

Curran Plans To Speak Daily Until Primary

Final Week of Campaign Will See Coalition Candidate Active From Morning Until Late at Night

Borough President's Managers Admit Justice Is the One They Must Defeat

To-day the campaign managers of Henry H. Curran, the coalition Republican candidate for the Mayoralty nomination, will complete an itinerary for the Borough President of Manhattan which will literally keep him busy speaking day and night for the last week of the primary campaign, which ends a week from to-day.

Curran's managers yesterday predicted not only his victory at the primaries, but declared that he will defeat Mayor Hylan by an overwhelming vote at the general election.

This four-cornered contest for the Republican Mayoralty nomination has attracted state-wide attention. All four candidates are united, their opposition to the Knight-Adler transit law, and another one of Governor Miller's pet measures, which repealed the primary law in so far as it related to candidates for state and county offices, and the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals. All, save one—F. H. La Guardia—have been bitter in their attacks on Mayor Hylan and Hylanism. La Guardia has been milder in his criticisms of Mayor Hylan and his administration and his receiving support from the Hearst papers.

See Contest With Haskell County Judge Reuben L. Haskell, of Brooklyn, who has emphasized the prohibition issue in the campaign and is openly running on a wet platform, has made sufficient progress with his attacks on the laws to alarm his adversaries. Curran's managers are now frank in admitting that Haskell is the man they must beat, while three weeks ago they feared La Guardia most of all. La Guardia, however, is not a serious contender in the opinion of Curran's managers.

Next in importance to the contest for the Republican nomination for Mayor is the fight between Vincent J. Halligan against Vincent Gilroy, who is running on the coalition ticket for President of the Board of Aldermen. Curran's managers expect Halligan to make a strong showing against Gilroy. Halligan, who was originally designated for the Republican nomination by the Haskell camp, has been endorsed by the Haskell camp, and made his chief appeal in nightly speeches to Republican party workers as a partisan, pointing out in every address in district club houses that he is a member of the New York County Republican Committee and calling attention to the fact that Gilroy is a Democrat. This is a third contest for this place. In the first contest, Bennett candidate, but he, seemingly, is not making a dent in the situation.

Easy Sailing for Lockwood The contest for Comptroller of the Republic ticket is a very one-sided affair. The Republican candidate, Ignace, Senator Charles C. Lockwood, also has been endorsed by La Guardia and Bennett. His opponent, Morris Bennett, of the Bronx, who was drafted to the Haskell camp, has announced that he would not make a campaign for the nomination, as he declared he had been designated secret by the Haskell camp. According to the Haskell managers, will at least campaign for the office in his home borough.

In the Democratic primaries there is but one contest, that is, between James J. Hines, the Tammany leader of the 11th Assembly District, against Julius Miller, for the Tammany nomination. Hines, who is at odds with Charles M. Murphy, declares that his fight is not on Miller, who was picked by Murphy for reasons which Hines does not understand, but on Murphy and Murphyism. Hines has made a spectacular campaign, and is receiving covert support from several of his colleagues in Tammany. He has, however, not had the courage to go out openly and fight the Boss for fear of losing their jobs under Mayor Hylan.

