

GUN FIRE IS AWFUL

British Officer Describes Deadliness of Artillery.

Tells of Harrowing Experience Facing German Lines to Rescue Wounded Captain—Has Sword Hilt Shot Away.

London.—The awfulness of modern artillery fire is described in a thrilling story told by a British officer just returning from Flanders. He says:

"I took eight men to find out what happened to Captain B. and a platoon who were sent to support the firing line. Three hundred yards out I saw the line of our infantry lying flat on the ground and made toward them.

"I shall never forget traversing those three hundred yards. The German guns, which were only 800 yards away, fired with extreme accuracy. It seemed impossible that my little party could escape. Three were hit almost immediately, but we others kept on and reached the line.

"To my horror I found all dead or wounded except three men, who were keeping perfectly still. I found a subaltern on his knee with one hand resting on the ground just in the attitude of a runner who is waiting for the signal for the start of a race. He was stone dead. A shrapnel bullet had pierced his head. I again crept forward another hundred yards, where I found our firing line under Captain B. They were lying, every man killed or wounded within about four hundred yards of the German guns, which we could not even see.

"In the center a bunch of 25 men lay in a heap, having massed as they advanced for mutual protection. I never have seen such wounds at this short range.

"I found Captain B. still alive with his thigh shattered and another wound in his neck.

"As long as we lay quiet the German guns did not fire, but directly any one moved we got another shell right on top of us.

"I saw that unless Captain B. received speedy attention he would die. I took two rifles and made a stretcher out of a great coat. We carried Captain B. almost to the edge of a wood before the Germans noticed us. Then they opened fire, but we reached cover.

"I got some more volunteers from my platoon and four stretchers, and these brave fellows crawled up to the firing line and carried the others out under heavy fire. Several of the wounded were again hit on the way.

"I was on the extreme right of the line to cut a pack from a man who was badly wounded. I heard a shell coming and instinctively put up my arm to guard my face and tried to throw myself on the ground. But it was too late. I felt a terrific blow, just as if some one had hit me with a giant red hot poker. I was spun around and seemed to go on spinning and then fell to the ground.

"I thought I had been killed, as I felt a violent blow in the abdomen. I then discovered my right arm was broken and useless. It was bleeding freely. I looked at my stomach, where I felt the greatest pain, but to my great relief saw no blood. Then I found the bullet had cut the ring on my belt and carried away the hilt of my sword.

"I lay on the ground a few minutes; then the Germans commenced to shell us again. Finally we reached the field hospital, where we were given morphine, then put in a train with hundreds of other wounded. This is all I know of war, and I have not the least idea whether we won or were beaten on the day I was hit."

FEEDING ARMY ON MOVE



Food for the soldiers is prepared in portable kitchens, which accompany the army. In the picture a temporary halt has been made to examine the food being cooked on the march.

Attaches to Observe War. Bordeaux.—The military attaches of neutral countries have been authorized by the French government to proceed to the theater of war operations. They may visit particularly the battlefields on the River Marne.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN



Lord Howard de Walden, one of the richest peers in England, his income being about three million dollars a year, has raised and equipped a cavalry regiment for service with the British forces on the continent.

WHERE HEROES FELL

Mad Tumult of Death in Man-to-Man Battle.

Writer Gives Graphic Picture of Bayonet Charge—Germans, Scots and Britons Fall Side by Side in Bloody Charge.

In the North of France.—The initial effort of the massed German strength to tear their way through the allies' lines at Ypres and thus drive in the opening wedge by which their sweep of the French coast was to be made possible was broken by one of the most superb and self-sacrificing displays of heroism ever attempted by a body of soldiers.

The attack opened with a terrific cannonade against the British positions. Shells tore in, shrieking and bursting in a mad tumult of death, scarring the British trenches, blasting through bomb-proofs and making an inferno of the allies' position.

Under cover of the furious artillery fire the German columns started to advance at the double. Rank upon rank, regiment upon regiment, they loomed through the smoke held low as a screen by the dense fog that prevailed. The word passed along the British trenches that this was the supreme effort of the German advance.

