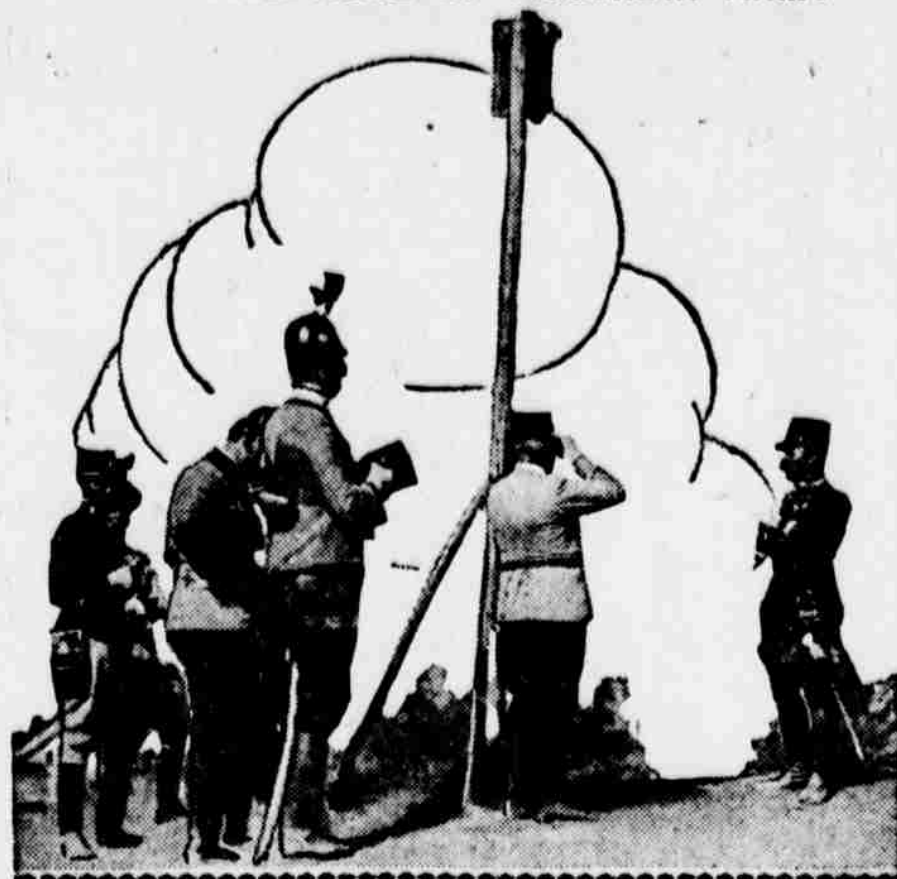


FIELD TELEPHONE OF AUSTRIAN ARMY



Who's Who In the Great European War

International News Service.

RULERS.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The most tragic figure in modern history...

The Czar, emperor of all the Russias, cousin of King George, and nephew of Queen Alexandra.

The Kaiser, king of Prussia and German emperor. Cousin of King George.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, son-in-law of the king of Montenegro...

King George of England, related by blood or marriage to nearly every royal house in Europe.

Prince Alexander of Serbia, the regent, who leads one of the Serbian armies in person.

DIPLOMATS.

Count Berchtold, the Austrian foreign minister, who has been in charge of the Vienna foreign office since 1911...

Count Sturgkh, the Austrian premier, to whom the emperor sent his manifesto to his people.

Count Tisza, prime minister of Hungary and son of the man who ruled the country with a rod of iron for 15 years.

M. Paich, the Serbian premier and foreign secretary. Is sixty-five years old, and has been in control of Serbia's foreign policy for the past ten years.

M. Serge Sazonoff has been Russian foreign minister since 1910 and has been called the "Pillar of the Triple Entente."

Herr Gottlieb von Jagow has been German minister for foreign affairs since 1913. Spent many years in the German embassy in Rome.

Count Szapary is the Austrian ambassador in St. Petersburg.

M. N. Schebeko is the Russian ambassador in Vienna.

The Marquis di San Giuliano, Italian minister for foreign affairs, was formerly Italian ambassador in London.

M. Rene Viviani, prime minister of France and also foreign minister. A radical Socialist, but a firm supporter of the triple entente.

Sir Edward Grey, British secretary of state for foreign affairs, whose offer of a conference of the powers in London to settle the dispute between Austria and Serbia...

Sir George Buchanan, British ambassador in St. Petersburg since 1910. Has served in Vienna, Sofia and Berlin.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British ambassador in Vienna since 1913. Has been in the diplomatic service since 1877, and has been ambassador in Lisbon and Madrid.

