

GRAPHIC CHAPTERS GREATEST WAR

Vivid Picture of the Aisne
Fight—Scenes of Awful
Carnage Depicted.

PARAGRAPHS in the news from Europe's arena of battle imbue the reader with a vivid sense of what such a terrible war means. These little stories, so numerous in the dispatches from the zone of action, recount instances of dauntless courage in the face of shot and shell and spectacular and tragic incidents.

The London Daily Telegraph sends this vivid picture of the battle of the Aisne:

"To the ghastly fields about Puisseux I came, through the haunting horrors of men in gray and blue lying on the roadside. One man was kneeling with his rifle on the shattered stump of a telegraph pole. He might have just sighted the enemy, but the finger on the trigger was stiff and cold, and through the brow of the soldier was a tiny hole.

Blazed Trail With Blood.

"Here on the sloping plain they fought the batteries. You can trace the path of the men who fed the batteries. They have blazed the trail with their blood. You can see where the ammunition wagons waited in the rear and where the horses stamped with impatient hoof.

"And the gunners, the men who fought among flame and thunder in a hurricane of lead and steel shards, you can see where they stood behind this earthen wall; where they mended the shattered parapet with spent cases; where they took cover in a cave dug in the side of the emplacement when answering guns had got the range and poured upon them a deadly shower. Men and guns have gone, the broad fields are silent, deserted, and all the emplacements are empty except two. Outlined against the gray sky are the skeletons of guns. There is always some strange attraction about a gun that has been wounded in battle. It is like a human being. It was the same with these German guns. I felt as if I stood before men who had fought like heroes, who had been sorely wounded and left on the battlefield."

This Is War.

"Here, one among ten thousand, is the history of a French private, wounded near Noyon," cables a correspondent.

"We lay together, my friend and I. The order to fire came. We shot and shot until our rifles burned us. Still the Germans swarmed on toward us. [We took careful aim.

"Did you see that? I turned to ask my friend.

"And as I did so I heard a terrible dull sound, like a spade striking newly turned earth. His head had fallen forward. I called him by name. He was moaning a little. Then I turned to my work again.

"They were advancing quickly now. Ah, how cool I was! I shot so slowly, and then—do you know what it feels like to be wounded? I rose just a little too high on my elbow. A sting pierced my arm like a hot wire. It was too sharp from me to be sore. I felt my arm go from me, and then my rifle fell. I was a little dazed. I looked at my friend presently. He was dead."

A Maddening Vision.

The following description of the advance of a battery across a stricken field is from an account given by a wounded French artilleryman in a hospital at Bordenaux:

"Never shall I forget that most terrible scene when we rushed our horses and guns across the field, covered all over with the bodies of dead and dying German soldiers. As we swept across the field we heard the crunching of bones under the horses' feet and gun wheels.

"Every now and again the horses staggered, stumbled and slipped in their mad run over those hundreds of corpses. I did not venture to look about, but kept my eyes steadily fixed at a distant point of my horse's neck, but I heard blood stirring cries of agony and despair, mingled with moaning and weeping, which dominated the noise of my galloping horses and guns.

"Once, when my horse slipped and fell on one knee I saw on my left the wreck of a man spring to his feet and make a wild gesture with his arms as if to stop the deadly avalanche. He was knocked down by the horses of a gun next to mine and I heard the creaking of his bones. This maddening vision has ever since haunted me."

Burying Dead at Night.

A London Daily News correspondent who has returned to Paris from the neighborhood of Senlis tells of a new corps of the French army. He says:

"When the curtain of night has fallen the corps of the sextons go from villages and farmsteads, an unanny, silent procession, to set forth about their business among the dead, their way illuminated by horn lanterns and torches, and their shadows dance ghoul-like in the flicker of the beams—little old men, most of them, and bent double, but their shadows amid the trees are shadows of giants.

"Their women follow behind bearing little bundles of peeled willow wands and strands of wire. They cut

IN NEWS OF THE DRAMA IN HISTORY

Spectacular Incidents and
Heroic Deeds Reported
From the Front.

a few inches from each wand and blind it on crosswise with the wire, and whenever an officer is found cold and stiff amid the dead a cross of willow wand is placed over his grave.

"Hour after hour, night after night, the corps of sextons with the women ply their trade, marking cemetery after cemetery. Their bundles of sticks diminish as this acreage of the dead swells."

Air Men Who Know No Fear.

A dispatch from Senlis to the London Times describes the thrilling flight of a British air man. It says:

"A British air man flew over the German lines on the Aisne. He was fired at by 100 sharpshooters and guns throwing a shell specially designed for such work. Several bullets pierced the wings of his machine, and a shell burst beside the aeroplane, sending the pilot reeling giddily sideways through space, but he finished his reconnaissance. He marked the placing of the great guns, the lines of trenches and the direction of shell fire. Even in his one giddy moment he swooped down close to a wood where the artillery was concealed, taking almost unthinkable risks.

"In almost every aerial reconnaissance bullets pierce the aeroplanes. They have descended over forest land almost to the tops of trees, through forest land known to be swarming with soldiers. They have skimmed over trenches and batteries in the face of tremendous fusillades and have won priceless information."

Germans' Daring Attempt.

Germans disguised as French officers made a daring attempt to blow up the railway bridge six miles and a half from Rouen. The plan was obviously to sever railroad communication between Havre, Rouen and Paris.

