



1—Scene in the great Russian fortress of Kronstadt, whose garrison revolted but later yielded to the provisional government. 2—Eleanor Parker of Barnard college and Charles F. Phillips and Owen Cattell of Columbia university, who were arrested in New York for conspiring against the draft; Phillips pleaded guilty and asked permission to register. 3—Brig. Gen. R. E. L. Michie, aid to General Scott in the Rost mission now in Russia; the low-collared uniform he has on is now disapproved by the war department. 4—One of the battering rams used by the Germans to destroy without explosives the cottages in the French territory from which they are being driven by the allies.

NEWS REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK

More Than Ten Million Young Americans Register for National Army.

PERSHING REACHES ENGLAND

British Start Tremendous Offensive in Belgium, First Blowing Up Messines Ridge—Japan Warns Russia Against Withdrawing From the War—Food Scarcity Worries Germany.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.
More than 10,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty years responded to the call of the nation on Tuesday, June 5, registration day for the national army. Thus the first step in the execution of the selective service law was completed with gratifying success and the predictions of the Germans and of the traitors in America who side with them that the registration would be a failure were proved false.

That there would be opposition to the registration was a foregone conclusion, but it was sporadic and on the whole was of no importance. Such hostile demonstrations as there were generally took place in strongholds of the I. W. W. and the Socialists and were promptly squelched.

Returns from some states were below the estimates of the census bureau, but in other states those estimates were exceeded. A large proportion of those registering claimed exemption, usually because of dependent relatives, and the war department officials, as a result, intimated that the rules governing exemption would be tightened.

The considerable number of claims for exemption really does not mean that so many young Americans desire to avoid service. Such a conclusion would be most unjust, for everywhere there were evidences of unbounded patriotism and loyalty, and the indications of exemption claims arose mainly from the necessary answers to questions that were merely statistical.

As soon as the machinery of registration is readjusted, 1,500,000 names will be drafted, the exemption boards will do their work and 625,000 men will be called for immediate service.

Pershing Arrives in England.

The safe arrival of General Pershing and his staff at an English port was announced on Friday.

The naval collier Jupiter, laden with grain and other supplies for the Pershing army and escorted by American warships, arrived at a French port; a squadron of our warships arrived at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, presumably to relieve the British navy of the patrol of the South Atlantic; and more hospital units landed in England and proceeded to France. So much the government allowed to be known of the movements of our armed forces. Military expediency demanded the suppression of much more interesting news.

Preparations have been made for the reception of American troops in France. A number of bases have been organized, camps for infantry and artillery have been laid out, and aviation parks established.

From France came the news of the exploit of the American steamship Silvershell which encountered an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean. The two vessels fought for an hour and a half, exchanging many shots, and then one shell fired by the naval gunners on the Silvershell found its mark and the U-boat was sent to the bottom.

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BROKE GERMAN LINE

Details of Important Allied Victory Before Ypres.

OLD SCORE IS WIPED OUT

Capture of Messines Ridges Peculiarly Gratifying, as It Was the Scene of Former British Defeat—Defenses Shattered.

With the British Armies in France, June 7.—In one of the most elaborately planned and daringly executed maneuvers of the war Sir Douglas Haig's forces have dealt a mighty blow against the German line in Belgium, and been rewarded with notable gains in terrain and the capture of more than 5,000 prisoners and numerous guns of various caliber. In addition they inflicted heavy casualties on the Germans.

The Germans, though apparently aware that the blow was coming and seemingly prepared to meet it, were driven from their nearly three years' hold on Messines ridge, opposite "poor old" Ypres, in a sense was avenged today, for Messines ridge has been the vantage point from which the Germans have poured torrents of shells into the stricken city. The British also wiped off an old score against the Germans, for they held the ridge in October, 1914, and with very thin forces, and virtually no artillery, fought bloodily but vainly to hold it when the Prussian troops massed their modern and overpowering weapons of war against it.

Prisoners taken declared that the bombardment of Vimy ridge was child's play compared with the gunfire turned upon Messines ridge.