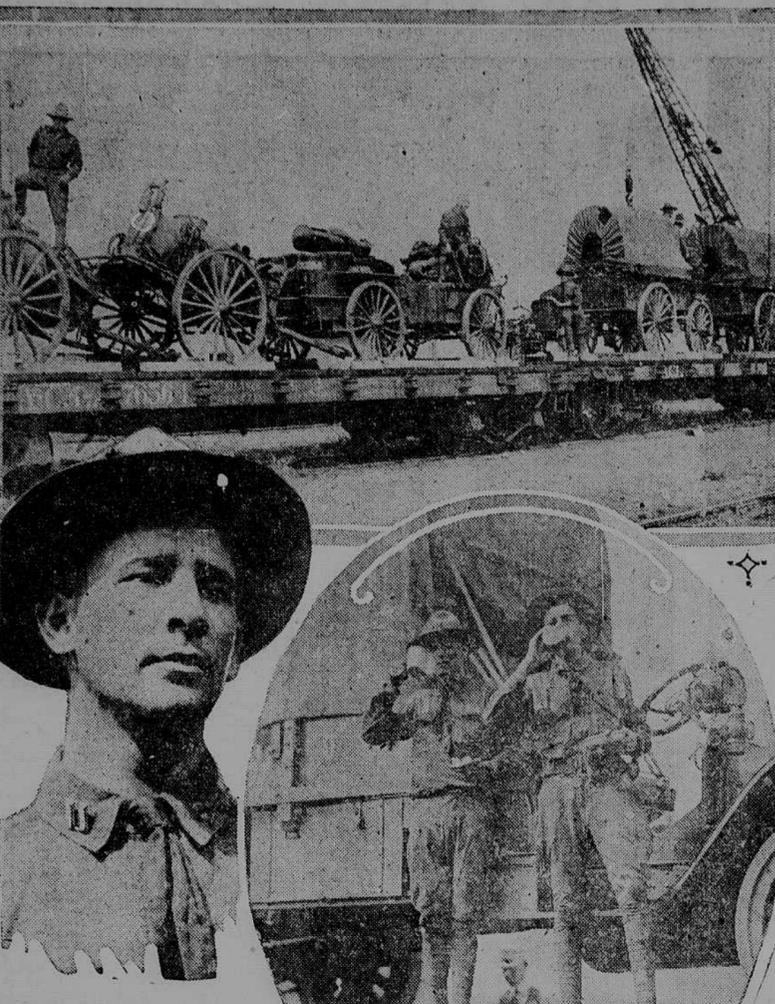
Murphy's Control Threatened If Hines should accomplish the unexpected and tear through the Murphy line and win the nomination, it would mean the forced retirement of Murphy. Murphy is in the prime of his life, his boss he was half a dozen years ago. The younger element in Tammany have been demanding he step out and make room for one of their own. The Republican primary contest is being watched with more than passive interest by up-state leaders, who are wondering what its effect will be on the Tammany machine. The primary meets at Syracuse on September 22 to nominate a candidate for the Court of Appeals to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Henry A. Base, of Greene County, and to adopt a platform.

Local Republican leaders are opposed to the adoption of a platform on two grounds. First, because the candidates this year outside of local officials and aspirants for the bench are nominees for the Assembly. Second, because the convention, which is controlled by up-state, will adopt planks endorsing Governor Miller's legislative program. This, it is feared, would create an unnecessary handicap for the local ticket, as two of the outstanding features of the Miller administration has been the enactment of the partial repeal of the direct primary law and the Transit Law. Both these measures have been attacked by Henry H. Curran and his rivals for the Republican Mayoralty nomination.

British Hand Ultimatum To Rebellious Moslems

LONDON, Sept. 5.—A dispatch to "The Daily Mail" from Madras says it is understood that an ultimatum has been sent by the British government to the rebels demanding their surrender within forty-eight hours. A Reuters dispatch from Madras says that trouble is still brewing at Mannarghat. Hundreds of refugees are fleeing in the direction of Palghat. Reports of robbery and plundering are coming from Ponnani, where the local police have telegraphed saying the treasuries of Ponnani and Chavatt are threatened. Military aid has been requested. A dispatch from Simla says it has been decided to introduce a substantial Indian element into the foreign political department of the Indian government.

Camp Dix Fighters Entraining for the Mine War Zone



Above—Guns and supply wagons of the 26th Infantry, U. S. A., leaving Camp Dix, N. J., for the scene of the miners' insurrection in West Virginia. Lower right—It was hot work getting the army camions aboard the flat cars, and two of the soldiers are here shown taking a drink—of water only—before the order to move out. Lower left—Captain G. W. Glover, in charge of one of the troop trains.

Miners Give Up Fight; Soldiers Cover District

The citizens of Logan for to-morrow night, at which resolutions are to be adopted expressing the thanks of these people for the valiant aid lent by the men of other West Virginia counties.

Most of the members of the state police are not expected to go to Mingo. Reports from there were that the White Star Mining Company, at Marmac, was under fire from the Kentucky side of the Tug River. According to Major Thomas Davis, of the 19th Infantry, there was much shooting this forenoon.

