

GENERAL VON HEERINGEN AT THE FRONT



General von Heeringen (with helmet), one of Germany's ablest strategists, at the front in the western war area.

HAS HIS OWN WAR

Gunner With Traction Engine Plays Lone Hand.

British Officer Tells of "Funny Old Cove" Who Travels About With Field Piece and Fires When He Is Ready.

London.—While it is said that modern warfare does not give to the individual many chances to distinguish himself, a British cavalry officer in a letter to the London Times tells of a gunner who carries on a little war of his own. Going about on a traction engine, towing his gun behind him, he unlimbers, fires a few shots and goes on his own way. That his work, no matter how amusing, is effective is told by the officer, who says:

"There is one incident I must cite; it amuses us mightily. Some time ago, when closer to the lines, we were out exercising one fine morning when the funniest old outfit came along—a 50-year-old guy gunner with a big gun towed by a sort of traction engine. He was a funny looking old chap. He stopped his caravan, consulted some notes, and swung around into position and let off a couple of shots. The first one over, second short, and it appears he was quite satisfied with the next four, for he started packing up again.

"He had a kind of aeroplane with him, too, on a lorry, also in tow. He was the funniest looking old cove you ever saw; seemed to be running a little show of his own. Last we saw of him was around the corner with his traction engine half mired in the ditch. But it appears he knew what he was about, for he put one of the enemy's guns out of action with the four shots.

"Those little motor-cycles—we call them wasps, for they sting us into action. You're snugly between blankets and you hear the snorting and buzzing of one coming up the road. You hope he goes on—but no, he stops outside headquarters. You hold your breath. If he proceeds at once it's an ill omen, as he wants no reply but his receipt envelope, and it's 'turn out,' full parade marching order, first line transports and all.

"He waits, and after five minutes wriggles on his road, coughing and snorting and sparking, and it's all right and you can go to sleep again. The wasps—the beggars always get you on the hop—these are the dispatch riders, through which all our orders come.

"There was a park of flying machines, our last night. They brought down a taube with rifle fire from two of our planes that went up after him. They have one very fast biplane there. I heard one very great yarn of a big observer. While he was flying over the German lines and returning against a strong head wind the machine gave a heavy jerk and dip and sent his gun, map case, etc., overboard. Some seconds after the pilot felt a great bump. It was his pal coming back into his seat, from which he had been absent much too long for his own comfort.

"The wings of the machine were riddled with shrapnel and the pilot and observer had to sit tight over their sheets of armor plate. I think they are worthy of the greatest praise. The only thing we envy them is the impossibility of their being turned out at night. They can work only by day."

SNAPS FOES' TRENCH

French Officer With Kodak Is Welcomed.

Tells Remarkable Story of His Experience in Getting Picture of the Germans—Men Seemed Quite Happy.

Paris.—L'Illustration, France's leading pictorial weekly, recently contained a remarkable story and a remarkable photograph of an incident which occurred in the famous forest of the Argonne. Both picture and narrative are the work of a French junior officer, who writes:

"The general one morning said to me: 'I want you to make your way to our first line, and if possible photograph the German trenches 30 yards

from the front. About 10 o'clock you, for the enemy shoots the first shell he sees and the moment he hears a sound!"

"Amid a mass of branches I perceived our lads. A lieutenant, warned by telephone, was expecting me. In a penetrating whisper he said: 'Hist! they're only fifteen meters off.' I soon reached a fagot hedge, and peeping through, with the aid of a field-glass, I could distinguish a heap of fresh soil ahead. It was the German trenches.

"Don't look too long," said the lieutenant, "or a bullet will whip that periscope from your hand. What we'd like to know is whether they're 'bad boys' or 'good boys.'"

By "bad boys" he meant the Prussians, who fling grenades, bombs, or minenwerfer shells morning, noon, and night; and by "good boys," the Saxons, who are lazier, and leave us in peace for hours at a stretch.

