

RUSSIAN TRENCH OUTSIDE VILNA



This photograph, taken immediately after the capture of Vilna by the Germans, shows part of one of the outside trenches where the Russians put up a desperate resistance.

LIKE NICKEL STORY

Yankee Has Exciting Time in British Navy.

Serves in Trenches and on Battleships, Captured by Germans and Escapes—Brought Home by Uncle Sam.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Wilfrid Doyle, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doyle of 156 Valentine lane, this city, is back at his home here after seven months of adventure of the kind that most boys dream about but never experience. He has fought the Turk in trenches knee deep in water at the Dardanelles, he has been captured by the Germans in Belgium and he has stood watch many nights on the deck of the superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth while she fought the North sea enforcing the blockade against Germany.

The spring fever wearied young Doyle of the simple pleasures of life in Yonkers and he ran away from home. He made his way to Boston, where he obtained a place as horse handler on one of the transports engaged in carrying horses to the war zone. In Liverpool he left his ship and enlisted in the British navy. He had little trouble in getting into the service, although an alien. He told the recruiting officer that he was an Irish boy, and so he is, as his name proves. His enlistment was for the duration of the war, but after six months of effort the state department of the United States plucked him from the service of King George at the behest of his parents. A postal card he wrote to his mother directly after landing in Liverpool supplied the clue that led to his discovery.

Gallipoli, Doyle says, is now a shambles and a ruin in the area over which the Turks have been slowly driven back by the allies. Not so much as a drop of clean water may be obtained there. The streams and wells have been polluted by bodies and blood. Doyle arrived at the Dardanelles in May, soon after the attack on the Turks had begun. During one period of heavy pressure he served for 45 hours on land in the third line of trenches. The men of the allied forces suffered fearfully, he says, at that time from the rains that flooded the trenches and the intense heat that made life almost unbearable.

While on this expedition Doyle saw a Turkish girl sniper captured. A group of sailors relieved from trench duty were standing near a haystack. One of them playfully thrust his bayonet into the hay. When he drew it out it was covered with blood. The sailors immediately tore the stack apart and discovered a young girl armed with a rifle in a hollowed space. She had been on her knees at a loophole when the bayonet point caught her in the arm. Beside her was found a supply of food and 35 identification disks of the kind worn by all sailors and soldiers in Britain's service. It was the belief of her captors that she had killed that many soldiers in the trenches within range and had then stolen out and cut their identification disks from their necks. Doyle returned to his ship soon after the girl was captured and he did not learn of her fate.

On board the Queen Elizabeth Doyle met Corporal Joseph Nicolson, the only survivor of a regiment of Royal Scots which was annihilated on April 28. After leaving a transport the soldiers were taken to the fighting front on board the Queen Elizabeth. An hour after arriving, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the regiment charged. It was not properly supported and was annihilated. At five o'clock that afternoon a survivor crawled back into the trenches. He died later on the way to England, at Malta. Nicolson was found wounded 14 hours later. He was sent aboard the Queen Elizabeth for hospital treatment and he and Doyle became very friendly. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he was sent back to England.

In July the Queen Elizabeth, with others of the newer English battleships, was withdrawn from Turkish

waters and placed on patrol duty in the North sea. While his ship was being overhauled Doyle served for a time on the battleship Drake. During this period, with 50 others, he was captured on the Belgian coast. The small landing party was surrounded by a large number of Germans. They were captured and marched a mile inland to a barbed wire stockade. That night 20 of them, including Doyle, escaped.

NEEDED SIX-FOOT SHOCKERS

Man of Ordinary Size Would Be of Little Use on This Kansas Cornfield.

Hiawatha, Kan.—The tallest corn of this year's crop that has been brought to town so far comes from the farm of Bert Wise, near Reserve. Wise has brought several stalks to town on which the lowest ear is eight feet from the ground.

People of the community at first thought Wise was joking when he advertised for corn shockers who must be at least six feet in height, but those who have seen his crop declare that a man of ordinary size will be of little value in helping take care of Wise's crop, as the stalks are all so high that the ears are six, seven and eight feet from the ground.

HER BACK A POSTER



The daring band of "sandwich woman" who invaded the New York subway during the recent campaign, bearing placards imprinted with the reasons why one should vote for the "cause," were outdone by the most startling manner of appealing to the voter, which has up to the present day been used by the suffragists.

