

Photographs Showing Result of Bombardment from Zeppelins Upon London



INTERIOR OF A ROOM USED FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES THE DAMAGE SHOWN WAS CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOMB OUTSIDE

HERE BOMB FELL ON CHIMNEY STACK ENTIRELY WRECKING THE TOP PART OF A LARGE HOUSE

Austrian Artillery Officer Locates Italian Battery

Writer in Vossische Zeitung Describes Episode of the Fighting on the Italian Front by Men and Guns That Already Have Served in Other Regions.

(Special Despatch.)
BERLIN, November 6.
A writer in the Vossische Zeitung describes an episode of the conflict on the Italian-Austrian front.
"Our position on the plateau," he writes, "had been furiously bombarded through the night by the Italian artillery. We were able to locate most of the batteries, but there was one which kept up an incessant fire until dawn, which greatly puzzled us."
"The sun was rising behind the mist in this Adriatic, which we could plainly see from our elevation. I had just been awakened by a tremendous crash, wrapped in a blanket about me and come forth to see what it all meant. Captain Laytos was already peering through his telescope. His high coat collar was turned up to protect his throat and ears from the cold, and his hands were buried deep in his pockets. Captain Laytos is a Hungarian artilleryman, thirty years of age, has been twice wounded, and has just been granted a six weeks' leave, but he refuses to leave his battery. He is an ideal soldier, his chest is covered with decorations and he now commands the battery."
"He comes down from his position at the telescope and carefully studies the map. His high chair in front of the telescope. He calls Pretzell, who knows the location of every stone within a radius of twenty kilometers, and asks about the noise. It stands about one hundred metres to the left, near the cross roads, and was pointed white a few months ago."
"Look through the glass and tell me if you see anything strange about it," said the captain.
"It is not all white; here and there it is marked by what appear like dark spots. Pretzell," said the captain, "that is where this battery is located. The Italians have placed their guns in the rooms of that house. You will fix them."
"Captain Laytos and Lieutenant Wehler

study the map, figuring out the distance. The elevation and angle are given over the telephone wire. The captain hands me a cigar.
"You have time to light a cigar," he says, "before we fire. We shall fire in thirty-five seconds. Take a look through the glass and see the result."
"Captain Laytos takes out his watch and begins to count the seconds as I look through the telescope. I see the white house bathed in the morning sunshine, and I see also on the road leading to it a wagon creeping along. I feel like crying out to the wagon party to get under cover, and almost simultaneously I hope that our shells will get them. The captain is at his post looking through the telescope next to mine. I hear the order given to fire, and at once there is a roar that shakes the whole mountain.
"We have hit the mark!" shouts the captain.
"Almost a minute elapses before the smoke disappears. I look again through the glass. The white house is gone, all I can see is a hole in the earth where it stood and the bare trunks of a few trees still standing.
"That was good work," said the captain, handing me a cigarette. "It was the 1,200th shot of our Richard, as we call this battery, so named after Lieutenant Richard Knauer, who fell in battle a few weeks ago. This same battery was at Liege, at Antwerp, in France, and I don't know where else. Ask Bauer."
"Bauer, a sturdy young chap, tanned by the sun, heard his name mentioned and ran forward.
"Again, I do not see you wearing your Iron Cross and your medals."
"Sorry, captain, but I haven't enough room for them."
"And later, when the enemy ceased their firing, the captain with Bauer, who was in Belgium, France, Poland, Galicia, Serbia and is now here on the Italian front, will tell me the story of our Richard."

Austrian Officer's Automobile Was Lubricated with Edible Jelly

(Special Despatch.)
BERLIN, November 6.
The Grazer Tagespost tells an anecdote which occurred in the quarters of a Bosnian regiment in Galicia. He writes:
"Captain Hans Heitwa is sitting, thinking, in his room, a small affair, with only one small window, a little desk, a bed and a chair. Outside it is raining.
"The captain is meditating. He admits to himself that the war would not be so bad but for the constant rain—it ruins his uniform, ruffles his temper and even attacks the smooth running of his automobile."
"Just then he remembers that only yesterday his automobile was in very bad shape and squeaked and whistled most annoyingly.
"I wonder if my boys grease the axles of the machine regularly," he said to himself. Then he called Vogel, Zlatovak, and immediately there stood scolding in the doorway a tall thin young man with playful eyes and a short thickset (silence).
"Call me at once," roared the officer, "if you fellows have greased my automobile."
"Certainly, Captain. With our own hands. And we used it to grease the axles of the automobile."
"The captain looked a quick at Vogel, who appeared and quickly disappeared."

