SECTION 6.
EIGHT PAGES.

The Sun.

Editorial---Sidelights on the War --- Books --- Games and Problems --- Gardens --- Financial

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NEW WEAPONS END ZEPPELIN FEAR IN LONDON

Residents Now Enjoy Raids as Thundering Good Sporting Game.

FEAR GERMANS WILL STOP COMING OVER

British Have Secret Methods of Bringing Down Big Craft.

INVENTIONS FOR AIR AND LAND PERFECTED

Bitter Feeling Against Enemy Crews Changes to One of Amusement.

By JOHN L. BALDERSTON,

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LONDON, Oct. 14.—The Zeppelin menace, like the submarine danger, has apparently been scotched. When the U-boats commenced sinking unarmed merchantmen symptoms of panic were not lacking in civilian quarters in these islands, but there was no panic at the Admiralty.

By new inventions and new methods the seamen found out how to track down and destroy the submarine, to the layman a seemingly invulnerable engine of war. Similarly when night air raids commenced it was said that the only protection lay in darkness, that no human ingenuity could meet and destroy great airships moving a mile a minute through the ether. And all the time experts were working, evolving new tactics for night air fighting, which were put into effect for the first time last month, and in the last four raids have brought down four Zeppelins on English soil.

There is still another parallel between the campaigns against submarines and Zeppelins. In each case the exact measures taken are shrouded in secrecy and nothing may be described that might by any chance afford information to the enemy. Already improvements have been made in the anti-Zeppelin tactics carried out in the recent raids by aeroplanes, searchlights, guns on the ground and other things, and the men of the royal flying corps and the anti-aircraft corps are praying that the Germans may not realise that their game is up and keep their Zeppelins at home before an entire fleet of the great monsters is fired and destroyed.

More Raids Expected.

Other great raids at the end of this month are expected, when the moon is absent from the sky, and after that weather conditions will make further large scale expeditions from Germany to England impossible until next spring.

The fascination a Zeppelin raid holds for an observer who knows something of the new tactics in the sky can scarcely be imagined. If his post of vantage is a good one and the weather clear he can see for a radius of thirty miles or so—the mysterious lights above and below—signals from the patrolling aeroplanes to the guns, from the searchlights to the airmen, the flares dropped by groping Zeppelins, and by imperilled aviators, who have lost their bearings and must learn their whereabouts or risk a fatal smashup.

To the watching millions, who know nothing of these things, the many quickly disappearing lights are simply lights and nothing more; all attention is concentrated on the searchlights tirelessly questioning the stars, and the intruder when he has been fixed and held by their remorseless shafts and the shells are bursting around it.

But when the climax approaches the countless myriads of people in the streets, holding their breaths in momentary expectation of the most wonderful and terrible spectacle in the world, miss the finer points of the combat two miles above their heads. The Zeppelin gripped by the searchlights turns and twists, rises and falls, vainly attempting to escape, tiny stars blossom in the sky about the yellowish cigar and instantly go out again. So much every one sees, has seen in every raid since the Zeppelins first came last year. But last year that was all there was to see.

Airships Begin Work.

Now the spectator who knows his glasses—they must be good ones—trained not on the Zeppelin but on the searchlight beams below and above the airship, sees shadows that seem like flies pass and repass through the light—they are aeroplanes closing in for the attack. Then amidst the shell blossoms that wink and go out again like fireflies appear tiny moving lights that do not go out for several seconds, and in answer dots and dashes appear upon the clouds, thrown there by searchlights detailed for signal duty.

What has happened? The aeroplanes have signalled that they are ready to attack, have received orders to close in and deal the finishing blow—and no sooner has the answering signal appeared in the sky than the guns stop and give the airmen their chance.

That instant of silence is the critical moment. If the attack succeeds a bright flame appears almost immediately, quickly running up and down the framework of the Zeppelin, in a few seconds enveloping a gas bag as long as the Lusitania in a conflagration which lights up the sky for fifty miles. And for fifty miles in every direction shouts and cheers go up from the watching multitudes, the noise rousing sleepers from their beds and bringing them tumbling into the streets in time to see the final plunge of the blazing comet to destruction.

