

BRITISH LINE IS SECURE; ALL HIGH GROUND HELD

Retirement Has in No Way Weakened Haig's Front in the West

In Fact, Counter-Attacks Have Resulted in Recoveries

London cable says: The official reports from headquarters are more encouraging to-night.

The loss of Armentieres is admitted by the British, but this was expected from the trend of events in that sector during the past few days. The enemy had driven in on both sides of the town, and holding out longer by the British would have imperilled the whole line. The withdrawal of the British forces from Armentieres was orderly, and was only for the purpose of straightening out the line in the region where the German pressure is the heaviest. The British have stood firm at vital points along the line. Wytschaete is still held by Field Marshal Haig's men, who also maintain their grip on Messines Ridge, Lestrem, Ploegsteert and Ploegsteert Wood and Holbeke, against which furious assaults have been launched only to break down or be nullified by British counter-attacks. A terrific attack made against Holbeke and Wytschaete was completely repulsed with great losses to the Germans.

This particular part of the battle-line in the west has been the scene of terrible fighting for nearly four years. Armentieres marked the farthest retirement in this region of the French, British, and Belgians in August and September, 1914. Just to the north, near Ypres, the Germans on April 22, 1915, first loosed on the Canadian troops their poisonous gas, and here on December 19, the same year, they drove hard at the thin line of Canadians in a desperate effort to reach Calais. On both occasions the Canadians beat back the enemy and held their lines intact.

Nearby the British launched their counter-offensive in February, 1916, and withstood furious attacks during April and May of the same year.

The drive south of Ypres has developed into a major operation, it would appear, and the Germans, using their massed attack system, are not counting the losses inflicted upon them in their advance. So far they have gained little of great tactical value. The high ground along the front is still held by the British forces, and the retirements here and there have not as yet endangered the integrity of the line from Arras to the North Sea.

While this battle is going on there is a lull in the struggle before Amiens.

Since the announcement that American troops had made their appearance in the sectors occupied by the British, there has been nothing to show that they have actually entered into the battle.

HAIG'S REPORT.

London cable says: The official report from Field Marshal Haig's headquarters in France to-night reads:

"Thursday Evening—The enemy pressed his attacks strongly throughout the day on the whole northern battle front. Heavy and continuous assaults have been delivered by fresh German divisions in the region of the River Lave, between Loigne and Lestrem.

"In this fighting the 51st Division has beaten off incessant attacks with great loss to the enemy, and by vigorous and successful counter-attacks has recaptured positions into which the enemy had forced his way.

"Heavy fighting has taken place at Estaires and between Estaires and Steenwerck. In this sector also the enemy attacked in strength and succeeded in pushing back our line to just north of these places.

"North of Armentieres a determined attack developed this morning against our positions in the neighborhood of Ploegsteert Wood, and the enemy made some progress. Further north a heavy attack was launched this morning against our lines in the neighborhood of Wytschaete and Holbeke, but was completely repulsed by the 9th Division, with great losses to the enemy.

"Fighting is continuing on the whole front between La Bassée Canal and the Ypres-Comblaines Canal.

"On the remainder of the British front the day again passed comparatively quietly.

THE GERMAN CLAIMS.

Berlin cable says: The official reports from general headquarters read:

"Thursday Afternoon—The battle of Armentieres has been in full swing since April 9th. Between Armentieres and Ploegsteert General von Quast's army has captured English and Portuguese positions on the southern bank of the Lys and on the eastern bank of the Lave.

"After storming the Grenier Wood and Neuve Chapelle in its first assault across the swampy crater field, it overpowered the wide plain prepared for stubborn resistance, with its innumerable farms and houses and clusters of trees, which by the labor of years had been constructed into strong points of support.

"The crossing of the Lys was forced by the 27th Infantry Regiment.

"Yesterday the attack was continued on an even wider front. General von Arnim's troops captured Holbeke and the first English line advanced to the south. They stormed the heights of Messines and maintained it against strong enemy counter-attacks.

"To the south of Waasten-Warne-ton they pushed forward as far as Ploegsteert Wood and reached the Ploegsteert-Armentieres road.

"General von Quast's army crossed the Lys at several points between Armentieres and Estaires, and is engaged in battle with freshly brought up English troops on the northern bank of the river to the south of Estaires. We fought our way to the Lave and to the region northeast of Bethune.

"The number of prisoners has increased to considerably over ten thousand, including a Portuguese general.

Thursday Evening—"The battle near Armentieres is taking a further favorable course. We have penetrated into the suburbs of Armentieres.

"South of Estaire the Lave has crossed at some points."

THE FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Paris cable says: The War Office announcements read:

Thursday Evening—"There was violent artillery fighting at certain points on the front north of Montdidier and in the region of Lassigny last night and this morning. We repulsed two enemy attacks, which were quite spirited, in the sector of Noyon. There was intermittent cannonading on both banks of the river and around Le Pretre Wood."

Millers' Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectively that they pass from the body unperceived. They are not ejected in their entirety, but are ground up and pass away through the bowels with the excreta. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

A MIRACLE OF THE WAR ZONE

"Nikulgin," the Marvelous New Anaesthetic,

Brings Life to Hopelessly Wounded.

