

U. S. AVIATOR IS KILLED

Kiffen Rockwell, of Atlanta, Meets Death in Fight Near Thann.

Paris, Sept. 25.—The aerial fight in which Sergeant Kiffen Rockwell of Atlanta, Ga., was mortally wounded Saturday morning by a German aviator took place over the town of Thann. The body of the American aviator fell in re-conquered territory in Alsace near the spot where Rockwell shot down his first adversary five months ago.

Rockwell was serving as a volunteer in the Franco-American flying corps on the Verdun front. A few hours previous to his engagement, he had been promoted to the rank of second lieutenant, but died without knowing the new honor. He already received the military medal for shooting down a German two-seater near Hartmannswieskopf in May.

Sergeant Rockwell was one of the first American volunteers to join the foreign legion. He was grievously wounded in a bayonet attack at Arras in May, 1915, before being transferred to the flying corps. He was regarded in French aviation circles as an "ace" name given to the most skillful and daring pilots.

CHIEF OF POLICE RUNS INTO WAGON

Small Boy Thrown From Rig When Fender of Official's Car Strikes Vehicle.

Saturday evening an automobile, driven by Chief of Police William Lowe, crashed into a wagon owned by Jake Locker. Chief Lowe was driving his machine on Fifth street, between International and Alpha avenues when the accident occurred.

A small boy who was seated in the wagon was thrown out, but a medical investigation showed that no injuries resulted. According to witnesses the crash was not the fault of the chief, as the end of the rig extended far into the street, and when the official passed another car, his view was obstructed until too late to prevent the smash. Only the fender of the machine hit the rig, and no damage was done.

CAPTAIN SUTTER'S BONES.

Los Angeles Times.

Governor Johnson has asked Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania for the bones of Captain John A. Sutter, that he buried in the little cemetery of Little Lancaster county. Sutter is the man who gave to the world the thrilling news that gold existed in California, that awoke the adventurous spirit of countless thousands. That was in January, 1848. And Captain Sutter died in 1880, friendless, broken and disappointed.

Wounded Soldiers, Most Cheerful People in London, Help Bring Light Moment's to City's Life

London, Sept. 15.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Notwithstanding the well-nigh total darkness of the nights and the number of wounded seen upon the streets London life is not without its lighter shades even in these crucial days of the great war. One reason for this is that the wounded soldiers are about the most cheerful lot London has ever known. Most of those encountered along the Strand, in Piccadilly and other promenades of the west end, are from Canada, Australia or New Zealand. The wounded English "Tommy" is more often found in the suburbs, in the neighborhood of his old home.

It would seem decidedly out of place to sympathize with these oftentimes permanently crippled men in hospital togs, for that is apparently the last thing they desire. As a matter of fact they deeply resent it as a rule. In crowded tram or tube cars women often arise and offer seats to wounded soldiers only to have them politely but very firmly refused.

Nor will the men ordinarily talk of where they "got it."

"Oh, somewhere out in No-man's-land," they'll say. One chatterbox of a Tommy went so far as to add: "I was 'opping along from one dug-out to another when I ups and stumbles over something 'ard. I guess it must 'a been a bomb. Anyway it blew my 'bloomin' foot off."

A popular young Canadian officer, in muff and on crutches, recently swung his way from one dug-out into the lounge room of a hotel in the Strand. His left leg was shattered from the knee down and hung stiff and helpless in steel braces.

"Have something, Livvy?" asked one of his fellows in khaki.

"Sorry, but I can't tonight, old man," replied "Livvy"; "you see I have got a crippled friend to look after."

In came the friend, an even younger officer with right leg gone at the knee.

"We tossed a coin," explained "Livvy," "to see which one of us would look after the other, and I lost."

In this same hotel, which is a sort of headquarters for the officers from across the seas, a report was circulated one night of the death of a young flying corps captain. He had often been in the "club" and only a few days before had "swanked" quite a bit about the easy life he was living. All he had to do was to take new machines across the channel and turn them over to the aviators at the front. In this way he spent about every other day in London, much to the envy of the fellows "over there" who were longing for the sights of town. But now "Gill" was gone and a company of his friends drank a silent toast to his memory.

Three days later "Gill" created consternation at the club by appearing very much alive and as hale and hearty as ever.

"Why, you old cheater," shouted one of his friends, "go back where you belong or pay us for that very expensive 'round' we had the other night. What right have you got to be living anyway?"

"Gill" admitted the obligation entailed by his return from the grave, paid it handsomely, and is still flying new machines 'cross channel for the "wingers" at the front.

Another young Canadian of the flying corps told of a "joke" he had played on the folks at home. He had not written for nearly a month when along came a cablegram:

"No letters for weeks. Is anything wrong with the boys at the front?"

Promptly he had cabled back "collect."

"Very serious matter. Boy absolutely broke. Send much money."

"That," explained "Boy," "ought to stop them worrying for a while."

Instances of the lightness of heart with which the soldiers go into the war are many. In embarking for active service the Canadians are given pay books in which their allowances are entered from time to time. The book also serves for identification purposes and the last page is set aside for the making of a will. Some of those that have turned up lately have proved grimly humorous. One said:

"I give everything I have to the Home for Stray Cats, London, provided they don't take in any more black cats."

