

# "WHEN TOMMY COMES LIMPING HOME"—IT'S THE SADDEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD

The exchange of hopelessly wounded prisoners of war between England and Germany is now well begun. The first shipload reached the Thames on August 24. Miss O'Reilly was there, and sent this story to the States.

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly

LONDON, Aug. 27.—The war may prove long, but the tide has turned—Tommy is coming home. The vanguard of a home-coming host reached London yesterday. They returned to an unfamiliar country, an England which now knows that the campaign in Flanders is not just another little war.

And the maimed men, broken in battle, know less of the great fights, of which they are forever a part, than do the mildly inquisitive arm-chair critics at home.

At 3 o'clock yesterday on Tilbury docks saw Port

of London lighters towing the dim "Princess Juliana of Rotterdam" out of the heat haze.

From the towers of 50 churches, the sirens of 500 ships, a storm of sound swept out to welcome 326 men wounded and captured at Mons.

As the vessel came broadside on to her berth, wrecks of powerful fighters crowded the deck rail, an eager, indomitable, boyish crowd.

And the dialogue from ship to shore begun.

"Home from hell!" yelled a strapping of 20. "Every day of the war adds to the reputation of Bismarck!"

The home-comers bombarded the crowd with questions.

"God knows, we worried ourselves sick in Germany thinking you were all dead!"

A Connaught ranger lifted up his voice:

"Is there any one here of the name of Lacy?" No answer. Again the voice, not quite so full and steady, "Is there any one here of the name of Lacy?"

"Bide a bit, mon," shouted some sympathizer.

But the "mon" would not be denied. "Is there any one here?"

Then she stepped to the stringers of the dock, a little old, old woman with a substantial cottage loaf tucked under one arm.

"Whist, Patrick!" she admonished severely, "be still, lad, be still; would you shame me before them all?"

Six foot Patrick subsided.

A band played "Tipperary."

"What's that?" called a veteran, beating time with his crutch.

Another disillusion. The men who fought at Mons, and still fighting, fell back to the Marne, did not recognize "Tipperary."

The moment for landing arrived.

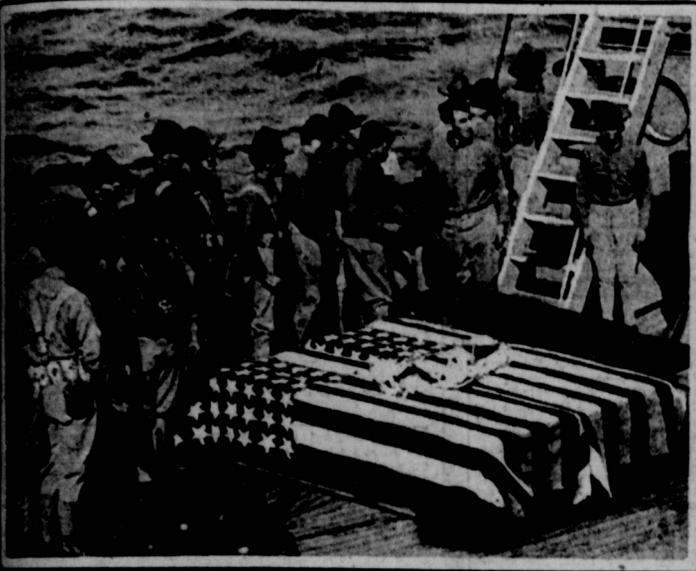
Port of London police mar shaled the crowd on the dock-head, sanded a path from the ship as royal paths are sanded, and sounded the official signal.

Then slowly, very slowly, every man smiling away his pain, 300 Tommies crawled—home.

Irishmen and Scotchmen predominated. They were dressed in extraordinary dishabille—German prison-black daubed with red arrows, Belgium uniforms, Russian caftans, civilian cast-offs and ruined summer khaki. Scores wore wooden sabots, the recent gift of generous Hollanders.

Thus the English returned from their great adventure.

## MOTHER SENDS HER BOY AWAY TO NAVY; ALL SHE GETS BACK IS A BIG FLAG



Remains of the men who perished in the U. S. submarine "F-4" in Honolulu harbor last spring when the diver settled on the bottom in 330 feet of water, never to rise until recovered by apparatus recently. The bodies, many of which could not be identified, were borne to San Francisco on the U. S. S. Supply, and from there sent to their final resting places, in Washington, D. C.