While the first line was setting itself firm to withstand the shock of the fierce impact they knew was coming, a great wave of Britons boiled up and over the edge of the British ditches. They rolled pell mell down the approach to the trenches and when they scrambled to their feet there were two regiments of them—one Scottish and a regiment of the guards.

They formed quickly, with bayonets fixed, and went down into the center of the gray line of advancing Germans, yelling a battle cry that was blood-stirring. They charged like demons.

The artillery of the allies opened fire behind them to give them cover, but soon they had advanced past the range of safety at which the French gunners might fire without hitting the charging line of Britons.

The Germans came on at a steady tread, in numbers that it seemed must engulf the two lines charging down upon them.

Then came the clash. It was cold steel from the moment they struck. Thrusting, receding, parrying, countering and thrusting again, the Scots and the guards fought their men hand-to-hand, giving back before the steady press of Teutons, but fighting all the way.

They fell side by side, the Germans, the Scots and the gallant Britons, those behind trampling them, but still they rose and fought again until the "dressed" German line resembled a mob. Confusion spread through the German ranks. Panic seemed to have seized them, and they "milled," losing all sense of direction, knowing only that a horde of demons had been turned loose in their midst and had made it a man-to-man fight.

The German charge was broken, for no front could extricate itself from such a turmoil in the face of the trenches, and the Germans were forced to retire to re-form.

COSTS \$40,225,000 A DAY

Russia's Bill for War is Almost Double That of Any Other Power.

Paris.—The war bill which Europe is meeting daily is now figured up as follows:

Russia	\$14,000,000
Germany	7,225,000
France	7,000,000
England	5,000,000
Austria	4,000,000
Various	3,000,000
Total	\$40,225,000

The French appropriation is from official figures as announced by M. Ribot, minister of finance; the English estimate by the London Statist; the German total from "an authoritative source" in a Geneva paper, and the other sums from various conservative estimates which have appeared in one place or another. The items "various" represents the probable expense to which Serbia, Belgium and the neutral countries of Switzerland, Italy, Roumania, Turkey, Greece, Holland and Denmark have been put.

This vast total does not include the destruction of property where fighting is taking place nor the wellnigh incalculable losses to Europe of 20,000,000 men under arms being taken from production. There are no indications in France that exhaustion has set in, but it is evident that the accumulated treasure of even the richest country on the continent is being poured out at a rate that adds \$200,000,000 a month to the national debt.

REFUGEES FLEE ON BICYCLES



Every mode of vehicle was used by the vast army of refugees which fled from Belgium through northern France. The picture shows the use of the bicycle in the flight.

Stops Extortion. Berlin.—To husband the resources of the empire and prevent extortion when the supplies diminish as an inevitable result of the war, the federal council, or bundesrat, has fixed a scale of maximum prices for all cereals. The price of wheat is highest, with rye next.

Wilde's Sons at Front. London.—Both sons of the late Oscar Wilde are serving with the British army.

The eldest son is with the Indian expeditionary force, while the younger one is acting as an interpreter.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Washington Society Looking Around for a Leader

WASHINGTON.—Wanted—For the coming winter season, a society leader. Must be of best American stock, with wealth and attainments. Apply to Washington society, immediately, ready for work.

That is the "help wanted" ad thrown out by Washington society which finds itself without a leader for the approaching season. "Such a terrible state of affairs!" say the society people of the nation's capital. "Who will lead us during the coming season?"

It seems like a paradox. With a wonderful wealth of material from which to select, this city must be deprived of some woman to lead it in its social whirl. This comes from many reasons. First, the society women of Washington are on such good terms they do not care to generate a spirit of rivalry for the position. Second, most of them have homes elsewhere and are content to let women who are permanent residents of Washington have the honor.

Then, again, there are so many different sets to be led in the Capital City that the social leader who would undertake the entire job would necessarily have to work overtime.

For the first time since President Harrison's administration the national capital is without a first lady of the land. The death of Mrs. Wilson has cast gloom over the social situation. Usually the mistress of the White House plays an important role in bringing the various "sets" together. That in itself is no mean task.

While New York has its four hundred, Washington has these: The diplomatic set, the congressional circle, southern society, the army and navy contingent, the native inhabitants, and others too numerous to mention.