"Well, Captain," replied the taller soldier, "you see, an automobile is very much like the women—sometimes in excellent humor—"
"Shut up, you fool; go and see if the axles are properly lubricated."
"Shortly Vogel and his companion returned and announced that they had made a strange discovery. The Hungarians, they allege, use the grease as butter on their bread."
"The captain goes to the window, and sure enough there are the Hungarians, one in a whole battalion here. The rest are with knives and spoons helping themselves to the contents and covering their bread with it."
"The officer gave orders to disperse the Hungarians, with the warning that they must leave the axle grease alone; that it was for the automobile and not for them to consume.
"Shortly Vogel returns with a sad countenance.
"Captain, I have a report to make."
"Well, what's the trouble now?"
"The axle grease is not axle grease at all. It's plum jelly, and we thought at the time it was axle grease. You see, it looks so much the same, and—"
"And what you food?"
"And we used it to grease the axles of the automobile."
"The captain looked a quick at Vogel, who appeared and quickly disappeared."



CLOSER VIEW OF WRECKED WORKING-CLASS PROPERTY PHOTOS BY WALSHMAN

CROWN PRINCE SHARES MATCH SAFE WITH FRENCH PRISONERS IN ARGONNE

(Special Despatch.)
BERLIN, November 6.
Bernhard Kollermann, correspondent for the Berliner Tageblatt, who is with the army of the Crown Prince in France, tells of a recent battle fought in the Argonne region in which, according to his account, the Germans were victorious. However, aside from that the main interest in his article centres in the word picture that he draws of the vicinity, the personality of the Crown Prince and the local color imparted to the scene.
"On the other side of the Argonne forest," he writes, "everything transpired as we wished. As in the right of the Muls, the French were driven out of their trenches. In the latter case we made more than two thousand prisoners, which is rather a goodly number in this trench warfare."
"The crowded, narrow streets of this poor Argonne town are alive with French prisoners and another column is approaching from the west. They are rather a mixed bunch of the town are standing in front of their doors and observing their countrymen."
"The Crown Prince and His Excellency, General von Mudra are standing on the other side of the road and are observing the prisoners with considerable interest. The Crown Prince then approaches two of the prisoners—healthy, vigorous young men—each of whom is rolling a cigarette, but neither of whom can find a match in his pockets. The Crown Prince hands around his match case and opens up a compartment. They do not very courteously take the match and quickly disappear into the

ing gives to the French a rather comical and somewhat weird appearance. I am convinced that when this helmet was first worn it must have caused much laughter among the French soldiers. It can scarcely be of much use. While worn as a protection against shrapnel, it is altogether too thin to be of much value. However, it is heavy enough to produce perspiration, and how these poor fellows do sweat!
"The prisoners all look exhausted and capworn. Some are tall, some short, others gray haired and many more boys. Their uniforms are covered with dirt and mud. However, one must admit they are well clothed. Many wear woollen waist-coats, others have an extra woollen band to protect their stomachs, and they are well supplied with socks and underwear.
"The wounded prisoners all have been taken care of. Many were only slightly wounded in the arms or the hands. Some talk and some smile and some even are laughing and joking. They are rather a mixed bunch of the town are standing in front of their doors and observing their countrymen."
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joy talking to the Crown Prince and laugh heartily at his witticisms. They marvel how he speaks French. They are glad, they say, that they are out of the trenches and away from the battlefield. The Crown Prince talks to them as affectionately as he talks to his own soldiers.
"To the left, away from the closely packed, sweating prisoners, is a group of French officers. They seem worried and unlike their men, do not talk or laugh. The Germans treat them with respect and pride them for their bravery on the battlefield. One officer, conspicuous among the rest, is very pale and is looking dreamily into space. Another, a young lieutenant of fine physique, looks very crestfallen and the muscles of his mouth twitch.
"They all are suffering, but their men seem to adjust themselves to their surroundings. They all are anxious to tell me their story of the battle that was fought that morning, and every one says he is happy it is over. He me felicitates they had started the battle suspiciously they tell me, but before they became aware of it the Germans were everywhere. They seemed to spring right out of the earth, and they were surrounded. "Well, it's over."
"Such the prisoners are all assembled and they quietly march away down the valley, looking in the distance like a long blue ribbon."
"A French officer with a bandaged head and his forehead suddenly comes running down the winding street. He is late in joining the disintegrating column. He is looking out of the Union riding in the

Daring Seamanship Shown by British North Sea Fleet

Admiral Transfers Flag to Battle Ship Steaming at Full Speed in Battle—Cruiser's Crew Jumps to Decks of Tramp Surprised at Night.

