

'NO SIGN OF END' CRY DESPERATE GERMAN PEOPLE

Mail Bags Captured by British Reveal Plight of Teuton Civilians; Baited With Peace Promises.

With the British Army in France, May 6.—Interesting comments by German civilians have been furnished from an enemy mail bag captured by the British on a section of the Flanders front.

Almost without exception references are made in the letters to the stoppage of leave and the parcel post from the front. The tone is resigned rather than recalcitrant. One letter from Berlin, dated April 25, said:

"Peace does not seem to be coming along as we fondly hoped. All this in the west is too wicked for anything. Four years of it now and no sign of the end. We hope every day it will come to a decision and the British will be driven into the North sea, but they stand firm."

Scarcity of Shoes.

"We have such a scarcity of shoes in Ettlingen it is impossible to get them. If there are any in Belgium please send me a pair," says a letter dated in Ettlingen April 26.

"Are you not coming home on leave soon? How much longer is it going to last?" reads a third letter.

A note from Rhumspringe, dated April 23, says:

"The mustering of the 1920 class took place here last Friday. Most of them were accepted."

Further details are now available from various sources regarding the new German tanks, several of which made such a poor showing at Villers-Bretonneux April 24.

Great, Unwieldy Machines.

The armor is of a poor quality of steel and varies in thickness up to 30 millimetres. A direct artillery hit will put one out of action, and they are also vulnerable to machine gun and rifle fire at various points. The armament consists of a 22-inch gun forward, which fires high explosives and case shot; six heavy machine guns, two on each side and two in the rear.

IRISH VICEROY'S APPOINTMENT IS THREAT ON ERIN

London, May 6.—The appointment of Field Marshal Viscount French as viceroy of Ireland comes somewhat as a surprise.

It was known that the government was experiencing considerable difficulty in finding a successor to Baron Wimborne and that this was the reason for the delay in announcing officially the appointment of Edward Shortt as chief secretary, which was known unofficially many days ago.

No one, however, anticipated such a purely military appointment as the celebrated field marshal.

Viscount French is of Irish extraction. He has a seat in Ireland, is colonel of Irish regiments and a popular figure in the country, but that is hardly likely to reconcile the Irish people to his appointment, for they will see in it nothing but a threat to put conscription into effect.

FRENCH HURLED BACK AT KEMMEL, BERLIN REPORT

Berlin, Sunday, May 5.—(Via London.)—Repulse of Anglo-French attacks on the Flanders front is reported in the official announcement by the war office today.

More than 300 prisoners are reported captured in the fighting. Increased artillery activity south of the Somme is announced in the statement, which reads:

"After the strongest artillery preparation, French divisions attacked our positions on Kemmel hill and near Bailluel unsuccessfully. They were repulsed with heavy losses and left over 300 prisoners in our hands. An intended attack by an English division west of Bailluel failed to develop because of our fire.

"South of Hebuterne (north of the Somme) strong British thrusts failed. The battle front on both sides of the Somme saw a revival of artillery activity in the evening. It increased especially near Villers-Bretonneux, and on the west bank of the Avre."

Dr. Alexis Carrel Hospital at Front Razed by German Bombs

Paris, May 6.—The hospital established near the front by Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute has been persistently bombed by German aviators and now is almost entirely destroyed, despite the fact that it constantly flew a flag bearing a huge Red Cross and was further identified by an immense white cross marked on the lawn.

The wounded were successfully removed early in April, the only victims of the bombing being two doctors, who were slightly injured. Dr. Carrel will install the hospital in Paris or the suburbs.

Berlin Aroused at Lynching Of German Prager

Amsterdam, May 6.—The lynching at Collinsville, Ill., last month of Robert P. Prager, a German, who was accused by the mob which hanged him of disloyalty, has infuriated German editors.

The Zeitung Am Mittag of Berlin calls upon the German government to make strong representations to Washington, reminding the American government that Germany holds a number of American prisoners upon whom reprisals might be taken, "so as to prevent the lynching of Germans in America from becoming a fashionable sport."

Abandon War Summary.

Washington, May 6.—The War department's weekly review of the military situation has been abandoned and announcement of Secretary Baker's new plan for furnishing the nation with adequate and authentic news of American troops in France is expected shortly.

