

AMMUNITION IN DANGER SAVED IN WOOD AT CRECY

British Soldiers Performed a Gallant Feat During Fighting in the Forest.

INFANTRY CARRIED BRANCHES

Swift and Bold Attack That Succeeded—Wounded Sergeant Tells of Brilliant Work of King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment at Mons.

A dispatch from Lagny, Seine-et-Marne, describes the devastation of the forest of Crecy. Blasted trees are standing stark and decapitated. Others, amazingly shattered by shells, lie on ground. The roads are covered with the deep marks of the wheels of the heavy gun wagons and the ground shows hundreds of thousands of hoof-marks where the cavalry and artillery thundered by.

In telling of an incident in the forest of Crecy the correspondent says: "The French and British alike swarmed about the wood with axes, knives, saws and even sabers. They had a wide area down in next to no time. Line after line of infantry, each man carrying a thickly foliated branch, moved forward in close order toward the enemy, while behind, amid lopped tree trunks, our artillery got into position with machine guns and thirteen-pounders to cover the wood. As it moved forward all was a-rattle. The attack which followed was as rapid, as fierce and as bold as anything that has been done in this huge campaign, and won all the success which it merited.

Saved the Ammunition.

"The mysterious, slow moving wood soon showed that there was more than umbrage in its texture. It snarled flame and spat bullets while overhead the shells of the French and British artillery sped screaming to their mark. But one incident nearly upset the show. Just under the ridge of a hill, right off the forest, large quantities of our ammunition were piled ready for sudden service and apparently well screened out of harm's way. The oncoming French cavalry making a detour for purposes of their own struck the hill and rode along it for some distance. For a few minutes they showed themselves on the sky line in the bright sunshine. There was no mistaking the vivid scarlet of their breeches, and they were spotted at once by the German artillery. The Kaiser's artillerymen here were crack shots and they lost no time in finding the range.

"Presently the shells began to drop thick and fast over the ridge, falling so near our precious ammunition as to make the situation remarkably unpleasant. Small parties of our boys swarmed up the hill stripped to the waist and lugged the heavy boxes out of the way of disaster. The men tell me it was the hottest and most flaming corner that they have ever been in, but they came through, and so did the ammunition.

"By evening the enemy had been repulsed, the Mame was clear of them and the fight was rolling farther and farther east of the capital."

Lanterns Betrayed Germans.

The correspondent relates another incident which occurred in one of the smaller woods to the southeast of Crecy. He says: "It was held by the enemy, but although the wood gave good cover for a time our patrols during the night by great daring smelt them out and carried the news of their whereabouts to the cavalry on one side and the infantry on the other.

"Incautiously enough the Germans moved about with stable lanterns to guide them, unaware that trouble was so near. Suddenly they found their twinkling glow-worms a mark for the foe of whose proximity they had been blissfully unaware. They were smitten woefully at midnight. A storm of bullets from our Maxims screamed through the sleeping trees like a tornado.

"The next morning scores of lanterns were picked up in the wood with their glasses shattered. A cavalry charge finally cleared the tragic little wood. Our losses were slight, but the Germans suffered severely.

"Twenty prisoners taken in the melee were herded together in a clearing. Their rifles had not been taken from them, but were stacked near by. In a rash moment they got the idea that they were but loosely guarded and made a combined rush for their rifles. They will never make another."

How King's Own Fought.

The first connected narrative of the severe fighting in which the King's Own Royal Lancashire regiment was engaged when it killed and wounded the regiment had 11 officers put out of action, is told by a sergeant of the regiment who has arrived home wounded.

The King's Own, with the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Middlesex regiment were ordered to cover the retreat of part of the allied forces from Mons. On Tuesday, August 25, they left the position in which they had

been entrenched to take new ground, and were marching through the night, finding themselves at daybreak between Cambrai and Le Cateau. Several thousand Frenchmen and a Highland regiment had passed down their lines, and the King's Own were taking breakfast when the German artillery boomed forth. Several shells fell in the vicinity of the trenches without doing much harm, but the enemy's artillery was much superior in numbers to that of the allies, and they poured a raking shrapnel fire before the English guns began to speak. There was no doubt, either, about the enemy's range finding, and under cover of the guns the enemy came in the proportion of six to one.

Men were mowed down like ninepins by the bursting shrapnel, and it seemed as if the King's Own had been singled out by the special fury of the onslaught. Colonel Dykes fell at an early stage of the engagement while shouting encouragement to his men. Fighting continued furiously until half-past nine. Then there was a lull, and the enemy, seemingly re-energized, made good their advance and another five hours' desperate conflict ensued.