(Special Despatch.)
LONDON, November 6.
The "barging about the North Sea," to which Rear Admiral Sir David Beatty recently alluded, while it has lacked the one great opportunity of a smashing contest with the German fleet, has included many incidents which, were they known, would add to Britain's gratitude to the navy.
"The Scotsman has been permitted to lift the veil a little, and an article by a special correspondent reveals two feats of seamanship which sent a grin around the fleet and helped to nerve the sailors for the continual strain of watching. The correspondent writes:
"Many of our tars will recall one such incident which involved quite a feat of seamanship. It occurred out on the North Sea, and possibly a little west of the Long Forties. Just about twelve months have gone since the affair, but it still raises a smile in certain quarters. A fast, light cruiser of our navy on a very dull morning, after a calm, cold night, sighted a cargo vessel under a neutral flag and came to regard her with some suspicion.
"The 'tramp' was kept under observation for a long time before she received any evidence at all of being watched. To outside appearance the neutral was in a condition which brings to his mouth the heart of a skipper expectant of salvage, and no doubt more than one trawler that morning had glanced at her hopefully, and again and again, for a signal that she had broken down and wanted a tow.
"Lying off in the distance, the war ship was satisfied that the tramp was not 'going lame,' but was waiting for something. Having arrived at that conclusion, the neutral was approached in the usual way and an examination was made. In the making of the examination the 'guileless and unsuspecting' Britisher rather scored. The officer entrusted with that duty did not spend much time over it. "His report was to the point. While looking at nothing he had seen enough to be certain that the vessel was neither a neutral nor an innocent tramp steamer with a defect in the engine room. The war ship disappeared, and the tramp 'limped' along with no more than steerage way on as before.
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they had waited so long—the combination of lights on the neutral. It was a clever combination. Having learned all that Sir Beatty seemed likely to learn by watching, and being now certain that anything that was about to happen to the cargo steamer would not be seen by any submarines that might be about, the war ship made a move in the darkness. During the whole eleven hours the position of the suspect had hardly changed. The extra lights of the combination suddenly vanished on the tramp as the cruiser bore nearer, and that was the first indication to the invisible fighting ship that the crew of the tramp had heard the rattle of machinery somewhere and were taking precautions.
"Then an astounding thing happened. On the tramp a section of the darkness materialized in the most startling fashion, and from it there poured over the merchant ship a crowd of sturdy fellows who dashed for the bridge and dived for the engine room and had the ship in their hands and her crew prisoners within five minutes. The cruiser, slipping up in the darkness, had laid her long, slim bows alongside as sweetly as ever she laid them along a jetty, and the landing party assembled forward did the rest. The crew of the tramp had no time to do anything in the way of warning any one.
"It was smart work and a valuable capture. Stores of food, drums of oil fuel and spare torpedoes were carried under the sham cargo of the supply ship. She was steamed into port by her prize crew, and she steamed very well indeed. It is said that she was steamed out of port again not long after, and that on returning her interrupted duties with a new crew she exercised a distinctly demoralizing influence upon certain units of the submarine service of the enemy.
"The feat of seamanship involved in having the cruiser alongside her quarry so suddenly and so closely in the darkness was noteworthy, but on the occasion of the fight at racing speed between our battle cruisers and those of the enemy off the Dogger Bank, last January, there was provided a no less notable example of the splendid skill with which the fighting ships are controlled.
"It will be remembered that when the Lion dropped out of action Admiral Beatty transferred his flag to the Princess Royal. The Princess Royal, steaming at full power, was using her guns with effect upon the fleeing enemy without interruption. To recall her from that work order that the Admiral might get on board was apparently not thought of. She had to be overtaken, not recalled. To catch her the Admiral boarded the Attack.
"The Attack was 'opened out' to the task, and it may be questioned if even her designers dreamed of the speed she developed. The Princess Royal was overhauled, but kept on her furious way, her guns crashing out unceasingly. Steadily the Attack worked closer, and very soon, with engine room responding with marvelous precision to the demands of the task, and she was reduced in speed to enable her absolutely to cling to the speeding Leviathan ahead of her and with both vessels rushing along at that terrific pace the Admiral passed from the destroyer to the battle cruiser and resumed his place in the action."

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