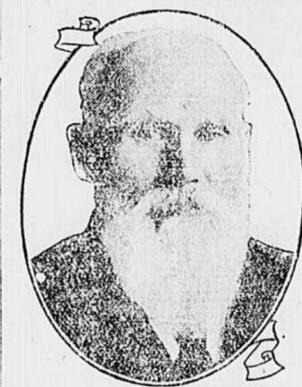


Teuton Army in Serbia Halting for Midday Meal and Rest



One of the first pictures of the Germans on Serbian soil. The picture, taken in the hill country outside of Belgrade, shows a Teuton invading division halting for the noon meal and a much-needed rest. The horses and pack mules are left to graze, while the men lie down or gather about the "Goulash Cannons," the portable field kitchens.

Hale and Hearty at 70; Veteran Thanks Duffy's



MR. SAMUEL SAGE

Have often recommended it to my old comrades, and they all say it does them much good.—Samuel Sage, Adj. Gen. Post, No. 178, G. A. R., Sheridan, Mich.

And only recently he wrote in the following youthful vein: "I am way down South in the land of flowers and sunshine. I still take Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey and my health is of the best, considering my age, as I will be 70 in August. A great many ask me if I still use Duffy's, and of course I always say yes. Then they remark: 'You are a young looking man with hair and beard as white as fresh and fair as many a young person, and your eyes are clear and bright, too.' In fact, it may interest you to know that I beat many young men shooting at the target, and at quills they say, 'Sage is the Champion Pitcher.'—(Signed) Saml. Sage, P. O. Box 782, Zephyrhills, Fla.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is an absolutely pure distillation of thoroughly malted grain which prompts the stomach to healthy action, promotes digestion and assimilation of the food, enriches the blood, and brings strength and vigor to the system. It is truly a medicine for all mankind, and many medical men prescribe Duffy's as a reliable stimulant to delay the effects of old age and bring back the vivacity of youth. Why not have a bottle in your home to guard against illness, or in case of emergency? Better order it now—before it slips your mind that you should

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be stuck to, but a part forever of Gallipoli, alone with a boat by the spit of rock, trying to lift in the wounded under fire. ALL THESE THINGS HE SEES AS IN DREAM "All these things I saw as a dream as I moved from casemate to casemate, watching to see Turks, wearing a 'victoria smile,' and trying to pretend in an even voice to men who had never seen death that this was the best of all possible worlds. Columns of smoke rose from the castle and town of Seddul-Bahr as the great shells from the fleet passed over our heads and burst; and in every lull we heard the wounded. "I looked at the commander on the spit of rock trying to lift in the wounded, and every splash by his side meant a bullet. The colonel, the second in command, was shot through the head on the bridge. One of my men came to me: 'May I go over and help get in those wounded?' 'Why?' I said, and I remembered the story of Stephen Crane's of the man who went across the shell-swept field to get a drink because he was 'dared' to by his companions. 'I can't stand hearing them cry.' "At 12 I had given up all hope; one gun on the ridge, and we should be smashed to pieces. At 1 o'clock I got 20,000 more rounds from the fleet, and the Lancashires were appearing over the ridge to the left from Lancashire Landing. We saw fifteen men in a window in the castle on the right by the water. They signalled that they

were all that remained of the Dublins who had landed at the Camber at Seddul-Bahr. At 3 o'clock we got 150 men alive to shore, and great chunks were flying out of the old castle as the 'fifteen' shells from the Elizabeth plastered the ten-foot walls. We watched our men working to the right and up into the castle ruins—at each corner the officer crouching in front with revolver in rest, one watched them through the fire zone, and held one's breath and pressed the button of the Maxim. "Then night came, but a house in Seddul-Bahr was burning brightly and there was a full moon. We disembarked men at once. All around the wounded cried for help and shelter against the bullets, but there was no room on boats or gangway to shore. For three hours I stood at the end of the rocks up to my waist in water, my legs jammed between dead men, and helped men from the last boat to the rocks. Every man who landed that night jumped on to the backs of dead men, to the most horrible accompaniment in the world. It was then that I first heard the shout of 'Allah! the Turks charged. All night long the battle raged. On shore every one was firing at they knew not what. Our men went up the hill through the Turks; and the Turks came down through ours to the beach. Over and past each other they went, sometimes not seeing, sometimes glad to pass on in the darkness. One party of our men were found by daylight at the top of

the gully on the left, in touch with the Lancashires. It is not necessary to burn your boats to insure the courage of desperation; it is as good to have your ship firmly aground. The paladins of that night's fighting knew this and knew what was their position. ALL THE TIME WONDERFUL INFANTRY GOES FORWARD "You must remember that for two nights no one had slept; and then another day dawned. We were firmly ashore at Lancashire Landing, and at Du Toit's Battery to the northeast; and the Australians were dug in at Anzac. An end had to be made of V-beach. The whole fleet collected, and all morning blew the ridge and castle and town to pieces. And all the time that wonderful infantry went forward up the hill and through the ruined town. The troops that went in that attack had already lost half their strength; the officers that led up those narrow streets, dodging first through gateways, across the openings, and beckoning when safe for men to come on, were nearly all killed. Dead heat at 1 o'clock, before the final rush they hesitated. Then our last colonel, a staff man, Colonel Doughy Wylie, ran ashore with a cane, ran right up the hill, ran through the last handful of men sheltering under the crest, took them with that rush into the trench, and fell with a bullet through his head. But the Turks ran, and the ridge was ours."

OUR POLICY, "SATISFIED CUSTOMERS." This Great Big Deeply Upholstered Rocker \$9.75 Just as pictured, in Brown Art Spanish Leather, or in Wear-ever Black Imitation Leather. This is a man-sized Rocker It's just as roomy as it looks—even more so—and once you get settled into it, sinking deeper and comfortably into its wonderfully upholstered seat, you'll give a deep sigh of satisfaction and exclaim, "Well, this is real rest!" Upholstered in Wear-ever Imitation Leather! It would take a leather expert to distinguish the difference between this imitation leather and the genuine. It is upholstered over a well-made frame—the kind that's made to last, to stand up under rough use. Not only does this wear-ever leather look like leather, but, as its name suggests, it wears like leather. If Desired We Will Lay Aside, Without Extra Cost, for Xmas Delivery. HOME FURNISHING CORP 303-5-7 WEST BROAD STREET OUR POLICY, "SATISFIED CUSTOMERS."

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