SHELLPROOF MACK

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

By ARTHUR JAMES M'KAY.
(Copyright, 1918, by Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.)

Arthur James McKay, "Shellproof Mack," was destined by parents for the priesthood. Being of a venturesome spirit, he enlisted in one of the English hantam regiments after the sinking of the Lusitania and the failure of this country to immediately declare war upon Germany.

On his first trip over the top he was wounded and applied for discharge on account of a serious injury. His discharge was granted but Mack tore up his application and went back to the front when an officer showed him the need for his services.

After being wounded three more times Mack was still on the firing line and on Christmas Eve, 1917, told a story to his mates of his experiences in the previous Christmas. He was the only man in the regiment who had received the title "Old Shellproof" from officers and men.

The Russians were opposite when the men went to their tents their 10-day spell and a nasty time was looked forward to. Things quieted down for a few days and the men spent the time in telling of their wonderful Christmas dinner in letters to the home folk. The dinner was composed of hilly beef, hardtack and tea. Mack said the Russians are not the best fighters of the world. Another section relieved the one which had undergone the bombardment and Mack and his two comrades ate the Christmas dinner provided for the entire section.

The expected bombardment started at 4 o'clock the day before Christmas and Mack was buried by the explosion of one shell and uncovered with the force of a second explosion. His failure to suffer shell shock was the cause of his being christened "Old Shellproof." He was one of three men left out of 42 in his section when the bombardment was over.

Another section relieved the one which had undergone the bombardment and Mack and his two comrades ate the Christmas dinner provided for the entire section.

Mack explains the preparations for the battle of Messines Ridge and the undermining of Hill 60, which was blown up with 1,000,000 pounds of high explosives. Prior to the opening of the battle the section of which Mack was a member was taken to a training field miles in the rear and the attack was enacted in an exact replica of the German trenches.

In his daily association with the Tommies Shellproof Mack finds they consider Americans possessed of "swank" and they will not believe the stories told of the size of the country or its tall buildings. In passing along a road one day with his battalion he met a young lieutenant in the British army who had called him by name and asked if he were not from North Hampton, Mass. In a few minutes Mack finds that the lieutenant was a babe whom he trundled in a go-cart. He tells of the countermarching by both armies and the ingenious methods by which these operations are discovered. The Germans are about to blow up the trenches on the sector in which he is posted.

The British, who had planted 1,000,000 pounds of ammonal in their mine, had the fuse to it. The great mass of explosive was touched off on the morning of June 6th. The explosion was heard in London, 150 miles away, by Lord George, shortly after 3 o'clock. They afterwards learned that the Germans had planned to blow up their mines on June 5, hearing that the great British offensive was to start on the 10th.

The Tommies had gotten their first word of the tanks just as the Messines offensive was to start and they began looking backward toward Ypres for the monsters that were to assist them in their crawl over the top.

CHAPTER XI
(Continued.)
Messines Ridge.

My company occupied the part of Rennie street near the support tunnel. We weren't there long, but it was time enough to work up a cordial dread for the slow march we had to make across the shell-swept open to the trenches. It is the horrible part of any prepared long advance that it goes so slow. There is so much waiting under fire and so little chance to get at the enemy and have it over with.

We saw the smoke barrage begin in front of our front line at about a minute of zero. This was a curtain

of shells that shook out great lumpy clouds of sooty black smoke in front of our men and effectually screened them from rifle fire and machine guns. That is, it concealed them from the enemy, but as the smoke barrage works out the enemy only had to pump his lead into the cloud low down to be effective enough.

At zero, that is at 3:15, we saw the front waves, two of them, go over from the front trench and follow the barrage. About three minutes later we got our orders and out we went. We had left our packs behind and were flying light. We had each two bandoliers slung across our shoulders, a haversack with two days' rations, a water bottle and the rifle slung across the back. We carried six bombs each in our pockets.

