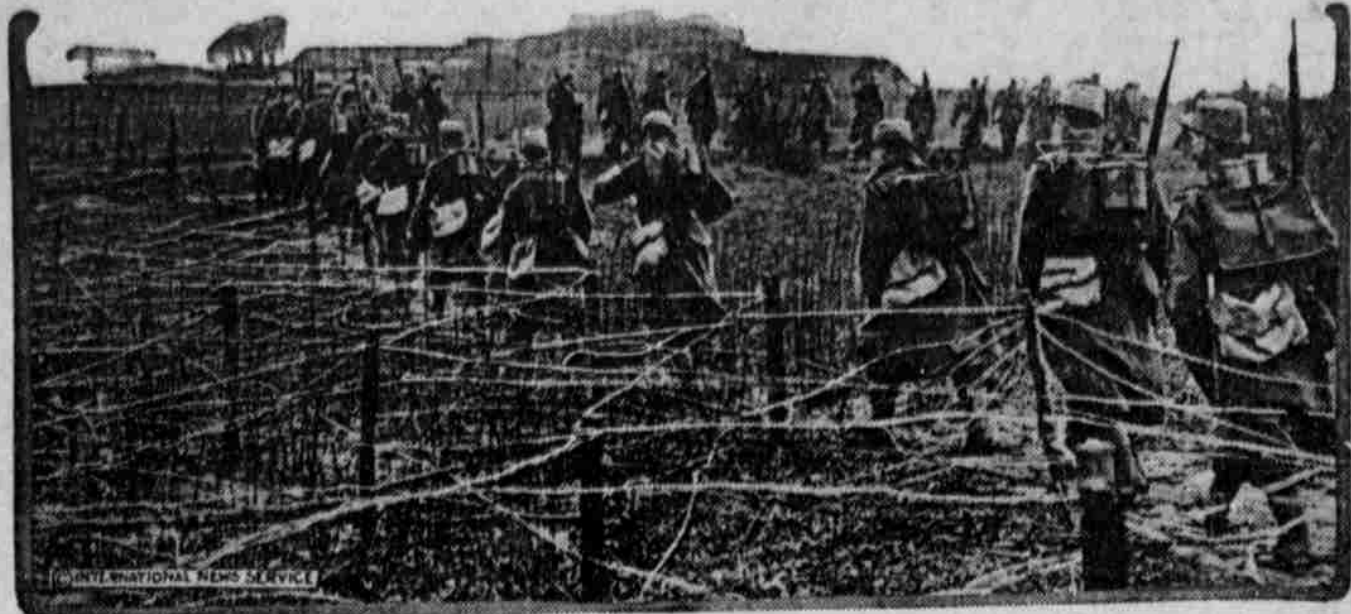


MARCHING THROUGH BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS



French troops advancing to a new position through the elaborate barbed wire entanglements erected by the Germans in northern France.

WARRIOR-WRITER GIVES TO WORLD HIS GRIM STORY

Makes Lightning Change From Novel Writer to Leader of Men in Battle.

STRAIN WHITENS HIS HAIR

War's Wild Drama Holds No Further Thrills for Oskar Hocker—Ages of Experience Crowded Into His One Short Tour of Trench Duty.

Berlin.—Until a certain day last summer Paul Oskar Hocker, one of Germany's leading "best seller" writers, divided his time between writing novels and plays and admiring the roses in his little garden close to Berlin. Then, with the suddenness of a lightning stroke, he realized, as did hundreds of thousands of others, what "a nation in arms" means. Paul Oskar Hocker, novelist, playwright and lover of flowers, became overnight Captain Hocker at the head of a company in the first reserve, giving orders to other men, clothed all alike in the famous German field gray, men who the day before had been, one a painter, another a cook, another a sculptor, another a gravedigger.

With hundreds of others they piled into a troop train and headed for Belgium. Exactly once more, the last time for many months, was Hocker reminded of the life he had left behind him. That was when a young girl approached him as he was washing his face at one of the last German stations where the troop train stopped and blushing asked:

"They—they tell me you are Hocker, the famous novelist? Is it true?"

Left His Autograph. Captain Hocker nodded.

"Then, will you please give me your autograph?"