A beautiful and very attractive young woman is Miss Dorothy Nowell, the young lady who made all New York sit up with her appeal for "Votes for Women." It required considerable daring to promote the publicity Miss Nowell had mapped out for the cause.

In leading hotels and Broadway cafes where the usual election eve crowds assemble, Miss Nowell displayed her charming back with the alluring appeal "Votes for Women" painted in large black letters thereon.

Jolt Brings Down Sparkler. Dixon, Cal.—As the result of a slight earthquake shock recently Mrs. Gifford found her \$250 diamond ring. Six months ago she missed her ring and presumed it had been stolen. She found it on the floor beneath a picture hanging on the wall. She then remembered she had placed the ring behind the picture. The jolt shook the sparkler down.

Every year more than 3,000,000 beds and 8,000,000 meals are provided by the shelters and homes of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

THEIR WORK ENDED

Troublesome Battery Located, Will Trouble No More.

Interesting Description of Artillery Work on Battle Line—Battery Has Unique Record on Several Different Fronts.

Berlin.—A picture of a battery which has fought in several different battle fronts is given by a writer in the Vossische Zeitung. He says: "Our position on the plateau had been furiously bombarded through the night by the Italian artillery. We were able to locate most of the batteries, but there was one which kept up an incessant fire until dawn, which greatly puzzled us.

"The sun was rising behind the mist in the Adriatic, which we could plainly see from our elevation. I had just been awakened by a tremendous roar, wrapped my blanket about me and came forth to see what it all meant. Captain Laytos was already peering through his telescope. His high coat collar was turned up to protect his throat and ears from the cold, and his hands were buried deep in his pockets. Captain Laytos is a Hungarian artillery man, thirty years of age; has been twice wounded, and has just been granted a six-weeks' leave, but he refused to leave his battery. He is an ideal soldier, his chest is covered with decorations and he now commands the battery.

"He comes down from his position at the telescope and carefully studies the map. He lights a cigarette and again mounts his high chair in front of the telescope. He calls Prentelli, who knows the location of every stone within a radius of twenty kilometers, and asks about the house. It stands about one hundred meters to the left, near the cross roads, and was painted white a few months ago.

"Look through the glass and tell me if you see anything strange about it," said the captain.

"It is not all white; here and there it is marked by what appear like dark spots."

"Precisely," said the captain. "That is where this battery is located. The Italians have placed their guns in the rooms of that house. But we'll fix them."

"Captain Laytos and Lieutenant Wehler study the map, figuring out the distance. The elevation and angle are given over the telescope wire. The captain hands me a cigar.

"You have time to light a cigar," he says, "before we fire. We shall fire in thirty-five seconds. Take a look through the glass and see the result." "Captain Laytos takes out his watch and begins to count the seconds as I look through the telescope. I see the white house bathed in the morning sunshine, and I see also on the road leading to it a wagon creeping along. I feel like crying out to the wagon party to get under cover, and almost simultaneously I hope that our shells will get them. The captain is at his post looking through the telescope next to mine. I hear the order given to fire and at once there is a roar that shakes the whole mountain.

"We have hit the mark!" shouts the captain.

"Almost a minute elapses before the smoke disappears. I look again through the glass. The white house is gone; all I can see is a hole in the earth where it stood and the bare trunks of a few trees still standing.

"That was good work," said the captain, handing me a cigarette. "It was the 1,200th shot of our Richard, as we call this battery, so named after Lieut. Richard Karner, who fell in battle a few weeks ago. This same battery was at Liege, at Antwerp, in France and I don't know where else. Ask Bauer."

"Bauer, a sturdy young chap, tanned by the sun, heard his name mentioned and came forward.

"Again, I do not see you wearing your Iron Cross and your medals." "Sorry, captain, but I haven't enough room for them."

"And later, when the enemy ceased their firing, I sat down with Bauer, who was in Belgium, France, Poland, Galicia, Serbia, and is now here on the Italian front and had him tell me the story of our Richard."

RECORD CATCH OF WALRUS

1,353 Are Landed in Five Months' Cruise of the Steamer Corwin in the Arctic.