Weapons Never Heard Of.

There are weapons used up there which the world has never heard of, which were designed for the special purpose of destroying Zeppelins. The reason Lieut. Robinson got the Victoria Cross for bagging the airship which fell at Cuffley in September was that he flew alongside his victim, exposed to machine gun bullets, until he managed to explode the petrol tank of his enemy; it was this petrol explosion which caused the great burst of yellow light which seemed to residents of London as if "the sun had exploded." The other Zeppelins downed by shell fire and attack of another nature in the air gave forth a less intense reddish orange light, caused by the explosion of their gas bags and not their petrol tanks.

Bombs are no longer used in attacks on Zeppelins; for although Warneford managed to throw one upon an airship with the desired results, his feat is now regarded as an extraordinary piece of luck, for it was afterward found almost impossible to hit the mark even when the difficult manœuvre of flying over the Zeppelin had been carried out.

Machine guns of the type ordinarily carried by aeroplanes are useless in such warfare and the incendiary missiles used by airmen in France to bring down anchored sausage balloons are not used against Zeppelins for the same reason that bombs have been discarded, because they must be thrown by hand and the chance of hitting an object moving as fast as an express train is infinitesimal.

Fire Explosive Shell.

I have examined in France a contrivance fitted in an aeroplane which makes it possible to fire explosive shells from a cannon. This has hitherto been impossible in the air, because the recoil from any ordinary gun would upset the aeroplane. That difficulty has now been overcome. To attempt further discussion of ways and means of bringing down Zeppelins is inadvisable, in view of the censorship on the subject, but it may be said that not only the aeroplanes have been improved but also the guns and the shooting.

Working out trajectories for gunnery against objects in the air which move up and down as well as forward proved a difficult problem, and early in the war much of the bad shooting not only against Zeppelins but against aeroplanes at the front was due to lack of accurate calculation, which has now been remedied. In Zeppelin defence, coordination between the guns and the attacking aeroplanes was at first entirely absent, but now the scheme that works most often is first to cripple the invader with shell fire from below, and then, before it can rise out of range and limp home again across the North Sea, finish it off by aeroplane attack. A Zeppelin once damaged by shell fire is often unable to carry out the swift manœuvring which alone can protect it against the swarms of wasps which swiftly gather around it.

Change in Temper.

To any one who witnessed the raids of last autumn and those a year later the most remarkable difference between the two was the change in the temper of the British people caused by the success of the new defensive measures.

Last year many persons were afraid, and those who were not scared were bitterly angry and felt keenly the sense of helplessness and impotence which comes over people who are menaced by some terrible danger against which they can take no precautions. When just twelve months ago Lieut. Mathey, whose fiery death I watched last Sunday night, as his airship came down amid thunders of cheering that rolled over all London, showered bombs on the theatre district, the scenes I witnessed in the Strand were far different.

London was horrified then; now, although it sounds callous to say it, London regards Zeppelin raids as thundering good sport, and it is typical of the British sporting spirit that the intense bitterness against the members of the Zeppelin crews who murder women and children in their sleep has, in great measure, passed away.

A year ago the "Zeppelin murderers," the "baby killers," carried out their operations with very little risk to themselves; now, every German who comes to England in the air comes knowing that the odds against his being burned to death before morning are not more than ten to one. It takes extraordinary courage, or discipline, to face such a risk, and the crowds in the streets watching the efforts to bring down the raiders are not slow to acknowledge the fact.

Honored by Enemies.

If proof of this change of spirit be asked, the burial rites accorded the slain German commanders who have been carried to their graves on the shoulders of British airmen of the anti-Zeppelin service may be cited. There has been no protest against this, excepting from a small knot of fire eaters, but a year ago all England would have been in arms at the proposal to treat the bodies with more honors than those accorded executed murderers, who are buried in quicklime after a mutilated burial service.

It is often argued now, and I think correctly, that the visits of the Zeppelins are proving an excellent tonic for the nerves of Englishmen. For the German mind to understand this would be impossible, since the Anglo-Saxon sporting spirit is absent in the Fatherland, but the point will be clear at once to Americans. Here in London for more than two years the people have groped about the streets in darkness, most of their amusements and recreations have been taken away from them, and of the excitement and thrill of war they have not had a particle—excepting for the Zeppelins.

