

**THE COLONIAL**  
 Mon., Tues. and Wed.  
 WILLIAM FARNUM  
 In  
**THE RAINBOW TRAIL**  
 Stirring Sequel to  
 "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE  
 SAGE"  
 Also  
 "SMILING BILL" PARSONS  
 In a Baldheaded Comedy  
 "BILL'S SWEETIE"  
 Admission 5c-10c-15c

**RIALTO**  
 Big Shows and Good Music  
 LAST TIMES TODAY  
 The Best Show of the Season—  
**AMERICA'S SWEETHEART**  
 MARY PICKFORD  
 In Her Latest Artcraft Play  
 "JOHANNA ENLISTS"  
 Pronounced by the Press to  
 be Her Best Production  
 Also Comedy, Topical, News and  
 Official War Pictures  
**RIALTO CONCERT**  
 ORCHESTRA  
 Jean L. Schaefer, Conductor  
 Shows Start at—1, 3, 5, 7, 9P. M.  
 Mats—All Seats—15c; Night—25

PHONE B6631  
**Orpheum**  
**ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE**  
 LAST TIMES TODAY  
 ORPHEUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE  
 2:15—Twice Daily—8:15  
 "WHERE THINGS HAPPEN"  
 "RUBEVILLE"  
 Mirth and Melody  
 Lawrence & Devarney  
 Bessye Clifford  
 Three Kitaro Brothers  
 TRACY and M'BRIDE  
 News Weekly—Accordeonist  
 News Weekly—Orpheum  
 Orchestra  
 Matinees—25c, 50c  
 Nights—25c, 50c, 75c

**LIBERTY**  
 —VAUDEVILLE—  
 Last Times Today  
 Here is a corking  
 Good Show—  
 The Musical Comedy  
 "OCEAN BOUND"  
 Featuring  
 JOE PHILLIPS &  
 CECIL HIRIES  
 and a company of ten  
 MOSTLY GIRLS  
 JOHNSON BROS.  
 & JOHNSON  
 In "A Bit of Minstrelsy"  
 THE FOUR KINGS  
 America's Classiest Artists  
 FRED ELLIOTT  
 The Broomstick Fiddler  
 BEN TURPIN &  
 MARIE PREVOST  
 In "Sluths"  
 LIBERTY NEWS WEEKLY  
 BRADER'S PRIZE ORCHESTRA  
 Three Shows Daily at—2:30, 7  
 and 9  
 Mats—15c Night 25c Gal.—15c

**Lyric Theater**  
 Today MAT.—2:30  
 EVE.—7 & 9  
 Otis Oliver & His Players  
 In  
**"FRECKLES"**  
 Matinees—10c, 15c, 25c  
 Nights—10c, 25c, 35c  
 Next Week—"Playthings"

**MADE FINE TUNNEL**

How Prisoners Used War Bread Doled Out to Them.

Avenue by Which Captive Allies Had Hoped to Escape Was Really a Perfect Piece of Work—Even Germans Admired It.

There is certainly more tragedy than comedy in the cruel disappointment of unhappy prisoners thwarted in a promising and almost successful effort to escape; nevertheless, the gallant gaiety that has marked so many of the allied fighting men does not fail them wholly even in such circumstances. Lance Corporal Charles W. Baker, who recently recounted his prison experiences in the Metropolitan Magazine, wastes no pathos on himself or on his fellow sufferers when they failed to get safe away through their ingenious tunnel, and can even see a funny side to the affair.

Some of the other prisoners had begun the tunnel and had worked upon it daily for a month before they let him into the secret, which finally became known to several hundred of the captives.

It opened from the last hut at the end of the back row and was headed for the only clump of bushes anywhere near the camp. The soil was so sandy that it was impossible to make a tunnel in the ordinary way; a long time passed before the boys hit on a plan. After our own packages had begun to come and we had white bread to eat, says the corporal, some genius had a happy thought of using the war bread for bricks. The war bread is as tough and as hard as rubber and of about the size and shape of a small stone block that you use for paving streets. We kept the bread buried until night. Then we piled it up in a kind of crate, and when the sentries were out of sight we rushed it over to the tunnel. It was the most beautiful tunnel you ever saw. The sides were built up like brick walls, and the roof was a perfect arch. The sand that we took out was the same color as the sand of the camp, and as the ground was almost always wet you couldn't tell the difference. We would take it out in small tinsful and scatter it all over the place.

Of course it was slow work making the tunnel, for we had to accumulate war bread, and so to amuse ourselves we fixed it all up. We stuck pictures from newspapers on the wall, and we even ran a wire down from the cook house and lighted it all up with electricity.

A hundred and twenty yards had been built out of the hundred and fifty that the tunnel had to go when a miserable Frenchman, to curry favor with his captors, betrayed the secret. The other French prisoners concerned were wild with rage and shame; and when the whole camp was lined up for investigation and punishment the French non-commissioned officers stepped forward and begged "for the honor of the French army" to be allowed to take not only their own share of punishment but that of all the others.

