

# TITANIC STRUGGLE AROUND CHARLEROI AND MONS TOLD FROM ALLIES' SIDE

(Special cable to "The Chicago Tribune" from a correspondent whose information was obtained from British and French sources.)

Boulogne.—When the history of the tremendous struggle in the neighborhood of Mons and Charleroi—a titanic combat lasting five days—is written the historian will pen perhaps the most glorious chapter which has ever been or ever will be added to the history of British and French arms.

When in the course of time we are able to weigh up all the features of that stupendous combat, in which were locked the vast stern forces of Prussian military autocracy and the pick of British and French military strength, the forces of freedom; when we know the gain and loss the tragedy and heroism of it all, there will shine resplendently forth a stirring story of martial glory which will make it matter but little which way the advantage went.

### Gathers Story From Soldiers.

From the lips of those who took part in it, from the wounded out of the battle of giants, from the refugees who fled from their blurred and blackened homesteads and their villages devoured by fire and shattered by shell, I have during the last two days heard enough to be able to piece together the story of a struggle which dwarfs all the decisive battles of the world.

It was a fight against the finest cohorts of the kaiser, endeavoring to crush their way through the allies' lines by sheer weight of numbers, aided by all the strength of the artillery that could be brought into action.

### Meets the British Wounded.

(Here the correspondent takes up his story of a meeting with the British wounded.)

It was all so quietly said I could not help casting my eyes again over the trim, khaki-clad figure of the little soldier who had come through that ghastly ordeal, come through it to tell me in a few short hours afterward that he was eager to be with the forces at the front again. "And," he added, "I shall have to go to England without a cap. A shrapnel bullet knocked mine off in the darkness."

I turned to his companion. "Yes," he said, "that's the story. It was the first time the German artillery really got at us. As a rule, their big gun fire was mighty poor, though they did go in for quantity. In the trenches we used to watch the German gunners trying to hit conspicuous parts of Mons, and every time they missed we gave them a cheer which they could hear."

### Work of the Artillery.

"They are not shots, either. It was really astounding what they could miss. I think we can beat everybody at marksmanship."

"And the British artillery?" I asked. "Why, it was magnificent. If there had only been more of it. But there the Germans got us. As it was, it was perhaps a good deal more than they ever expected."

"On one occasion—I think it was late on Monday—we held a position about 500 or 600 yards from the German lines. We could see them quite clearly. They were mostly standing up. Fresh troops, I think they were, being brought up for another attack."

"The order was given us to fix bayonets. It was evidently to be a charge—the thing we especially had been waiting for. In the sunlight our bayonets flashed and we waited for orders."

### Hail of Bullets Comes.

"The Germans must have seen our bayonets flashing, for they went down on their faces. If there is one thing they fear it is a bayonet attack. There developed suddenly a hail of bullets and the order to charge did not come."

"We retired a little way after that and before night fell advanced to much the same position again. Just as darkness came we could see the ground well in front of us simply littered with German dead. It cost us a lot, too."

"At one time early next day we got within a couple of hundred yards of their dead. I am sure we must have nearly wiped out those in front of us."

### Fight Rages Furiously.

From others I have gathered how furiously for days the fight raged against the French forces on the right of the British. The English soldiers speak in highest praise of the coolness under fire of the French infantry.

In the end, however, the fierceness of the successive onslaughts was too much for the exhausted French troops, against whom the ever-fresh forces of the enemy were hurled. It was here, indeed that the long encounter was really decided. Gradually weight told—weight of regiments and of artillery. With magnificent heroism the men held their positions. If they gave a yard the enemy bought it at tremendous cost. But they were ready and prepared to pay it, and pay it they did.

The final order to retire came. Slowly the French positions on the right of the British were given up throughout Tuesday.

### 700 Held Back 5,000.

London.—A British correspondent from Boulogne writes: It has taken the British expeditionary force just four days to shatter the illusion which has been drummed into every German that the fighting qualities of British troops are negligible beside the mighty race whose business it is to fight.

The uhlan is at least a wiser man

today. He has found that breaking a British line of steel is not such easy work as harassing a countryside shorn by murder of its men folk.

German cavalry, estimated to number 5,000 men, may have overwhelmed a little British force of 700 which was hourly awaiting relief, but not before its own ranks had been sadly thinned, nor yet without having recourse to the base expedient of mounting quick firers in Red Cross wagons.

### Supporting Force Fails.

It was not for the 700 to reason why. The supporting force never appeared. They just stood their ground to a man, and it seems that only 300 remain. When all was lost there ensued no *saave qui peut*. Calmly harassing their pursuers with a murderous fire, all that was left of them retreated with the wounded of the convoy intact.

It is a simple story, a last stand one, that should thrill every British heart. On Wednesday morning British troops had taken up a position slightly in the rear of the town (censor forbids name of town) upon high ground. On the extreme right of a semi-circular position were two high guns of garrison artillery.