From Colonel Shuttleworth it was learned that no Federal troops are to go to Mingo without another order from the War Department. Governor Morgan has not asked for aid in that county, and, in the second, the troublesome men are in Kentucky, where there is a National Guard, and a force that is sorely lacking in West Virginia.

In proof of assertions that the miners were fighting under red banners, several captured emblems of this hue are displayed here. Every miner in the "army" wore a bit of red cloth sewed into his shoulder or else kept a red bandana handkerchief knotted about his throat. Some of them had the red badges tied to their gun barrels so that when one of these symbols appeared at the side of a tree, over the top of a rock or across a fallen log other miner sharpshooters would not miss them for members of the Logan defense forces.

Defenders Wear White Insignia The defenders also wore distinguishing badges for several days. These were white brassards. Then it was discovered that the miner sharpshooters were working through the lines or attempting to, by wearing similar badges. Overnight the defending force was equipped with yellow brassards. Each force during this week has developed its own set of signals, passwords and countersigns. The password of the Logan defenders was "Bolsheviks."

The commissary of the Logan men was far superior to that of the miners, thanks to the women of this county, who worked at all hours preparing sandwiches and hot coffee, cakes and pies. The miners had to take what they could get. Beans were their standby, but some days they had only cream, a party of foragers having seized an auto truck load of twenty gallon cans. The ration of one cup of "red necks" during one day was a "poke" (small paper bag) of country store candy for each man. The miners' commissary was maintained by foraging parties that went from one end to the other of the Coal River Valley, purchasing with receipts the stocks of the mountain and valley settlement stores.

of the 19th Infantry had displaced all armed men on the Boone County side and in the narrow strip of Logan County on the east side of Spruce Fork Ridge, while troops moving forward from Logan had replaced state police, county deputies and volunteers on the summit and western slope of the ridge. Contact between the occupying forces on either side had been established, he said.

Additional troops to reinforce those in the field arrived in the Little Coal River Valley this morning. The United States troops arrived by rail in Sharples, just behind the area which was the scene of all most continuous clashes between armed men for many days, scores of men from the hills were marching into the village, where they handed over firearms of all descriptions to the military authorities. After surrendering their weapons the men were allowed to depart for their homes.

While reports to military headquarters did not indicate how many armed men had remained in the section abandoned by those who surrendered here to-day, it is known in well-informed circles here that a considerable number are still in the mountain. Military authorities before Colonel Martin's return reported that while the situation along the Little Coal River Valley was quiet, information was received through other sources that firing was still in progress.

Camp Dix Contingent Arrives Three hundred soldiers of the 26th Infantry, who came from Camp Dix, New Jersey, arrived here yesterday daybreak. They were dispatched immediately to the neighborhood of Blair, beyond Sharples, a region in which heavy exchanges between the forces were reported.

Soldiers to-day were in control of the entire valley from Madison to Blair. Regulars are located between these two towns and the villages of Clothier, Jeffery and Sharples. About a hundred men, supposed to be under arms, were reported to be congregated at Sharples, in readiness to leave the region, and army officers were making an effort to provide them with means to get out of the village and on their way home. An equal number were said to be either in Jeffery or Clothier, but it was not known whether they would move out at once, as transportation facilities are lacking, and on their way home.

Detachments of soldiers were busy throughout the day collecting arms and ammunition from the men gathered in the three villages. It was predicted that before nightfall many hundreds of weapons and thousands of rounds of ammunition would have been confiscated. Miners' Arsenal To Be Seized This forenoon Lieutenant Brine, an army intelligence officer, left Madison on a railway motor car for Jeffery. He was accompanied by a detail of soldiers, and said he was en route for Van, a village in the mountains. Near there, the officer said, he and his men expected to seize an arsenal said to have been the base from which bands of armed men have been operating throughout the last week. Beyond that statement that it was his intention to concentrate and establish a guard over all munitions seized, Lieutenant Brine refused to discuss his further plans.