The one desire of civilians who cannot go to the front is to see something, feel something of the war, for the outstanding impression produced by the war upon the overworked Briton at home is one of intense boredom. And the Germans, by staging these wonderful shows above our heads in the night, have gratified the insistent craving of millions of people for something to get excited about.

Sporting Element Absent.

When things came in the night and dropped trinitrotoluol and incendiary bombs and invariably went away safely the sporting element was absent from the affair. But what are the horse races, football and cricket matches which the average man used to attend in peace time to the fights he can watch now half a dozen times a year at least between St. Georges of England and evil, murderous dragons which now and then are brought flaming to death amid a pyrotechnical display dazzling beyond the imaginations of those who have not seen it? The old thrills will ever be absent now from the sports of peace. Nero never put on anything in his circuses for his jaded public half so exciting as the destruction of a Zeppelin.

And it isn't only Englishmen who confess that they have come to like the raids, as they all admit now, a little shamefacedly, for to enjoy spectacles which mean mutilation and torture for many people would have seemed to us all, in the faraway epoch which ended in 1914, a reversal to barbarism.

The other night I met a New York friend in the Savoy Hotel. "What brings you over?" I hailed him. "I came over to see the Zeps," he said with enthusiasm. "Of course I had to convince them I had some business to get a passport, but that was the real reason, and say, I just got here in time to see that one come down at Potter's Bar! I'm giving up the world's series for it, but do you know after watching these shows over here I never can get excited over a baseball game again."

The speaker, two years ago, rooted so vehemently four afternoons a week at the Polo Grounds that he verged upon apoplexy, but I fancy he never let out a yell from a grandstand so loud as the one with which he greeted the successful shot last Sunday night.

It would be too much to expect Germans to give up killing people and smashing houses because of the effect of their raids in heightening the cheerfulness and general morale of the British public, for no German can understand how "frightfulness" can have such a result. But it may well be asked why the raids are persisted in now that the British have demonstrated their ability to frequently bring Zeppelins to earth; for the ridiculous German bulletins concerning the damage done here by their air fleets cannot deceive those in authority in Berlin. The German espionage service is too good for that.

There is probably no one in America who does not know by this time that the German reports are entire fabrications, proving that the German commanders frequently do not know within fifty miles of where they are; I will, however, add my testimony to that of many others and say that during the last eighteen months I have visited probably thirty localities named in the German bulletins as having been bombed, and have only twice seen any damage at all, and then far less than the German accounts claimed.

The real German motive in continuing the raids, in the opinion of British military men, is rather the hope of immobilizing for defensive purposes great numbers of men and guns in England, which otherwise would be employed at the front. This view has in fact been put forward semi-officially by Berlin in answer to strong protests made in Vienna and Budapest against the Zeppelin campaign. It has been said in those cities by leading newspapers, and in the Hungarian Parliament, that to unnecessarily exasperate England, the most powerful Entente Power and the one least hard hit by the war, is a mistake, since the raids serve no important military purpose.

Keeps Men From Front.

To this German officials have replied, through the Berlin correspondents of the Austro-Hungarian newspapers, that more than 1,500 anti-aircraft guns, 20,000 men, many of them trained gunners and a great quantity of aeroplanes are kept in England to guard against Zeppelins. Of the 20,000 men on anti-aircraft service 12,000 are said to be skilled gunners.

"A Zeppelin costs less than a million dollars and carries less than thirty men," the Germans said in effect, "and it is better to lose one now and then than to permit this great mass of trained human material and cannon to go to France and kill thousands of our soldiers."

So much was given out to reassure Germany's ally; the German command doubtless is influenced also by the inspiriting effect its fabulous bulletins about the damage done in England have on the mass of the German people.

It may be gathered from what has been written that the prevailing mood in England as regards Zeppelin raids is one of elation. This feeling is not shared by one of the leading aeronautical experts in the country, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who only escaped the post of Air Minister because of his stringent criticisms of the Government, and who acted as a gadfly to the departmental heads of the air services during the entire war.