President May Select a New Summer White House

WHAT to do for a summer White House next year is a problem which President Wilson must soon face. His lease on Harlakenden house, in the Cornish, N. H., pines expires this year, and whether he will see fit to renew it is a secret which he alone shares. His closest friends believe he will select some other place. Moreover, in various sections of the country there are movements afoot to erect or select a permanent summer White House.

As far as President Wilson is concerned the problem of getting such a place causes him little concern. But next year, with only a short session of congress in sight, he may have more opportunity than heretofore for vacationing. This season he has been able to take only a piecemeal vacation. On these occasions he has elected to go to Harlakenden house, where his family has sojourned for several months. And the trips have done him good, brief though they were.

But it is possible that he will prefer a change of scene for his next year's vacationing. If he does, he will have plenty of room for selection. The latest proposal for a summer White House is "Monticello," Thomas Jefferson's old home in Virginia. Representative Levy's willingness to sell this place to the government for a half million dollars has suggested the idea that it would make an excellent place for presidents to sojourn in their off moments. Perhaps the chief advantage of such a scheme would be the accessibility of the place from Washington. In times when the president was not there it could be a Mecca for tourists—as it has been under private ownership.

Then another suggestion for a summer residence of the presidents is the construction of a home at Mount Weather, Va., a government reservation only a short distance from the capital. This spot would be ideal either as a summer home or as week-end vacation place.

Uncle Sam Now Conducts a Great Reading Circle

THE first literary society organized under Uncle Sam's auspices is ready to start work. Dr. P. P. Claxton, commissioner of the United States bureau of education, has sent letters to all high school principals and officials of the smaller colleges throughout the United States telling them of a plan to interest all young men and women who want to know the best there is in the literature of the world and who wish to gain the inspiration given by reading the best books.

Uncle Sam's new literary society will be known as the National Reading Circle, and for admission to this circle Doctor Claxton says that it is only necessary to write to the home education division of the United States bureau of education, Washington, D. C., and ask to be furnished information about the reading courses which have been planned under the direction of a group of the best known educators of the United States. Persons desiring to benefit by joining the reading circle are merely asked to give their names, post office addresses, ages and a very brief statement of their education and occupation.

When this brief information is given members of the government's National Reading Circle will be furnished a reading course including the best works in the world's literature. Only serious-minded young men and women are invited to join the government's new organization. The members will undertake to read each of the books which are listed at least twice within the next three years from the time of joining the circle, and to each person giving satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the list will be awarded a government certificate bearing the seal of the United States bureau of education and signed by the commissioner of education.

Historic Warship Constellation Attracts Thousands

THOUSANDS of residents of the national capital and visitors go every day to inspect the historic old naval frigate Constellation, now on exhibition at the navy yard, and are intensely interested in the old-time manner of life aboard her, in her guns, made in facsimile of those used a century ago, and in her towering masts and yards, like those that years ago spread many hundred yards of white canvas to the ocean breezes as she sailed from port to port all over the world, proudly showing the flag of the young American republic.

Standing on her quarterdeck, the visitor could mentally picture the day in 1799, when the ship, one of the fleetest vessels of the navy, was in the West Indies, and her crew of several hundred officers and men were moving about the ship performing their daily duties.

From aloft comes the cry, "Sail, ho," and the course of the ship is changed to meet the stranger, which proves to be L'Insurgente, a Frenchman, and at that time an enemy.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of this greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.



"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby."—Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers."—Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.



"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me."—Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.



"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world."—Mrs. MOSE BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.



"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born."—Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.



"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it."—Mrs. WINNIE TILLES, Winter Haven, Florida.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wheat Food
Proof of it. "My cook is very good at sauce." "So I should judge from the way I heard her answer your wife."

YOU NEVER TIRE OF CUTICURA.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients and prophylactics preserve, purify and beautify the skin. The daily use of the Soap for all toilet purposes and occasional use of the Ointment tend to prevent pimples, redness and roughness, dandruff and red, rough hands. Sample each free if you wish. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

When a woman looks in her mirror she is able to see herself as other women see her.

Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

Here's Proof
Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 105, Leavenworth, Kan., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I throw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

All Dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.



SLOAN'S LINIMENT
Kills Pain