During his four to-day tour of the mountain, Colonel Martin said he was told by some of the men that there were a number of bodies and some wounded in the hills. He announced that a searching party of soldiers would be sent to investigate these reports to-morrow. Shortly after the Colonel's return a special train comprising eight coaches carrying 400 men departed here from the Spruce Fork Ridge region. Despite the fact that they had been warned before leaving the hills that they would be searched when they arrived in Madison, 181 rifles, eight pistols and a large quantity of ammunition was taken from them here, officers who conducted the search said. As a number of the men were unarmed when they assembled for the journey here, soldiers to-morrow will be sent into the hills to look for rifles and ammunition, which the military authorities believe may have been cached.

One military prisoner was brought in on the train. Officers said he had a quantity of radical literature in the pockets of his clothing. Troops guarding the railroad here to-day halted a train bound from the disturbed area to St. Albans and searched several score of miners, who were passengers, for weapons. While guards established at each end of the passenger coaches blocked all possible means of egress from the train, officers on either side searched each man. A number of pistols and a large amount of ammunition were confiscated.

Miners Free Magistrate And 4 Deputy Sheriffs MADISON, W. Va., Sept. 4.—Magistrate Fulton Mitchell, of Logan, who was captured last Sunday by the armed forces on this side of Spruce Fork Ridge, was brought to military headquarters here to-day to be released. The men on board plane No. 24 said, on reaching here, that he had clearly seen each successive detail of the tragedy which fliers fear may have resulted in the death of this man. This was Private Elyson F. Zambro, of Hagerstown, Md. The fleet was traveling about seventy miles an hour at the time, he said. "The men there were in direct line of us," said Zambro, "and from our observations we saw that the pilot was making a definite left bank, with the intention of returning to the field in Blair. In the storm had been raging with vigor. "After making the bank he went into a nose dive, and before he could recover, he was in a tailspin. For the size of the plane and his weight, he fell was comparatively slow. The plane went straight downward."

Bandholtz as to the necessity of promulgating the President's proclamation of martial law. The 26th Infantry, from Camp Dix, probably will be sent here in its entirety, and the conditions continue to improve, he said. It was explained at the War Department that the replacing of state troops by Federal soldiers without the issuance of the President's proclamation was permitted under the Constitution, which provided for the employment of armed forces in states as "Federal aid in domestic disturbances."

General Bandholtz's message said: "By noon this date Federal troops had replaced both state and county forces and the invading miners throughout the disturbed area. Up to the present there has been no hostile act on the part of anybody toward United States troops, nor have our troops fired a shot or taken any drastic measures. "Owing to practically twenty-four hours' delay in arrival of 26th Infantry, it is probable that the miners and probably concealed their arms before they could be intercepted. I expect to make an inspection tour through the occupied area Monday. "If a condition of peace is reached, they appear to be I shall recommend the prompt return of the 26th Infantry to its station. "Many newspaper correspondents are leaving, which would seem to indicate that they consider the situation no longer menacing. I doubt if it will be necessary or advisable to promulgate the President's second proclamation."

Earlier in the day General Bandholtz in a telephone message to the department called for improvement in conditions and of continued surrender by the invading miners of their firearms.

In this message General Bandholtz made only the briefest reference to the plight of the missing army bombing plane, which was caught in a storm over Poe, W. Va., while it was proceeding back to its station at Langley Field, Va. No report has been received at the department of the accident, in which two aviators were said to have been killed. General Bandholtz has advised the War Department that the movement of the Camp Dix troops was to have been completed within twenty-one hours, whereas delays in transportation brought this time up to forty hours. For the last of the troops from Camp Dix did not reach their destination in West Virginia until this morning.

Searchers Fail to Find Plane Which Crashed in W. Va.

Parties in Air and on Foot Scour Rugged Country; 5 Men in Army Bomber Believed Killed in Fall

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Sept. 4.—Searching parties afoot and in the air to-day climbed or scanned from above the hills in efforts to find two officers and three enlisted men who late yesterday fell in an army bombing plane somewhere in the rugged country south of Poe, W. Va. Up to noon no word as to their fate had come out of the southern part of the state where Poe is situated.