While the warning whistle of the train announced its speedy departure, Paul Oskar Hocker, novelist, wrote down his autograph and received the girl's smiling words of gratitude. A couple of days later Captain Hocker of the reserve was giving the order to a firing party to shoot down a Belgian accused of "sniping." A few weeks later he and the painter and the sculptor and the gravedigger got their baptism of fire near Lille. Then it was that Hocker had the narrowest possible escape from death. Shortly after that he burrowed into a trench and remained there for weeks without room to stand up or lie down, while countless shells screamed overhead and racked his nerves to the breaking point.

Writes in Rain of Fire.

All this Hocker has set down in a little book of his war experience called "At the Head of My Company," which has just appeared in Berlin, one of the most graphic and convincing pieces of writing to come out of the war. He wrote its various chapters in the hell of Belgium and northern France, sending them back to be published as fast as they were completed.

Hocker's company was one of hundreds upon hundreds that marched through Belgium in the wake of that German army that almost smashed its way into Paris last September. He and his men passed through Vise, near Liege, while it was still burning. Soon after amid clouds of suffocating smoke that blinded them and hid their roads, they tramped over the streets in the outskirts of another burning town—Louvain.

One night the captain was quartered in a filthy stable; on another he sat comfortably with the young vicar of a Belgian village on whom he was quartered and talked not of war and its atrocities, but of "Preraphaelites, Turkish dialects and new kinds of roses!" After that came more uncomfortable night lodgings; then, just as a spice of variety, a night in a magnificent villa, a sleep in a bed used in former years by King Leopold of Belgium. One woman, obliged to give the captain lodging for the night in her house pleasantly remarked to him: "Anything I can do for you? Anything I can get for you? Would you like me to send you a barber?"

The captain said politely that he happened to possess a safety razor. "The idea of being shaved by a Belgian didn't appeal to me at all," he grimly remarks.

Just as they crossed the French frontier a packet of letters from home arrived, giving Hocker the news that a play by him dealing with the wars in Germany 100 years ago had just been performed in Berlin. On receiving that letter he tells us he sat down and reflected:

"Where was I when that play of mine was being given in Berlin? Oh, yes; sleeping on a mattress by a railway line threatened with a Belgian attack, my revolver by my side."

From such duties Captain Hocker and his men moved southward into the real fighting zone and got their baptism of fire with a vengeance in the outskirts of Lille, sidling along narrow alleys amid the whistling of bullets from roofs and windows, creeping on all fours through the ditch lining a high road, charging into burning villages while unseen enemies poured shot and shell at them. It was all a long, long way from that little rose garden outside Berlin.

But far more terrible than the baptism of fire was Hocker's next experience of fighting the allies at close range, which he describes with truly admirable skill. While leading his company, far in advance of the main force of Germans, in an endeavor to feel out the strength of the enemy, they suddenly found themselves exposed to a hot fire from several directions. The captain had just admonished his men to keep cool, take cover, aim carefully. Then, suddenly:

The Deadly Enfilade. "Are those men over there ours?" asked my trumpeter. "Over there on the high road, behind us."

I looked. A feeling of horror came over me. Yes, while their artillery held us back their infantry, advancing unseen on our left, has flanked us. And now, from the right, the fire of the French machine guns adds its monotonous rhythm to the hellish concert.

No sound behind us. Our artillery battery is evidently without ammunition.

Order from the commander of our brigade: "Company must fall back slowly." A man in the squad which has advanced to the highroad passes the order along to me.

It is passed all along the line. A couple of men start to stand up. I call out to them: "Down! Lie Down! Crav!"

But already the movement has been seen from over across there; shrapnel strikes close beside us. With bent back, faces ground into the earth, all of us lie there.

No Hope Left. My fieldglass is covered with sweat and earth. I put it down. Shells drive clouds of dust into my eyes. I close them.

I am unable to utter a word. I crawl along for about five hundred yards. My revolver grinds into my left side, my fieldglass presses against my stomach. And for a moment this thought rushes through my mind: What would you, being an officer, do if attacked in front by artillery, on the left by infantry, on the right by artillery?

What would you do? Answer: I would give this order: "Helmets off for prayer!"

Helmets off for prayer! Yes, there is no hope for us now. All we have to do is die like men.