But of course, says Corporal Baker, the British wouldn't have that, and the non-commissioned British officers gave themselves up. It was a regular bowling and scrapping. "You-first-my-dear-Alphonse" sort of proceeding. A few of the men were given five months in solitary, but most of them got off pretty easy, because the German officers were so much amused. They thought they had taken away every conceivable thing that could be used for tunnel building, but they never thought of the war bread. German officers came from miles round to see the tunnel. They wouldn't let us destroy it but kept it as a curiosity. Even the general of a division near by came in to see it. He said it was the finest piece of sapping he had ever seen.—Youth's Companion.

**Couldn't Recall It.**  
 Before sentencing the prisoner the judge read a long record of his criminal misdoings, dating from early youth. Then the prisoner asked: "May I inquire your lordship's name?"  
 "What do you want to know my name for?" sternly asked the judge.  
 "Well," replied the prisoner, "since your lordship so accurately described my early life, I can't but conclude that you and I have been friends at some time. I fail to recall you at the moment, though."—Stray Stories.

**Flying as a Game.**  
 Flying is a game for the young and daring and not the staid and decorous. One brilliant French pilot declared: "Flying is a great, gay thing, in accord with a stodgy prudence and the homely, sober virtues. The thrill and throb of it must strike some chord attuned in the airman's makeup or he and it will ever be divorced."

**Young Aviators.**  
 Some of Britain's best flyers are no more than eighteen years old. Few are more than twenty-five.

**Regulation Clothes HEADQUARTERS O. D. Uniforms and Overcoats**



READY TO PUT ON and wear out of the store  
 We are catfitting scores of S. A. T. C. and S. N. T. C. men  
 Everything, regardless of armistice and peace negotiations

Uniform making gave us a great opportunity to show the superiority of Society Brand clothes. Government specifications fixed the rules for all the makers and all started on even basis. Then we were able to show, in spite of Government restrictions, the distinction of Society Brand. Society Brand style begins where other makes leave off.

Society Brand style came to the front as it did in civilian clothes. Inton these uniforms is hand-tailored the exceptional style which distinguishes them—the trimmer lines, the smarter carriage and the smoother looking fit. Remember, personal appearance counts for a lot in the selection of men for promotion. Society Brand uniforms are ready for officers or its auxiliaries—Army, Navy, Marines, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross.

LEATHER AND CANVAS PUTTEES, HATS, CORDS, PILLOWS, SHIRTS, OVERSEAS COATS, COMFY KITS, INSIGNIA, SHOES, ETC.

Society Brand Clothes

**Mayer Bros. Co.**

Eli Shire, Pres.

**PERSONALS**

Charlotte Hanna, '21, returned Sunday from her home in Woodlake, where she has been for the past three weeks.  
 Frances Anderson, '21, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Wahoo.  
 Ruth Anderson, ex-'19, is a guest at the Alpha Phi house.  
 Katharine Sturdevant, ex-'13, spent Sunday at the Alpha Phi house.  
 Lieut. Harold Pearson, who is stationed at Camp Funston, spent the week-end visitors at the Chi Omega house.  
 Florence Ebberson of Oakland and Mildred Shirley of Hunboldt were week-end visitors at the Chi Omega house. Miss Shirley is waiting her call from Washington to go into nurses' training.

**DAILY DIARY RHYMES**  
 By Gayle Vincent Grubb

**"ARMISTICE"**  
 "Come on, pardner, thump your head. Don't you know the news, you Cuss? Get up on your feet and fill your lungs For the day belongs to us."  
 The Kaiser and his two-bit son

**HAND GRENADES**

Have blown the Royal Coop;  
 The guy who said the Yanks were bunk,  
 Was finally made to stoop.  
 He has left the halls of sauerkraut  
 To wander out at night,  
 Discredited by his Vaterland,  
 A lamp without a light.  
 And Peace? We have it, thank the Lord;  
 We've bent the German will  
 With kulture dying a gruesome death,  
 I can't but feel a thrill—  
 That out there where the fightin' was stiff,  
 Were Americans keen as a sword,  
 Who did their bit and did it brown  
 To throttle the German horde.  
 So I'm startin' to lay, some stuff away,  
 If the moment be early or late,  
 That when they come back I'll be primed to the ears,  
 And rarin' to celebrate.  
 Well, wake up Pardner and pinch your skin,  
 I've never seen such a cuss,  
 Get up on your feet and fill your lungs  
 For the day belongs to us."

Have you heard that the war is over? We've heard a rumor to that effect.  
 Say, it's great to have an eight o'clock class after you have been celebrating the ending of the war, from two bells until dawn.  
 To hear some lovely maidens talk, one would think that the A. E. F. would be home tomorrow.  
 They say that anticipation is greater than realization. It is not. If you have ever stood for two long hours, while the chilling braazes whistled about you, waiting for a parade, you would know that the joys of anticipations are few and far between.  
 Someone has said that since the war is now over, we should no longer have to pay war-tax on our movie tickets. We wonder if this person now takes a second lump of sugar in his coffee?  
 Alonzo Simpson says: "Now we'll have to buy firecrackers twice a year for our kids."  
 China is to get a loan of \$50,000,000 from the United States. The world rule just now is when in doubt of where to get anything, ask the United States.