"It is premature to talk of our having achieved the mastery of the air," said Lord Montagu in discussing the latest raid, "or of our being able to make air raids impossible or even inadvisable from the German point of view," he added. "After all, what has our home air service actually accomplished? We have had about forty Zeppelin raids on this country, and at a low estimate some 150 airships were engaged in them from first to last. Yet we have brought down only four, or at most five, on our soil.

No Air Supremacy.

"Without wishing to belittle in any way the fine achievements of the individual airmen who were responsible for the destruction of those Zeppelins, and while fully recognizing and appreciating the splendid and daring spirit which animates the Royal Flying Corps, I must repeat that I do not think there is very much to boast about so far, though we are improving.

"We have now established a superiority in the air at the front, and one cannot pay too high a tribute to the skill and gallantry of our airmen there; but it is ludicrous to talk of having attained air supremacy anywhere else, either over the sea or over our own soil.

"We are far from being immune from the risk of raids by hostile aeroplanes by day and airships by night. And it seems to me the enemy raids of the future will naturally be directed to those parts of the United Kingdom which are at present more or less undefended by guns—to many industrial centres all over England and Scotland.

"Forewarned is forearmed, but so far the provisions made for the protection of these important centres are inadequate. As regards this question, it is best that we should not live in a fool's paradise. I am glad to say that considerable improvements have been and are being made in our air services, especially in the Royal Flying Corps, but the point to be emphasized and constantly borne in mind is that much greater improvements and developments are still imperatively necessary.

"While priority should of course be given to the needs of the army at the front, the constant invasion of our own country must be treated as a matter of serious importance. The task of providing adequate aircraft and anti-aircraft armament for this country, and at the same time keeping the front supplied, ought not to prove impossible.

"The Germans, we must remember, are not marking time in regard to their air service. They are devoting a vast amount of skill, energy and money to it. New aeroplanes of an improved design are being constructed. The new Zeppelins also prove the energy being put into air matters by Germany. I am delighted that we at last have got two real Zeppelins. They will help us very much in our own work of airship construction."

TRADE IN ANTIQUES GOOD.

London Dealers Say Americans Are Heavy Buyers.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—Bond Street dealers in antique and "sham antique" furniture declare that the war lull in local trade has been more than offset by American buying. These Americans do not seem the least perturbed by the high ocean rates. They are, however, driving better bargains than in the old days. It is no longer the custom to palm off sham antiques for real. It is said that people of moderate means are perfectly content to have things that look like the more valuable article at a correspondingly cheap figure.

"We are getting Americans now," one dealer is quoted as saying, "but there is not so much to be made out of them. They know what they want, and what is more, they know the price they want to pay."

FRENCH MASTERS WORK DURING WAR

Some, However, Find It Mentally Impossible to Do Their Best.

VIEWS OF THE SAVANTS

Painters and Composers Too Old for Trenches Tell of Their Efforts.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

PARIS, Oct. 11.—"Have you been able to work during the past two years?" is a question that the *Figaro* is putting, not to those whose work has been to fight, for the difference between the present war against Germany and that of 1870, which ended in defeat in some six months, shows how well they have been able to work, but to artists, writers, dramatists, philosophers and other civilians whom age or other causes have kept from army service.

The eminent philosopher, Theodule Ribot, now nearing his seventy-seventh birthday, one of the deans of the Institute, replies: "During the first four months of the war I was unable to do anything outside my professional work. Since then I have adapted myself little by little. It is true that the subject which occupies me, 'The Value of the Finalist Conception of History,' is not entirely out of touch with present events."

Eduard Branly, the great scientist, to whom wireless telegraphy, so valuable at the present time, is due, writes: "My laboratory has not been closed and friends of French science have continued to facilitate in certain measure the pursuit of my research work. If then special difficulties, not all due to the state of war, have made my wrok slow and trying, they have not suspended it for a single moment."

What Saint-Saens Has Done.

Saint-Saens, the composer, who this week celebrated his eighty-first birthday, has worked, but with a limitation.