"Don't run!" The road which we must take is showered with shot. I climb a hillock. Yes, nothing matters now. If only I do not fall into their hands alive. To die. I strike out over a field. For a few seconds, unconsciousness. Then, once more, the tack-tack-tack of the machine guns. God, please, please, let me die an honorable soldier's death. And without long suffering. Now, God, now at once, please. If only my men don't start running.

"Slowly, men, slowly." I can go no farther. "Off with you, youngsters!" Greetings to my people. God be with you. You have behaved well.

His Flowers Calling. If only I could have one more look at my little garden. I'm a child of the city and I've learned to love flowers so, and that little spot of earth.

Whee-ee-ee-ee! There it goes again, screaming over our heads. I greet death. My lips dig into the soil. Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return.

Onward, onward. None of us know whether we are bound. Night falls. Somewhere or other a cavalry patrol tells us: "Some of our men are camping over in that fort."

We go there. Soldiers on bicycles meet us. They tell us that nobody expected one of us to come out alive from that hellhole. My orderly runs to me, with wet eyes.

"Captain, my captain!" I shake many hands. I warm myself at the camp-fire. Light rain is falling. Someone brings me a half bottle of champagne. The men get red wine from the baggage train and rice soup.

My lips are still black with earth. I gulp it down with the first swallow of foaming wine.

"Greetings, life! Greetings, earth!" After a period of comparative peace and luxury in the conquered city of Lille, Captain Hocker marched his company out to the vicinity of Messines, where some of the most desperate fighting of the war has taken place, and there he and his men got their first taste of life in the trenches.

Day after day they lay in subterranean cells, under orders from headquarters "to hold the position at all costs, even if your trenches are blown up." Hocker's commanding skill as a writer is shown here again:

Our trench is not three meters long, a full meter deep, with a frontage 40 centimeters high. It is 80 centimeters wide. The entrance consists of three narrow steps. As the trench has a roof you must crawl into it backward. You cannot stand inside, scarcely kneel even, without striking your head against the roof. All there is to do is to lie down, first a bit on the left side, then a bit on the right, then on your back—but before each change you must warn your trenchmate.

You lie and wait. You lie and listen. You lie and think. Is it fear of death that creeps upon us? Is it discouragement? Oh, if only we could rush forward to the attack that would be quite another matter! That would be just up and at 'em, and in a couple of hours fate would decide.

His Hair Grown White. When we were young men, we learned nothing of this new form of war. History, it seems, kept it for this most difficult and bitterest of campaigns. To stick it out under the earth until one's time comes—until the enemy dares advance and we must throw him back or until the command reaches us from the rear: "Forward! Attack!"

Meanwhile, there we lie. And, over our heads, horror shrieks. The roaring, cracking, spattering, thundering, growling, crashing goes on unendingly. Always, always. Every shot may bring the end; the end of one of those who wait.

Oh, if I could only accompany my slender little daughter just a little bit further into life. . . . And my wife, who has struggled and fought by my side for the length of a human life—could I but look again into her eyes and speak a loving farewell to her. . . . It's that way with all of us. Oh, do not believe that any one of us is crouching here under the earth callous and without feelings, that through the narrow slit he sees merely the same stretch of clayish soil. Callousness is not courage.

You lie and wait. You lie and listen. You lie and think. Then, after days and days and days of this, comes the order: You are relieved. You have two days for rest. A South German detachment relieves Hocker's men. He writes:

I could not ride. I found I had to learn over again how to use my limbs. On foot I led my company away.

I looked into a mirror. I had to smile. The bit of hair which I still possess has, during these last ten days, turned white!

SOLDIER HAS 139 WOUNDS

Reservist Survives Awful Injuries and Now Travels About on Crutches.

Paris.—The record of 79 wounds received by an army surgeon has been broken by Rene Vidal, reservist, of Raincy. While in the trenches a shell exploded immediately behind him and the lower part of his body and limbs were riddled with shrapnel.

From eight o'clock in the morning until evening he lay in the trench without even first aid. When he arrived at the auxiliary hospital a thorough examination showed traces of 139 separate and distinct wounds. His case was considered desperate, as he had lost an extraordinary quantity of blood, but he is now able to get about on crutches.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Who hath not met with home-made bread. A heavy compound of putty and lead. And home-made wines that rack the head. Home-made pop that will not foam. And home-made dishes that drive one from home. —Hood.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Cook a fourth of a cupful of soft crumbs with a fourth of a cupful of cream until smooth and thick; cool and add an egg yolk and a third of a cupful of pecans cut in pieces. To two cupfuls of hot rice potatoes add three tablespoonfuls of cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, a few drops of onion juice and a beaten egg yolk, shape in nests, fill with the nut mixture and cover with potato, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Arrange on a hot plate with parsley for a garnish.

