

TREAT CAPTIVE GERMANS KINDLY

French Generous to Prisoners Despite Brutal Course of Enemy.

ARE GLAD TO BE OUT OF IT

Sight of Long American Columns Destroys Hun Hopes of Victory—Live Like Happy Family in Prison Camp.

With the American Forces in France, France knows that her prisoners in Germany are treated badly, but German prisoners are treated humanely and even generously in French prisons just the same, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. I asked an officer in charge of a French prison camp why this is, and he shrugged his shoulders and said merely:

"Ah!" Unless one could see the gesture accompanying the monosyllable he would hardly know what meaning to attach to it. It really meant:

"Oh, what's the use of being brutal to individuals just because some one else is? We wish we could, but we can't."

I have inspected several prisons, some large and some small, and in every one I have found the Germans treated quite as well as civil prisoners in normal times and in many instances better. Officers are not humiliated in any way. In fact they receive better treatment, a stranger would think, than they are really entitled to.

Prisoners Live Happily.

On a low hill about 1,000 feet from a main road of France stands a prison—five low wooden buildings surrounded by two barbed wire fences, with armed pickets always patrolling outside. Here are 200 Germans, many of them prisoners taken in the early battle of the Somme, but some taken more recently. They are all privates and constitute as happy a family as one could find where personal liberty is the one thing desired and denied.

The Germans stood at their barbed fences hours at a time and watched the endless line of soldiers. When it was the blue of France that was moving past the Germans were not particularly interested. They had seen that for years. They know France always has had an endless line of everything needed for war. But when they saw the khaki of America fling or rolling by for a whole day and then for another, and heard the muddy shuffle of feet through the night, there was a change in the dull expression of those German eyes. It was at this time that I went to the prison to learn what they thought of what they had seen. First it should be stated that these prisoners see little of recent developments in the war. They must form their opinions from such fragments of conversation as they hear from their keepers.

READY FOR A CHARGE



These French grenadiers are preparing for a raid on the German lines.

WHY GUYON FIGHTS

This French Poilu Is Regular Fire-Eater.

Bride Taken Prisoner and Horribly Abused by Huns, Escapes to Tell Story.

Paris.—Guyon's a regular fire-eater. He has been cited six times. He wears a croix de guerre and a medaille d'honneur. He captured a German mitrailleuse single-handed. He went out alone in No Man's Land to bring back a wounded comrade. He's been wounded himself four times.

When he is back of the lines, off duty, he helps a Y. M. C. A. secretary hand out writing paper to his comrades in a foyer du soldat. But it isn't active enough for him. Since August, 1914, he doesn't seem to need to rest. When he isn't in the trenches he works off his surplus energy cussing out the way the war is run be-

cause he isn't in active service every minute. There are a lot of poilus like Guyon. Get them ten kilometers back of the front and they growl and roar all day. Put them in the trenches and you simply can't hold them in.

Probably a story lies back of most of them just as one explains Guyon.

When the war broke out Guyon had just married. He and his wife were living in a little town up near the Belgian border. Of course he was called and left for the front. For more than a year he did not hear from his wife—not a word. At last he received a letter from her, mailed in Paris.

She had been taken prisoner at the time of the invasion and deported into Germany. After a year of horrible suffering and abuse, she escaped into Holland and got back to France by way of London. At last she reached Paris and went to work in a munitions factory, where she is still working.

Guyon told his story to the American Y. M. C. A. secretary with typical French calmness. His fury against the Boches he puts into action in the front line.

BLASTS KAISER'S HOPE OF VICTORY

Italian Invents Canned Lightning Capable of Destroying Trenches of Enemy.

TERRIBLE ENGINE OF DEATH

Claimed Invention Could End War in Thirty Days and Allies Could March Unchallenged into Berlin.

Tests Prove Its Value.

Rome.—The Kaiser's dream of victory and world supremacy may be blasted out by "canned lightning," a terrible death engine invented by an Italian scientist. Dazzling swords of fire, more deadly than are highest explosives, followed by annihilating explosions, are capable of destroying enemy trenches with one blinding flash, according to his claims. Mine sweepers equipped with this device could fire mines thousands of yards distant. On the land, "canned lightning" could be used to form a most successful barrage and could wipe out the defenders of German trenches with unerring certainty.

