





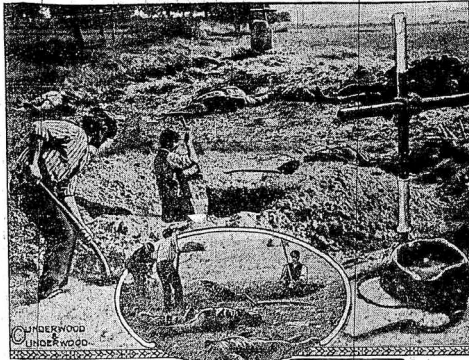
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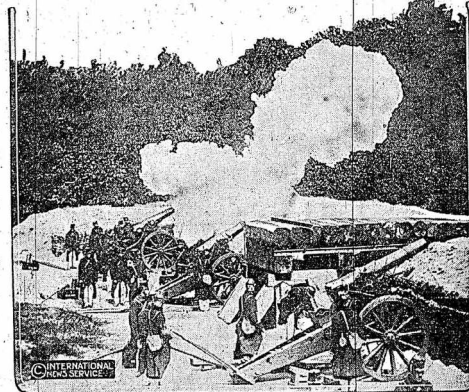


## GATHERING THE HARVEST OF DEATH IN EUROPE



All along the valley of the Marne and the country about over which the immense armies of Germany and the allies fought as the former advanced toward Paris and then fell back the French peasants have been busy with the grim task of burying the dead soldiers. Hence the scene in the illustration was repeated continually. At the right is seen the simple cross marking the grave of a French soldier, his cap and rifle at his feet.

## BELGIAN BATTERY AT ANTWERP IN ACTION



## MARCHING OUT TO THEIR DEATH



## PUT THE GERMAN IN THE BOW

He Wouldn't Tell British Captain Where Mines Were, So Had Danger Past.

London—A story is going the rounds here that when one of the British mine hunting boats captured a mine laying trawler manned by Germans in the North Sea the British caught him up his captives and the lot.

Confiding him to star forward, he said: "I want you to tell me where these mines are that you laid."

"I'll do it," said the sailor, as he straightened up.

"You are going to do that anyway if any of us do. You have helped lay these mines. You know pretty well where they are. We are going to hunt for them, and your position is going to be right in the bow of this ship so that if we hit one of them you surely will be the first man to die."

He ordered the prisoner directly to the bow and then steamed ahead over the waters known to be mined. The end of the story is that this vessel picked up nearly 60 mines while the captured prisoner was kept in his position of danger.

Belgium—In the Novor Vremya, Petrograd, is printed a letter from a captured Russian officer, granting the humanity practiced in the German hospital and the valiant efforts of the surgeons.

One of the English heroes of the war is Albert Doughty, chief gunner of the cruiser Cressy, who fired the shot that sent a German submarine to the bottom of the North Sea after three British cruisers had been sunk by the foe.

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## CORRESPONDENT WITH GERMAN ARMY DESCRIBES CONFLICT ON THE AISNE

By HAYMOND E. SWING.

Correspondent of Chicago Daily News.

With Right Wing of the German Army in France—Five miles ahead of the trenches, 200 yards apart, where the British and German troops are taking their heroic parts in this bloodiest and hardest fought battle of modern times. Occasional explosions from big guns can be plainly heard.

I have just returned from an automobile ride which brought me near enough to the firing line to see shells exploding on the horizon. First there would be a great flash lighting up the evening sky, followed by a thunderous discharge. I was not allowed to drive nearer.

British Behind Rock Defenses.

The positions on both sides are excellent. The British troops at this point are mainly behind rock defenses, but the Germans have worked their way so close up that accurate fire on both sides means death to the soldier who carelessly protrudes his head.

One of the diversions of the Germans is to put a cap on a rifle, hold it above the trenches and draw the immediate and snoring fire of the opponents.

The soldiers in the trenches for days and nights have had a terrible experience. Recently they were lying in the trenches and the German artillery was receiving food only at night, when black bread, wine and sometimes soup were passed along them under cover of the darkness. On the German side for many days the wounded lie in the trenches until night before they could be removed.

Now the weather has improved and conditions are better. About three miles behind the trenches artillery is stationed, dropping shells and shrapnel upon the trenches and the gas positions of the opponents.

Flashlights Reveal Foe.

My impression is that such conditions can continue uneventfully and that here at least the Germans will get some only attempt to hold the line while some other portion of the German army breaks through, and then the far right wing or at Verdun.

The British have made several attempts at night charges two nights ago. They left their trenches and advanced on the German positions but the movement was suddenly reversed by a German flashlight, and the Germans were quickly brought back to their positions.

An entire regiment of Englishmen was moved down by the British.

For two days I have been a guest of the general command of this army who has his quarters in a beautiful French chateau. It is ideally situated in large grounds, richly provided with game, which the staff officers have hunted there for many days during a slight pause in the fighting at the front. Before the castle are artificial lakes, the grounds giving the impression of a small Versailles.

I was welcomed warmly by the officers, all of whom were interested in learning the attitude of the United States. The impression prevailed among them that the German government had assumed a protective over German interests in this.

We dined together in the great dining hall, the walls of which were hung with portraits of German emperors. The menu was most diverse, but it was plentiful, and served in abundance. I sat beside the city commander, who told me of the situation in the city.

The castle itself is filled with costly treasures. There is an especially beautiful coin collection and there are also old engravings of priceless value. The chateau was crowded with officers. I had lodgings in the library, sleeping on a mattress on the floor before a cheerful fireplace in a room the antique furniture of which would make any connoisseur envious.

In the front hall of the chateau is a telephone switchboard, where two soldiers sit with receivers at their ears, making notes of reports from the firing line.