At first these found an excellent range, dealing death by wholesale to the invaders, who were some miles away. Then with the steady German advance the range was lost toward 1 p. m.

### Position Becomes Critical.

The fight had begun at 11:30 a. m. The position became critical for the heroic British defenders. As every vital minute slipped by anxious eyes looked back for the promised help that was never to come.

Even at a terrible disadvantage—at least ten to one infantry and artillery—the artillery was holding its own, when hordes of uhlands seemed suddenly to sweep down through the town. They galloped, with amazing disregard for themselves, on to the very muzzles of the enemy's field guns.

There must have been 3,000 of them here alone. A survivor tells me (the correspondent):

"The last I saw was one of our officers holding a revolver in either hand, firing away, screened by the guns. He alone must have accounted for a dozen uhlands. They were falling on all sides of him."

Towards 2 p. m. the 300 gallant survivors, the majority of them wounded, began to fall back. They reached a safe position by nightfall.

### Keep Up Continuous Attack.

The uhlands kept up a continuous attack, and at midnight two hostile airplanes began dropping bombs on the British camp, but fortunately without causing its destruction. Perhaps I may be permitted to give verbatim the following eloquent summing up from a gunner who was shot in both legs: "They won't be so cocksure the next time we give them hell."

I have been able to gather details of severe engagements in which British troops were concerned. On Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock detachments 3,000 strong bivouacked after a forced march of 17 miles. Through lack of air scouts (I am asked to emphasize this point) the exact position in the neighborhood of hostile troops in superior numbers was misjudged.

### Leave Wall of Dead.

Within an hour with the uhlands leading the way, the Germans swarmed down on our fatigued men, approaching within 50 yards. With the quick firers the British position, however was strong, and the Germans were repulsed, leaving a wall of dead.

By all accounts the German plan of campaign is being carried out regardless of human life. The German artillery fire is spoken of as deadly, but the infantry is beneath contempt.

After repulsing attack after attack and not suffering considerably, the British force was able to select and save a base five miles distant. That the attacking force was more or less crippled is clear, for they made no effort to follow up their opponents.

### Lauds Conduct of French.

An Amiens dispatch to the Daily Chronicle says:

"The French retirement before the German horde advancing from Namur down the valley of the Meuse was masterly. The Germans won their way at a cost in human life as great as in defeat; yet they won their way."

"For France that retirement is as glorious a story as anything in her annals."

"It was nearly a fortnight ago that the Germans began concentrating their heaviest forces on Namur, pressing southwards over the Meuse valley. After the battle of Dinant the French army was heavily outnumbered and fell back gradually in order to gain time for re-enforcement to come to its support."

"The French artillery was posted on the heights above the river and swept the advancing Germans with a storm of fire. On the right bank the French infantry was entrenched, supported by field guns and mitrailleuses. The infantry did deadly work, holding the positions with great tenacity and dropping back only to occupy new positions just as doggedly."

"The fighting extended for a considerable distance on both sides of the Meuse, and many side line engagements were fought by the cavalry. There was a memorable encounter near Mezieres which was evacuated last Monday the French taking up magnificent positions commanding the town and bridges."

# CARRANZA'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MEXICO CITY



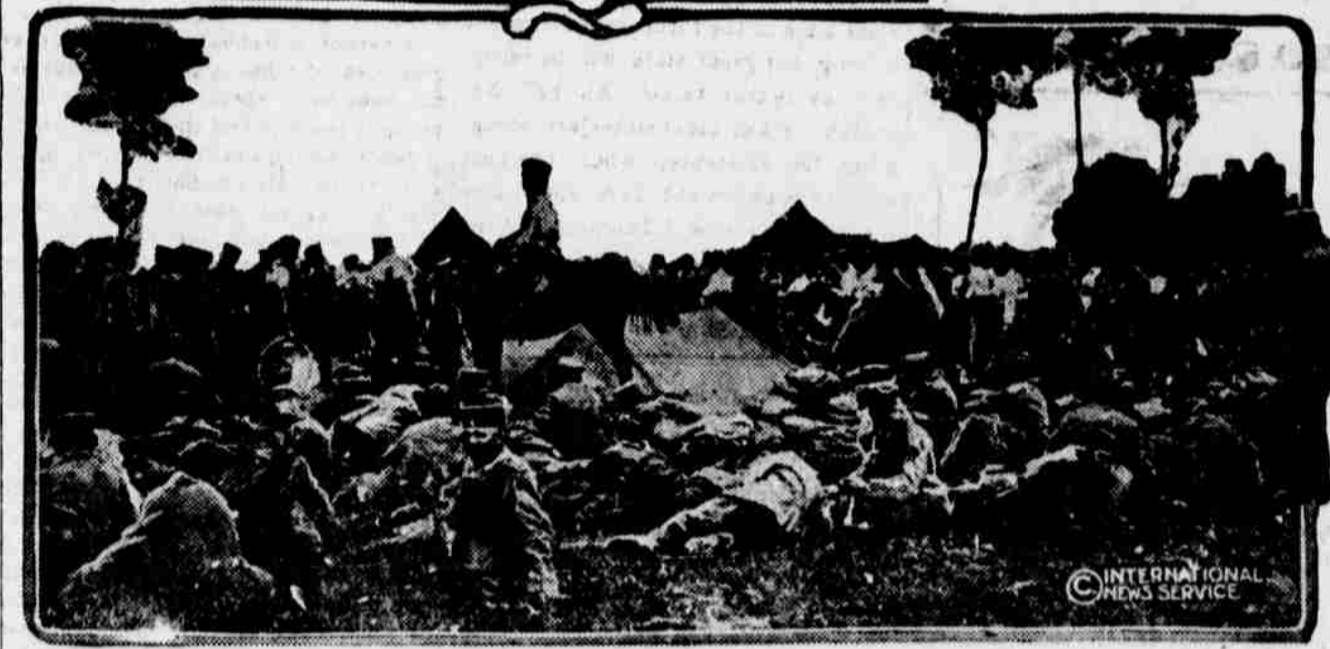
Scenes in Mexico City when General Carranza entered at the head of his army. At the right is General Carranza; left, Gen. Jesus Carranza; below, Gen. Eduardo Ray, minister of war.

