SOME SIDE LIGHTS IN EUROPE'S

German a French Hero---Foes Joke Between Fights-Belgian Lancer a Superman.

ORRESPONDENTS at the front or marooned in obscure places while the great European conflict rages manage daily to get through the wary censors some little grimly humorous or tragic side lights of the war. Here are some of the or by mail:

"Among the wounded men from the fighting on the Yser was a young Ger man with a bloodiess, intellectua face," cables a correspondent. "His head was a mass of bandages. He

had just been taken from a Red Cross train and placed tenderly in a bed in an improvised hospital. The nurses some in tears, gathered around him.

"'He saved the lives of seven French soldiers.' This, written on a blood stained sheet of packing paper pinned on a blanket, told that the young Ger man was a hero. That was all the French ambulance men found time to

It Has Humorous Side.

Despite the horrors and discomforts of the situation the French and German soldiers who have been facing each other for many weeks in the trenches on the banks of the Aisne occasionally indulge in bursts of pleas

Germans sheltered in concrete lined quarries chased toward the French lines a horse around whose neck hung a large placard and several well thumbed German newspapers. The

placard bore this inscription: "Good day to the Frenchmen. De you know cussia is beaten all along the line and Antwerp is taken?"

The Frenchmen smiled. A French junior officer says that in the enemy's trenches not more than thirty or forty yards away from his own the German try to prove which of them can sing

"On both sides," says this subaltern "we have excellent musicians, and they accompany their own songs-that is, when they are not chaffing one an other across the intervening ground.

"We can often hear quite clearly commands given in the German trench We also frequently chaff each other and play tricks when we can without omitting to use our rifles." A young English officer of the army

service corps writes: "I had my first experience of shell fire on Monday last. One burst practically at my horse's heels as I was galloping across an open space. I was glad when it was over, as they sent six into myself and my two wagons within forty-five seconds.

"The people here cannot do enough for you. Incidentally I brought in a spy myself about two weeks ago. He was in a most wretched funk, and I felt a perfect swine for having to keep a revoiver on him the whole time.

'I used to wonder what active service would be like, but the picture I drew was entirely wrong. However, it howled with laughter at some of the extremely funny things that have oc curred.

"The conduct of the women and children in these villages is wonderful. Yesterday when I was in --- the Germans bombarded the town. I only saw one woman and two children running. The rest were as cool as we

"The noise of the shells is devilish. It's a long drawn out whistling whine. a pause and then bang! The worst is that you hear them coming and do not know when or where they will burst. Still, like everything else, we get used to them. No amount of dodging could do any one the slightest good, so why

In a tramway car from Camberwell to the Elephant and Castle, London, was a wounded soldier, discharged fro the new King's College hospital. Are talked about the fighting in Butum-where, he said, "I got it in the left thigh and never even seen a German"-and of the kindness of the French people he kept looking at his hands and gently rubbing the back of one hand with the fleshy palm of the

"Did you get hurt in the hands, too?" a man asked him. "No," he said and then, breathing on the back of his fingers, rubbed his nafls upon the khaki

sleeve of his other arm. "What's the matter with them. then?" his questioner went on.

look funny to me somehow.' The wounded man spread out his two hands palms down with the fingers spread wide apart. His finger nails glowed like pink opals.

"There's nothing the matter with them," he said, "only they've been manicured. They done it in the hospital. The nurse done it, 'Shocking fingers,' she says, 'for a young man to go about with,' So she fetches a bowl of scapy water and a box of tools, and this is what she done to them. Not half bad. I don't think. You can take it from me it's the most wonderful, up to date hospital in the world, It's worth getting a plug in the leg to go

in there and look at the place," You'll have to rough them nails up

French Officer Thrillingly Re-

lates How Two German Aviators Were Killed.

the car told him, "or your old woman will be wanting to know what you've

A Super-Belgian.

A young Belgian lancer who was promoted in one day from private to sergeant and from sergeant to second lieutenant is recuperating at Marple in Cheshire.

His name is Renier, and he is not yet eighteen years old. He speaks six languages. When the war began be was living at Harrogate. He took the first boat to Belgium and, after beinrejected several times, was admitted to a regiment in which his brother was captain. His brother was killed early

The first day that young Renier went out on patrol he was captured and tied up, but he undid the knots, sprang on the sentry when the sentry was light ing a cigarette, cut his throat and es caped, wearing the German's helmet and tunic. On regaining the Belgian lines he was arrested as a German, but was soon released and promoted to a

Later in the day he carried a wound ed soldier out of a hot fire and was promoted to second lieutenant for gal lantry. Next day in a charge in which his brother was killed young Renier was wounded in the thigh and the fore

Battle In the Air.

How two German aviators were kill ed in a thrilling fight high in the air i told by a French officer of high rank who, with the contending armies watched the battle in the sky, thirty miles from Amiens. He said: "For miles on both sides of the road

the men of the -th army corps are busy taking the crimps out of their limbs, stiffened by the night's rain. No tents, the men have 'bivouncked,' but the fear of Taubes and Zeppelins has prevented the lighting of campfires Less than a mile away are the Ger mans. For ten hours, I am told: not : shot has been fired. My work is done Getting out of my car and handing my papers to an orderly. I go to beg a can of coffee from a group of Moroccans Theirs is better coffee. The French men near by. Parisians evidently, jolly me. Isn't their coffee good enough?

"The conversation goes no further Over our heads is the whir of a motor coming from the north. About a thou sand feet above our heads, flying slow ly-what nervel-comes a Taube. A bomb drops fifty yards from my car in a newly plowed field. It doesn't ex plode. The men all laugh, then shout From the east a French monoplane a: full speed bears straight for the Ger man. The German sees him. Up he goes 5,000 feet. Up goes the French man, climbing faster. With glasses one can almost see the pilots. Both want to fight, and neither makes an effort to get away.