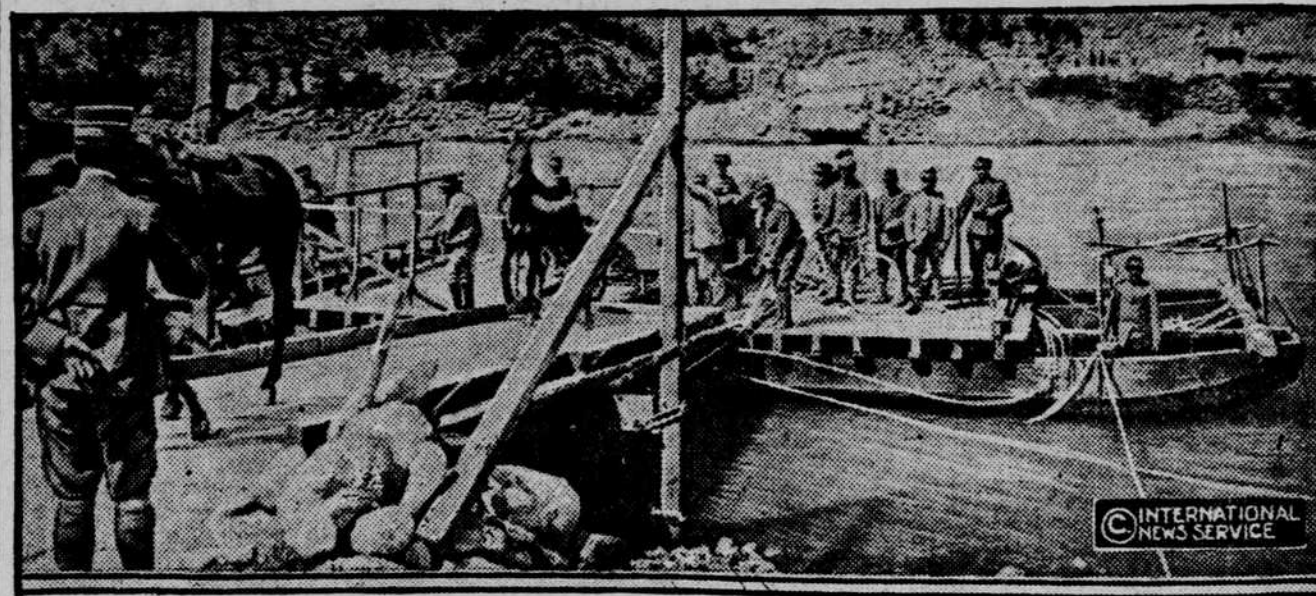
Sattle, Wash.—A catch of 1,353 walrus, the largest ever made in one season, was reported by Capt. O. A. Anvik of the steamer Corwin, which returned from a five months' cruise in the Arctic. The Corwin made two trips, using Nome, Alaska, as her base. On the first trip she bagged 837 walrus, which were discharged into the freighter Latouche at Nome and sent to Seattle. On the second expedition the crew of 20 skilled Eskimos killed 516 walrus, from which were obtained 105 tons of hides, 4,000 pounds of ivory and 165 barrels of oil.

Possom in Fen Nest. Dawson, Ga.—A few mornings ago when Mrs. Fred L. Lasseter was making the rounds of her nests for the purpose of gathering up the eggs she was startled to find a good size opossum curled up in one of the nests as if it was his home. Mrs. Lasseter promptly placed Mr. Opossum in captivity.

Man Loses His Pet Goose. Junction City, Kan.—Ed Bickenhauser, a barber, is mourning the death of his pet wild goose, which 13 years ago he caught while on a hunting trip.

The goose was a reliable weather prophet as well as a watchman. No stranger could enter the Bickenhauser yard without having his presence made known. In addition, the goose was an exceptional decoy. His honking brought wild geese within shooting distance on many hunting trips.

ITALIANS CROSSING THE ISONZO BY FERRY



WAR DOGS FROM FAR-OFF ALASKA FOR THE FRENCH

"Scotty" Allan, Famous Driver, Supplies Consignment for Dispatch Service.

"MUTS" BRING GOOD PRICE

Fine-Looking, Alert Animals, Some Weighing as Much as 80 or 90 Pounds—One of Them Was a Contender in Last Sweepstakes.