Celery, Cheese and Red Pepper Salad.—Cut celery in two-inch pieces and put into ice water to curl. Dry thoroughly and mix with a tablespoonful of chopped red pepper, and sprinkle with a grating of cheese, put mayonnaise on top and serve.

Chicken With Corn.—A most appetizing dish which may be prepared any time of the year, but is better with fresh corn from the cob, is the following: Scrub and clean a fowl in water in which a tablespoonful of soda has been dissolved. This removes any soil that is on the skin. Cut the chicken in pieces as for frying, roll in flour, brown in a little hot fat in a frying pan, then add enough milk to cook the chicken well, simmering or cooking slowly in a moderate oven for two hours or longer, depending upon the age of the fowl. Season when about half cooked and add a cup or two of corn. Serve the chicken with the gravy and corn poured around it.

Chantilly Potatoes.—Mound well-seasoned, light, mashed potatoes on a platter. Have beaten stiff one cupful of thick cream, add a half-cupful of soft cheese, and season with salt and paprika. Spread this over the top and set on the top grate of the oven to brown.

Apple Balls.—Cut balls with a vegetable cutter from firm, nice apples, drop them in water and vinegar to keep from discoloring and mix with pineapple and other fruit. Put in cups and pour over it rich lemonade or lemon sirup. Serve as a cocktail.

Pies are the universal American dessert, and they are less objectionable to the digestive tract when properly made.

Prune Pie.—Line a pie tin with good, rich pastry and fill with stewed prunes, cut in bits. Sprinkle with one-half cupful of powdered sugar and enough cinnamon to flavor or a grating of lemon rind. Bake and just before it is well done cover with a meringue made from two beaten whites of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Return the pie to the oven and finish baking until the meringue is brown.

Celery and Pineapple Salad.—Shred pineapple with a fork and add chopped celery in equal quantities, mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Broiled Halibut.—Slice the fish, season with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter and let stand for an hour. Roll in flour and broil over a clear fire for twelve or fifteen minutes. Place on a dish with a garnish of parsley.

Tomato and Peanut Salad.—Peel the tomatoes carefully and remove the centers so as to form a cup. Fill with chopped cabbage and chopped peanuts, well mixed. Add French dressing. When serving, top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Fricassee Potatoes.—Slice a small onion, fry brown in a saucepan with butter, paprika, salt and pepper. Cut the potatoes into half-inch squares and place on top of the onion and pour boiling water over to cover. Cook until all the water is boiled away and the potatoes mealy and tinted from paprika and butter.

Fruit Bread Sponge.—Pour over two cupfuls of small cubes of bread hot fruit juice until it is all absorbed. Let stand in a cool place several hours and when ready to serve turn from the mold and pour whipped and sweetened cream over.

Then Time to Stir. Thomas Edison once set out to invent a perfect coffee machine suitable to use in camps or on hunting trips. Asking the advice of a former guide as to the requirements of such a thing, the man, who was a Swede, gave him this recipe: "Der ban only von vay to cook coffee. Tak von trip into woods up on Flambeau river; build fire vid pitchpine knots; put von quart water and two handful coffee in coffee pot, and sit on cover so she can't boil over. Ven cover get too hot for pants coffee she done."

Daily Thought. Nine-tenths of the good that is done in the world is the result not of laws however wise, or of resolutions however strong, but of the personal influence of individual men and women.—Sir Samuel Chisholm.

Wanted a Diagram. "That young wife was evidently buying her first turkey." "She was," said the dealer, "and she was greatly surprised that no book of instructions went with it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SWEETS AND SALADS.

A simple and most tasty dessert may be made by scooping the center from a deep sponge cake, filling with jam, put on the lid and serve sliced with whipped cream and sugar. Filled with whipped cream and a few tablespoonfuls of jam mixed with the cream is a most delicious combination also.

