

RUSSIAN TRENCH OUTSIDE VILNA



This photograph, taken immediately after the capture of Vilna by the Germans, shows part of one of the outside trenches where the Russians put up a desperate resistance.

BRITISH METHODS ARE INDEFENSIBLE

Blockade denounced by Secretary Lansing in note to Great Britain.

U. S. WILL SUBMIT NO LONGER

Three points emphasized in long document which either cause cessation of practices or open break.

BRITISH AFTER MORE CASH

Bankers' Committee in America and London reach formation of terms of issue.

TAFT TALKS OF ROOSEVELT

Strenuous one's conduct don't suit fat one.

Proposed Use of Army in Anthracite Strike Would Have Been Lawless—Broadening of Powers Unsafe.

New York.—The broadening of the use of the executive power as practiced by former President Theodore Roosevelt was termed "unfit doctrine" by former President William Howard Taft, in an address here.

BRITAIN RAISES AGENCY TAX

American firms with foreign connections must pay income levy on net earnings.

WOMEN WIN IN LAND LOTTERY

More than 100,000 women won first choice of land in California.

Volcanoes Emitting Smoke

Seward, Alaska.—The great volcanic peaks Iliamna, 12,000 feet, and Redoubt, 11,300 feet, on the west shore of Cook Inlet, are smoking.

Marines Fight Haiti Rebels

Washington.—American marines in Haiti have had two more engagements with revolutionists.

King Orders New Cabinet

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IN A RAIN OF FIRE

Australian Tells of Landing on Gallipoli Peninsula.

Turkish Soldiers Tested the Metal of Colonial Troops Who Sought to Press Forward to the Sultan's Capital.

"A sea, smooth as a mirror, covered with a light mist," so relates an Australian, "and beyond great hills and faint outlines of battleships and transports, overhead a hydroplane lurking about the Turkish position, such was the spectacle presented to us on April 25, when we approached the Gallipoli peninsula. Our run was straight forward to the shore toward the foot of Gaba Tepe hill, but the destroyer, it must be understood, was unable to bring us close to the beach. There we lay in an open boat, looking at each other in a puzzled way, while bullets came whizzing past right and left and over us. At last the barges were advanced as much as possible. We quickly jumped into the water, almost to our armpits, and arrived, half swimming, half wading, at the shore. In former times I have often been inquisitive to know how it felt to be in a desperate position. Now I have found that out. I felt as if someone had delivered a terrible blow at my chest with the flat part of a spade.

"We passed the first-aid stations, which already were overburdened with stretchers bearing wounded. Then came a tollsome, tiring climb over great sand dunes to the firing line. Snipers lay concealed everywhere in ambush and bullets struck all around in the rocks and bushes. In this way, surrounded by a thousand dangers, we reached the line of fire, where I was detached from my company for duty to ascertain the shooting ranges for an Australian regiment. Through the excellent telescope of my rangefinder I could observe the Turkish retreat and had even a tiny picture of a bayonet charge of our own men. Still came the wounded in seemingly unending streams; then our trench awoke to life. "One of the sharpshooters seemed to have a grudge against the rangefinder, as two bullets struck the immediate breastworks; the man next to me suddenly reared up high and fell to my feet. "At an end," he cried, and then added, faintly hesitating, "money in belt—wife and children—" The Turks had evidently got our range, then the situation became more and more uncomfortable, and those of us who were left had to shift our positions several hundred yards to the rear, until it was finally possible to silence this dangerous marksman.

"On the following afternoon I directed again my glass on this tragic group and saw that the sailor now lay on his back, his face pointing toward heaven. Without a doubt yesterday he was alive and may have been even now after 36 hours still living. And now it shot more violently through my being. In the midst of the group I observed a movement and saw plainly a man extricating himself and slowly hobbling along the bank. With four other I set out to rescue the unfortunate, who in the meantime had collapsed. We found yet four others lying and heard from them that last night there had still been eight of them.

"To our right rattled a hostile machine gun like a motor cycle and came gradually nearer. A navalplane from its mother ship, Ark Royal, anchored in the nearby bay, hovered over our heads encircled by white shrapnel cloudlets, coming from the Turks. Soon thereafter the flyer turned about and flew back to make a report. The effect of this was not long in waiting, it came in shape of a ship's shell, which with ear-numbing screech flew

over our heads. Far from us rose a cloud of smoke and earth, gradually dissipating. Now the guns from the ships began in earnest. From the bay came an uninterrupted thundering, and the whizzing of the heavy projectiles, as a ' battery fired one salvo after another. Brown smoke ascended from the hostile bulwarks and for a long time thereafter the hills trembled with the long-drawn-out thunder of the explosions.

