

GERMANS SUFFER BITTER DEFEAT IN KEMMEL AREA

Allies Inflict Bloodiest Repulse Yet Experienced by Enemy; British and French Stand Firm.

London (Via Ottawa), April 30.—The correspondents with the British army agree that the enemy yesterday suffered nothing less than a disastrous defeat.

It was the first phase of the battle in his desperate attempt to capture the line of hills held by the allies, which endanger his possession of Mont Kemmel. The Germans have probably used 13 divisions in the east of Ypres southward in line of battle, with two more northward, and the violence of the gun fire was never greater or more unceasing at any period of the war.

The successful allied defense made the day the bloodiest yet experienced by the enemy, as attack after attack was smashed by artillery and infantry fire. The Germans had already suffered heavily on Sunday, when their concentrations of troops were caught, and shattered by gun fire. Their waves yesterday were mowed down and the British wings and French center neither bent nor broke.

SHELLPROOF MACK

A Common Soldier's Recital of Thrilling Adventures in the Terrific Struggle for World Democracy

By ARTHUR JAMES M'KAY.
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Arthur James McKay, "Shellproof Mack," of Scotch-Irish parentage, was destined by his parents, who lived at Northampton, Mass., for the priesthood.

His spirit was too adventurous for a career of that character, however, and after his graduation from the military school at Norwich, Mass., he became an actor, and finally a movie producer.

He weighed less than 100 pounds, and at the sinking of the Lusitania he felt sure that this country would engage immediately in war with Germany. He was disappointed, and, penniless, he went to England on a horse boat and, after several rejections, finally got into one of the bantam regiments of the British army. He underwent a period of training and passed his first night in the French trenches under harrowing experiences.

After the first trip over the top he was wounded, and applied for discharge on ground of being an American citizen. He tore up papers and returned to front. The nickname, "Shellproof Mack," was given because of his immunity from shell shock. After some time Mack was seriously

wounded by shrapnel and forced to seek a dressing room by going "cross-lots" to the rear, no communication trenches being handy.

A wound received while seeking the dressing station necessitated the placing of a silver plate in Mack's head and shortly after his recovery he was shot through the thigh by a "typewriter" while carrying stores in the rear of the trenches. This was his fourth wound. Mack declared that "It's a great life and you can't weaken" and went back.

CHAPTER IX

My Nickname and How I Got It.
Last Christmas Eve, just after I got home to America, I was sitting with a bunch of fellows and one of them said:

"Come on, Mack, Tell us a nice cheerful Christmas Eve story about the trenches."

It was a large order and it couldn't be done; for Christmas Eve in the trenches is rarely a pleasant occasion. Fritz sends over too many Christmas presents. To rear there may be good food and merriment and rejoicing of a sort, but not up there in the front line.

I have spent one Christmas on the firing line and it was not pleasant. There is very little Christian spirit in the trenches at any time, and rather less on Christmas Eve than at any other season.

Still and all, the British Tommy is cheerful always. He finds the heart to make light of his troubles when they are the heaviest. So I am going to set down the thing that happened to me Christmas Eve, 1916; and if it reads like the story of a railroad wreck it has, at least, the merit of being true and absolutely without

camouflage. And I am glad that I was able on that night to accept the happening in the spirit of irrepressible good nature that is the outstanding characteristic of the London Cockney.

Without wanting to get over-personal I think I may say that I am a true Cockney. When I left the United States I was an American, born and bred here. When I enlisted in London they told me that I was an Irishman. After two years with the 23d battalion of the London regiment I found I was a Cockney; and I suppose I shall remain so until American life remodels me again.

Well, to resume. When I began, all hands insisted that there must have been something happen to me on Christmas day or on the night before and that I ought to tell it. Which I did. And I am setting down here the yarn that I told then of how I came by my nickname in the batt where I was known to officers and men as "Old Shellproof."

December, 1916, our batt was lying up at Dominion camp, near Popperinghe, about eight miles behind the lines and about six miles from Ypres. We had been on this sector ever since October, when we had been moved up after the Big Push (that's the battle of the Somme, you know). During those months we had been in and out from the trenches at Hill 60, taking over for a week and then coming out to the Dominion camp billets for a week of rest.

Along about the 19th or the 20th of December rumors began going around that we were to go in for Christmas. We had been in billets for only five days and there was the usual grousing. There is no place

like the army for rumors. The average battalion has got the average sewing circle beat seven ways for gossip. You can hear anything that you want to listen to; so when the bad news came we all hoped for the best and trusted to luck that there might be nothing in it. This time it happened to be right and rumor peddlers had the real story. On the morning of the 21st we got orders to take over Hill 60 for 10 days, to be followed by 10 more days in support.

The weather was just like spring in New England, warm and sticky, especially sticky, with mud up to the knees in most places and up to the ankles everywhere. We spent the whole day cleaning equipment and grousing. We had one old fellow in my platoon named Tuffnell, who had been in the service from the beginning and who had never had a leave. I call Tuffnell old. He was 40; and that is well along for a soldier. He had just had bad news from home, and thought sure that he would get a turlough for Christmas. But he didn't and was well discouraged. There is a lot that seems like injustice, but it is all for the great cause, and a chap has to take it with a grin. Old Tuff found it hard, and he couldn't help showing it.