# GERMAN TROOPS INVADING BELGIUM



Camp of the German invaders at Moulain, near Vise. These troops later stormed the Liege forts, many of them perishing there.

# GERMAN TROOPS RESTING AFTER BATTLE OF VISE



Vise was occupied by the German army on its way to the investment of Liege, but only after severe fighting. This photograph was taken immediately after the battle, when the kaiser's warriors were resting.

# GENERAL D'AMADA



General d'Amada, the French officer who conquered Morocco and is now General Joffre's right hand man.

Serbs live in Serbia, but verbs don't inhabit Virginia?

# GERMAN CLOTHING PILED UP AT DIEST



Clothing and weapons abandoned by the Germans after the battle of Diest, piled in the city square.

# PSYCHOLOGY OF THE KISS

Learned English Authority Has Divided Classification Into Two Distinct Types

In a learned disquisition on kisses Sir Ray Lankester divides them into two classes. "One class takes the form of nose-rubbing—each kiss giver rubbing his nose against that of the other. The second kind, which is that familiar to us, consists in pressing the lips against the lips, skin or hair of another individual and making a short, quick inspiration, resulting in a more or less audible sound. Both kinds are really of the nature of 'sniffing,' the active effort to smell or explore by the olfactory sense. The kissing of one another by grown-up men was abandoned in this country in the eighteenth century; but we have most of us witnessed it abroad, and perhaps been unexpectedly subjected to the process, as I once was by an affectionate scientific colleague. The Russians are the most profuse and indiscriminate of European peoples in their kissing. I have seen a Russian about to go on a journey de-voured by the kisses of his relations and household retainers, male and female."

# PIMPLES ON HEAD ITCHED

Tell City, Ind.—"My baby's head was covered with sores and the top was a solid scab. It began with pimples and he would scratch his head until it would bleed and then scab over and keep spreading. He would claw his head and fret, it itched and burned so and I was afraid he would never have any hair on top of his head again."

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to me. I asked our family doctor and he said, 'Yes, go right ahead and use them.' We got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and they healed him from the first. In a few days his head did not seem to itch or bother him in the least and before we had used one set he was healed and he has a fine growth of hair." (Signed) Mrs. Rosa M. Hanks, Jan. 26, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

# An Optimist.

Ex-Police Commissioner Rhineland, Waldo, who established a policemen's public library that has been a great success, praised, at a luncheon in New York, New York's police system.

"It has especially been good since Mayor Gaynor's day," Mr. Waldo said, and then, in response to an objection: "Oh, that's nothing. He an optimist. Don't mind trifles. Look, like the henpecked husband, on the bright side of things."

"By gosh," a henpecked husband said, "I hear some chaps kicking because their wives always have the last word. Now, for my part, to give my wife the last word never bothers me a bit."

"It don't!"

"No, on the contrary, I always feel thankful when she gets to it."

# Decidedly Unsuitable.

Parson Johnson—Why don't you come to church, Sam?

Sam Shinn—Nothin' suitable wear, parson.

Parson—The Lord won't notice my clothes, Sam.

Sam—No, but Deacon Butts might recognize his shirt, and Bro'r Simpson his umbrella.—Puck.

# Unquestionably.

"Which would you rather be—a chauffeur or an aviator?"

"Well, the latter is the higher position."

# Not All of 'Em.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly—"

"How about the gallery fights?"

# FOOD FACTS

What An M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public.

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful restorer and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients gain very rapidly, just as I did in strength and weight."

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact, I was not quite as well as when I left home."

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life."

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days of Grape-Nuts, when regular food does not seem to sustain the body, works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.