"The French machine, a Farman, rises over the German. We hear its quick firer quite plainly, but the Ger man circles away, and for a quarter o an hour 100,000 pairs of eyes follow the chase 5,000 feet in the air. With glasses one can see the Germans standing out of their trenches, and not a single Frenchman thinks of firing shot at the exposed enemy. Again the German allows himself to be ap proached, and the quick firers crack again. The Frenchman lurches, slips on one wing, falls a few hundred feet straightens up and climbs again. The French troops around me go wild, em brace each other, dance, shout; then a long silence. The whir of motors can not be heard, but sound of the shots comes to us plainly. The Frenchman is above the German and firing nearly perpendicularly. A captain orders us to get under cover, the bullets from our man above being just as danger ous for us as for the German. No one pays any attention to the officer, who is too busy watching the duel above to

German Shudders and Drops.

"The quick firers rattle still faster. and suddenly the German seems to shudder, stands still and begins to drop, circling in spirals, tail in the air. He strikes 500 yards away, in a marshy land. In spite of shouted orders, a thousand men rush to the spot. I am in water up to my ankles. The machine is a wreck. The motor is half buried in the mud. The wings are smashed. A few yards away is the pilot, dead, his head so buried into his shoulders that only his eyes, wide open. are visible.

Under the motor, which has caught fire, the body of the 'observer' lies. enught by the legs. The heat is so in tense we cannot approach. The man's hands, white and soft they seemed to me-he is evidently a young officershake in the air convulsively, then grip the ground around him in an effort to

alease his legs. His eyes turn toward us, but we are helpless. The hands move again once or twice, and the suffering ends. During those few minutes not one of us looked upon the dying man as an enemy. We all had a great feeling of pity for a man who had fought a good battle and lost,

"Ten minutes after an automobile rolls up to the edge of the march, The

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corps have followed the duel and come to see the loser. Then come two young soldiers, privates. The general embraces both. They are the victors, who had landed after their rival had dropped. Every one shakes hands. An old woman, a peasant who lives in a nearby farm and has refused to leave her home to the Germans, gathers a few flowers in a field and brings them to our two heroes.

"'You have just earned the Legion of Honor,' says the general to the aviators. 'You'll get it; count on me.' "A shell screams over our heads; the Germans have started the dance. Every one rushes off. The tragedy ends, and a new one begins.

Mayor Hostage of Germans.

After seven weeks' imprisonment as hostage in Germany Paul Dieudonne, mayor of Einville, a Lorraine town, gives an account of his experiences to Nancy newspaper

Dieudonne was taken from Cinville with two other prominent inhabitants by the retreating Germans in early September because the French had set an example of hostage taking at Vic and Morhange. He says the captors gave them just time to get a change of clothes and some money. At Chatean Sailes they stayed twelve days with a number of other hostages, mostly peasants, old men, women and chiliren, the majority being without sufficient clothing or money. To Dieudonne was given a letter by a German officer, Lieutenant Colonel Passavent, whose family left France at the edict

This stated that he, with his friends, had behaved well toward the German wounded at Einville. This proved of the utmost value, procuring for them many courtesies on the wear some lourney by road to Ulm, on the Danibs, where there was a large camp of French hostages, refugees and mili-

steam heat and had other con veniences. They were also allowed to buy extra food as long as their money

Made Payment of Money.

After spending a month at Ulm the letter won them their release, but they were told it was impossible to cross the Swiss frontier without paying 5.000 francs (\$1,000), which they did not have. However, Dieudonne was allowed to telegraph to a German colleague, an old friend, Zundel, at Strassburg, who sent the amount needed. They were then released and took a train to the frontier, where the Swiss indignantly repudiated the idea that the payment of money was neces-

When asked how the Germans treat their prisoners Dieudonne replied that Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidhe had seen two camps. Ulm and Mutzigen, where the prisoners suffered from the cold because of lack of clothing, but they were not badly treated.

"They work six hours daily," he said, repairing the roads and railways un der the command of their own noncommissioned officers, over whom are German officers who do not appear unsympathetic. They have coffee mornings, with soup at midday and evening and meat three times weekly. Their quarters appear to be healthful, thanks to a flooring placed a few inches from the ground. I also saw some stoves.

Short Stories.

tus plants.

Icelandic patriots have designed a new national flag-a navy blue field marked with a white cross with a red cross inside it.

A steamer whose rudder had been broken was steered for several days orders. through the Pacific by packing boxes

hung over the sides. erected on the grounds of the Panama to keep the kidneys and urinary or-

Average Normal Nation. The object of the average normal nation is to have more prosperity to raise more taxes to build more battleships to seek more markets to sell more goods to have more prosperity to raise more taxes to build more battleships to seek more markets to sell more goods to have more

prosperity and so on until something

unforeseen happens.-Life.

EAT LESS MEAT IF BACK HURTS

neys if Bladder Bothers You.

produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges. severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, oladder and urinary irritation.

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Upsetting His Theory. "The heavy explosions of a battle at

ways cause rain. It rained after Weterloo; it rained after Fontenoy; it rained after Marathon."

"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear." "There you go. Always throwing

cold water on anything I have to say,' -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cremation In Norway. There is in Norway a law dealing

with cremation. According to the act, every person over fifteen years of age

Woman's Weapons cently dining together at their club. The question was asked, "What trak in your wife do you consider the most

expensive one?" The answers were

as numerous as the men in the party. With one it was vanity, another religion or charity or love of dress. The last man to whom the question was put answered oracularly, "Her tears."

The Word Magnet. Anguet is derived from the name of the city of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, of a shepherd who discovered magnetic

power by being held on Mount lan. In ondon Greece, by its attraction for the

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