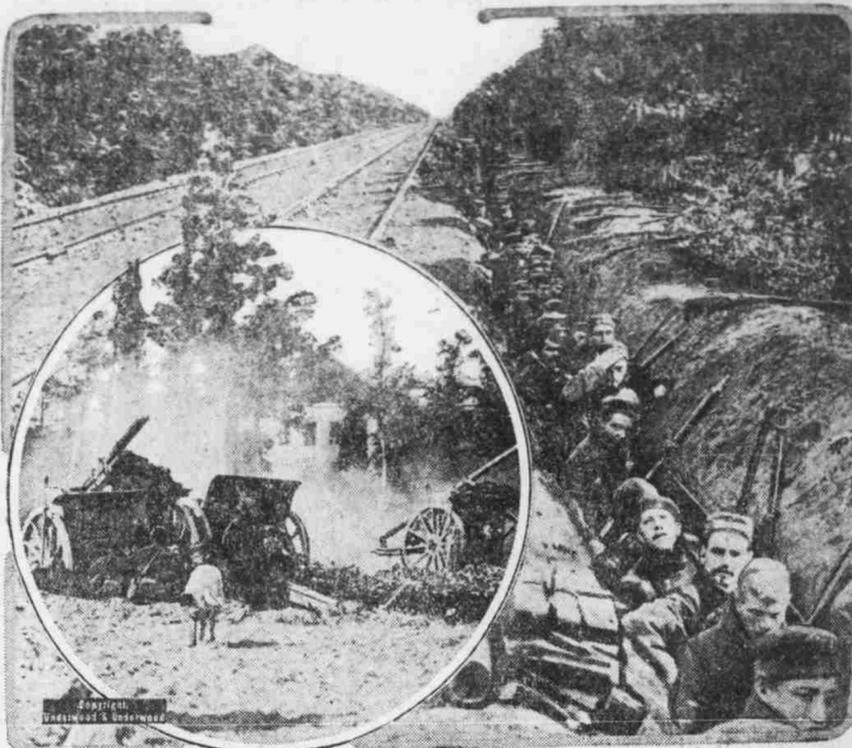
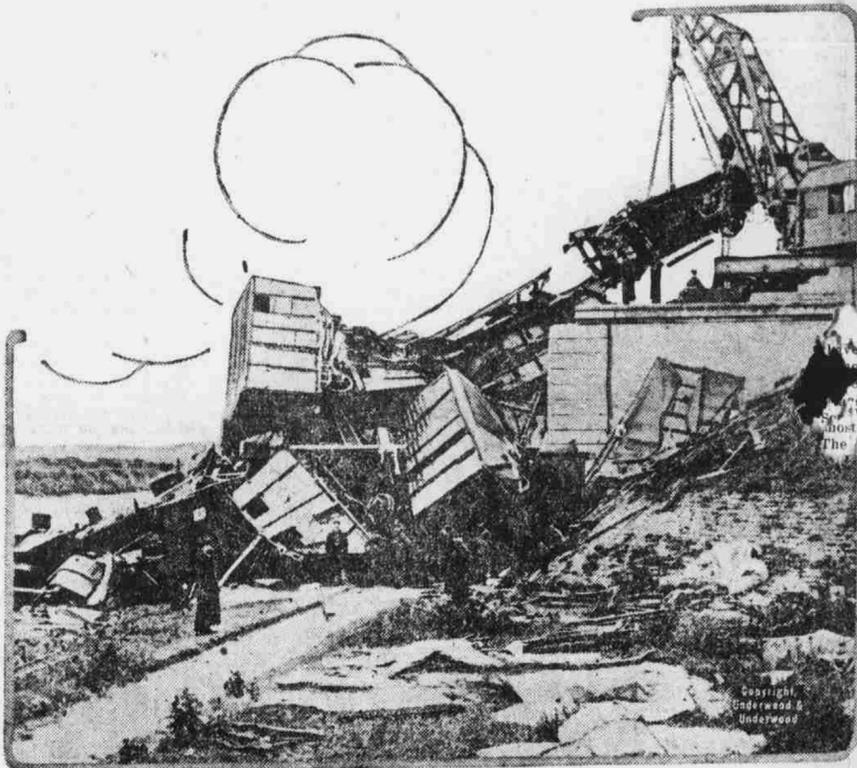


SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF HOFSTADE



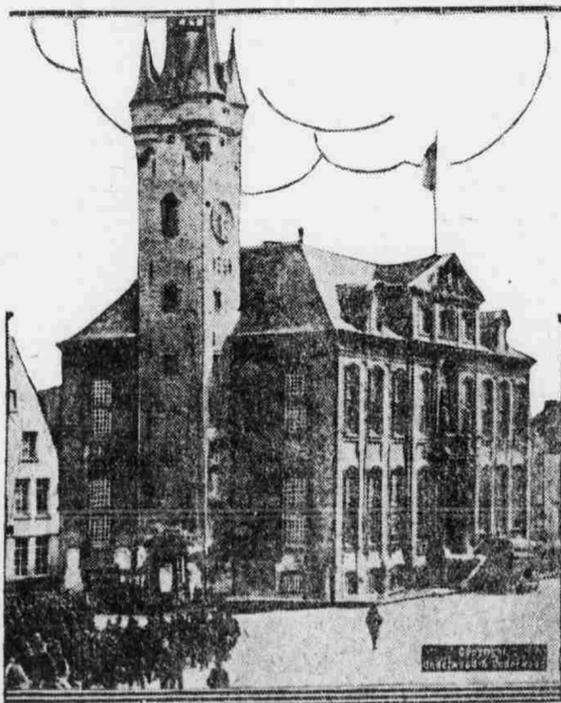
Belgian soldiers in the deep trenches along the railway from which they repulsed the Germans at the battle of Hofstade. At the left are shown some of the big Belgian field guns which checked the advance of the kaiser's troops in the same conflict.

TERRIBLE WRECK OF A RED CROSS TRAIN



First photograph of the dreadful wreck of a Red Cross train at the Mary bridge across the Marne, in which many wounded French and English soldiers were killed. The bridge had been destroyed by the Germans and the train went into the river.

HEADQUARTERS OF KING OF BELGIUM



This is the ancient town hall at Lierre, which the king of Belgium has been using as his headquarters. In the courtyard are some men of the famous "black devil" regiment of carbiniers, which lost two-thirds of its members in action.

HARNESSING UP A WAR DOG



Belgian trooper harnessing one of the dogs that are used to haul the small mitrailleuse guns.

Crawls Back to Death.

Ostend.—Lieutenant Steale-Perkins of the King's Own was lifted from the trenches at Mous, wounded four times. Protesting, the British soldier crawled back and was mortally wounded.

BATTLE OF SOISSONS AS SEEN BY WRITER ON FIRING LINE

By JOHN ASHTON. Special Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

Paris.—I have just returned to Paris to rest up a day or two and get a few necessities after a week at the front of the left wing of the allied armies who are facing General von Kluck's army.

Farther to the east in a line extending from Reims to near Verdun the French are holding their ground against a fierce onslaught of the Germans under the prince of Wurtemberg.

I will recount what I have witnessed during the last few days:

Leaving Meaux, we made our way through Varennes and Lizy, the scene of fierce fighting during the battle of the Marne, some details of which I gave in my first letter. All the dead have now been interred and the wounded removed from the several deserted villages through which we passed.

Find Wrecked German Plans.

Before arriving at Leerte Milon we came across a German aeroplane which had been brought down by the British. The English flying squad have been doing grand work in the air not only as scouts but in attacking hostile air craft. It is reported that no less than seventeen German aviators have fallen victims to the English flying men.

On approaching Villers-Cotterets, in the middle of the forest of that name, we came across several military automobiles, lying by the side of the route, which the Germans had abandoned in their hurried flight to the north. Two of these were marked "Feld Post" (field or military post). A little farther on we encountered six large German motor trucks which had evidently been destroyed by the Germans; everything was burnt up except the iron work. These wagons had been left in the road to delay pursuit, but the French had overturned them into the ditch on each side of the road.

Meet German Prisoners.

It was dark when we arrived at Villers-Cotterets. Before we had time to get out of our auto I heard a cry: "Voile les Allemands!" (here come the Germans!) and, indeed, a moving gray mass soon came into sight, surrounded by a cavalry escort. There were about 100 of them, prisoners, marching in the cold rain. Many of them wore Red Cross arm bands, and I noticed a few officers among the bunch. Their expressions were sour and sullen, but considering their privations, they looked fit enough physically. These were men that had got lost in the forest and failed to catch up with their columns. Many prisoners are taken in a similar way on both sides. Sometimes they come straggling in half starved to death.

Pass Night in a Chateau.