Brilliant Bayonet Charges.

The allies fought the advance inch by inch, fighting becoming so close that the King's Own got home with several dashing bayonet charges, one of the most brilliant of which was led by Clutterbuck, formerly a ranker of the Yorkshire light infantry, who, with a handful of men routed four times the number under his command. He paid the price of his gallantry with his life, but the casualties to his men were singularly light. The sergeant said: "It was just like Clutterbuck."

Lieutenant's Glorious Death.

"Then," continued the sergeant, "there was Lieutenant Steel-Perkins, who died one of the grandest deaths a British officer could wish for. He was lifted out of the trenches wounded four times, but protesting, crawled back again till he was mortally wounded."

Proceeding, the sergeant said: "The first man knocked over was one of the most popular of the Rugby footballers in the Dover garrison. He was shot through the mouth.

"A German aeroplane which came over our position on the day preceding the battle was accounted for; assailed by a shower of bullets from more than one regiment, its reconnoitering career had a sudden stop. The enemy swooped down on us so quickly at the finish that we were unable to remove all our dead and wounded. Stretcher bearers were shot down, and I, who had been wounded with a shrapnel bullet in the muscle of the left arm, was taking a message for the doctor from the field hospital when a shell came and demolished his roof.

"All our King's Own dead are buried in France, a few miles from the frontier. We saw many burned villages, and our artillery helped along many old women and children who were fleeing before the enemy."

M. RENAUD GOES TO WAR

Famous Baritone of the Paris Opera Enlists as Private in French Army.

A tall, handsome man, hair snow white, face clean shaven, aged about fifty-five years, carefully but simply dressed, walked into the antechamber of General Michel, military governor of Paris. Handing his card to the orderly at the door he asked that it be sent in to the general. A few minutes later a young officer appeared.

"Is this M. Renaud?"

"It is."

"M. Maurice Renaud of the opera?"

"The same."

"Delighted to meet you! You wish to see the general? Come in at once."

"What can I do for you, M. Renaud?" asked the general.

"I wish to go to the front," was the baritone's calm response.

There was a moment of silence. Then General Michel took M. Renaud by both hands, saying: "My friend, I congratulate you. May you do yourself and your country honor."

Next day Maurice Renaud started at five in the morning for Verdun in the uniform of a private soldier—Renaud, the elegant, the debonair. He didn't have to go, but he wanted to atone for a foolish youthful escapade which caused him to evade part of his military service many years ago.

"Ca Ira" as British March.

The King's Own Yorkshire light infantry which suffered appalling mortality among its officers in Belgium uses as its regimental march past "Ca Ira," the guillotine song of the French revolutionists. During one of the French campaigns the Yorkshires captured a French regiment with its full band, and adopted the tune as a memorial of that event.

Cost of Naval Warfare.

If a single dreadnaught battle squadron of eight ships were ordered to steam at full speed for 24 hours and to fire each gun and each torpedo tube once, the cost to the nation would be approximately \$1,000,000, allowing nothing for the depreciation of material.

Spy Used His Wooden Leg.

A wooden-legged man arrested just before the war at Friedrichsfelde, near Dusseldorf, on suspicion of espionage for France, was searched and important military documents and infantry bullets which, it is alleged, had been stolen from barracks were found hidden in his wooden leg.

CORRESPONDENT WITH GERMAN ARMY DESCRIBES CONFLICT ON THE AISNE

By RAYMOND E. SWING, Correspondent of Chicago Daily News.

With Right Wing of the German Army in France.—Five miles ahead are the trenches, 200 yards apart, where the British and German troops are taking their heroic parts in this bloodiest and hardest fought battle of modern times. Occasional explosions from big guns can be plainly heard.

I have just returned from an automobile ride which brought me near enough to the firing line to see shells exploding on the horizon. First there would be a great flash lighting up the evening sky, followed by a thunderous discharge. I was not allowed to drive nearer.

British Behind Rock Defenses.

The positions on both sides are excellent. The British troops at this point are mainly behind rock defenses, but the Germans have worked their way so close up that accurate fire on both sides means death to the soldier who carelessly protrudes his head. One of the diversions of the Germans is to put a cap on a rifle, hoist it above the trenches and draw the immediate and unerring fire of the opponents.