German Salad.—Cook salt herring in boiling water 15 minutes; drain and cool and separate into flakes. Add an equal quantity of cold boiled potato cut in cubes and one-fourth the quantity of hard-cooked eggs chopped. Marinate with French dressing and serve with a dressing made as follows: Beat a fourth of a cupful of cream until stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of canned red pepper, put through a sieve; then add an equal quantity of good boiled dressing. Serve the salad on lettuce with the dressing.

Corn and Rice Salad.—Take equal quantities of cooked corn, well drained, and rice cooked until soft; mix and season with salt, pepper, and add stiff mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Mexican Tomato Salad.—Rub a salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic. Line the bowl with lettuce and lay in a few slices of tomato, cover with chopped green pepper, a teaspoonful of onion and a dozen chopped olives. Pour over a French dressing of a tablespoonful of vinegar to three of oil, season with salt, pepper and a dash of celery salt. Serve well chilled. Cucumbers may be added in place of the olives if so desired.

Spanish Cream.—Take a quart of milk and soak half a box of gelatin in it. Beat the yolks of three eggs light, add a cupful of sugar, stir in the scalding milk and cook until the egg is thick. Strain through a cheese-cloth. When nearly cold flavor with lemon juice. Pour into a mold and let stand in cold water to stiffen.

I am my brother's keeper; therefore I will try to solve the problems of life with a view to his welfare, knowing that in the rightful adjustment of business, and labor, and society, and life in its truest expression, my brother's welfare is my own, and mine is his.

GOOD DESSERTS WITH EGGS.

During the months when eggs are high we are glad to hunt up some foods which will be palatable without them.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Peel and slice enough apples to fill a deep pie plate. Make a rich biscuit and mixture, rather soft and pour over the apples. Bake until the crust is brown and the apples tender. Turn upside down on a plate, spread generously with butter, sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg and serve as one does pie.

Apple Pone.—Pare and chop fine one pint of sweet apples. Pour a cupful of boiling water into a pint of white corn meal, beating hard to make light, when cool add one cupful of sweet milk, and a half teaspoonful or more of salt. Stir in the apples a grating of nutmeg and bake in a covered dish. Serve with hard sauce or cream and sugar.

Grape Sago.—Wash a cupful of sago, cover with cold water and let soak overnight. Next morning cook until transparent. Add a cupful of grape juice. When cool turn into a glass dish and put aside to get cold. Serve with cream and sugar.

Chocolate Blanc Mange.—Put two ounces of broken bits of chocolate into a double boiler and when melted add a pint of warm milk. Stir well and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Moisten three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk, add it to the hot milk and cook until thick and smooth. Remove from the heat, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, beat well and pour into a glass dish to serve when cold. Serve with sweetened cream.

Chocolate Tapioca.—Wash a cupful of tapioca, cover with a pint and a half of water and soak for two hours. Put four ounces of chocolate in a double boiler and when melted add a half cupful of sugar. Cook until the tapioca is transparent, stirring often when done, remove and flavor with vanilla. Serve with sugar and cream.

A sprinkling of nuts or bits of jelly over the top for a garnish adds to the appearance of the tapioca or sago pudding.

Nellie Maxwell.



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For pure Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.,
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1902

You don't save money when you buy cheap or inferior baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's pure, economical—more wholesome—has had results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Curious. "Curious thing about human vanity," said the costumer. "To what do you refer?" "The more knock-kneed a man is, the more he wants to appear at a mask ball as a Scottish Highlander."

All Boys and Girls should write to Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1304 Kesner Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for beautiful "Mother Goose Jingle Book" in colors sent free to all readers of this paper.—Adv.

It's all right to carry other people's burdens, provided they don't put on more airs than they can carry.

Call the grocer and say: "Van Houten's RonaCocoa, in the big red can." You'll like it better than any other. Half-pound can—25c

CLOVER BEST ON EARTH Wisconsin grown seed recognized the world over as the hardest, most vigorous. BIG RED CATALOG FREE. John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 704, La Crosse, Wis.

Nebraska Directory
Once direct to this store when you need glasses.
GLOBE OPTICAL CO.
Northeast corner 16th and Farnam Sts., Omaha, Neb.
Established 17 years. Mail us faulty broken glasses, will repair and return the same day.

DOCTORS MACH & MACH OPTICISTS
3rd Floor Pacific Block 15th & Farnam Sts., Omaha
Best equipped. Special Glasses in Omaha. Reasonable prices. Special discount to all people living outside of Omaha.