Count Mensdorff, Austro-Hungarian ambassador in London since 1904.

Count Benckendorff, Russian ambassador in London since 1903.

Count de Pourtales, German ambassador in St. Petersburg. A nobleman of Bohemia.

M. de Sverbeew, Russian ambassador in Berlin.

NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS.

Baron Conrad von Hotzendorf, chief of the general staff of Austria.

Marshal Putnik, chief of the Serbian general staff, who was arrested while passing through Austria.

Gen. Moritz von Auffenberg, commander of the Austrian eastern army.

Gen. L. von Frank, commander of the Austrian central army.

Gen. C. Ptolerek, commander of the Austrian western army.

Rear Admiral F. Loffler, in command of the Austrian active fleet.

Admiral von Essen, commander-in-chief of the Russian Baltic fleet.

General Jilinski, chief of the Russian army general staff.

Prince Henry of Prussia, inspector general of the German fleet.

Admiral von Ingenohl, commander-in-chief of the German high seas fleet.

General Count von Moltke, chief of the German army general staff.

Nephew of the famous field marshal who directed German operations in 1870.

Admiral von Tirpitz, the German naval secretary. Has held office uninterruptedly since 1897, and with the kaiser has been the creator of the modern German navy.

Vice-Admiral Amero D'Aste Stella, the commander-in-chief of the Italian active fleet.

Lieut. Gen. Alberto Pollio, chief of the Italian army general staff.

General Joffre, commander-in-chief of the French army. Born in 1852 and served in the Franco-Prussian war.

Admiral Bous de Lapeyere, commander-in-chief of the active French fleet.

Gen. Sir Charles Douglas, chief of the British imperial general staff, who has had considerable war service in India and South Africa.

Lord Kitchener, British war minister and the most famous English soldier of today. The hero of Khartoum.

THIRST FOR NEWS THE ONE PASSION IN PARIS

One of the particularly striking things of this time of stress and excitement in Paris is the eagerness of every human being for a newspaper.

The little midnettes who usually read nothing but the serial story, the omnibus conductors, the finely dressed women in their limousines, every one reads every edition of every paper.

Life is full of abrupt changes for a working continental nation where mobilization can call out all types and conditions of men in less than a week.

FIRST STORY OF TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GERMANS INTO BRUSSELS

[By Cable to the Chicago Tribune.] Brussels.—The Germans entered Brussels Thursday without firing a shot.

Yielding to the dictates of reason and humanity, the civil government at the last moment disbanded the civil guard, which the Germans would not recognize.

After a day of wild panic and sleepless nights the citizens remained at their windows. Few sought their couches.

Cry "Here They Come." The morning broke brilliantly. The city was astir early and on all lips were the words: "They are here," or "They are coming."

The "they" referred to were already outside the boundaries of the city in great force. The artillery was packed off on the road to Waterloo.

An enterprising motorist came in with the information and the crowds in the busy centers immediately became calm.

Burgomaster Gives Up. At eleven o'clock it was reported that an officer with a half a troop of hussars bearing white flags had halted outside the Louvain gate.

The burgomaster claimed for the citizens their rights under the laws of war regulating an unfortified capital. When roughly asked if he was prepared to surrender the city, with the threat that otherwise it would be bombarded, the burgomaster said he would do so.

The discussion was brief. When the burgomaster handed over his scarf it was handed back to him and he was thus entrusted for the time being with the civil control of the citizens.

The Germans gave him plainly to understand that he would be held responsible for any overt act on the part of the populace against the Germans.

Triumphant March Begins. From noon until two o'clock the crowds waited expectantly. Shortly after two o'clock the booming of cannon and later the sound of military music conveyed to the people of Brussels the intimation that the triumphant march of the enemy on the ancient city had begun.

On they came, preceded by a scouting party of uhlans, horse, foot, and artillery and sappers, with a siege train complete.

A special feature of the procession was 100 motor cars on which quick fliers were mounted. Every regiment and battery was headed by a band, horse or foot. Now came the drums and fifes; now the blast of brass and soldiers singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland uber Alles."

Death Head Hussars There. Along Chaussee de Louvain, past St. Josse and the botanical gardens, to the open space in front of the Gare du Nord, the usual lounging place of the tired twaddlers of the city, swept the legions.

Among the cavalry were the famous Brunswick Death's Head Hussars and their companions on many bloody fields, the Zeltens hussars. But where was the glorious garb of the German troops, the cherry-colored uniforms of the horsemen, and the blue of the infantry? All is greenish, earth color gray. All the helmets are covered with gray. The guns are painted gray.