"Now, cannon of the enemy began to reply, shrapnel burst over us, and the whistling of the flying bullets seemed to be all about us. For three hours lasted this violent cannonade. We were now solidly entrenched, however, with very heavy sacrifices. Behind us on the beach were brought up gradually supplies, horses and mules came to land, and the reserve ammunition was steadily accumulated. Men carried water, munitions and oil for the machine guns to the firing line. On all paths moved the stretcher-bearers with their sad burdens and wounded patiently waited in small groups at the bandage stations. In the hot sun the surgeons worked like machines. Many wounds were beyond all help and a white cloth covered many a face. Although we were only six hours on land, three wireless stations shot up like mushrooms out of the earth, and their crackling sparks betrayed to the warships where to direct their projectiles. Incessantly new troops were unloaded, which immediately were chased to the firing line.

"With the beginning of darkness the bombardment subsided, but the Turkish shrapnel continued bursting over the beach and the wounded were therefore exposed to heavy shrapnel fire. Also, the nerve-destroying rifle fire would not cease. Of sleep no one could think and the digging of trenches had to be taken in hand at once, in order to fortify our position. To our left, distant about a half mile, a lonely boat rocked in the surf; with help of my glass I could determine its load. At least eight dead sat upright therein and near at the beach lay a further 20 men. A seaman, who could be identified by his white cap, lay there in a remarkable lifelike position, his chin supported by his hand.

Serbia's King Arthur. The picture, "King Marko Returns to Head His People," on the Serbian flag day posters is based on one of the most popular of Serbian legends, the Pall Mall Gazette says. Marko, who ranks as the Serbian King Arthur, was the son of King Vukashin, whom he denounced for usurping the throne, which rightly belonged to Urosh, son of Dushan. Vukashin cursed him, and prayed that he might have neither tomb nor posterity, and be doomed to serve "the star of the Turks," but Urosh blessed him, and prayed that he might know no equal in wisdom or prowess, and be remembered as long as the earth endured.

"Thus they spoke, and thus it came to pass," says an old Serbian ballad. Marko fought for the sultan, but the sultan feared him, for his wrath was terrible; and though he knew no sepulture, he lived, says the legends, for 300 years. He still lives in the hearts of patriotic Serbians, many of whom believe that one day he will awake and come forth to restore the glories of the former empire.

Domestic Strategy. "Father, you know a lot about battles and skirmishes. Did you ever execute a strategic retreat?" "My son, doesn't the fact that after twenty years of married life I am still the nominal head of this family prove that I am some strategist?"

All Kinds. "Well, we can expect cold weather most any time now." "As far as that goes, we can expect any kind of weather any old time."

Lucius Moore says the reason a man is afraid of his wife is that he nearly always is guilty.

Not Even Enough for Wings. May—No, George, it cannot be. I am not good enough to be your wife. George—What nonsense, dear! You are an angel! May—George, even an angel could not be happy with a man who had only \$1,200 a year and feathers the price they are!

Its Source. "What is the cause of that noise which seems to be coming from the foreign warship?" "Oh, that's nothing. Only another interned prisoner on parole breaking his word."

Too Much Ham to Be Hungry. An English town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow officeholders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and exclaimed: "I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the mayor, "that a man who has got so much ham" in his mouth should want any lunch at all!"

Curative Value In Food? "Recalling that 90% of disease results from errors in diet, then foods properly prescribed by the physician can justly be said to have curative value." —Dr. Henry B. Hollen, in The Medical Standard.

One of the errors in the diet of many people is the use of foods robbed of the vital mineral salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) which are absolutely necessary for proper balance of body, brain and nerves. The result is a long list of ills, including nervous prostration, kidney trouble, constipation, rickets in children, and so on.

Twenty years ago a whole wheat and barley food, containing all the nutriment of the grain, including the priceless mineral elements, was devised especially to correct errors in diet. That food is

Grape-Nuts

It fulfills its mission admirably.

Another physician says: "Nearly half the year my breakfast consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit. I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS CONSTANTLY, and invariably with good results."

This wholesome food not only builds sturdy health and strength, but fortifies the system against disease. Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

STOP THAT BACKACHE

There's nothing more disagreeable than a constant backache. You can't sleep when you can't sleep. You can't work when you can't work. It's the most common ailment of the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may prove the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney ailments. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Missouri Case

Mrs. W. Tooley, 203 Magazine St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was sick about for eighteen months with kidney trouble. For a year after, I walked on crutches, and I looked like a physical wreck. I tried to take long vacations away from home to keep alive. When I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and they restored me to good health. I haven't suffered since."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Get Doan's of Any Store, or Write to Doan's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Exposed to Temptation. "I hope you will be happy, Mary," said the mistress to her maid, who was leaving to get married. "Thank you, ma'am. My young man is very steady, considering his environment."

"What does he do?" "He's a valet to a young millionaire, ma'am."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Croix's Hair Dressing"—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00—Adv.

His Forts Was Finance. Little Tommy passed for a very practical youth. The other day his Uncle John bought him, as a birthday present, a "word game," which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him.

Nevertheless, Tommy did not forget to thank his uncle, and by and by, edging around his chair, he asked: "I say, Uncle John!"

"Well!" "This game really belongs to me now, doesn't it?"

"Why, of course." "To do just as I want with it?"

"Certainly." "Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for a shilling."

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