Outside is a scene of ceaseless activity. Every moment automobiles drive up the wide roadways, officers dismount, answer the salutes of the sentries, go inside, emerge again, hastily take their places in the automobiles and drive away quickly.

Horsemen in small detachments come and go and nowhere on bicycles or on foot are in constant circulation from early in the morning till late at night. One never forgets that this is one of the brain centers of the battle going on five miles ahead.

There was especial delight over the arrival a short time ago of a dozen automobiles heavily laden with gifts for the soldiers, such as tobacco, newspapers, warm clothing, chocolate and little treasures of all sorts. What delighted the soldiers most was the arrival of the tobacco, for the supply was long ago spent and the German soldiers were without it.

Great Cry for Newspapers.

The second great cry was for newspapers. All along the trip from Germany by automobile we were everywhere asked for newspapers, the soldiers crying out for them after the speeding car. This need is understandable, as the army at the front knows practically nothing of what is going on in the world.

Whenever we halted we were surrounded by men asking for news and we had the pleasure of telling many hundreds of soldiers the first information of the heroic deeds of the German submarine U-7, which sank three British cruisers.

For the first time since the beginning of the war I obtained reliable information about the activities of the French and British flyers. At this point the aeroplanes are particularly plentiful and one of these hostile machines flies every morning about eleven o'clock, so regularly that its pilot is called the "house fly." When he appears he is greeted by the shrill whistles of the German fighters.

I had the unique experience of seeing a French flyer under fire. The first indication that he was under a gun was a loud explosion from a cannon near the front of the line. The flyer was suddenly a round ball of white smoke when the shrapnel had exploded near him. By the time the flyer had been hit he was a black speck.

Flies Away Under Fire.

Another explosion, another white ball and the aeroplanes then by third, fourth and fifth became each followed by the appearance of a white ball of smoke, but each time the flyer was still there. After ten shots and four fires there was a real great round cloud of smoke stretched half way across the sky with the black speck of the aeroplane in the lead, and gradually mounting higher, away from the dangerous fire.

In ten minutes \$10,000 worth of explosives had been shot away without striking down the air scout.

Special Shrapnel for Air Scouts.

The shrapnel fired at flyers is constructed differently from ordinary shrapnel, which describes a parabola, and is timed to explode over the enemy and send down a shower of shot from above. These aeroplanes shoot the shot straight ahead, so probably every one of the shells I saw exploding sent some bullets through the wings of the aeroplanes.

It is one of these shots shatters the motor of a machine, the flyer or the observer the shell has accomplished its purpose, for since the Germans have taken their position here no flyer of either army has been shot down, though probably no machine has returned from a reconnaissance trip without its wings being punctured.

Not Yet Reached British.

Throughout the army wherever I talked with officers and men, I found bitter hatred for the English, but warm praise for their fighting capabilities.

Especially effective has been the English artillery, which the Germans say outdistanced them by its accuracy. One reason for this is that the regiments of France where we are have been used for unwarlike and the enemy knows the exact range. Nevertheless there is no wanting of praise for the good marksmanship. The English have done great damage.

English soldiers have also astonished the Germans by their powers of endurance and accurate rifle fire, but the Germans say that the English strength lies mostly in the defensive.

As much as the English are hated so much are the French respected. Everywhere the officers speak well of the French.

"They fight a gallant fight and observe the rules of war," say the Germans. "They are worthy foes."

Aged Author Seeks Service.

Paris—Desired a position in the French navy because of his age (sixty-four years), Pierre Loti, 212 author, who is a captain in the French naval reserve, asked to be joined to the marine serving as guards in Paris.

Reims, that a regiment of Prussian guards there faced desperately upon the lines of the French cavalry.

Not once but five times did the determined regiment hurl itself against the solid French front. After the first charge there were only a handful of men left surrounding their flag. With signs of reluctance they saw the signs of surrender, and it was then found that nearly all of the hundred were wounded.

In the course of the engagement the guards lost 3,000 men, it is stated.

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## WELL KNOWS TRUMPET CALL

Army Horses May Lose the Rider but Always Will Keep its Formations and Steady Gait.

It was recently announced that the British across the border knew the Germans had been routed by the riders whose saw galloping about in troops.

The return of riders whose horses to keep in an almost certain sign of a rout that amounts almost to nothing.

A horse may lose its troops, but when it is wounded it will scurry always keep on with the rest.

If the battle is lost, and the army is driven from the field in confusion, the swiftest horses will return to camp or retreat on the field, often galloping about in military formation, not avoiding the wounded.

An army horse knows the trumpet call as well as its rider, and when a squadron forms up to charge it will strain at the bit, anxious to be off; but it does not put the waiting doing nothing, especially if exposed to fire.

Many attempts have been made to extend the German convention to animals; the proposal has received practically everywhere, but nothing definite has yet been done, though every soldier does his best for his steed so far as in him lies.

In this war the purple, instead of red, Geneva cross has been adopted by British horse lovers who intend to follow the battle line to minister to wounded horses, and to assist riders less charges to escape horses.

British Nobles as Police.

While all classes of Englishmen, from the highest to the lowest, are fighting for king and country on the battlefield, an almost equally surprising picture of national unity may be witnessed in England's capital.

For the further protection of life and property hundreds upon hundreds of special police, from marquises to mechanics, are ready for duty in London.

Two of the newest and most distinguished members of the force are the marquises of Lincolnshire and the earl of Selborne.

American Goods in Australia.

Australia has been making steady increases in her purchases of goods from the United States in the five year period following 1909. The total in 1912 was more than \$22,000,000.

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

run something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by over-worked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruit; a pinch of salt; a cup of Postum; a royal toast for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appealing, and—

"Mother" has it cater!

—sold by Grocers.