The machine, piloted by Lieutenant Harry L. Speck and carrying Lieutenant Fitzpatrick and three enlisted men, said to have been Sergeant Arthur Brown, of Kentucky; Corporal Alexander H. Young, of Hagerstown, Md.; Private Howard, of San Francisco, was traveling with two other bombing planes from Langley Field, Virginia, to Charleston when it fell. The men were flying in formation, the ill-fated bomber leading and the others trailing as closely as the violence of the electric storm, which was raging, would permit.

One of the men aboard plane No. 24 said, on reaching here, that he had clearly seen each successive detail of the tragedy which fliers fear may have resulted in the death of this man. This was Private Elyson F. Zambro, of Hagerstown, Md. The fleet was traveling about seventy miles an hour at the time, he said. "The men there were in direct line of us," said Zambro, "and from our observations we saw that the pilot was making a definite left bank, with the intention of returning to the field in Blair. In the storm had been raging with vigor. "After making the bank he went into a nose dive, and before he could recover, he was in a tailspin. For the size of the plane and his weight, he fell was comparatively slow. The plane went straight downward."

Joins Collar-Button Hunt, Robbed of Pants and \$105

Bather Answers Call From the Next Dressing Room and His Own Trousers Disappear

A spirit of masculine fellowship which led Charles Kessler, of 152 Allen Street, yesterday to go to the aid of a man who had lost his collar button, caused him in turn to lose his trousers, containing \$105, when he was being escorted home by a cordon of bathers grouped closely about him. Kessler, according to the story he told Magistrate Renaud after an Essex Market court, when he appeared against Charles Sintix, of 297 Bowery, had entered his dressing room at the public baths, at 133 Allen Street, and was sitting on the edge of a tub. "Following this a chubby hand appeared beneath the partition and commenced to grope about the floor. "You might keep a talking. Some of these boys are careless about shooting. They ask questions after they shoot. Shoot without halting you." There was no answer to the whistle.

Policeman Mistakes Hurley Game for Fight

Patrolman John Kitson is attached to the Clinton Street police station, a precinct in which the ancient game of hurley is unknown. So when he saw a gang of tough young fellows playing hurley in a tenement gang, equally young and tough, in Van Cortlandt Park yesterday, each gang wielding crooked clubs wickedly, and several of the Kingsbridge police station men, he mistook the game for a fight and arrested Kitson on a charge of grand larceny. As Kessler joined the search his vision fell on the glistening gleam of his trousers as they sailed over the door. Kessler summoned an attendant and a patrolman, who focused Sintix in the second compartment. In court Kessler declared that his voice resembled that of the collar button hunter and that there was a similar clubness about the hands. Sintix, after being held in jail for examination Thursday on a charge of grand larceny. As Kessler joined the search his vision fell on the glistening gleam of his trousers as they sailed over the door.

Mine War Costs Tribune \$5; Not Even Bullet for Memento

Wounded Reporter Adds Bet He Lost With Trooper to Expenses; Hill Snipers Quick on the Trigger—First Shoot, Then Investigate

LOGAN, W. Va., Sept. 3.—M'GEEHAN, Managing Editor: I owe \$5 to a sergeant of the West Virginia State Constabulary. He won a bet. I think you ought to O. K. it as part of my expense account. This is the yarn: On the platform at Sharples this morning were four correspondents who had traveled in on the first troop train. We overheard a boy in overalls—he was about seventeen—say the fighting had not ended. "You can hear the firing up here, always, where it's quiet," he said. "Can you show us?" all four demanded. "Sure," he said, and got permission from the miners' official, who was there to take us. We were: Don Craig, Washington correspondent of "The New York Herald"; Miss Mildred Morris, of the International News Service; Jacobs, of the United Press, and your, the present writer, very humble correspondent.