Triumph for Artillery.

This fire reached its climax just as dawn was graying the eastern skies and while the full moon was still suspended high in the heavens.

The attack was accompanied by all the arts and devilities of latter-day war. The enemy guns and gun crews had been bathed for days in gas shells sent over by the long-range British guns.

The night was filled with red incendiary flames. Shells that sputtered lead in streams crashed in appalling numbers about the heads of the defending soldiers. High-explosive and shrapnel fire was carried out with such rapidity that the earth writhed under the force of the attack.

Mines that had taken two years to dig and fill with an overwhelming explosive broke into an avalanche of flaming destruction in the half light of dawn. This was indeed an Ypres day of retaliation and victory for the vicious sufferings of two years and eight months.

Gunsners Strip to Waist.

It was a day of intense heat, and the gunsners worked stripped to the waist. The attack went forward with clock-like regularity.

The British casualties were slight. Three out of four of the casualties were reported to be walking cases, who would return to duty in a few days.

The attack began at dawn, and the setting was as picturesque as can well be imagined. The day before had been hot and sultry. Toward evening there was a series of thunder storms which extended well into the night, the lightning mingling with the flashes of the guns, but the thunder being virtually unnoticed amid the din of the cannon. A full moon struggled continuously to break through the heavy clouds which scudded across the velvety night sky.

Sing on Way to Fight.

On the way to the front were all the familiar pictures of the war—endless trains of motor trucks; all varieties of horse transport, the British soldiers marching to battle light of heart and singing songs familiar in every American community.

In the shadow of an old windmill which has withstood the storms of a century and been undaunted by nearly three years of war, the correspondent witnessed the last phases of the seven-day preliminary bombardment and the final outburst of the guns which sent the British infantry confidently on their way to new successes in fighting the greatest military nation the world has ever known.

From the German line the same lazy, looping rocket signals were ascending to illuminate the treacherous bit of ground between the trenches known as No Man's Land. This nightly "strafing" had been going on so long that the enemy considered it entirely normal and took no alarm. Occasionally blue and yellow rockets would be flung into the air by Germans holding the front line.

One by one the guns became silent. There was the old "grandmother" howitzer of enormous caliber, which kept breaking the peace at five-minute intervals, the shock of each succeeding explosion and the shriek of the heavy shells being emphasized by the silence which lay over all the surrounding country.

Like Volcanoes in Eruption.

Day was scarcely breaking when from the dimly visible ridge a score of fiery volcanoes seemed suddenly to spring from the earth. The night had been filled with strange noises and still stranger sights, but these masses of flame, leaping from the ground, had a meaning all their own. They were the spectacular outward and visible evidences of more than a million pounds of high explosives which had been buried deep in mines below the enemy's positions for months.

All the world appeared lurid and horrible under the sinister glow. The earth shook as if torn by a great seismic disturbance. It was not a single shock. The force of the explosion actually set the earth rocking to and fro, and under the influence of the giant guns, which immediately began to roar from far and near, the trembling continued indefinitely. It was 3:10 o'clock when this final terrific bombardment began.

It has seemed that the battle of the Somme attained the ultimate in the close assembly of war weapons, but this sudden outpouring on Messines ridge was beyond all calculation. The lighter field guns far forward set up a perfect curtain fire, under which the assaulting troops trudged confidently to their allotted goals. Farther back the deep-throated heavies began to pour out torrents of high explosive shells on the German trenches and communications, while still other guns—enough to win any ordinary battle—confined themselves solely to the task of deluging German guns and gunners in baths of gas fired in shells of every conceivable caliber.

The effect of this counter battery work was not appreciated until later in the day, when the infantry sent back word that their progress had not been hampered by the enemy artillery and that their casualties amounted to virtually nothing.

Enemy Signals for Help.

Great black observation balloons had stolen skyward during the din of the newly begun battle. In the wood back of the windmill spring birds, awakened by the deafening clamor, had begun to sing joyously. Like so many children who have come into the consciousness of being in the midst of the war, these birds regarded the appalling noise of the battle as a normal condition of life.