Winnipeg, Man.—A slight little man, with a small, lean frame, keen features and iron gray hair, stood in the door of a box car at the stock yards. He wore yellow overalls and a coat to match. Little feet, encased in square-toed, custom-made shoes, protruded from beneath his trousers. In fact, he looked like a stock yard attendant, and yet he is renowned throughout America, for this was A. A. ("Scotty") Allan, the world's greatest dog driver.

With Lieutenant Haas of the French army, he was passing through Winnipeg with 400 malamutes from Nome, Alaska, to be used in France this winter for dispatch service and the transportation of supplies and ammunition to the firing line. A stop was made here to rest the dogs, and they were unloaded into the stock yards with a guard from the Seventy-ninth (Cameron) Highlanders to watch over them.

Thrice out of eight times "Scotty" Allan has won the All-Alaska sweepstakes, the greatest long-distance dog race in the world—408 miles from Nome to Candel and return. In three instances he was second and twice he was third.

"I have been in every race yet held," he said, "and I have not run out of the money yet."

In the first race which he won the stake was \$11,000, but last year the stake had dwindled, because of the pinch from the war, to \$3,750. "Scotty's" best time in the event has been 76 hours, while the record of 74 hours was made over better trails.

Genial Little Scotchman.

Geniality and sociability seemed bred in this vigorous little Scotchman, and he is as active as a boy despite his forty-eight years. The kilties on guard had not been on the ground an hour before they were fast friends, and they pressed upon him an invitation to the dance at the armories.

"Ye c'n dance the Hielan' fling an' hoot for all ye're worth," said one red-faced youth with the thick burr of the Highlands in his voice, "fer ye ken we have the pipes and ye'll hae a braw time."

"I hae nae doot o' it," said Scotty, and he gave his solemn promise to be on hand. He said he loved the dance.

Three cars are used to transport the dogs, and each car is divided into a series of compartments so that each animal is separated from his neighbors. There has not been a dog lost since they started. In one car is kept the supplies, consisting of three and one-half tons of sundried salmon caught at Kotzebue on the Arctic ocean. Here, too, were stored eight of the long sleds, some of them of the toboggan type, which have been made famous by many authors in the tales of the North. There were also 150 sets of harness, together with several Eskimo "parkas," or reindeer and squirrel skin coats, with a hood that fits snugly over the head in stormy weather. In addition there were several pairs of "mukluks," or high-waterproof boots, made of sealskin tops with the hair exposed, and soles made from tough sea lion hides.

Price From \$30 to \$50. "Scotty" said that he had with him several of the dogs that took part in the All-Alaska stakes. He had refused \$200 for two of these just before he left Nome. Many of the malamutes were purchased, he said, for as high as \$40 and \$50, but on an average the price paid was about \$30. The animals, he said, were coming through in fine shape. At first they had been fed on one fish a day, but as they were

GOBBLER REARS "ORPHANS"

Head of Turkey Flock on Idaho Farm Takes Job Given Up by Hen.

Star, Idaho.—When a hen belonging to Mrs. A. G. Wing discovered that the brood she had so patiently hatched consisted of ungainly little turkeys she promptly jumped the job of rearing them.

getting too fat, this had been reduced to half a fish daily.

Every dog was tied by a chain to the fence of the stock pens and widely separate from his neighbors. They were a miscellaneous lot. Allan explained that they were mostly "breeds," but for the most part they were of one type—big, wolflike fellows, with narrow eyes, ears crooked and pointed, and a long, protruding snout. Some of them weighed as much as 80 or 90 pounds. A remarkable fact was that several of them were of a very marked setter strain, and the great dog driver said there was no better dog in the north country than a setter crossed with a malamute—"that is," he added, "if he gets the malamute feet."

Reliable Old "Irish."

"Ah, Irish, old boy!" he called to one handsome animal, and the dog with the red touches of the Irish setter strain looked up at him with big, soft eyes and wagged its tail in affectionate greeting. When this dog stood up his legs were seen to be long and straight and powerful, and he had large, padded feet.

"I drove this dog in the last sweepstakes," said "Scotty," and he just put his head into the collar and stayed with me all the way. He'd rather die than quit. The setter strain," he added, "has got more intelligence and endurance and ambition than any other breed."