HE HAD come back to her, on a furlough, from the navy, and had brought her a great bundle of Marie Van Houttes, ready for planting.

That was two years ago. The next day Mary Colwell and her boy, Harley, spent together in the garden, setting out the slips of the roses.

"I shall call them my Mary roses," he said, "after you, mother mine."

Then the boy left Seattle and joined his comrades of the submarine F-4.

"Harley, boy," his mother's last words were, "I'm afraid that submarine isn't

"As safe as a cellar," he had told her. "You should see how fine she trims."

**Mother Gets Invitation to Attend Funeral of Her Boy.**

"He lied to her like a gentleman," said his aunt, Marguerite Hall, yesterday. "He knew it was a death-trap. His letters had been full of it, and he had told his father

It was but a few months after his departure that the world shrank from the horror of the sinking of the F-4, near Honolulu. Everybody knows the story.

A few days ago the unidentified bodies of 14 members of the crew were taken ashore at San Francisco and sent to Washington, D. C., where they were given military burial Tuesday in Arlington national cemetery.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels sent Mary Colwell an invitation to attend the funeral, but adverse circumstances prevented her going.

Yesterday, with full military honors, her boy Harley was laid away with the rest. Secretary Daniels was present to pay the last sad tribute.

A few days before he had sent Mary Colwell a package. When the postman delivered it at her home at 2303 North 62nd st. her fingers trembled so she could scarcely open it.

**Sends Only Son Into Navy; All She Gets Back Is a Flag.**

"Harley's things," she thought.

And when she had loosened its fastenings, thinking to find there, perhaps, the Bible she had given him, and the other things he had held dearest, she found instead

—OLD GLORY.

It was the flag he had enlisted to defend. It was beautifully made. It was 10 feet long and six wide.

"I shall never forget the look that came over my sister's face, as she drew it out of its box and it unfolded at her feet," said Marguerite Hall. "I went out, leaving her there with it alone. She had sent the flower of our family, her only boy, off to sea, AND HAD GOT BACK A FLAG."

Yesterday Mrs. Colwell spent alone with her husband, James L. Colwell, in their home. No one broke in upon their sacred day. They wanted no one. Even Mrs. Colwell's sister went away early.

"I left her sitting there," her sister said, "alone with her dead boy's picture, her flag and a great cluster of his 'Mary roses' in her arms.

"Why can't your newspapers do something to help the other boys of our navy who are sent to sea in ships they know are faulty, but who are too brave to complain, and would rather go down to death than falter in what the navy teaches them is duty?"

LAST EDITION

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# GERMANS SUFFER TERRIFIC LOSSES

## GOVERNOR SEES A FORMER PUPIL

Willis Calls on John Boyd and Inspects His Drug Store.

REMEMBERS 12 YEARS

Twelve years ago John Boyd, a druggist, proprietor of a store at Seventh ave. and Union st., was one of 2,000 students in Ohio Northern university at Ada, Ohio, where Frank B. Willis, now governor of Ohio, was professor of history and civil government.

Boyd—which is the Americanized version of his real name—is an Armenian. After graduating from Ada, he came West, and has prospered.

On Tuesday Gov. Willis, with Mrs. Willis and his private secretary, was in Seattle. Boyd went to the Butler hotel to see his old teacher. He found him surrounded with political satellites. He hesitated to push into the foreground. Just then Willis saw him.

**Governor Greets Him**

"Hello, John!" he shouted, and clasped the gratified druggist a shoulder blade. "How are you?"

It had been 12 years since Willis had seen him. And Boyd was but one in 2,000 students at that time.

And—

"Hello, John," said Mrs. Willis, coming forward.

"I've only got an hour before I leave for San Francisco," said the governor to John, "and I've got lots of places I ought to go, but I certainly am going to have a look at your store."

Boyd went back to Seventh and Union.

**Visits Boyd's Store**

He told his clerk a governor would be in presently to call on him.

The clerk was politely skeptical. Soon an automobile drew up, and Gov. Willis and Congressman Humphrey alighted and came in.

Humphrey was introduced to Boyd.

Both gentlemen walked back and forth, and John showed them everything he had, from soda fountain to prescription counter.

He then accompanied Willis to the dock, where the governor met Mrs. Willis.

"Ma," said the governor, "you just ought to see John's store. He's got the finest store in the state. There isn't a happier pharmacist in town today than Boyd."