We kept as still as mice all the while, watching intently. Suddenly the lieutenant began to whistle a popular German song:

Drunten im Unterland,
Ei! da ist's so wunderschoen.
In the valley below
How glorious the life!

He stopped. We never moved a muscle. Then from the trench opposite came the concluding couplet, whistled in the same key:

Ei da ist's so wunderschoen,
Da moecht' ich Jaeger sein!
How glorious the life
With the huntmen you know!

I could hardly believe my ears. At my side a soldier exclaimed: "Look, there's a German. That's the first we've seen alive since the war began."

"Hold your tongue! Do you want to be bombarded?" This from the lieutenant.

"Heavens!" pursued the soldier, whom artillery had made deaf, "there's a couple, one with a green cap and something shining on it."

With my glass I could easily see two German heads just appearing above their parapet of earth—a sharpshooter and a Bavarian infantryman. They saw the blue kepi of our impudent "piau-piau." In genial tones they called out, "n Morgen Kamerad." (Good morning, comrade.) Then other heads appeared. I counted five; one belonged to an officer. This seemed to be the psychological moment to get a useful and curious record. So I handed the lieutenant the camera and he held it above the trench and cried out "Photographieren?"

"Ja, Ja," called back the Germans, whose round faces broke into a broad smile.

I quickly scaled our trench, and getting possession of the kodak I stretched myself flat on the loose soil and focussed the German trench. "Click," and with a salute to the enemy I dropped back into the trench, just as a cheery "Dank" came across the intervening space.

They seemed quite happy. One of

them went so far as to throw us a packet of cigarettes. A bough stopped it, and instantly a German came out of his trench, apparently with the object of picking it up and handing it to us. But the lieutenant, with a grim smile, pointed a revolver at him; the Teuton returned, and the cigarettes stayed where they were.

PEN PICTURE OF EMPEROR

Glimpse of William II as He Appeared Recently at Eastern Battle Front.

Amsterdam.—An interesting pen picture of Emperor William appeared in the Kreuz Zeitung, an army organ published in Berlin, from its correspondent on the eastern front. It says:

"The emperor appeared with General von Mackensen, passing along a line of troops. For the moment I had an impression that he had grown terribly gray, but that was an error arising from the fact that the head protector he was wearing to keep off the terrible cold was gray.

"As a matter of fact the emperor appeared extraordinarily fresh and elastic, though there was an added seriousness noted in his features and a certain bitterness in his voice which formerly was not there."

FIRST GIRL IN 120 YEARS

Heirs of Cunningham Family Have All Been Boys Until This Baby Arrived.

San Antonio, Tex.—The first girl to be born in a family for about four generations, or about one hundred and twenty years, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cunningham, 627 West Russell place, recently. They have christened the baby Mary Elizabeth.

Mr. Cunningham and his brother, John H. Cunningham, belong to an old Tennessee family and have made their home in San Antonio for about nine years. In each generation for the last century and more sons have been born into the family and have carried the name of Cunningham into many states. The birth of the first daughter was an event of no little importance in the family of Cunningham.

MAN, 75, TO HUNT LOST MINE

Plans to Lead an Expedition into Far North in Search of Old Claim.

Princeton, B. C.—Col. Robert Stevenson, veteran mining man and explorer, is at work on the Gladstone mine, near Allison, and has some fine ore. Although seventy-five years old, he is planning to lead an expedition to the far North in search of a lost mine, which was worked in the Cariboo placer days by two men, Rose and Johnson, both of whom were killed in a quarrel about their discovery.

Colonel Stevenson was acquainted with the men and has information which leads him to believe he can recover the ground, which is on a tributary of Antler creek.

TOWN ENTIRELY TOO GOOD

Hoosier Marshal Quits in Disgust When Only One Arrest is Made in Two Years.

Hammond, Ind.—Two years ago Oddy Crouch was inducted into the office of town marshal of Nashville with great acclaim. His salary was to be \$1 a week and \$5 for every arrest he made. Oddy thought he was going to make a fortune. Recently he resigned in disgust. In the two years he had been marshal of Nashville he had made one arrest, netting him \$5. "They are too danged good in Nashville," said Oddy. "I'm going to Chicago to be a detective. Them's the boys that get the money."