Omnipresent Flying Handy "I'll get you a car," said this guide, and did so. It was a flivver, an ancient one. In the driver's seat was Nicholas Ball, an electrical, his wife and their year-old baby. Mrs. Ball's head was draped with a pillow pinned so as to suggest a nurse's cap, the ends trailing on her shoulders. The guide led us in Ball's car and he started us in the valley, where no troops had as yet penetrated, to Boone's mining camp. The road disappeared shortly after we started, and Ball drove his automobile into the bed of the shallow creek they call Coal River. Sometimes, I imagine, it is a deep and ugly mountain torrent. We followed the bed of this river for some distance, and then we changed, and found it worse and got back in the stream. Then the driver turned the car into another valley. Presently we found a friend in another machine and asked him to carry two of his four passengers. His wife and baby left us there. Miss Morris and Jacobs climbed into the larger car, which fell in a peculiar fashion. We progressed another mile through this country, which suggests the Argentine region of France, and when Ball turned out to be a peculiarly fast road to avoid an especially deep hole the car gasped and fainted. Then it sank to the nubs in muck. "We men an old man there. He was over 60, and his hair was white, his growth was white and there was a green patch of celluloid tied over his right eye. "Information From the Front "The machine guns are cracking up here at the head of the creek," he said, leaning one arm on the higher side of the stranded car. "Then we heard a muffled boom. "You all are not scared to go on up here in the Wolf Pen Hollow?" questioned Ball. "No," we lied in chorus. Then we heard another report. Ball estimated that it was about a couple miles away. From other men we encountered, unarmed ones, we had learned that the miners ("red necks") they are called by the civilian army in Logan, and "red necks" they call themselves, had 300 men holding this low gap in the hills that is called Wolf Pen Hollow. "Most of 'em have come out this morning," he said, when we were asked. We encountered said something about prisoners. "We asked a few more questions. "We got some of their'n," he said, "and we'd have fixed 'em too. But those fellows (the civilian army) are so danged thick they'd have fixed our'n, too, so we had to keep 'em. I guess maybe we can find them when we want." He implied that he knew of about twenty that had been taken alive. We had come up this hollow between two sharply rising mountains to a fork. Ball whistled in a peculiar fashion. Then he whistled again. From time to time we heard more firing. Ball started on, saying: "You might keep a talking. Some of these boys are careless about shooting. They ask questions after they shoot. Shoot without halting you." There was no answer to the whistle.

We talked loudly. We wanted to be heard, but we kept following Ball until he said: "Dude men must have gotten out of here. I'm kinda lost, but let's stroll on." Miss Morris was a bit in the lead there, if anything; then Ball decided to turn back. The firing had stopped. Jacobs asked: "How far apart have the lines been?" Ball replied: "Sometimes half a mile, just out of thirty-three range; sometimes right close together." "I stopped a minute, then commanded: "Hush! There goes a machine gun." The noise we heard was as though some invisible person was beating a carpet with two sticks. "Right in there is a low gap. The other fellows are right on top. They face both ways," Ball volunteered. It was then that we met two other miners. I don't know their names even yet. They had no guns. They wore the usual costume of blue. Instead of a jumper one wore a blue serge coat over his overalls. It was explained to them that we were trying to get a sight of what we believed to be the last of the fighting. It was also explained that we have no desire to be foolhardy; that we not only wanted to get our story, but to write it when we got it. "Well, we can show you where the firing has been," said one of these men, who seemed to us to be a local. This is Blair Mountain. The top of it was nearly shot off the other day. The four of us, with our three guides, then started up the mountain side. It was steep and slippery. We climbed up and up for what must have been about fifteen minutes. We progressed along a newly made path, the earth and stones still black and wet. Clearly many men had used this path. When within about fifty yards of the summit every one stopped to rest on a fallen tree. The angle of the mountain slope seemed to us to exceed 45 degrees. We were hot and tired from our climb. We heard no firing; had heard none for some time. Some one suggested that probably all the forces on both sides had withdrawn. Our guides seemed to think the defenders of Logan County were concealed by the trees and verdure of the mountain top across from the summit of Blair.