"In the last two years," he says, "I have written quite an important composition for the San Francisco exhibition, where I conducted it myself, two motets, some melodies, an elegy for violin and piano, a piece for the trombone, a pamphlet, 'Germophille,' and I have just finished a musical accompaniment for 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour' at the Odeon Theatre. But I have not been able to supply M. Gheusi with a ballet which he asked for the Opera Comique. To write joyful music at the present moment would be, for me, quite impossible!"

Frederic Masson, the historian of Napoleon, whose 69 years have kept him outside the battlefield (to his regret), has not been able to work at his books, but has written articles for the cause of widows, wounded, mutilated and crippled.

J. E. Blanche, the painter, has never worked so much, but it has been at writing, not at painting. The only painting he did in the first eighteen months was an occasional work for a war charity. He has written six large volumes of an artist's war journal and has three more to write.

"For the last six months I have taken up my brushes again," he writes, "and find myself just as I used to be, although the nightmare that haunts us is never driven away for a single second."

War Urges d'Indy to Work.

Vincent d'Indy, the composer and director of the Schola Cantorum, seems rather to be urged to work by war.

"I have finished an important work begun ten years ago, and I may say that I believe that I have never worked so tranquilly as during the first autumn of the war, when all the 'funks' hastily left Paris, and no bores or blundering visitors disturbed one. I have never thought that the spirit of an artist, worthy of the name, could be struck with atrophy or sterility because of external circumstances, however grave. Beethoven composed his tenth quartet, a concerto and three sonatas during the occupation of Vienna by Napoleon's army, when Wagram was at its hottest, and as for myself, I have always had such absolute confidence in our victory and in the full crushing of the deadly German power which was dragging our art to the depths that the calm necessary for work has never failed me."

Le Borne Idle 18 Months.

Another composer, Fernand Le Borne, found it impossible to write anything after August 4, 1914, but when 1916 brought back some appearance of normal life to Paris, "when ridiculously short skirts appeared in the streets and restaurants, tea resorts, music halls and cinemas became crowded," he tried to resume work, but wonders what the result will be worth.

J. P. Laurens, the veteran painter, one of whose sons is a prisoner, sends a hasty note: "I can only tell you that I am at work under this universal tempest and strive to keep myself erect despite the lightning and the storm.' The ox returns to his ploughing! Allow me, monsieur, to take my brushes up again."

Viscomte Francois de Curel, the playwright and mighty hunter, whose property lies in Lorraine and has seen much fighting, says: "I set myself to steady work at once after the battle of the Marne, and my eager toil has not relaxed since."

BOYS TO FIGHT WAR SOON.

Germany Using Some 17 Years Old —Haig Wants Young Men.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The war threatens soon to become a struggle between mere boys. The pace is said to be entirely too fast for the older men long to endure. It is declared here that next year the Entente Allies will be facing boys of 17 in the German army.

Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British expeditionary forces, is said to have objected to the sending out of men of middle age. He wants young men of from 18 to 25. After the latter year, it is said, the fighting value of the human unit shows a rapid and steady decline.

The good soldier of to-day, it seems, must be of the age which excels in the more strenuous athletic games—the football player type. The older men have their place, but generally speaking it is said now to be in "the army behind the army"—the men back of the line, in the supply and transport divisions where the strain is not so great. These older men are too susceptible to trench diseases to be of great use on the firing line.

England already is registering boys born in 1899 preparatory to calling them up when they attain their eighteenth year.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS, who says that to write joyful music in these days of war is for him quite impossible.

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THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL FUND

An American Committee Is Formed in New York Headed by Joseph H. Choate.

At the request of the council of Queen Alexandra's Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund committee in England, which is headed by the Dukes of Norfolk, Devonshire and Portland and the Lords Rosebery, Cromer, Derby, Lansdowne, Desborough, Beresford and Grenfell, an American committee of the fund has been organized in New York, under the honorary presidency of Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to Great Britain.

The American committee of the fund will receive subscriptions from men of British birth or origin residing in the United States and from American admirers of Lord Kitchener who are in sympathy with the cause for which he labored and died. At a meeting at the Bankers Club F. Cunliffe-Owen, who has accepted the duties of chairman on the invitation of the English council of the fund, said:

"When the war overtook England it found her unprepared. Her army, for the most part on paper, was in a state of complete disorganization, while the War Department was in a state of chaos. His countrymen, led by their King, turned to Kitchener and demanded that he should assume control of the military defences of the empire. To the amazement of England's allies and to the dismay of her foes, he evolved out of a nucleus of barely 150,000 men an army of over 5,000,000 trained men, armed them and equipped them and then sent them forth to fight for the empire.