COLONIALS IN EGYPT



The men of the Colonial division which is encamped near the pyramids in readiness to defend the country against threatened Turkish invasion have quickly settled down to make the most of life in the desert. The picture shows an officer of the Colonial troops riding an unaccustomed steed.

Small Girl Fast Typesetter.

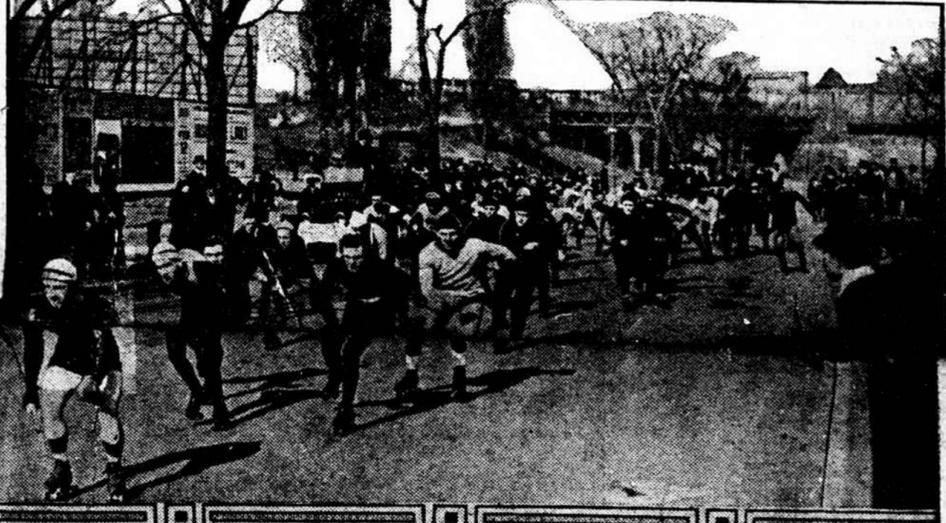
Nashville, Ind.—Margaret Allison, aged eight, is one of the youngest printers in the state. Each evening, on her way home from school, she stops at the Democrat office, where she makes from fifty to seventy-five cents setting type at 20 cents a thousand. One galley of the type she set by hand in three hours. Mr. Allison, father of Margaret, is one of the fastest compositors in this part of the state.

GIGANTIC ANARCHIST PLOT FOILED IN NEW YORK



Through the clever work of New York detectives a huge anarchist conspiracy was nipped in the bud. The plot included the destruction of St. Patrick's cathedral and some of the big financial institutions and the killing of Carnegie, Rockefeller and other wealthy men. While 500 persons were at early mass in St. Patrick's cathedral Frank Arbano dropped a bomb and lighted the fuse. It was immediately extinguished by a detective disguised as an usher. Other detectives, some disguised as scrubwomen, placed the man under arrest. The picture shows the interior of St. Patrick's cathedral. At the top, on the left, is Detective Barnett, disguised as an usher. Below is Frank Arbano, who placed the bomb in the cathedral. In the center are three detectives, two of them disguised as scrubwomen. At the top, on the right, is Inspector Owen holding the bomb, and below is Charles Carbone, who made the bomb.

ROLLER SKATING MARATHON RACE IN NEW YORK



Contestants sprinting down Seventh avenue in an exciting contest held in New York recently.

TOWN HAS REMARKABLE RECRUITING RECORD



Only 12 men are left in the village of Brewster, Northumberland, England, and they are cripples or over age. The village is comprised of 60 dwelling houses, and out of the 60 males in the place 56 have enlisted.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT BLENHEIM CASTLE FRENCH SOLDIER IN ARMOR



The magnificent and historic residence of the duke of Marlborough, husband of Consuelo Vanderbilt, has been converted into a hospital where a number of wounded noncommissioned officers and men are being treated.