The scientist is credited with having discovered a means of concentrating and reflecting electric rays in such a manner as to produce the results described. It is reported that this inventor has proved to representatives of his government that electric current can be concentrated and directed in rays.

Tests Held on Banks of Tiber.

In describing the results of these tests, held on the banks of the historic Tiber, F. H. Randall, writing in the Illustrated World, says that the scientist was asked to burp through a three-inch plank of hardwood. In an instant, the writer says, the plank was seared and broken as if it had been broken by lightning.

Officials then asked the scientist to explode two bombs, one hidden along the bank of the river and the other in the bed of the stream. Within ten minutes the bomb along the bank exploded. It required a much longer time to explode the other bomb, but this, too, was finally accomplished. The entire outfit used by the inventor was placed on a single small barge.

An approximate idea of the power of the arcing electricity may be obtained by watching an electric furnace at work. It will cut the hardest steel like putty. To flash such a flame through an aeroplane, submarine, battleship or a trench would leave a total wreck. Mines placed in the North sea by the Germans could be eliminated, and mine sweepers could destroy all of these hidden terrors of the sea located within thousands of yards of the ship.

In a graphic description, Mr. Ran-

and. "I was surprised that you have so many in France."

Another prisoner, less prepossessing in appearance than the first, was asked about things in general. He spoke English poorly.

"I live in Berlin and work in a bank, but was in the war for two years. When the war is over I am going to Switzerland to live. I would go to America, but they don't like Germans over there any more."

"Why are you going to leave Germany?"

For an answer there was a shrug of shoulders and a half scowl, half smile. "Are you satisfied here?"

"It's a lot better than being in a grave, where a lot of them are."

TAXICAB DRIVERS KNIT BUT THEY ARE WOMEN

Cleveland, O.—One of the least surprising things to be seen on the streets of Cleveland now is a taxicab driver calmly sitting in a taxi at its stand, purring and drooping, while sox and sweaters develop before your eyes. But the drivers are girls, for Cleveland is rapidly getting a large proportion of its day drivers from the other sex.

BLASTS KAISER'S HOPE OF VICTORY

all paints a picture of what would happen with this machine in action. Every enemy airplane or any fleet of them would fall to earth, a crumpled wreck. At the touch of a button, a bolt of electricity would suddenly shoot forward with incredible speed. A few scarred parts would be all that was left of what had been a soaring airplane a few minutes before.

A scout could lurk with his deadly weapons, connected with the generators and concentrators behind the lines, in shell holes or craters in "no man's land." When the enemy charged he could sweep the whole line as it passed, annihilating each successive wave of advancing Germans.

Mr. Randall says that he can't say that this has been done or will be done, but he don't dare to suggest that it cannot be accomplished. Light, heat and rays of other kind can be reflected. He concludes by saying:

"Once this problem is solved there will be no war. If the allies were possessed of equipment that would permit the arcing at a distance of powerful electric currents, the war would be won in 30 days and allied troops would be marching unchallenged into Berlin."

GOT 84 LETTERS FROM HOME

They All Came at Once to a United States Soldier Now Serving in France.

Dallas, Ore.—Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Woods received a letter from their son, Laird Woods, recently, and in it he stated that he had just received his first mail since arriving in France.

The mail consisted of 84 letters and six packages. Young Woods together with several other Company L boys of this city, were left behind in a hospital in New York when the Oregon troops sailed for France, and he sailed on a later date but never caught up with the regiment.

He was finally assigned to a company in the old Montana National Guard and is serving with that regiment somewhere near the fighting front in France now.

"NO CHILDREN" RULE BANNED

Landlords in Seattle Are Appealed to Remove Signs From Their Buildings.

Seattle, Wash.—"No Children Allowed" signs must be removed by Seattle landlords from their properties, according to J. W. Spangler, vice president of the Seattle chamber of commerce. He has issued an appeal to rooming house proprietors, hotel men and owners of rental properties, declaring that owing to the scarcity of quarters for shipyard workers and others engaged in war work the situation in this city is becoming alarming.