"That is why we are seeking to honor his memory.

"The memorial is to take that particular form which would have appealed most strongly to Kitchener himself, namely, the establishment of a fund to provide for disabled officers and men. It is intended that the income of the fund shall be devoted in perpetuity to providing for officers and men of the royal army and navy, in institutions endowed for the purpose, or in their own homes, who have been disabled, and whose pecuniary circumstances preclude them from obtaining such attention and comforts as they need. Nearly two million dollars have already been collected for the purpose in England, in the space of a few weeks, and a large home for disabled officers is already in process of equipment.

"At the request of the council of the Kitchener Memorial Fund in England we have undertaken to form a committee here. Joseph H. Choate has consented to assume the honorary presidency of the American committee. We have asked George T. Wilson, the vice-president and founder of the Pilgrims Society of America, to act as vice-chairman. William Curtis Demorest will act as treasurer, and J. P. Morgan & Co. have agreed to become the depositories; while Porter Clyde Shannon will act as secretary.

"On the completion of the formation of this committee I cabled your names to Queen Alexandra, the president of the entire fund, and I have received from Col. Sir Charles Davidson, equerry of her Majesty, a despatch dated from Sandringham to the following effect:

"'Queen Alexandra much gratified at so representative a committee having been formed for American Kitchener Memorial Fund.'"

The committee is composed of Joseph H. Choate, F. Cunliffe-Owen, George T. Wilson, William Curtis Demorest, Porter Clyde Shannon, James M. Beck, William Allen Butler, Nicholas Murray Butler, Paul D. Cravath, E. F. Darrell, Chauncey M. Depew, the Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D. D., Richard H. Ewart, Samuel W. Fairchild, H. T. S. Green, R. Y. Hebden, A. Barton Hepburn, W. H. Macintyre, Clarence H. Mackay, the Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., William Fellowes Morgan, Thomas E. Neelands, Eugenius H. Outerbridge, Alton B. Parker, Charles H. Sabin, C. F. Shallcross, William Sloane, Sir Herbert Tree, Cornelius Vanderbilt, George Gray Ward, the Rev. John Williams and the Hon. R. M. Stuart Wortley.

M'DONALD IS NOW MAJOR "FOGHORN"

Canadian Who Enlisted as Private at 53 Wins Another Promotion.

VOICE IS LIKE SEA SIREN

One of the Big Human Personalities of War Turns Up in London.

Correspondence of Associated Press.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—"Foghorn" McDonald admits he's as "Scotch as oatmeal," but what he doesn't have to admit is that he is beyond doubt the best known man in the wonderful big army Canada has sent over to fight for the mother country. Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, is not jealous of "Foghorn's" distinction. The rawest rookie in the rearmost ranks of the Dominion forces proclaims it on the fighting line and looks up to this world wandering scion of the clan McDonald as a shining example of what a lowly "buck" can do in trying times like these.

For "Foghorn" came over as a private himself just two short years ago. Some of his home folks told him he was a "darned old fool" to enlist at 53, but "Foghorn" had been a miner all his days. He had hit the Western trail from sunbaked Batopilas in the wilds of Mexico to the snow shrouded valleys of the Yukon, and he knew what perseverance and pluck and courage and sacrifice could do.

He knew he would "make the grade," and so did a great crowd of his friends who gathered a day or two ago to "wet" that new third stripe and crown on the cuffs of his khaki army jacket. He was back from the front to receive this latest promotion, and he was toasted a major of his Majesty's forces.

Voice Is a Low Rumble.

"Foghorn" was born Neil Roderick McDonald, but there are comparatively few who know him by that distinguished name. It's just plain "Foghorn" nowadays from one end of the trenches to the other, and one earful of that low rumbling, window shattering, rock shivering voice explodes all possible doubt as to the derivation of the nickname.