The soldiers in the trenches for days and nights have had a terrible experience. Recently they were lying in water under the exploding shrapnel and receiving food only at night, when black bread, wine and sometimes soup were passed to them under cover of the darkness. On the German side for many days the wounded lay in the trenches until night before they could be removed.

Now the weather has improved and conditions are better. About three miles behind the trenches artillery is stationed, dropping shells and shrapnel upon the trenches and the gun positions of the opponents.

Flashlights Reveal Foe.

My impression is that such fighting can continue unrelentingly and that here at least the Germans will perhaps only attempt to hold the lines while some other portion of the German army breaks through, either on the far right wing or at Verdun. The British troops made several attempts at night charges two nights ago. They left their trenches and advanced on the German positions, but the movement was suddenly revealed by a German flashlight machine gun which quickly brought into position and an entire regiment of Englishmen was mowed down by the deadly fire.

For two days I have been a guest of the general commanding this corps, who has his quarters in a beautiful French chateau. It is ideally situated in large grounds, richly provided with game, which the staff officers have hunted these last few days during a slight pause in the fighting at the front. Before the castle are artificial lakes, the grounds giving the impression of a small Versailles.

Interested in U. S. Attitude.

I was welcomed warmly by the officers, all of whom were interested in learning the attitude of the United States. The impression prevailed among them that the American government had assumed a protectorate over German interests in China.

We dined together in the great salon, the walls of which were hung profusely with valuable oil paintings. The menu was quite too diverse, but it was plentiful, with wines in abundance. I sat beside the city commandant, who told me of the situation in the city.

The castle itself is filled with costly treasures. There is an especially beautiful coin collection and there are also old engravings of priceless value. The chateau was crowded with officers. I had lodgings in the library, sleeping on a mattress on the floor before a cheerful fireplace in a room the antique furniture of which would make any connoisseur envious.

In the front hall of the chateau is a telephone switchboard, where two soldiers sit with receivers at their ears, making notes of reports from the firing line.

Outside is a scene of ceaseless activity. Every moment automobiles drive up the wide roadways, officers dismount, answer the salutes of the orderlies, go inside, emerge again, hastily take their places in the automobiles and drive away quickly.

Horsemen in small detachments come and go and soldiers on bicycles or on foot are in constant circulation from early in the morning till late at night. One never forgets that this is one of the brain centers of the battle going on five miles ahead.

Tobacco Delights Fighters.

There was especial delight over the arrival a short time ago of a dozen automobiles heavily laden with gifts for the soldiers, such as tobacco, newspapers, warm clothing, chocolate and little luxuries of all sorts. What delighted the soldiers most was the arrival of the tobacco, for the supply was long ago exhausted and cigars

3,000 GERMANS DIE IN FIVE FIERCE CHARGES

London.—Details are just available of the heroic attempt of Prussian guards to cut the railway connecting Reims and Verdun.

This attempt failed and the Germans were in danger of being caught between the French infantry and cavalry. It was at this moment, while the greater part of the German troops were retiring in the direction of

and cigarettes were unobtainable. Soldiers had been offering 25 cents apiece for cigars and were unable to get them. I had brought a considerable supply along, which I gave away. At first the soldiers helped themselves sparingly with unwilling politeness.

"Go ahead and take a lot," I said. With trembling hands they filled their pockets.

"For our comrades, too?" they asked.

"When my comrades see these," said one, "they will leap so high," indicating a jump high overhead. I have never before seen such joy as these soldiers displayed.

Great Cry for Newspapers.

The second great cry was for newspapers. All along the trip from Germany by automobile we were everywhere asked for newspapers, the soldiers crying out for them after the speeding car. This need is understandable, as the army at the front knows practically nothing of what is going on in the world.

Wherever we halted we were surrounded by men asking for news and we had the pleasure of telling many hundreds of soldiers the first information of the heroic deed of the German submarine U9, which sank three British cruisers.

One of the diversions at the front is shooting at French aeroplanes. For the first time since the beginning of the war I obtained reliable information about the activities of the French and British flyers. At this point the aeroplanes are particularly plentiful and one of these hostile machines flies every morning about eleven o'clock, so regularly that its pilot is called the "lunch flyer." When he appears he is greeted by the airship guns.

I had the unique experience of seeing a French flyer under fire. The first intimation that he was near was a loud explosion from a cannon near by. Far and high up in the sky I saw suddenly a round ball of white smoke where the shrapnel had exploded. Near by was the flyer looking like a black speck.