KEEPSAKE GOES FOR BONDS

Oklahoma Man Gives Up Gold Piece He Has Carried for Thirty-Seven Years.

Tulsa, Okla.—"I have carried this gold piece with me for thirty-seven years, and I have resisted hunger and temptation to spend it, and have always kept it as a treasure. However, Uncle Sam needs it now, and I willingly let it go so it will help to bring victory to the American arm."

This was the statement of W. H. Martin of this city as he deposited a \$10 gold piece, at the post office window and asked for some baby bonds.

Fine Cotton Crop

New Orleans, La.—Reports from practically every section of the South indicate the yield of cotton will be heavy this season. The staple selling at around 30 cents a pound in the seedling season stimulated planting, notwithstanding the fact that in many localities a plea was made for the planting of more food and feed crops.

Practical Garb for Outdooring



There are middies, smocks, sweaters and coats for outdooring, that is, for all sorts of sport and recreation wear. And their comrades are skirts, bloomers or breeches, according to the sort of service to be required of them. For tennis and golf, skirts that will wash again and again and come out as fresh and unfaded as when they were new, have not been rivaled as yet by bloomers or breeches—for some other sports, skirts are a thing of the past. With these washable skirts plain blouses are worn and swaggar little coats made of summer flannel, serge or other materials—and, of course, sweater or sweater coats.

The coat's the thing this year, that has almost absorbed the attention of those who specialize in designing sport clothes. And it has been presented in a variety of new styles so that when it is slipped on over a skirt and blouse it tones up the costume, lending it neatness. Sleeveless coats of satin and velvet were among these new ideas and have proved themselves successful. Among new arrivals

the simple but swaggar little coat shown in the picture, need not fear comparison with coats of more costly goods—it has some points of advantage over them. It is made of summer flannel in any of the gay bright colors and touched up with white in pearl buttons, pique collar and arrow-head finish of pockets.

Just the skirt for this coat is shown with it. It is of heavy white pique and fastens at the middle of the front where a row of white pearl buttons finishes the overlapped seam. There are any number of sport hats that will top off this practical and pretty outfit. But its youthful wearer has chosen a tam of white corduroy, one of the "blue devil" models that embodies much dash. Its long tassel matches the coat in color. Where something more dignified is needed, for an older woman, one of the coconut braids in white embroidered with yarn or silk flowers against the crown, would make a good choice, and there is the perennial Panama with handsome band or scarf that belongs to all summers.

Caprices and Conceits in Veils



Why the veil? Merely masculine minds will never figure out the answer although they will have the rest of time to ponder the question. Veils were and are and will continue to be. They are a strictly feminine institution and whether they are worn to add charm to the face or to call attention to charms already there, or for some other reason, these are mysteries only they veiled lady can solve for us. But they make opportunity for capricious ornamentation and for variety—two very good reasons for the loyalty with which women favor them.

New face veils this summer are nearly all woven with a large mesh; the hexagon-shaped mesh appears to be best liked. Two examples of this particular weave are shown at the left of the picture. They are circular and float about the face. The veil at the top indulges in the caprice of little and big chamille dots and little pasted-on velvet leaves, all of them dancing in all the wayward wandering brozelets they chance to meet. A few dots sprinkled over a lovely chin, make us think twice of its delicious curves. A silk scroll wanders in the most aimless and happy-go-lucky way over the veil below, but it just misses the eyes and just hits a very alluring pair of lips, which goes to prove that a veil should be taken seriously and adjusted with care.

At the left appears the "war bride" veil—one of the small consolation allowed to the girl whose sweetheart is away in the service of his country. It is of navy blue chiffon and is draped about a navy blue or navy blue and white turban. This one is finished with a narrow silk fringe, but most of

them are simply hemmed. They are probably destined to a short-lived popularity—but they are very charming.

Veils should be tried on and selected carefully as hats are, for some faces look best under a plain, close mesh without figures. Scrolls or dots or other figures in front of the eyes, are never pleasing; they look and are uncomfortable.