We passed the night in an old chateau. The town was full of troops, and the hotels packed with officers, so we were very lucky to get under cover at all. A few days previously the Germans had occupied the town, the staff having made their headquarters at this same chateau. The chamber maid left in charge of the house (the owner and his wife having fled) told us that the Germans had taken away some valuable Gobelin tapestries; the smaller tapestries had been left. They had also taken away some silver plate, but had left behind many pieces of considerable value.

We slept on the floor in the library, in a separate building, one of the finest private libraries I have ever seen, containing several thousand volumes. A very elegant secretary in the library had been forced up, the contents ransacked, and the top wrenched off and thrown on the floor. I had nothing to cover me with, and as it was cold I slept very little.

We could hear the guns booming the greater part of the night.

Approach the Firing Line.

Starting out early in the direction of Soissons, we came upon the Thirtieth regiment of French artillery, at but five miles from the latter town. We could hardly believe we were so close to the firing line, but there they were, twelve guns (known as the Seventy-five), pounding away across the valley to where the Germans were entrenched.

We stopped our auto at a respectable distance and approached the batteries on foot. The ammunition wagons and extra horses and men were all drawn up silent and motionless behind a hedge a short distance from the guns. There was no danger then, as the Germans were replying only to other French batteries lower down the valley.

Very soon the men not busy at the guns began to surround us, begging tobacco and cigarettes. It is an awful thing for these poor soldiers to be deprived of the comforting weed. I saw a great deal of this later, on the field and at hospitals.

We had intended to go directly into Soissons by the main road, but the French officers dissuaded us, saying that the Germans would certainly shell our autos. So we went by another route, to go by Vauxvulin, a village lying in the bottom of the valley, two and one-half miles from Soissons.

Under German Shell Fire.

We stopped at an ancient, picturesque chateau, turned into a hospital, to inquire about the wounded. Hard-

ly had we arrived in front of the gates when German shells began screeching over our heads. We scarcely knew where to go for safety.

A fearful crash on our right just behind the hospital showed that the German range was getting nearer. Some of our party naturally became alarmed. Then we all crouched down behind our autos as another shell whistled close to us and dropped in a garden. Two of the spent pieces actually fell at our feet and a few seconds afterwards another spent piece of shell, still hot, struck one of our party on the leg.

It was evident that we were in great danger. Some one said, "stand by the cars."

It was a good job we did not take this advice; but we might have done it if at that moment a woman at the door of the village wine shop across the street had not shouted: "Come inside, for God's sake!"

Flee into a Cellar.

We did not need twice asking. Hardly had we got across the threshold when a tremendous noise like a million rawhide whips cracking at the same moment, followed by the noise of falling masonry, showed that we were in for a regular bombardment. Everybody rushed for the cellar.

As soon as the dust and smoke had cleared away someone crept up the steps to look out and returned saying one of the turrets on each side of the entrance gates to the castle had been completely demolished by the last shell. And still they came, and there we huddled looking into each other's eyes, as well as the dim light would admit, in that little wine cellar with its solid vaulted roof that we prayed might not give way should the house be struck. I shall never forget the time spent in that cellar.

There were twenty-three of us, including about seven women of the village and a little boy. We were there from 10:30 a. m. until a little after noon, with shells dropping all around us. One dropped five yards from the door, the shock breaking every pane of glass in the house and making an enormous hole in the road. Another shell struck the ground about twelve feet in front of our cars, just grazing and mashing a portion of the village cross.

Everything has an end, and we could hear the shells bursting farther and farther away. Still it was deemed prudent to lie low for a bit.

Eat as Shells Scream.

After a time one of the villagers went out at a rear door and brought back a big dish of fried chipped potatoes and bread, so that with the wine in the cellar we made a hearty lunch under the circumstances. We were very hungry, as we had eaten nothing since the previous evening.

When it was safe to get out we found that the shell that dropped near the cars had burst two tires on the car I rode in, had smashed all three of the wind shields, and filled the car bodies and covers full of holes. The cars looked as if they had been peppered with machine guns. Luckily the engines were not damaged in the least.

The Germans, being deeply entrenched in old chalk quarries, a sort of natural fortress in the hillsides overlooking Soissons, continued to reply to the numerous French guns with impunity and occasionally to bombard Soissons and Vauxvulin. Up to the time of my leaving this same thing had been going on for over a week.

Soissons is in a pitiable state. The Germans have not spared its old cathedral with its two Gothic spires.

From the rear of the hospital at Vauxvulin we had a fine view of this grand old landmark. One of the steeples is broken off about half way, and the other has a big hole in the side, plainly seen three miles off.

I passed about four days here. The artillery firing was terrific from morning to night. The battle ranges over an enormously extended front.

I saw some shockingly wounded men while at Vauxvulin. The night before I left five men were brought in with fearful injuries in different parts of the body. A German shell had dropped among eight artillerymen serving one of the French guns. The other three men were killed on the spot. This is just an incident among hundreds that are happening every day.

At one village I passed through, where the Germans had left 150 wounded, most of whom were brought in under cover two days after the battle by the French, the doctors asked me, implored me, to try and get some milk for the wounded. Nearly all the cattle have been driven out of the country to safer places or have been requisitioned either by the German or the French forces. Many lives are lost on both sides through exposure and lack of attention after being wounded. Cases of gangrene and tetanus are not infrequent. The doctors and nurses are doing heroic work, but it often happens that they are very much overcrowded before they have a chance to remove those wounded who are able to be sent to other hospitals. At Vauxvulin the hospital was crowded. There were 400 people there, and the house had only accommodations for 100.

Huge Jewish Army.

Petrograd.—A quarter of a million Jews are with the Russian forces. This is the largest Jewish army ever gathered since the fall of Jerusalem.

to Jerusalem to Die.

That Jewish immigrants have so well adapted themselves to local conditions in Jerusalem as to "practically monopolize a greater part of such trade as exists" is stated in a consular report on Jerusalem. It is impossible to give an exact estimate of the population of Jerusalem, and although it is believed that it figures at 110,000, 95,000 might perhaps be a more correct estimate. It is, roughly speaking, composed of 12,000 Christians, 12,000 Mohammedans and 70,000 Jews, many of whom are immigrants from Russia.

It is remarked that in spite of the emigration of many Jews to escape military service there has still been a marked increase in this section of the population on account of the continuous influx of aged Jews, who come with the intention of ending their days in Palestine.

The New Language.

Here is our esteemed contemporary World Speech again celebrating that accomplished international language, Ro, which is "easy for the Japanese, Chinese or Hindus as for the Latin or Teutonic peoples." No doubt, and as easy for us as Japanese, Chinese, Etruscan and Basque. But listen to a bit of Ro dialogue: "Gi tada, aci flaw? (Good morning, how are you?) "Sito ec abi lic. (Thank you, I am well.) "Asi we, resk abo? (Do you understand me?) "We do not; but apt mugcal hab awoz mebu? How many legs has a lobster?—New York Sun.

Dangers to the Eye.

Mr. Louis Bell, the electrical illuminating expert, and Dr. F. H. Verhoeff, an eye specialist, have published in Science their opinion that the alleged dangers to the eye from ultraviolet or actinic rays, but these have artificial lights amount to nothing at all. They admit that there have been many "sensational attacks" upon modern illuminants as dangerous by reason of injurious effects of ultraviolet or actinic rays, but these have "entirely neglected any quantitative relation between the radiation and its supposed pathological effects." Very little of these rays can penetrate the cornea, and the crystalline lens cuts off completely those that straggle through toward the retina. Protective glasses are useful only, they conclude, in cutting off dazzling lights and undue heat.

Watermen and Uniforms.

Watermen—who were also firemen—enjoy the distinction of being the first public servants who ever wore a uniform. "Long before our army and navy adopted any distinguishing garb," writes Mr. Guy Nickalls, "Thames watermen were known by their uniform and badge, a plaited coat, knee breeches and stockings and hat, according to fashion, but always a plate on the arm, either of the Waterman's hall to denote that they had the freedom of the river and were licensed, or the badge of their employer. Any person rowing or working any boat, wherry or other vessel, who had not served seven years as apprentice, incurred a penalty of £10."—London Chronicle.

Simple Cure.

SI Attica—Drinking is a mighty bad habit; it's easy enough to cure yourself, though. My brother had the drink habit and he cured himself just by walking.

BI Heck—Wonderful!
SI Attica—Yep. Every time he saw a saloon he just walked right past it.

Not That.

"Y' say your wife is rusticating?"
"Hardly that. I could rusticate on \$15 a week easy, but it costs her \$75."

If ignorance were bliss most of us should be so happy we would choke.

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

ran something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by over-worked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; a poached egg or two; crisp toast; and a cup of Postum—a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appetizing, and—

"Mother" has it easier!

—sold by Grocers.