Just before we went over I lit my pipe and started the march forward with my hands in my pockets about the way I would if I was strolling across Boston common on a bright Sunday morning. This attitude of unconcern wasn't swank—it wasn't what the papers call bravado. I lit the pipe because I never smoke cigarettes, and I put my hands in my pockets because there wasn't any other place to put them. As a matter of fact, I was scared stiff and didn't think for a minute that I would get across the first 200 yards of the advance. I said so between my teeth to a mate of mine named Baggot, who was keeping touch with me at my left. "Baggie" was another bantam. He had enlisted with me and was smaller than I, being only five feet two inches. Baggot was so short in the legs that he never could get pants to fit. The smallest size would kind of ooze out over his putties and slop around in wrinkles down near his ankles. He was always hitching them up. Baggot was a pipe smoker, too, and when I started to growl he grinned at me and puffed his little black clay and says:

"Cheerio, Macksie! T'el wif the 'shells. So I keeps th' cutty aight and th' trousers up, wot do I care?"

And that shows that it's a fine thing in times of action to have something to keep your mind off the danger.

We paddled out across those 500 yards that lay between us and No Man's Land, and I'll swear that we didn't go more than a mile an hour. We reached our trenches and stopped there a while, unslung the rifles, fixed bayonets and then went along over. In the German trenches we found nothing but dead Fritzies and several squads of prisoners, each 20 or 30 guarded by a lone Tommy. On from there we slogged across on a right incline as per the instructions learned in rehearsals and hit the canal.

This was about 50 feet wide and there was no bridge. We hesitated for a bit on the near side, because we didn't know how deep the water was and there was a lot of bodies in it. There was an argument of a few seconds among the officers as to whether the place was fordable. And then in we went.

Colonel Kemble went down at this point, hit in the stomach by a shell fragment. Two stretcher-bearers carried him off to the rear and along with him two more officers who had gone down. The colonel was very popular with both officers and men. He was much more democratic than most English officers. Perhaps this was because he had been before the war the principal of one of the largest private schools in England. I am inclined to think that he knew soldiers because he knew boys, for the Tommy is only a grown-up kid when you come right down to facts.

We slogged into the canal, and I thought before I reached the far side

the canal bank they were perfect marks, and as the barrage smoke was lifted the Germans simply took their time and slaughtered the returning wounded. There must be hundreds of reported missing men resting in the bottom of the Yser canal at the point where our batt crossed.

Beyond the wood we ran into a heavy German shell fire. There was supposed to be a double line of German trenches here, and it was in the orders that we should rest in them for a short time before going on. Baggot and another chap and I had fallen behind our company, and when we hit the trench we tumbled in. There were a good many dead and wounded Germans there, and some of our men, also dead. The first wave had evidently had a good deal of a job in taking this place.

The three of us hunted up a dug-out that was serviceable and crawled into it. There were three dead Germans in there and we shoved them out and fell on the floor exhausted. None of us was able to talk. He had come not more than three-quarters of a mile and hadn't run a step, and yet I was panting and wheezing. But I was hanging on to the old pipe. Baggot had his, too—the stem of it. A bullet or something had carried away the bowl. I remember his taking the bit of clay stem out of his mouth and looking at it very silly and saying over and over to himself, "Gwad lumme. She's gone. She's gone."

And then he giggled.

We lay there in the dugout quite a while—I don't know how long—and after a bit pulled ourselves together some and had a drag out of the water-

the trench and found our company there. They told us that the casualties had been light so far. That didn't seem reasonable after what we had been through, and I asked a sergeant what was meant by light. He said we had lost about 20 per cent.

Out of the trench we ran into another hail of bullets. They were knocking up the dirt all about and I'll swear that I felt several graze my legs. We couldn't see a single German anywhere to shoot at, and couldn't make out where the fire was coming from. Probably the bulk of it was from the wood which was now behind us and to the right.

We fell into a shell-hole after a very few steps and lay low. Then some wounded came along and told us that our company was in a stretch of trench about sixty yards ahead. We got out and legged it. Baggot never got there. He went down hit in three or four places, the worst in the shoulder. We dragged him into a shell-hole and left him. I never saw him again, but afterwards heard that he came through and got blightly on the wounds.

My other mate, Cowles, and I made

the trench and found our company there. They told us that the casualties had been light so far. That didn't seem reasonable after what we had been through, and I asked a sergeant what was meant by light. He said we had lost about 20 per cent.