**He Talks Politics**

Speaking before a large gathering under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican club, at the Butler hotel Tuesday afternoon, Gov. Willis said: "The peace is our passion, still we must be prepared to resist dishonor."

## CONVICT IS SHOT BY A POLICEMAN

Escaped Prisoner Who Killed Officials Caught in Albany, Ore.

FOUND UNDER A HOUSE

ALBANY, Ore., Sept. 29.—Shot thru the chest by Patrolman A. L. Long of Portland, Otto Hooker, the escaped convict who Monday night shot and killed Superintendent Harry Minto of the state prison and seriously wounded J. J. Benson, city marshal of Jefferson, died at St. Mary's hospital early today.

Hooker was wounded shortly before midnight, when, while being dragged, face downward, from under a house in the course of construction in the east end of Albany, he attempted to turn over and aim a revolver at the officers, who had found his hiding place.

A cough, which Hooker could not restrain, revealed his place of hiding. A man living near the house, which he knew to be unoccupied, heard it and notified the officials.

**Drag Him From Under House**

Patrolman Long, Deputy Sheriff H. Christofferson of Multnomah county and Guards L. D. Moore and John Talent of the state penitentiary were at the depot awaiting trains in an endeavor to locate the fugitive. They hurried to the house.

Hooker was quickly found. The officers were dragging him by the legs and shoulders from under the house when, twisting himself, he whipped a revolver from beneath his body and aimed as tho to fire.

Without hesitation, Long fired with his Krag-Jorgensen rifle and the bullet plowed its way thru the convict's chest, emerging at the back.

**Policeman Is a Killer**

Long came to Albany yesterday, bringing his bloodhounds.

Long is one of the most fearless men in the Portland police department. Only three weeks ago he held a score of rioting Austrians at bay at Linton, a suburb of Portland, and shot and killed Joe Kocar strike a fallen brother officer on the head with a club. He was vindicated and praised by the coroner's jury.

**U. S. MAY INTERFERE TO SAVE ARMENIANS**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—President Wilson is considering requesting Germany, on humanitarian grounds, to halt the Armenian outrages of her ally, Turkey.

## Kaiser Rushes to Western Battle Front; He Loses 120,000 Men in Champagne Region.

AMSTERDAM, Sept. 29.—The kaiser has abandoned intentions of going to Berlin, and has gone instead direct to the Western battle front, it was reported today.

German papers admit that perhaps the decisive struggle is in progress there.

"The most formidable stage, and perhaps the decisive moment of the war, has been reached," said the Neueste Nachrichten of Leipzig. "If Gen. Joffre is able to force our armies to take up new positions, the new struggle must result in costing us, perhaps, terrible sacrifices. But we will endure them."

**French Forces Make Important Gains**

PARIS, Sept. 29.—The French forces made important gains in the Artois and Champagne regions in furious attacks yesterday and last night, the official report claimed today.

The French stormed and captured Hill 140, dominating the Vimy heights, east of Souchez, taking 300 prisoners.

German losses are more than three army corps (about 120,000), it was officially estimated. More than 23,000 were captured in the Champagne region. Seventy-nine cannon were among the booty.

In the Artois region the French are advancing day and night. In a fierce fight around Massignes, to Minister of War Millerand, in 1,000 Germans, surrounded by the French, gave themselves up.

**President Praises Men**

Serious artillery fighting marks the line north and south of the Aisne, the region of the St. Marz woods, near Troyon, and the Vally

President Poincare sent a letter to Minister of War Millerand, in which he declared the French proved their superiority over the best German troops in the terrible battle now proceeding.

Millerand forwarded it to Gen. Joffre, with a note of congratulation.

**Austro-Germans Advance on Serbia**

ATHENS, Sept. 29.—Three hundred thousand Austro-Germans are advancing against Serbia, according to a Nish message. The Serbians are confident of being able to repel the invasion.

**Berlin Reports Slaughter of Allies**

BERLIN, Sept. 29.—Several trenches captured by the British in the battle north of Loos, on the western front, have been retaken by the Germans, today's official statement claims. At every point of the western front the allied attacks during the past 24 hours have been repulsed.