There are plenty of Germans who know "Foghorn," too. In the days of the deadlock, when trenches crept closer and closer together, he was one of those who burrowed beneath the earth and set off great mines under the enemy. He had not been a mining engineer in vain. Often his voice would go booming across "No Man's Land" hurling picturesque invectives at the Germans.

Not to know "Foghorn" McDonald is to miss one of the big human personalities of this war. It is not difficult to realize what a tower of encouragement and strength he is to the soldiers at the front.

"He is the sort of officer whose men would follow him to the gates of hell itself and walk in laughing," declared Major "Eddie" Holland, a longtime friend and a "V. C." of the South African war.

"And speaking of hell," he added, "there may or may not be something in the fact that Foghorn belongs to the Black Devils."

That is the name the Germans have given the Eighth Battalion, Canadian Infantry, and the battalion has adopted as its insignia a small black imp dancing in glee. They were delighted with the appellation and are living up to it according to all reports from the Somme.

He's Not Afraid of Any Man.

It has been said of Foghorn that "he's not afraid of any man—and very few women." His home is in the great American West. He has lived much in the United States and almost every province in Canada can claim him as her own. His heart is as big as the world in which he has lived, and he has a way of calling a superior officer "Bill" or "Jim" or "George" and referring to a corporal as a "brother officer" that is quite baffling to the Englishman's idea of discipline. Some one spoke to "Fog" about it.

"Well, sir," he explained, "it's a man's war, by God, sir, and I respect every mother's son who's out there doing his bit. I was a full fledged 'buck' myself once, and I know what they have to go through."

"Foghorn" has been serving for some time as transport officer of the "Black Devils" and has been riding about the front lines on what he describes himself as "a mighty fine hoss." Where he got the horse he will not tell you. "It wouldn't be passed by the censor," he says.

A good transport officer tries to keep his losses at a minimum and to make the deficiencies good as quickly as he can. "Foghorn" had his men in the Black Devils trained to the minute in that respect.

"One night," he said, "we were taking some loads of ammunition away up in front. It was blacker than the ace of spades and if you struck a match you'd get your eye shot out. But in the midst of all this blackness and the shelling we were getting I heard one of my men say to his partner: 'Keep your eye out for a good hoss, Bill; this ought to be a good night to get one.'"

Served in Spanish War.

"Foghorn" served for a time as an officer in the United States army—the Third Volunteer Cavalry of the Spanish war.

"I think the officer commanding our regiment had fifteen or twenty million dollars," said "Foghorn"; "I had $1.35 myself."

A day or two ago a staff Colonel, fresh from Canada, walked into the Savoy "Club."

"Hello, Foghorn," he called out; "I heard you a couple of blocks down the street and came in to see you. Do you remember me?"

"Remember you?" repeated "Fog," "why bless your brass-hatted old soul, I'd know your hide in a tan yard."

A "brass hat" is the army name for all staff officers, and it comes, of course, from the abundance of gold braid they wear on their caps.

Some one asked how things were going at the front.

"Going?" said "Fog," "why the boys are getting so gay out there one of our battalions came parading up to the front line trenches the other day with a brass band playing for all it was worth. They were right where you could get killed any minute, too, and even my old hoss thought they were crazy.

"Guess I'll be getting back to the front soon myself," he concluded with a sigh; "this quiet life of London is getting on my nerves."

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BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

$35 and $40 Velveteen Fur Trimmed Suits, $25

Five Styles Are Illustrated : : There Are Four Others

THEY ARE MADE of rich qualities of velveteen in all the wanted shades—Suits usually called "Velvet Suits." They copy all the best models shown this season. They are trimmed with furs of exceptional quality.

A. In black, wine, taupe, plum, navy, brown. Sizes 16 and 18 and 36 to 42.

B. In black, navy, brown, green, burgundy, taupe and plum. Sizes 16 and 18 and 34 to 42.

C. In plum, brown, wine, navy, black and green. Sizes 16 and 18 and 36 to 40.

D. In green, plum, wine, brown, navy, black. Sizes 16 and 18 and 36 to 40.

E. In burgundy, green, brown, black, plum, navy. Sizes 16 and 18 and from 36 to 40.

Other Suits in this lot in the same range of colors and sizes; all trimmed with flat furs; all excellently tailored; all interlined.