Even the pontoon bridges are gray. "To the quickstep beat of the drums the kaiser's men march to the great square, Charles Regier. Then at the whistling sound of the word of command—for the sonorous orders of the German officers seemed to have gone the way of the brilliant uniforms—the gray-clad ranks broke into the famous goose step, while the good people of Liege and Brussels gazed at the passing wonder with mouths agape.

Crowds Want Revenge. At the railroad station the great procession defiled to the boulevards and thence marched to encamp on the heights of the city called Koelberg. It was truly a sight to have gladdened the eyes of the kaiser, but on the sidewalks men were muttering beneath their breath:

"They'll not pass here on their way back. The allies will do for them." Many of the younger men in the great array seemed exhausted after the long forced march, but as a man staggered his comrades in the ranks held him up.

Officers in Shackles. Two Belgian officers, manacled and fastened to the leather stirrups of two uhlans, made a spectacle that caused a low murmur of resentment from the citizens. Instantly German horsemen backed their steeds into the closely packed ranks of the spectators, threatening them with uplifted swords and stilling the momentary revolt.

At one point of the march a lame hawker offered flowers for sale to the soldiers. As he held up his posies a captain of hussars, by a movement of his steed, sent the poor wretch sprawling and bleeding in the dust. Then from the crowd a French woman, her heart scoring fear, cried out: "You brute," so that all might hear.

Bear in Belgians Uniform. There was one gross pleasanter, too, perpetrated by a gunner, who led

along a bear, evidently he pet of his battery, which was dressed in the full regalia of Belgian general. The bear was evidently intended to represent the king. He touched his cocked hat at intervals to his keeper.

This particularly irritated the Belgians, but they wisely abstained from any overt manifestation or any unpleasant feature of behavior.

The soldiers as they passed tore repeatedly at the national colors, which every Belgian lady now wears on her breast.

Refuse Gold in Payment. A more pleasant incident was when a party of uhlans clamored for admittance at a villa on the Louvain road. They disposed of a dozen bottles of wine and bread and meat. The non-commissioned officer in command asked what the charge was and offered some gold pieces in payment. The money was refused.

Near the steps of St. Gudule a party of officers of high rank seated in a motor car, confiscated the stock of the news venders. After greedily scanning the sheets they burst into loud laughter.

March Forward for Hours. Hour after hour, hour after hour, the kaiser's legions marched into Brussels' streets and boulevards. Some regiments made a fine appearance. It was notably so in the case of the Sixty-sixth, Fourth and Twenty-sixth. Not one man of these regiments showed any sign of excessive fatigue after the grueling night of marching, and no doubt the order to break step was designedly given to impress the onlookers with the powers of resistance of the German soldiers.

The railway stations, the post office, and the town hall were at once closed. The national flag on the latter was pulled down and the German emblem hoisted in its place. Practically all the shops were closed and the blinds drawn on most of the windows.

What It Costs to Kill One Man in Modern Warfare

The cost of killing a man is obtained by dividing the total cost of a war to any of the belligerents by the number of men killed on the other side.

In 1870-1871 France spent \$400,000,000 in the actual expenses of the war. Repairing materials and giving succor to the victims of the war, expenses that are justly to be added, cost another \$200,000,000.

France paid \$1,000,000,000 as war indemnity, plus another \$400,000,000 in interest on the sum, loss of revenue, forced contributions by the enemy and upkeep of the German army of occupation. This third category of expenses, not being inevitable in all wars, cannot properly be included.

On a similar basis here are some facts about other wars: Russo-Turkish war (1877-1878)—Turkey, \$400,000,000.

Russo-Japanese war (1905)—Russia, \$1,200,000,000.

The number of men killed or who died of wounds in these wars were: Franco-Prussian war—Germans, 28,600.

Russo-Turkish war—Russians, 16,600.

Russo-Japanese war—Japanese, 58,600.

When it results that the cost of killing each man was as follows: In 1870-1871, \$21,000.

In 1877-1878, \$15,000.

In 1905, \$20,400.

What will kill the greatest number and reduce the effective force most will be not the rifle or cannon, but fatigue, typhus or cholera.

Phantom Ships. British war vessels swarm (just out of sight) off our coast, says the Hartford Courant. German war vessels (just out of sight) are hovering about the Atlantic to capture French or British ships.

Mysterious searchlights flash along the eastern horizon for the entertainment of those at the seashore. Startling, indeed—and then "nihil fit." What does it recall to the adult mind? Don't you remember that mysterious "Spanish feet," which spread a scare all along the coast, not by any means omitting Washington? There never was any such feet, but that made no difference. Thoughtful residents of Boston quietly transferred their safe deposit contents to similar depositories in Worcester. Conservative New Haveners went to Hartford and put them in safe deposit there. The fleet never showed up, but the scare did, and now the ghost, the same old specter, is on the job again. Will it materialize this time?