**Allies Trying to Exhaust Germans**

LONDON, Sept. 29.—Storms of shells are bursting over the Western front in the second phase of one of the greatest battles in history. The allies' first mad rush in their reawakened offensive is over. In the Champagne and Artois regions, the allies are steadily hammering the Germans, hoping to exhaust them until the way is ready for the second dash and the new attempt to penetrate the German

## EGG HAS BANANA FLAVOR

And Now Dealers Are Suing Ice and Storage Company.

HAD PECULIAR TASTE

"Walter, bring me a couple of eggs," said the customer.

"Yes, sir, what flavor, please?"

"Guess I'll try strawberry today. The banana flavor didn't taste so good yesterday."

Pause, dear reader, before you consign the above to the un-understandable literature of the futurists. Withhold judgment whilst the case of Perry Bros., commission merchants, against the Diamond Ice & Storage Co. is adjudicated. For, it is not a futurist dream of the impossible, but take it on the word of the Perry brothers, the banana-flavored egg has come.

**Eggs and Bananas Mated**

Luther Burbank has experimented with flowers—and fruits. The Yogis claim to burbanke souls.

But who, ere this, even dreamed of mating eggs and bananas?

The mating, or rather, meeting ground occurred in the refrigerators of the Diamond Ice Co., say the Perry Bros. And the Perrys further say it was an unhappy meeting, or mating. They want \$1,019.07 for alienation of affection, or something, as damages.

It seems, according to the complaint filed in the superior court Wednesday, that the Perry Bros. received a carload of eggs in May from North Dakota.

The commission merchants put the eggs in cold storage at the Diamond Ice Co. plant.

**Eggs Taste of Bananas**

Later the eggs were sold. A little later again, Perry Brothers began to hear from their customers.

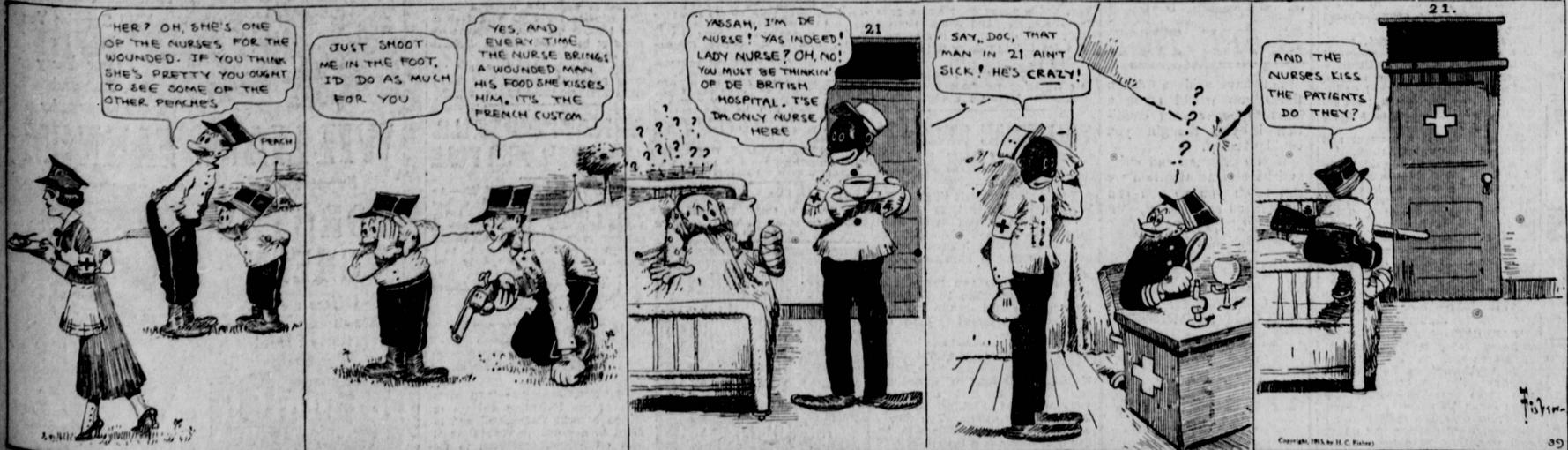
"Those eggs had a banana taste," was the plaint.

Perry Brothers investigated and found that the banana taste came to the eggs because they lay in close proximity to numerous bunches of bananas in the refrigerators of the ice company.

The complaint alleges that, as a result, the eggs were damaged, and they sustained financial losses.

## MUTT AND JEFF—AND NOW JEFF IS APT TO GET TOE-MAIN POISONING.

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BY BUD FISHER

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