"I suffered for months with a very severe case of eczema which affected my hands and face. It first appeared in spots of very small pimples, but it finally broke out in blisters. The eruption spread until my face was so disfigured I could not go out. The itching and burning was intense.

"The trouble lasted eight months before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. When I used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Wells C. Ham, Griggsville, Ill., June 5, 1917.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment prevent pimples or other eruptions.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

You Must Vote

Don't let business, bad weather or anything else keep you from voting, Tuesday.

VOTING is your MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS on ELECTION DAY.

The machine will get ALL its men to the polls.

The gang has LAUGHED AT YOU in the past, because it knows that many of you good citizens neglect to vote.

Don't let them "give you the laugh" this time. VOTE EARLY. See to it that your friends vote.

If you ALL vote, the gang will be cleaned out of the city hall.

Gang Lies Have Deceived You in the Past

They have waged a campaign of vicious lies this time. It's an ugly word, but expressive.

They uttered the RIDICULOUS lie about stopping Sunday amusements. The city commissioners couldn't stop Sunday amusements even if they wanted to; they are legal. The supreme court has said so.

They uttered the UNPATRIOTIC lie about honorable men serving on the Exemption Board and Red Cross. This alone makes it a duty for all patriotic men to rebuke such mendacity by their votes.

They uttered many other falsehoods, all of them insults to your intelligence.

YOU can DEFEAT this MACHINE on Election Day.

YOUR VOTE may decide.

Until you remove, by COMPLETE CHANGE OF CONTROL, the influence dominating your city government, you cannot afford to vote for a friend just because he is a friend.

DON'T SCATTER YOUR VOTE.

VOTE FOR THE SIX ALLIED CANDIDATES:

- SMITH
- RINGER
- ZIMMAN

- TOWL
- WULF
- URE

POLLS OPEN 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M.

Potter Palmer's Widow Dies in Home in Florida

Sarasota, Fla., May 6.—Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago is dead at her winter home here.

Mrs. Palmer was born in Louisville and was the widow of Potter Palmer of Chicago, where she was a social leader. She died last night. The body will be taken to Chicago for burial.

During the World's Columbian exposition Mrs. Palmer was president of the board of women managers and visited Europe for the purpose of interesting foreign governments. Later she was appointed by the president of the United States as the only woman member of the American commission to the Paris exposition. She was the possessor of a membership in the Legion of Honor awarded by the French government.

For years Mrs. Palmer had passed her winters at her home here, which is considered one of the most beautiful in Florida.

BRIDAL BELLS

Bride Seeks Divorce; Hubby Gets 30 Days

JAZZ WITH JAG

Thomas Day's bride of a few months reached into her handbag and drew forth a flask half filled with red liquor and pushed it over the desk in front of Police Judge Madden in court Monday. Day and his wife are negroes.

"My husband mixed this with his disposition, which ain't sweet any time, judge, on Saturday night, and he promised to kill me and then broke up most all of the furniture."

The husband, arrested for disturbing the peace, gazed at the flask with distended eyes, and then exclaimed, "Oh, baby, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No, I ain't," she retorted. "We were married in October and every Saturday night you gets drunk and promises to kill me."

"I'll give you a divorce," suggested friend husband.

"I'll beat you to it, and no more wedding bells for me!" exclaimed the wife.

"To help you out, I'll give Thomas a 30-day jail sentence," said Judge Madden, as he amended the complaint to include illegal possession of liquor.

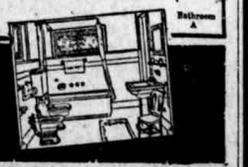


"I can fix it but I don't know how long it will last"

That's what the plumber will tell you. He means that sometime, probably soon, the repairs will have to be made all over again. And every time that happens, you add to the cost of those worn-out plumbing antiquities.

Come in and look over the Thomas Maddock line of modern, sanitary bathroom fixtures and find out how little it costs and how much you save in the end when you install this first-cost-last-cost equipment. Ask us to tell you about the Maddock way.

See Your Plumber or United States Supply Co. Ninth & Farnam Streets



J. C. BIXBY & SON CO.
STEAM, VAPOR AND HOT WATER HEATING—MODERN PLUMBING
Douglas 3463. 324 South 19th St.