Julie Bottomly

The Isabella Color.

Once a Spanish princess vowed not to change her lingerie till a certain war was won, and as that took many months, the result was that fashionable Spanish ladies of the time, who looked to this princess for leadership in the matter of dress, soon came to adopt a yellowish-brown sort of linen for their kerchiefs, tuckers, wimples and other similar apparel. The princess' name was Isabella, and this fashionable shade was known as Isabella color, and one occasionally hears this name applied in Paris even to this day to a sort of yellowish-brown that really does look like linen that had been dedicated to a laundress' existence. Although we have had every shade of lingerie, we have not yet had this color. The next thing to it, and something that surely wouldn't appeal to all womankind, is the new lingerie of nickel-gray that has been put on the shelves of one or two of the exclusive women's shops. There is a complete set of this gray underwear in crape de chine.

Salvation a Gift

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.
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TEXT—And I give unto them eternal life.—John 10:28.

Jesus Christ said that he had come into this world that men might have eternal life. The bestowal of eternal life was therefore, the purpose of his coming. A certain young man asked, "Good sir what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ's disciples had some conception of eternal life for they said to Jesus "Thou hast the words of eternal life."



What is eternal life? Jesus himself gave an answer in his great intercessory prayer, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!" With the ordinary student of the Bible, the idea of eternal life is a life of endless duration, the word "eternal" being made synonymous with "everlasting." But eternal life is not altogether a question of duration but of quality. The proper conception of eternal life embraces both quality and quantity. Terms of inherent value and time measurement must be in mind. The man who possesses eternal life then has something that is far raised above anything that the earth has to offer. It is a life that may be realized this side of death and has its thousands of illustrators in all the world and among all classes of persons—without respect to age, race, pecuniary condition, education or social standing.

Now the question arises, presuming the man does not possess this eternal life. How is he to get it? The rich young ruler thought it was by doing something to inherit it, or rather merit it. Probably the vast majority of people have that idea. It is thought man must do something to win eternal life, as a kind of trophy of his efforts, or make himself a worthy recipient of it. Unfortunately, the nobility of man is often appealed to, as if man had something of merit to offer God. Precisely the opposite is the situation. Man must come to the place where he will see his utter helplessness and accept salvation as a gift.

Man is not in a position to have eternal life offered to him, and to accept it or reject it, as in any true sense an equal of the offerer. He is not in a position to deal with God. His standing before God is one of hopelessness. He stands before God as one guilty, unworthy and hell-deserving. The only thing that he can do is to look upon God as offering to him salvation out of his mercy.

The comparison of eternal life with what the best man could do to merit it would be ridiculous. Some conclusion might be readily arrived at with respect to what eternal life means in this life, but as before stated, the value of eternal life beyond is far more than man can calculate.

Besides this, there is already an adequate equivalent to eternal life presented to man in the infinite merits of Jesus Christ himself, the Son of God, the infinite one, who lived a most marvelous life and died a most wonderful death. It would seem to be something almost amounting to direct insult to God to make any suggestion that man could merit eternal life, when it is clearly proclaimed in the Word that Jesus Christ has already merited it, and stands offering it to us. As the text says, Jesus Christ gives this life, and this because he purchased it with a surrender of his own precious life.

The Word of God emphatically and categorically teaches us that eternal life is a gift. Support to our text is given in that remarkable saying in Isaiah 55:1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Certainly John 3:16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life" is in place, as also the words of Paul, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The text itself says, "I give unto them eternal life." And another consideration is that those who give evidence of possessing eternal life, are those who concede that what they have has been the gift of God.

This great fact of the Gospel may seem to humiliate man, but nothing is needed more. We are living in an age when men glory in their shame. They demand notice on the ground of merit, and nothing is needed more than something to make man feel his absolute dependence upon God; indeed, feel that he is deserving only of God's wrath and the visitation of his judgment. Whether men think it or not, they are daily recipients of God's gifts. The atmosphere they breathe the sunshine, the continuation of life, the health they possess, are all the gifts of God, for which man can give nothing in return.