Second Floor.

$7.50 to $15 Metallic Brocades at $4.98 a Yard

Exquisite Soft Silks Brocaded With Silver and Gold

PICTURE THE LOVELIEST, richest Silks that the loom can produce, loom marvels that will readily be fashioned into regal evening wraps and costumes. Such are the wonderful fabrics that make up this great offering.

We have secured the whole stock of these metallic brocaded Silks from the Silk specialist who produced them. None of these Silks would ordinarily be sold under $7.50 a yard and the greater part are of the higher values, ranging up to $15 quality.

Exquisite figures and medallions are artistically embroidered on magnificent quality of pure silk Satins. They come in the choicest colors, contrasting wonderfully with the silver and gold brocading.

These rich, metal-adorned Silks will prove irresistible to every woman contemplating the purchase of a handsome evening or reception gown. Only two costume lengths at most in any one color and design but a very large assortment to choose from. It must be remembered that early comers will have best choice.

Main Floor.

Another Great Collection and Sale of Artists' Proof Etchings at Prices Never Equaled Heretofore

OUR SALE TWO WEEKS AGO attracted widespread interest among art lovers and collectors. It was the most notable event of the kind and the collection was one of the most distinguished ever exhibited.

Tomorrow, from the same source, we offer still another fine group of Etchings, and at the same extraordinary concessions, together with those which remain from our former sale.

The plates are mostly remarque proofs on parchment or Japan vellum in their first or second states and signed either by the painter, etcher or both. Most of the plates are stamped with the seal of the Print Sellers' Association of London, which is an evidence of their genuineness.

Etchings Published at $7.50 to $12 Are Now $3
Etchings Published at $15 to $20 Are Now $5
Etchings Published at $24 to $36 Are Now $7.50
Etchings Published at $45 to $75 Are Now $10

Third Floor.

3,000 Pairs of Women's 25c and 35c Stockings at 19c

BLACK FULL FASHIONED COTTON; black seamless cotton; black seamless silk lisle; black seamless fiber silk; white and tan cotton. All with spliced heels and toes.

Women's $1.50 Silk Stockings at $1.19

Black ingrain thread silk, medium weight, double silk tops and soles. Highly lustrous and of very durable make. Also black ingrain thread silk, medium weight; made with flaring mercerized lisle tops.

2,400 Pairs Children's 20c. to $1.75 Hosiery, 12½c., 35c., 75c., $1

Clearance of BROKEN SIZES from our own stocks. White and colored ingrain thread silk; spun silk ribbed in white; black and colored ribbed and plain silk lisle; black ribbed and plain cotton.

5,200 Pairs Men's Cotton and Lisle Socks, 3 Pairs for 50c

6,000 Pairs Men's Black and Colored Cotton Socks, 10c

Another Great Sale of Blouses, $1.95

Fashionable—and Very Special Values

Main Floor Table

THE SEASONAL CLEARANCES of several very good makers, combined with certain reductions from our own stocks to make one of the most important underprice sales of silk, lace and net Blouses seen this season in all New York.

One model of crepe de chine has a sailor collar and jabot edged with Valenciennes lace. Another has a square flat collar and hemstitching each side of the front. The silk is of exceptional quality and the making high class.

A Blouse of cream net combined with lace has a pale pink chiffon camisole with ribbon, large round sailor collar and cuffs piped with pink silk. A Blouse of white net is embroidered in silk, lined with net, deep sailor collar and cuffs embroidered in white and with net frills.

Blouses of satin striped silks in navy, of habutai in white or black; some of lace; many others of crepe de chine, in white or flesh; all exceptional value.

Main Floor.

1,000 Suits of Men's Pajamas for 98c

Of Extra Quality Domet Flannel

THIS QUALITY of domet flannel is used today in many styles of Pajamas now priced in other stores at $1.50.

Comparison will prove this to your full satisfaction.

Every Suit is made over our own exclusive large, comfortable body sizes, finished with extra quality buttons and loops.

Pink and blue stripe patterns. In sizes for small, medium and large men. A value unmatched at 98c. Suit.

Main Floor.