Some of the dogs were pure white; some were of a brownish color, with round, fat faces and squatty-looking bodies, and there was one pup, a pure Siberian, three months old, that was being taken along as a mascot. He had a head shaped like a fox. From nine to sixteen of these dogs are used to a sleigh, and the highly prized lead dogs are in a class by themselves.

Morayshire, in Scotland, was the home of "Scotty" Allan. He came to North Dakota with an assignment of thoroughbred horses in 1887. He recalled that his first experience in dog driving was in the Turtle mountain of Manitoba, when he drove a mail route. Subsequently he wandered over the western states, engaged principally in railway building. He helped build the Great Northern railway, and in the spring of 1897 he went to the Klondike in the gold rush, going over the Skagway trail, which he helped to build. He is now a member of the hardware firm of Darling & Dean at Nome, and Mrs. Darling, wife of one of his partners, is interested financially with him in racing dogs. They have sold 20 of these dogs to the French government, and have 27 left.

Allan and his assistants are going only as far as Quebec with the dogs, and on his return he will spend the winter in California—the first winter in almost twenty that he has spent

FIRST WOMAN HORSE JUDGE



The first woman to act as a judge at a horse show was Lady Beck of Canada, wife of Sir Adam Beck, who has been master of the fox hounds of the London, Ont., hunt for over a decade. With James C. Marshall of New York, she judged the undocked saddle horses at the recent horse show in New York city.

the problem of brooding the little orphans was suddenly solved by a fatherly old gobbler.

The head of the turkey flock adopted his helpless little descendants and is doing an excellent job of rearing them.

An aerial cableway 75 miles long, the greatest in the world, will be built in northern India to provide transportation for a region where the soil conditions make a railroad impracticable.

outside the Arctic circle. He has one daughter, a girl of eighteen, attending the university at Berkeley. There is another daughter, aged seventeen, and a boy of nine.

He says that gold mining at Nome is not being conducted on the same scale as formerly. Most of the work is being done by big syndicates working with dredges. The war has hit the country hard, and there is not much ready cash in sight.

Lieutenant Haas, who will take the dogs to France, spent eight years in the Klondike, and he was eleven months in the trenches before he was sent on his mission to Alaska. The explosion of a shell rendered him deaf in one ear.

CAPITAL DEBUTANTES



The Misses Suzanne (left) and Elizabeth (right) are the daughters of Captain and Mrs. Volney O. Chase, U. S. N., and are among the prominent debutantes in Washington society this winter. Captain Chase is a member of the staff of Admiral William S. Benson, of the bureau of operations of the navy department. No date has yet been announced for their coming-out party.

CASE IN COURT FIFTY YEARS

Lafayette Keeps Ground Given for Market According to Decision of Appellate Court.

Lafayette, Ind.—The city of Lafayette has won a lawsuit, which, in various forms, has been in court the last fifty years. The appellate court has upheld a decision to the effect that the so-called market space, which is now used as a city street in the midst of the business district, belongs to the city.

The heirs of Aaron Claspill who seventy years ago gave the ground to the city for use as a public market, have possession of the ground, asserting that under the terms of the grant the land reverted to them when the city ceased to use it for the purpose indicated.

WEARS HIS CARD ON BROW

Mexican Had His Name and Address Tattooed on Forehead to Insure Identification.

San Francisco.—"What's your name?" demanded Assistant District Attorney Becsey of a Mexican charged with vagrancy.

The defendant brushed back his hair, but did not speak. Becsey repeated his question. Same response. Then the Spanish interpreter tried. The man pointed to a spot on his forehead. Becsey looked closely, and tattooed on the man's brow was "Fred Harris, Sonora, Mexico."

"What's the idea?" asked Becsey. "I have heart disease. I may drop dead. I don't want my grave to be unmarked," the prisoner explained. Judge Brady dismissed him.

Tiniest Homestead.

Seattle, Wash.—What is probably the smallest homestead ever proved is that recently awarded by the United States land office to Fred A. Hunsen of Tolt. The homestead comprises forty one-hundredths of an acre, adjoining another homestead owned for some time by Hunsen near Tolt. The tiny homestead is technically described as lot 8, township 25 north, range 7 east.

Shields Found His "Roll."