Another read:

"In case I should die—(cheers)—I will everything to my mother—(loud and prolonged sobs)."

Both were held to be valid.

At a reinforcement camp "somewhere in France" the Australian contingents have a fine brass band they brought with them from home. The band has become famous in the vicinity whenever an Australian group is called up to make a band. It is, the band always is there to give the men a musical send-off. Usually this occurs at 4 a. m., a fact which adds materially to the renown of the band.

Part of the line of march lies beside a general camp hospital and invariably the nurses or "sisters" as the soldiers call them, turn out to wave a parting salute.

"Save me a nice bed, sister," called out one of the Tommies a day or two ago; "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Oddly enough, he was.

The London theaters reflect the spirit of the times. Serious plays are all but forgotten, "revues" and musical comedies holding the boards at all the better houses. Of course there are no chorus men in the productions—a new evidence that cruel war has its alleviating circumstances.

Some of the London papers have recently complained that the British hen has taken on a holiday mood and is distinctly not "doing her bit." The price of eggs has risen, has risen to an equivalent of 60 cents a dozen. Colonials are again to be called upon to help out and it is admitted now that much depends upon the Canadian chicken.

There is a rule in London that except in emergency cases military ambulances must not exceed five miles an hour. This slow pace, designed for the comfort of the wounded, sometimes proves irksome to them. One badly shattered "Tommy" lifted his head from the stretcher a few days ago and hailed the chauffeur.

"I say, would you mind driving a bit faster; this ain't no bally funeral."

There is also the story of Tommy Dodd, the most cheerful and indomitable little fellow in his command. Tommy was badly laid out a day or two ago with four or five nasty shrapnel wounds. He was arranging some barbed wire standards along toward evening and in the enthusiasm of his work got a bit nearer "Wireless Corner" than he should. A shell burst low overhead and Tommy Dodd went down in a cloud of dust.

"Looks almost like a blighty for me, sir, don't it," he said to an officer who ran to his rescue. Then the stretcher men came along to bear Tommy away to the dressing station. Tommy gave a grim little smile as they straightened up.

"Home James," he sighed.

Soldier stories of amusing happenings at the front are many. There is considerable rivalry among the Canadians and the Aussies—the men from Australia and New Zealand. The English think they are both such good soldiers there is little to choose between them. This incident happened at almost the same time ago when the Australians first came to the western front. Several Canadians were within when they espied the wide-brimmed campaign hats that distinguish the Aussies from all the other soldiers. The Canadians gave their fellow colonials a hearty welcome and an equally hearty invitation to "have something."

The details having been attended to a Canadian turned to one of the Australians:

"When did you fellows come over?" he asked.

"Just got in this morning."

"Well, what you going to do?"

"This was too good an opening for the Anzac."

"Oh, he said in a 'swanky' tone, "we came over to finish what you fellows started."

"Humph," replied the Canadian, "it's a wonder you didn't first finish what you started yourself down at Gallipoli."

Then the trouble began. It was a Donnybrook affair for a time, but eventually peace was declared with renewed and mutual respect for colonial fighting ability.

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Both Canadians and Aussies delight in the nocturnal raids made almost every night on the close-lying German trenches. On one of these recently a Canadian lieutenant worked his way unseen to an enemy dugout and suddenly peered over the top. It was a nasty, rainy night, cold and damp, and a group of Germans were seated about a little stove.

"How many of you fellows down there?" called out the Canadian in a raucous voice.

"Nein!" came back a startled and ambiguous reply.

"Well share that among you," shouted the Canadian as he hurled a bomb into their midst and threw himself flat on the ground to avoid the effects of the explosion.

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There is one chaplain at the front who insists upon living up near the firing line. He has a nicely fitted up little dugout that he has labeled "The Vicarage." Recently two men belonging to a draft fresh from home—Cockneys they were—happened along this particular trench.

"Look here, Bill," cried one, "blimey if 'ere ain't a bloomin' vicarage."

"Out popped the "padre" at that with half his face lathered and a razor in one hand.

"Yes," he said, "and 'ere's the bloomin' vicar. What can I do for you?"

One of the most delightful stories from the trenches has been illustrated and distributed among the troops for their amusement. One night an old sergeant was "doing a bit of snooping" in No-Man's land, between the trenches when a recruit sentry spied him and called out:

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Shut your bloomin' mouth or I'll come over and knock your bally head off," replied the exasperated veteran.

"Pass, friend," said the sentry.

Plans Now Underway for Winter Concerts

Prof. W. W. Norton Preparing for First Rehearsal to be Held Next Wednesday.

Plans are now being made by Prof. W. W. Norton for the continuation of the University Philharmonic orchestra, which in the past has proved a big success and which promises to become even a greater organization during the coming year. Next Wednesday the first rehearsal of the year will be held and it is expected that the first program of the season will be given on October 29.

HIS PAINFUL DISCOVERY.

Boston Transcript.

"Hallo, Newedd, why so sombre?"

"Saw, old man, I've made a very painful discovery. My wife can't sing."

"Painful? Why, man, you are to be congratulated."

"Alas, no! You see, she thinks she can."

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J. H. VOLD, Prop.

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