Many great discoveries, which are now proving of inestimable value to suffering humanity, have found their origin in the needs of the war. Probably the greatest of all these inventions is that known as "Nikulgin," taken from the Greek, meaning "victory over pain."

The use of this wonderful fluid on all manner of external wounds, burns, running sores, etc., gives instant relief, causing even the worst cases of gangrene to heal in a few days.

The inventor, Gordon Edwards, a graduate of Leland Stanford University in 1905, is not a medical man, but an electrical engineer.

His quest for some substance to alleviate pain for patients undergoing dental operations led to the greater discovery.

As soon as Mr. Edwards became convinced that success attended his efforts, his first thought was for the suffering thousands in the war theatre. His struggles for a trial of the wonderful anaesthetic are extremely interesting. Edgar Ansel Mower, a prominent author, tells in a recent article the success of the young inventor in the Verdun hospital.

A soldier's hip and thigh had been scooped out by an exploding shell. The nurses bared the enormous wound. The American rapidly soaked a great piece of cotton with nikulgin, and applied it to the raw flesh.

A kindly old surgeon drew the patient's attention to another matter. After a few minutes the engineer remarked:

"Is anaesthesia complete?" the very great surgeon asked.

"I believe so."

"In a flash the Frenchman had jabbed a bit of glass tubing into the very heart of the wound, probing vigorously into the live flesh. The doctors gasped. Edwards went white,

then quickly flushed with pleasure, for the patient had not moved a muscle, tranquilly going on with the story of how he had come by his wound. He felt nothing at all! The very great surgeon, visibly disturbed, tried another case. The result was absolutely conclusive. Anaesthesia through nikulgin was established.

The very great surgeon withdrew hastily, muttering, "Extraordinary! extraordinary!" with great rapidity.

"After a few comparatively simple cases, the attendants wheeled forward a closely swathed figure half upright in a chair. It was a victim of liquid fire. The head was almost entirely amputated. One hand and arm had been burned black, and they were partly covered with white bandages. But there was worse.

The victim had been struck in the chest by the fluid, and the result surpassed Dante's imaginings. A sheet of gauze eighteen inches square covered a burn over the body that stretched from neck to navel. The outlines of the gaping hole wherein the flesh had been burned away showed through the stuff, which in places was stuck to the flesh beneath. What one could see of the face, black, spotted with flaming red holes, grey where the flesh had been reduced to a cinder, shocked the spectators almost to nausea. From out of this frightful ruin stared two living eyes! Chance had saved them for the owner, perhaps at the expense of hand and arm.

"Within that roasted heap of flesh life stirred sluggishly. Suffering had been so intense, shock so unsettling, that the man had been reduced to a half-bestial organism, capable of no sensation but pain. The expression was as vacant as that of an idiot, hiding nothing but fear. For in a dozen places large nerves were completely exposed. The doctors had not dared to put the patient to bed when he arrived the day before. When brought into the operating room he sat, propped up on cushions, oblivious to everything but sensation, heedless of everything but the pain that was slowly driving consciousness from the devastated dwelling.

"Now, I ask you, Monsieur Edwards," the chief surgeon said, slowly, "what can you do with this fellow? That breast must be dressed or the man will die of poisoning. Yet, if I attempt to remove that apron of gauze stuck to the cooked flesh, he will die of the pain. Can you do anything for him?"

"I'll try," Edwards said, already doubtful of his task.

"Gently he began to spray the chest, and for fully ten minutes moistened the gauze, until it dripped with solution. Then, while a nurse gently lifted the bandaged chin until the eyes were fixed on the ceiling, the chief surgeon began at the neck to peel down the gauze, while Edwards never ceased playing a stream of anaesthetic on the raw flesh.

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"The surgeon, perspiring, looked at the patient. He had not moved. Another inch! The surgeon, emboldened, effect fearfully lest the momentary effect should pass, stripped away the gauze in a single movement. And those strange, frightened eyes never left the ceiling. The patient did not even realize that his wounds were being treated. He felt nothing. There was no sound in the operating room while the dressing proceeded. When it was over the attendants slowly wheeled away the rebanded figure—back to life from the very vale of agony that slopes down into death. For if his wounds could be dressed and the pain obliterated, he was saved. There is no need to describe the enthusiasm of the surgeons."

Describing a terrible case of gangrene, and the effects of the great discovery on such a wound, the writer says:

"Corporal Lespinasse's foot had been carried away by a projectile. Gangrene set in, and his life was despaired of. And crossing his wound had been intolerable for patient and operators alike until Edwards came. During the first painless dressing his eyes sought the American's in mute gratitude, while the nurse, awed by silence when she expected shrieks, had murmured softly over and over, 'Ah, doctor, don't you remember how horrible this was yesterday?'

"The fourth day Lespinasse walked from the operating room on his own crutches. As Edwards was leaving, a few minutes later, the nurse whispered: 'Go out this way, monsieur; I think someone is waiting for you.' It was Lespinasse. Seizing Edwards' hand, he kissed it passionately, then in confusion drew himself up with a stiff military salute. When Edwards visited the hospital next day the news had spread, and not a soldier but saluted him as reverently as though he were a general.

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