Lewiston, Pa.—Barney Shields, a local merchant, had the secret service working overtime for 24 hours seeking a second-story worker who he thought relieved his trousers pockets as they dangled from the bedpost in his room. Shields suddenly recalled a dream of the previous night, in which burglars played an important part, and visiting the cache portrayed in his dream found his roll intact. Shields says he must have changed the hiding place of the money while in a somnambulistic state.

BURGLAR WASN'T TAKING CHANCES

Captured by a Spinster He Begs the Neighbors to Help Him.

GLAD TO GO TO JAIL

One Barrel of Woman's Shotgun Goes Off, and the Thief in Panic Cries Lustily for Help.

New Monmouth, N. J.—The report of a shotgun, discharged shortly after one o'clock in the morning, aroused the whole neighborhood in the vicinity of the house occupied by Miss Nettie Walling and two maiden sisters, whose ages range from fifty to seventy years. The sound had come from the Walling home, and to it rushed men from all the nearby houses and most of the wives and families as well.

Upstairs in the Walling home the sisters were screaming, shrilly and in chorus:

"We've got a burglar. Help. We've got a burglar."

And, audibly, only when the women paused briefly for breath, came the cries of a man in great fear, calling:

"Yes, come and get me. Yes, come and get me. They've got a gun. Come and get me."

"Come down and let us in," shouted the men outside.

Neighbors Break In.

"We can't. We've got a burglar. Help! Help!" came from the house in the voices of the sisters, punctuated at intervals with deeper tones, calling:

"Hurry. Come and get me. Hurry. They've got a gun."

Outside the men called again and again. Inside the women shrieked and the burglar called for help. At last they broke down the door and a dozen men rushed inside. There, crouched beneath the wreck of a window in the hall, was the burglar. Opposite him stood Miss Nettie, the muzzle of a shotgun, which she held, wavering and wobbling, but pointing in the general direction of the frightened man.

"Thank heaven!" murmured the burglar, as someone grabbed the gun



The Burglar Called for Help.

and others grabbed him. Then, reproachfully:

"She shot at me with one barrel and it's a mercy she didn't kill me. The charge went through that window right over my head. And I wasn't doin' anything only standing still like she told me."

Didn't Aim to Shoot Man.

Miss Nettie acknowledged the charge. She said she and her sisters had been aroused from sleep by the noise the burglar made entering a window, and she had rushed for a shotgun which the sisters have always kept in the house. She was returning to her room with the weapon when she surprised the burglar in the hall, and ordered him to throw up his hands. He did so at once, and Miss Nettie kept the gun pointed at him while she and her sisters screamed for help, the others too frightened to leave their bedroom.

"I didn't aim to shoot the man," declared Miss Nettie. "This pesky thing just sort of went off by itself, and anyway it didn't hurt him."

The burglar looked unbelieving, however, even when Constable Elmer Minugh led him off to Red Bank. Later he was committed to the county jail in Freehold by Justice Edward Wise to await the action of the grand jury. He said he was Clarence Meliss, twenty-four years old, and had no home. He seemed relieved to reach the jail safely.

BULL AMUCK IN STREET

Girl and Five Men Are Hurt in Wild Stampede Among the Many Shoppers.

Louisville, Ky.—A seventeen-year-old girl and five men were seriously injured here when an infuriated bull escaped from the Bourbon stockyards and raced through the heart of the shopping section. Stockyard attendants pursued it in auto.

The beast was roped with difficulty and tied to a fire hydrant. It was left there until its antics had so tired it that the men were able to lead it back to the pen.

Youngest Hunter is Eleven.

St. Paul.—The youngest nimir to apply for a hunting license this year has been granted his "papers." He is A. S. Bull, eleven years old, and lives at No. 2148 Carter avenue, Norman Slade, No. 435 Summit avenue, son of George T. Slade, vice-president of the Northern Pacific, takes second honors in the list of juvenile hunters. His age is thirteen.

IS PUZZLE TO ZOOLOGISTS

Pink Snake With Some Fine Points Doesn't Seem to Fit Any Regular Classification.

Forth Worth, Tex.—Classification of an eight-inch pink snake found last week on the White Settlement road by Dr. John J. O'Reilly is causing considerable speculation among Fort Worth zoologists.

It is believed that the reptile belongs to a poisonous variety. It has