The smoke of the giant mines exploded along the battle front meantime rose in great, curling plumes toward the sky and was punctuated by red signals for help from the stricken Germans in the front and support lines. Never was the air filled with more frantic notices of danger. The entire horizon glowed with red balls of fire sent up by the nervous Germans.

More and more British airplanes began to make their appearance. One flew over the lines, the flashes of the guns being reflected brilliantly on its highly glazed wings.

Under this appalling fire trudged forward on the ten-mile front General Plumer's army. At many places the men found German troops utterly dazed by the mine explosion and the order of the artillery fire.

First Taste of New Warfare.

Many of these troops had but recently come from Russia, where they had spent 18 months and knew nothing of what actual warfare was like on the western front. They had bolted at the first mine explosion and had only been gathered together in groups by their noncommissioned officers when the British appeared out of the smoke and shells and made them prisoner.

They said they had been given to understand by their officers that the British always killed their prisoners. It was really pitiful in some instances to see the manner in which these prisoners cringed to their captors.

As a matter of fact, the British soldier, when the fighting is done, is inclined almost too strongly to treat the German prisoners as pals. Some of the prisoners taken today had only gone into the German lines last night and had made their way forward under a galling fire and had lost heavily. But the troops already in the line were calling for relief in such a manner that their appeals could not be denied.

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Nerves All On Edge?

Just as nerve wear is a case of kidney weakness, so is kidney trouble a cause of nervousness. Anyone who has backache, nervousness, "blues," headaches, dizzy spells, urinary ills and a tired, worn feeling, would do well to try Doan's Kidney Pills. This safe, reliable remedy is recommended by thousands who have had relief from just such troubles.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. Henry Ernst, 721 S. Eighth St., Lincoln, N. D., says: "My back ached almost constantly and mornings I felt stiff, lame, and all tired out. My kidneys acted too often and I was in misery with rheumatic pains in my arms and limbs. Soon after I used Doan's Kidney Pills, however, I felt better and continued use corrected the trouble. It has been a long time since I have had any further cause for complaint."



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Low priced, black, reliable, and guaranteed to keep your feet from getting blacked. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-cent pkg. Blacking Pig, \$1.00 50-cent pkg. Blacking Pig, \$4.00 Use any black, but CUTTER'S is the best. The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specialising in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. It's unobtainable, unless direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

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Helping the Laundress.

"I declare to goodness, I have got the backache so today I just can't lift that tub," said the laundress, as she looked at it on the bench in the laundry. "Why lift it?" asked John. "And how do you suppose I am going to get it emptied?" asked the laundress, sarcastically. "Siphon it out," said John. Then he went to a closet where odds and ends were kept, found a piece of rubber tubing, filled it with water, and then, holding both ends, placed one in the tub and trailed the other off to the sewer opening in the floor. In a moment the water was running out nicely, while the laundress stood with her mouth open, watching how easy it was.

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE

When You Use Cuticura—The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Supper Would Wait.

I was returning home the other evening about 6:30 o'clock when I saw Tommy, my neighbors' boy, "lagging for line" with pennies with a crowd of other boys. I knew that his family always had supper at six o'clock sharp, so I said, "I'll bet you five cents you'll miss your supper, Tommy." He grinned up at me saucily and replied: "Then you lose your bet, 'cause I got the chops right here with me. Ma sent me for 'em at five o'clock."—Everybody's Magazine.

He Put It Back.

The decorator and his apprentice were lime-washing the bakery. They were about half way through their task when the master decorator came to look round. The apprentice was splashing the lime wash about. The master, not retreating this waste, said: "Mind your eyes, lad." The lad said: "It is all right, sir, I have just had one eye full, but I didn't waste it. I put it back in the bucket."

No matter how much we may love our neighbors, we can see no good reason why they should have a kindly feeling for us.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Write for Free Eye Book. DRUGGISTS—Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO