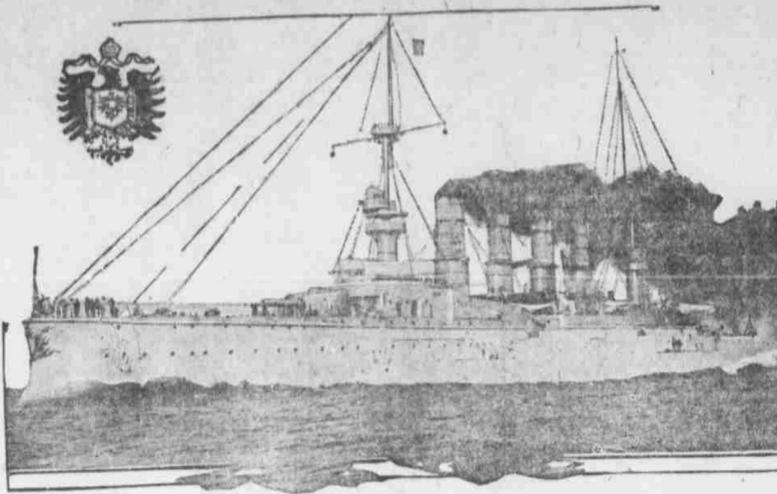


GERMAN ARMORED CRUISER SCHARNHORST



The Scharnhorst is one of the cruisers that took part in the naval battle off the coast of Chile and that resulted so disastrously for the British squadron.

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Omar Turned Out to Be a "Regular Cat," After All

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Joseph Clemens is looking for Omar Khayyam, her blue ribbon Persian cat. Her husband is looking for George Allen, a boarder in the Clemens apartment, who used to be regarded as one of Omar's best friends.



YER A LIL' LONG HAIRED FAKER—THASS WHAT YOU ARE

"I bet if I dropped you out the window you wouldn't land on your feet like a regular cat. No, you wouldn't. Not you. You'd break your neck. Oh, you wouldn't, would you? All right. We'll see."

Sadie, the Joy-Riding Leghorn Hen of Cleveland

CLEVELAND, O.—There must be a syndy strain, a vagrant, nomadic streak, in "Sadie" somewhere. "Sadie" is a brown leghorn hen of uncertain age, outwardly no different from any other respectable, nest-loving bird, but in reality a "harum-scarum," a "fly-by-night," and a "never-do-well," no better than the worst night-hawk.



YA LITTLE RASCAL—

"Every night of late she has stolen a ride underneath Scovill's avenue trailer No. 322, clinging to her precarious and perambulating perch from the Bolton car barns, Quincy avenue and East Eighty-ninth street, all the way to the city and back to the barns. Little does "Sadie" care whether the fare is three cents or five, whether the ferry tender charges is refused or gobbled up to appease a hungry stomach.

Chef Gambles Away His Fine Barbe de l'Empereur

NEW YORK.—Taking a few hours off from making tasty pastry and ice cream for persons who go to the Vanderbilt hotel, Nicolas Herbschleb, head of that department, had a great adventure the other night.



"I went to a little French cafe with an ami, who is in the automobile business," he began. "I will not tell his name, for that would not be fair. We played piquette. First of all, we played for a few quarters we had in our pockets. We lost and won, and finally spent the money."

Hop Alley Makes Big Feast, Like the White Men

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Chinese Merchants' association celebrated the removal of its new headquarters at 20 South Eighth street the other day. The exterior of the three-story structure was decorated gorgeously.



First, they had a banquet. It has come to be recognized in St. Louis that no function of the B. M. L. is complete without a banquet. The Chinese brethren had a series of them. Music, too, features the functions of the B. M. L., and the Chinese were not daunted. While they had no celebrated vocalists they got along fairly well. Harmony has no particular place in a Chinese musical production. But they sang, anyhow.

WEARY OF KILLING

French Officer Vividly Portrays Horrors of War.

"We Fired—My God—and They Stretched Out Dead—Our Grape-shot Tore Chunks in Them, But Still They Came."

New York.—Vividly portraying the horrors of the war in Europe, in fighting in mud-filled trenches with French and German and Briton tearing at each other like savages, killing until exhausted, but always killing, Sergeant Louys of the Two Hundred and Sixteenth regiment of the French infantry reserves has written a remarkable pen picture of the ruthless war in a letter which his fiancée in this city has just received.

Writing from his cot in the General hospital at Havre, the soldier concludes this grim epic of a modern war with a picture of the Sisters of Charity.

With his company, the Nineteenth, the sergeant found himself in a trench near Fontenoy, where the conflict raged fiercely, day and night. After five days of furious fighting, his company was sent back for a short rest, while fresh troops piled into the mud-filled trenches into which a dull, leaden rain was dripping.

"Like caricatures fashioned of mud, suddenly called to life, we hobbled wearily out of the holes where we had lived under a hell of bursting shells, searing flame and nauseous gases for days," he writes. "We were relieved by other troops, who saluted us as they passed."

"In the trenches we crouch while the shells and bullets from the German infantry play over us—and, alas, on us. Overhead the moon struggles about in the clouds, for the rain has ceased a little, while mad streaks of white light whirler their way from the German trenches and touch somewhere along our line. In a moment there is a screaming shell where the light was, and we know that some of our comrades have answered France's last call."

"We were not paying much attention to anything after two hours of this. We just fired when told. Then suddenly at daybreak the Germans came. Fifty yards away we saw them in the streaky light that beckoned us in these lable lands. They came like solid blocks which were machines. We fired—my God! We fired into their faces, and they stretched out dead. But they came on, sometimes shouting, sometimes puffing. We beat them with the butt ends of our muskets and we stabbed them with our bayonets. It was horrible."

"We were exhausted from killing. Then came the order to abandon the trenches. There were so many there who would never hear that order, and others who cried out when they found they could not crawl away from those men, who kept on coming and coming. They looked horrible in the new light, with their stubby, dirty faces; their tight uniforms of the color of the earth."

"I walked six miles to Vic-sur-Aisne, to the big hospital. My way was along the pathway of the fire which had been there a short time before. Everywhere death and desolation. How France suffers! There were tears in my eyes, and they were tears of pain, ma petite."

"At Vic-sur-Aisne the surgeon there, after treating me, sent me, with others, to a sanitary train at the station of Villers-Cotterets, 20 miles away. For 11 days now I am here. We are all comfortable. We have the attendance of the best physicians in Havre, and we have, above all, the care of the Catholic Sisters of Charity."

"How shall I praise enough these angels of earth? Of infinite goodness are they, without sentimentality, or affected sensibility. So I have seen them where death and destruction abounded, and so I see them here—the same. In these women one finds no romantic goodness that is in reality only selfishness projected for self-satisfaction. One finds the goodness

GERMANY PAYS FOR AN AUTO

Chicago Man Receives 12,000 Marks for Car Worth Only 14,000 When New.

Chicago.—The efficiency of the German government is shown in more ways than one according to Ferdinand Bunte of this city.

One of these ways—not so well known—is the promptness with which the government pays its debts. Mr. Bunte exhibited a letter from an agent of the military commission in Stuttgart, informing him that 12,000 marks had been deposited in his credit in a German bank by the government.

"I keep an automobile in a garage in Stuttgart," he said, "for I go to Europe every year to see my daughters and five grandchildren. I went to Europe last February and was caught in the war. My automobile, which cost me 14,000 marks, was commandeered by the government for use in the army. Two days later the military commission paid 12,000 marks for the automobile. I had used the automobile for a year, and this was a good price."

ALBERT SURE OF VICTORY

Brave Belgian King Says His Country May Be Beaten, But Is Not Crushed.

London.—"Tell everybody I will never leave my army if I have to leave Belgian soil." This declaration was made by King Albert of Belgium to a Belgian diplomat who interviewed the ruler at Ostend, according to the Daily Express. The king continued:

"Our army has retreated from Antwerp and concentrated brilliantly. All are ready to give their lives, as am I, for Belgium's independence. It breaks my heart to think that this beautiful country, so peaceful, so industrious, should be occupied even temporarily, by so wanton an enemy. "I feel that whatever has been done has the warm approval of all Belgians and civilized Europe. We may suffer reverses, but our confidence of final victory is stronger than ever. We are beaten, perhaps, for the time being, but we are not crushed."

GERMANS ARE WELL TRAINED

French Officer Finds Their Only Shortcoming Is Inferiority in Tactical Movements.

Paris.—General de Lacroix, the military expert, writing in the Temps regarding the German infantry, quotes a wounded French officer who has just returned from the front as saying that he had been extremely well instructed and possessed undeniable qualities of prudence, method, knowledge of tactics and shooting.

In regard to tactical movement, however, the officer says the Germans are obviously inferior to the French. "What they chiefly lack is audacity and keenness."

News for Troops.

London.—France's proposal to supply the troops with news of the progress of the war by means of a special-ty edited newspaper is not altogether a new idea. It was done in this country by the cavaliers when fighting under Prince Rupert as king's body-guard. Their officers were supplied with news letters giving them information necessary for the campaign. But if an officer happened to be taken prisoner he made a point of honor to eat his news letter rather than allow it to fall into the enemy's hands.

Vodka Ban Helps Russia.

Petrograd.—The temperance leader, Tchelyshev, reviewing the effect which the prohibition of vodka has had in the extinction of liquor licenses, remarks that there has been a great reduction in crime, disorder and sickness and a great increase in savings bank accounts on the bourse.

LET OFFICER ENJOY BIRTHDAY

Germans Show Kindly Spirit Toward French Regiment on Colonel's Natal Day.

Brussels.—Evidence is reaching here daily of the bitter feeling of the German soldiers against the British. Wherever the Germans oppose the British the fighting is reported to be incessant. Between the Germans and the French there is a more cordial feeling. Near Courtrai the French soldiers in the trenches signaled a message to the opposing German soldiers: "This is our colonel's birthday." The Germans passed the word along the trenches and replied: "We won't shoot much today; let the colonel enjoy the day."

Water Skates.

Berlin.—The German military authorities have tried out successfully cigar-shaped rubber skates, by which a soldier is equipped to literally walk over rivers, carrying heavy loads mean-

PLAY QUEER ROLES

Church Steeples and Their Part in the War.

Use of Services of Thanks for the Escape of Antwerp and for the Capture of Belgian City.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD. (Correspondent United Press.) Munich.—Church steeples play queer parts in war. In Antwerp I saw a man climb almost to the peak of the ancient cathedral and fasten a Belgian flag to a stone gargoyle. In the evening, at sunset, I saw Belgian choir boys standing in their white surplices among the bells, and heard their song of praise that floated over the old town like a benediction—because Antwerp had been saved from a Zeppelin.

In Munich I saw another church steeple playing its role in war. It was raining, and the peak of the cathedral spire loomed dimly above the lights of the city hall square. But the tiny lights of candles carried by German choir boys fluttered in the belfry, and, led by an orchestra, the boys sang a song of praise—because Antwerp had fallen.

Russian Trick a Boomerang.

The newspapers tell of a trick which a German general played on the Russians. In retreating from a town in eastern Prussia the Russians were forced to leave behind a large quantity of bread. They poured gasoline on the bread, and when the Germans entered the town they found the smelly mixture surmounted by a sign which read:

"We hear that you need both bread and gasoline. Here they are."

About the same time the Germans captured a number of Russians. The German general ordered that the bread be given to the prisoners, and not a Russian touched his prison fare that night.

"Sidewalk Strategists" Busy.

There are "sidewalk strategists" here, too. "We'll go to London when the proper time comes," says my waiter. "You know how Germany fooled the world with submarines. Nobody knew she had such things. Well, we've got another trick up our sleeves. We've got guns that will shoot 28 miles, and that's two miles more than the width of the English channel between Calais and Dover."

"As soon as we take Calais, we will mount these big guns on granite foundations, shoot across the channel, and demolish the forts at Dover. Then we will sink all the English ships within range of these guns, and we will keep a pathway clear across the channel of Dover. That way we can land all the German troops we need on English soil. At the same time we will take Ostend and from there we will send Zeppelins clear to London to terrify the king."

"Time alone will tell how closely the Kaiser's strategists will follow my waiter's plans."

"DON'T COUNT 'EM, BEAT 'EM"

Russian General Responds to Report of Overwhelming Opposition With Aphorism.

Petrograd.—In the recent fighting near Przemyel two generals reported to their commander, the Bulgarian General Radko Dimitrieff, who is leading the Russian army investing Przemyel, that they were unable to hold out owing to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. General Dimitrieff replied with an aphorism which will doubtless become historic. He said: "Don't count the enemy. Beat him."

"Tommy Atkins," Age One Hundred.

London.—"Tommy Atkins" is a hundred years old. Since 1815 every army form has contained the formula "Private T. Atkins," and for many years bore the signature "Thomas Atkins, his mark," as a guide to the soldier filling in particulars required.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



How the Chief Justice Finally Gained Entrance

WASHINGTON.—It was the voice of the chief justice of the United States. There was no response. The chief justice stood before the huge, bronze, barred doors of the Pan-American building. The chief justice waited in dignified silence for the doors to be swung open, but the doors did not move. They were locked and double bolted. It was nine o'clock at night.



A chill breeze blew up across the Mall from the river, fanning the swallows of the chief justice's evening coat. All the associate justices of the Supreme court stood silently behind the chief justice, watching their chief hopefully. It was absolutely imperative that they gain entrance, for they were to give a reception in that very building to the members of the American Bar association, and the reception was scheduled to begin in a few minutes.

The chief justice merely shouted: "Open up." Somebody snickered, but nobody answered the summons. The associate justices grew uneasy and shifted from foot to foot. Inside, through the bars of the big bronze doors, was a scene of light and cheer. Men in evening garb stood chatting gaily, awaiting the arrival of the Supreme court.

The chief justice looked about for a knocker. There was none. He peeped here and there for a door bell. There was none. Suddenly he discovered he held a cane in his hand. He raised the cane menacingly. Once again his order rang out in the night air: "Open up."

Hang! Hang!! Hang!!! It was the ferrule of the chief justice's cane against that valuable plate glass. Instantly there was a commotion inside. No less than half a dozen uniformed servants dashed toward the door to save that plate glass. But the chief justice did not see the commotion and his cane banged loudly against the plate glass until it seemed the glass surely must yield and shatter into bits. Then, the glass doors were swung open, the bolts on the bronze doors were shot, locks were turned and wide swung the great bronze doors to admit the chief justice of the United States.

Chief Little Bears Promises to Remain Neutral

THE secretary of the interior has received a letter from Little Bears, the chief of a roving band of Indians known throughout the far West as the "Rocky Mountain Boys," in which he gives assurances to the federal government that "his forces will remain absolutely neutral during the present war in Europe."

Newspapers are not delivered regularly in the neighborhoods which Little Bears frequents, and it seems evident that somebody with high ability in descriptive language must have told him about the quantity and quality of the fighting now going on. Little Bears has a local reputation as a man unafraid of anybody in the world, but it appears that he is not ignorant of the limitations of his own forces; he must have been thoroughly impressed with the scale of the European war, for he lost no time in sending his letter to Washington.

It is said that Secretary Lane immediately submitted the communication to President Wilson, who asked that Little Bears be thanked for his patriotic attitude.

"That a roving band of North American Indians should be so deeply impressed by the kind of fighting which goes on day after day on the European battle grounds is pretty strong evidence that the ordinary noncombatant living in Washington, for instance, has full justification for his attitude of blank dismay at the enormity of the field operations."

Just as Easy as Burying a Politician, Said Taft

FORMER PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT proved the other day that he has lost none of his physical strength in the time he has been away from Washington. Mr. Taft was honored by the Chevy Chase club, which purchased an oak tree to be planted by the former chief executive. The tree was five feet tall, and required a large space for the roots, but Mr. Taft handled the spade with ease, and it took him less than five minutes to level the ground after the oak had been placed in position.



"It's as easy as burying a politician," he declared, as he smoothed the earth admiringly after the task had been completed.

Mr. Taft thanked the members of the club for the honor they had bestowed upon him, and declared he was happy upon his return to Washington to find that he had not been forgotten by his associates while here. During his administration Mr. Taft spent a great deal of time at the Chevy Chase club, where he was seen regularly upon the links.

"The Chevy Chase club," he said, "is doing a vast amount of work for which it is not given credit." His remark that the expansive grounds offer "a safety valve to politicians who cannot give expression to their sudden emotions in public places" brought a chorus of laughter.

President Wilson Has Supplanted Niagara Falls

FOR many years it was customary for Englishmen on meeting an American tourist for the first time to open the conversation with: "From America, eh? You must be very proud of your Niagara falls?"

This was considered quite the proper thing, and highly complimentary, since Niagara falls was the only thing that England did not have which excelled anything America had, in the Britisher's opinion. Ed Kenna, former Missourian and former vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad, but a resident of France and England for the past 14 years, tells a new one on the Englishman.

Kenna is a neighbor of Kipling in Sussex, and the two are great friends. Kenna and Kipling were in conversation one day, with America and Americans for the theme. Something said by Kipling, who has a fondness for both, led Kenna to remark: "Yes, for years and years you Englishmen, in the preliminaries following an introduction to an American, would ask that question about Niagara falls. Now you say, on being introduced to an American: 'You must be very proud of your Woodrow Wilson, eh, what?' Woodrow Wilson seems to have succeeded Niagara falls in your estimation."

Senator Clarke of Arkansas is the fastest talker the United States senate probably has ever seen. When he speaks the stenographers bend over double and their hands fly from page to page like lightning.

They tell a story of an expert stenographer who was employed during a political rash. The stenographer was called in by the senator for a long letter. Several moments later he came out. He was perspiring freely. "I quit," he announced to the room generally, "when it comes to taking dictation from a galling gun."

A Mental Process.

It was in a Glasgow picture theater, and the two men were agreeably surprised to find a cup of tea and a biscuit given them at four o'clock. Half an hour later one of them broke the silence.

"We've seen a' the pictures now, John," he said. "We may as well go out." To which John, after a minute's thought, replied: "You can go if you want. Ah'm stayin' to dinner."—Tit Bits.

How He Got It. "And that homely looking man is worth a million!" "Yes, you see, he's so homely nobody suspected that he knew enough to make a fortune until he had it."