Easy Targets for Snipers One of them led the way. He walked carefully along the path that skirted the summit of Blair. At times we were exposed to any marksmen who might have been on the opposite summit, the forces of both sides had withdrawn. We had frequently altered our respective places in the single file line. It happened that now I was walking just behind the miner who was leading the way. "Abruptly we were fired on at close range. Shots splashed up leaves and earth at our feet. The miner ahead of me threw himself to the ground. I was not far behind him, but I was on the wrong side of the all too slender half-rotted tree that had fallen there. I lay there with my face buried in the moldy earth and watched leaves and mud jump in strange patterns everywhere within my circumscribed range of vision. There could only have been a few seconds of this, but I saw some of the flashes from rifle barrels, heard shouts and more sharp cracks than I had had time to count. There was a slight bump along the top of my head. My right leg was thumped a couple times. "I determined to get on the other side of that log and dived over from all fours as an otter or other long-bodied creature might. I fairly plowed my way into cover. "Some one of our party had begun to call "Friends!" Others, myself included, tried to outdo them. I wondered why I had thought of this, but then my mind had been filled with thoughts that should have occupied it an hour or so earlier. "Marksmen All "From Missouri!" "Friends" meant nothing to the men whose targets we were. I didn't know then whether we were being shot at by Logan defenders or Boone miners. Some one began to yell, "Unarmed."

This became the chorus of all, and it was effective. The firing became less rapid. "Stick up your hands if you are unarmed!" came out at a distance. "Mine went up higher than the green undergrowth in which I lay. Some one shouted for us to "crawl over." All seven did, and wriggled by different routes into a semicircle of rocks. By that time, of course, we had seen that our captors were in the uniform of the state constabulary. They were young fellows, they were clean looking, and they were reasonable the instant they learned who we were, though they seemed surprised to learn that Federal troops had arrived in Sharples. "Even then we had no idea there were any of the miners' riflemen around. Abruptly we began to be the target of a fire that seemed heavy to us, coming from the direction we had been pursuing when first shot at. "The sergeant of the constabulary force—there were, I think, perhaps eight or ten men—told me to crawl in beside him. He kept pumping his Springfield rifle and at the same time trying to examine with some solicited ease along the top of my scalp. He shouted orders to his men. They fired at the miners so furiously that the enemy were silent for a time. Then he sent a man to a telephone hung at the base of a tree. He asked for an automobile to be sent to the foot of the hill. Then he discovered that we were being out but into Logan County, behind the other lines of this warfare. One of the miners' guides had been shot through the heel and the wound was bleeding badly. His partner was told to assist him. There was a puncture in the calf of my right leg. "Where did it come out?" inquired the sergeant. "It's still in there," I said. "Oh, no, it's not," he insisted. "That was a Springfield bullet." "I'll bet you \$5," I declared. "At a spring at the base of the mountain about fifteen minutes later I took another look at my leg. "Sergeant," I said, "I owe you \$5." "That bullet did go through. It came out a trifle higher. It was purely a flesh wound and I had no trouble walking. "Now, then, does that \$5 go through on the expense account?" SPARKES.

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Turks Retreat From All Lines Toward Angora

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREEK ARMY IN ASIA MINOR, Sept. 4 (By The Associated Press).—Sunrise to-day found the Turkish forces hastily evacuating all their lines and in full retreat upon Angora. The Greek army is closely pursuing the enemy. It is believed that Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the Turkish leader, has no strongly fortified lines equal to those he has been compelled to abandon. "Greeks officers here are convinced that the occupation of Angora by the advanced Greek troops is imminent. They now are only three days' march from that city. "The loss of the Turks in prisoners, guns and material during the big battle is not known. Both sides, however, have suffered heavily.

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Removal Sales will re-open with added interest tomorrow, Tuesday, and remaining selections of present-season apparel will be closed out regardless of cost or value.

Since many of the styles are suitable for Early Autumn Wear, and as groups are limited and sizes, in many instances, incomplete, we suggest a prompt response. Tailored and Costume Suits, in dark colorings. Day Coats and Wraps, including fur-trimmed effects. Afternoon and Evening Wraps, richly fur-trimmed. Day Dresses—Evening Gowns. Remaining Sports Apparel—Blouses—Sweaters. Fur Coats, Wraps and Scarfs. Velvet and Satin Hats, Bags and Novelties.