Modern Russia's Founder. Alexeievitch, usually styled Peter the Great, was the creator of modern Russia, the father of such civilization as Russia may be said to possess, and the founder of St. Petersburg, as well as the first czar of Muscovy to assume the title of emperor, as students know. The students also know that the father of his country, while reforming others, neglected to reform himself, an omission not peculiar to Peter—and remained to the last a coarse and brutal savage and tyrant, addicted to the meanest vices and finding his greatest joy in torturing his enemies. Often he lopped off ten or twenty heads in succession, and was immensely proud of his horrid dexterity with the sword.

Coca-Cola advertisement featuring a bottle, a glass, and the text: 'Drink Coca-Cola. And feel your thirst slip away. You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.'

WITH TRAGEDY IN HIS MIND

Husband Dashed Home in Response to Telephone Call to Find His Worst Fears Were Groundless.

Smithson said a thunderstorm always reminded him of this absurd incident in his early married life. He said it happened when their first baby was only two months old, so he might be pardoned if his solicitude exceeded his sober judgment.

"Are you going to fight the police?" "No, I do not think we are going to fight the police?"

"Are you going to fight the English soldiers?" "No, I don't think we shall fight the English soldiers."

"Then who are you going to fight?" "The Lord will provide."

Lord Mersey, head of the Empress of Ireland-Stratford investigation board, said to a New York reporter the other day:

"Much is still left to be desired, but ships are safer than they used to be." With a smile the veteran jurist added:

"We no longer hear of skippers offering such excuses for slow passages as the one offered by the skipper of the collier, who said:

"Well, gentlemen, no wonder we're late. We pumped the whole Atlantic three times through that ship coming across."

Easily Classified. Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire:

"Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?" "I don't know," Mrs. Hemmandhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."

"Why?" "Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

One Too Many. The bus was rolling up Fifth avenue in a heavy groundswell, on a murky night. Perhaps it was only that the chauffeur and conductor were both sleepy, or maybe it was only the mugginess that deceived them.

On the corner at Thirty-fifth street stood, waiting to cross, a belated delivery boy, holding erect by the waist a dressmaker's dress form. The chauffeur thought he detected a fare, and slowed his craft in to the curb. The conductor looked out through the fog, shook his head, and rang the bell to go ahead.

"Room for one only," he said, and the bus rolled on.—New York Evening Post.

All Right With Him. An applicant for appointment to the position of deputy marshal for one of the counties of southwest Virginia asked a citizen of that county to endorse his recommendation. The man took the paper, glanced over it, then wrote something and handed it back. The applicant read:

"Waiving the language of the indorsement above, I will say that if the appointive board sees fit to appoint Mr. Blank as deputy marshal for this county it will be perfectly agreeable with me—I'm going to locate in Kentucky."—National Food Magazine.

Uncertain. The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am awaiting letter."

The Result. "Did the doctor limit you to any particular diet?" "No, but his bill did."

Some people burn their bridges behind them, and others fireproof theirs.

Confident an Enemy Will Appear. The Irish people are managing to get some old-fashioned fun out of the menacing situation in Ulster. The London Chronicle (which is for home rule) says that at the moment when both bands of volunteers were swarming through on Ulster town a volunteer of some kind, in full panoply of war, was met in the street by a friend.

"So you are going to fight?" said the friend.

"Yes."

"Who are you going to fight, the Nationalists?"

"No, we are not going to fight the Nationalists."

"Are you going to fight the police?" "No, I do not think we are going to fight the police?"

"Are you going to fight the English soldiers?" "No, I don't think we shall fight the English soldiers."

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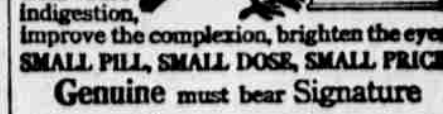
How's your foot getting on in college? "Not well. They batted him out of the box in the third inning the other day."

It's when it is too hot-headed that love is apt to grow cold.

Sore Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by MARINE EYE REMEDY. No Stinging, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Marine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Sale of the Eye Treatments Druggists or Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—dresses—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. For itching, dandruff, and itching of the scalp. Sold by Druggists.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska.

GOD'S COUNTRY Oklahoma and Kansas. The best land for the money found anywhere. I can surely sell you. Write for descriptions and prices. James Russell, Edna, Kansas.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, MO., 25-1914.