The rest of us kept more cheerful than we had any right to be, and there was a lot of joking and horse play when we fell in at 6 o'clock for the eight-mile hike. It is a queer thing about Tommy that he smother's his grouch and starts joshing the minute he gets in action, no matter how cross he had seemed a little while before. There was a lot of talk among us about the turkey dinner we would have in the trenches, and some cheerful betting that some of us would never eat another Christmas dinner in the line or out.

According to custom we got away by companies at about 15-minute intervals. We marched this way until we got to the outskirts of what had been the city of Ypres, where we

broke up into platoons and went along that way until we hit the duck walls, about two miles from the front line, where we went single file.

I have been through Ypres many times and never got entirely hardened to the frightfulness of war as shown by the desolation there. Here was a town of at least 30,000 or 40,000 people one great hopeless ruin. Judging from the remains of the old Cloth hall and the cathedral and of the many churches it must have been very beautiful; and here in two short years the labor and art work of centuries was reduced to broken junk.

After passing Ypres and getting on the duck boards on this particular night we were supposed to go quietly, as Fritz was busy and the shells whistled overhead all the time, and the typewriters were sending over plenty of bullets; we were still in a mood for kidding, however, in spite of the danger, and every few minutes somebody would fall off the boards with a clatter of equipment and all hands would holler, "Hurroo! There goes Clubfoot Dean."

Clubfoot was one of those fellows that fall over their own shadows in the daytime and can't keep their footing at all night. He was a nuisance. Nobody wanted to march behind him, because every time he went down the fellow behind would pile up, too. It was worse to march in front, because he always made out to thump the man ahead when he took his header.

We used to threaten to shoot Clubfoot and wished him all kinds of bad luck; but he was dangerproof and never seemed to get hurt by bullets or anything else.

Well, in spite of old Clubfoot, we got up to the front trench and relieved the other batt. We tried to pump them as usual, as we wanted to know who were in front of us—the Prussians, the Bavarians or the Saxons. As usual we got mighty little information beyond saying that it had been quiet and to look out for the snipers. It was always the way. When you

THREE JACKIES KILLED IN FIGHT WITH SUBMARINE

American Steamer Chincha Beats Off U-Boat Attack in Thrilling Battle; Several Seamen Injured.

Washington, April 30.—Three members of the American steamer Chincha's crew were killed, the Navy department announced today, in the ship's fight with a submarine March 21. Previous reports had said several men were injured, but made no mention of any having been killed.

The Chincha beat off the submarine after firing about 30 shots. One shot from the submarine struck the Chincha aft, killing Seaman A. S. Edwards of Augusta, Ga., and two others not named.

On January 18 the Chincha escaped from a submarine and the armed guard was commended by Secretary Daniels for its excellent work at the time.

are being relieved you are in a hurry to go. If the Germans get on to the fact that a change is taking place, they will make it a point of shell blazes out of the approaches and the fellows going out get it good. So they want to go quick and they haven't any time to swap lies with the relief.

(Continued Tomorrow)

\$1,000.00 REWARD!

Because we have just discovered how to make bread containing *thirty per cent* of other-than-wheat flours, and make it of wonderful texture, color, volume and flavor, we have been accused of not using any wheat-flour substitutes.

We wish to say right here that while we regard such statements as complimentary to our ability, they are nevertheless untrue.

We will pay \$1,000.00 in cash for the American Red Cross to any person or committee who can or will prove that this wonderful bread contains less than 30 per cent of other-than-wheat flours or in any way fails to conform to the Food Administration's requirements as to the proportions or kinds of materials used! Our mixing rooms and all other rooms in our plant are open for inspection and investigation at all times.

Let us assure you again that Holsum Victory and Kleen Maid Victory Breads contain not only the 25 per cent of substitute flours required by the Food Administration, but that we have gone the Administration one better and have put thirty per cent of other-than-wheat flours into these breads.

No one could be more delighted than we are over the outcome of our long, numerous, costly experiments which have resulted in our being able to produce bread containing 30 per cent substitutes—bread so light, of such wonderful texture, color and flavor that it has been mistaken for all-wheat flour bread!

Our only regret is that we cannot make enough of it to go 'round.

We have said to the thousands of people who have visited our plant during the last six months that there is no way in which we stay-at-homes can render greater service to our country and better back up our brave boys across the water than by saving flour—eating less bread—using other cereals instead of wheat. And we desire to reiterate those statements here.

Furthermore, this advertisement is not written to sell more Holsum and Kleen Maid Bread. We want to do our utmost to help to defeat the kaiser, and therefore we are not advertising to sell bread.

We don't want more bread business now. We could not take care of it if we got it. We may not be able to take care of what we now have.

The output of our plant will be limited to our allotment of wheat flour. We may not have enough flour to last out the season. In that case we will have to reduce our production.

The sole purpose of this advertisement, then, is to correct this false rumor before it can grow to a point of injury to our reputation and the future of our business.

JAY BURNS BAKING COMPANY

"Holsum" and "Kleen Maid" Bread

"Holsum" Victory and "Holsum" War Bread

OMAHA, NEBRASKA