Flies Away Under Fire.

Another explosion, another white ball and the aeroplane close by. A third, fourth and fifth boom came, each followed by the appearance of a white ball of smoke, but each time the flyer was still there. After ten shots had been fired there was a row of great round clouds of smoke stretched half way across the sky with the black speck of the aeroplane in the lead, and gradually mounting higher, away from the dangerous fire.

In ten minutes \$2,000 worth of explosives had been shot away without bringing down the air scout.

Special Shrapnel for Air Shots.

The shrapnel fired at flyers is constructed differently from ordinary shrapnel, which describes a parabola, and is timed to explode over the enemy and send down a shower of shot from above. These aeroplane shrapnel send the shot straight ahead, and so probably every one of the shells I saw exploding sent some bullets through the wings of the aeroplane.

If one of these shots shatters the motors or wounds the flyer or the observer the shell has accomplished its purpose, for since the Germans have taken their position here no flyer of either army has been shot down, though practically no machine has returned from a reconnaissance trip without its wings being punctured.

Hate But Respect British.

Throughout the army wherever I talked with officers and men, I found bitter hatred for the English, but warm praise for their fighting capabilities.

Especially effective has been the English artillery, which the Germans say astonished them by its accuracy. One reason for this is that the region of France where we are has been used for maneuvers and the enemy knows the exact range. Nevertheless there is no sparing of praise for the good marksmanship. The English here have some naval guns which have done great damage.

English soldiers have also astonished the Germans by their powers of resistance and accurate rifle fire, but the Germans say that the English strength lies mostly in the defensive. As much as the English are hated so much are the French respected. Everywhere the officers speak well of the French.

"They fight a gallant fight and observe the rules of war," say the Germans. "They are a worthy foe."

Aged Author Seeks Service.

Paris.—Denied a position in the French navy because of his age (sixty-four years), Pierre Loti, the author, who is a captain in the French naval reserve, asked to be joined to the marines serving as guards in Paris.

Reims, that a regiment of Prussian guards threw itself desperately upon the lines of the French cavalry.

Not once but five times did the devoted regiment hurl itself against the solid French front. After the fifth charge there were only a hundred men left surrounding their flag. With signs of reluctance they gave the signal of surrender, and it was then found that nearly all of the hundred were wounded.

In the course of this engagement the guards lost 3,000 men, it is stated.

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 199 Waldo Street, Providence, R. I.

A Minister's Wife Writes:

CLOQUET, MINN.—"I have suffered very much with irregularities, pain and inflammation, but your wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has made me well and I can recommend the same to all that are troubled with these complaints."—Mrs. JANE AKERMAN, c/o Rev. K. AKERMAN, Cloquet, Minnesota.

From Mrs. J. D. Murdoch, Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. MURDOCH, 25 Gordon St., South Quincy, Mass.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strictest confidence.



Most Improper.
"Miss Filibbit, the doctors say that if a self-conscious person will hold something it will help him to overcome that feeling."
"Perhaps the doctors are right, Mr. Flubbins, but I cannot permit you to overcome your self-consciousness by holding me, so please don't attempt it again."

In Love.
"I'm certain he loves me," said the suburban girl.
"How's that?"
"It is a four mile walk to town. He misses the last car about twice a week but he still keeps coming."

Bound to Be.
"Pa, what is an extremist?"
"Any woman who dresses in style, son."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many a man who says he studies to please extends most of his efforts on himself.

Love and the Wolf.
At a dinner in Tonopah Senator Key Pittman, apropos of a rash elopement on the part of two young constituents, shook his head and said:
"Love laughs at locksmiths. And later on, alas, my young friends will find the wolf doing the same thing."

Not What He Deserved.
"You deserve a great deal of credit, young man."
"Maybe I do, but I always have to pay cash."—Stray Stories.

Naturally.
"What caused that awkward break in the conversation?"
"Some one dropped the subject."

The Right Thing.
He—In what month were you born?
She—Oh, you needn't be afraid. The diamond is appropriate.

About the only thing in this life that a man can win in a walk is a game of golf.

Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple

Tropical Hawaii, the home of the finest Pineapple, is too distant to supply you with the fresh fruit that has ripened on the plant. If you want the delicious Hawaiian Pineapple in all its perfection after fully ripening in the field, buy Libby's. Yellow and mellow when harvested and placed right into the tin the day it is picked. You can buy it sliced or crushed.

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"Nublack" and "New Rival" Loaded Shotshells

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