The French officers' uniforms worn by the Germans fitted well, and every man carried the necessary identification papers, obtained, of course, from the prisoners whose uniforms were used. By means of their papers they were able to pass guards and patrols.

Information was circulated that two touring cars carrying French officers had acted suspiciously at Gisors, dashing through the town and through patrols that challenged them at Gournay. They were shot at by gendarmes, but they escaped, and all traces were lost.

They were finally caught at Oisset after they had alighted from the motor-cars and were in the act of carrying explosives toward the bridge. A large quantity of explosives was found in the cars. The prisoners confessed that they had received orders to blow up the bridge in order to prevent reinforcements and supplies from reaching the French army.

Rescued by the Enemy.

A little wounded French trooper tells of being rescued by Germans. "I pretended to be dead," he said, "as I thought it safer. The second German firing line was a long way off, so when the first had passed I got up and wandered along, but two stray German troopers caught me up. I thought I was done for, but not a bit of it. They actually gave me a handkerchief to bind my wounds and then went away, and as I lay there in a trench I could not help roaring with laughter. Both were wounded in the leg, but one man's game leg was the right one, and the other one's was the left, and they looked ridiculous as they hobbled off."

Shells Halt Plunge Bath.

A British guardsman, now at Woolwich, who was wounded near Compiègne on Sept. 1, has given a vivid account of the fighting there.

"We were in a field," he says, "when the Germans dropped on us all of a sudden, as though from the sky. The first hint we had of their presence was when a battery of guns on the right sang out, dropping shells into a mob of us who were waiting for our turn at the wash-tub—the river. There was no panic as far as I saw, only some of our fellows, who hadn't had a wash for a long time, said strong things about the Germans for spoiling the best chance we had had for four days."

Cossacks' Trick Horses.

The prowess of the Russian Cossacks is especially remarkable. As scouts they are unequalled. At all times their horsemanship enables them to deal successfully with cavalry of the enemy four or five times superior in number. Their horses are skilled in every conceivable trick. A Cossack horse will drop "dead" under its rider at the word, springing up the next moment. The rider combines all the arts of the circus performer and red Indian with perfect command of his horse, and the horses are as handy as polo ponies.

Families Wiped Out.

The Berlin correspondent of the New Rotterdam Courant writes:

"The most gloomy sight to be seen in these days is the advertisements of deaths in the dignified Kreuz Zeitung. The families of officers there make known the blows that have fallen upon them. In the last few days this newspaper has published fifty death announcements of officers."

RHEIMS A "ROYAL CITY;" CATHEDRAL WORLD FAMED.

Medieval and Renaissance Architecture
Unequaled in Europe.

Lincomar, the mighty archbishop of the ninth century, declared that Rheims was "by the appointment of heaven a royal city."

According to the historians of art, Rheims is royal in another sense. In no city in Europe, they say, have the life and thought of the middle ages and of the renaissance found such royal expression in architecture. From early Gothic to Romanesque and from Romanesque to renaissance the buildings of Rheims reveal better than any records the city's historical development. And of all the buildings illustrative of their various periods there are said to be no better examples than those reported destroyed by the shells of Germans—the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Church of St. Jacques, fine monuments of the early Gothic; the later Gothic edifice of the archbishop's palace and finally the city hall, a handsome work of the best period of the French renaissance.

No one really knows who designed and built the cathedral, although the names of the two Roberts de Coucy and of the monk Hugues Labergier are traditionally connected with its beginnings. The first stones were laid in 1211; the choir was finished thirty years later, together with the transepts and part of the nave, while the superb west facade dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century. This last is adorned with three exquisite recessed portals containing 530 statues.

The interior, which is cruciform, is 455 feet long and 99 feet wide; the distance from the middle aisle to the highest point in the roof is 125 feet. Here, in niches in the walls, is another multitude of statues, and in the nave and transepts are preserved some valuable tapestry representing Biblical scenes and scenes from the history of medieval France.

The famous clock with its mechanical figures is in the north transept and dates from the sixteenth century. The treasury of the cathedral, which contains many historical and valuable vessels in gold, is the most remarkable in France. The treasures include not only the coronation ornaments of various kings, but the vase of St. Ursula, the massive chalice of St. Remigius and a beautiful ivory liturgical comb as well as countless crucifixes in gold, silver and precious woods.

MOST FURIOUS BATTLE YET.

Artillery Work the Big Feature of the Fighting Along Lines of 140 Miles.

The total number of men engaged in the battle of the Aisne approximated 2,000,000, and the length of the fighting line was more than 140 miles.

This has been a battle even greater than that of the Marne. The fighting was fast and furious. Two vast armies of the allies and the Germans hurled themselves at each other with amazing courage and unprecedented determination. There were attacks, counter attacks, dashing charges, strategic retreats, rushes of cavalry, irresistible onslaughts of infantry and artillery contests the like of which had never been witnessed before.

On this battle alone a book of huge dimensions could be written, and still there would be untold tales of valor and skill and of gallant deeds.

The Germans had a number of their heavy howitzers placed in most advantageous positions, which are capable of shelling the lines of the allies at a distance of seven or eight miles. Their range was considerably longer than the British and French artillery. Consequently there was no way of replying to them until the latter approached within a much shorter distance of them.

The possession and use of these heavy guns have been of great value to the Germans, but the French artillery is tremendously effective.

Day and night this battle has been waged. The Germans made some of their fiercest counter attacks in the darkness. Many soldiers in the allied army had not had more than one hour's sleep each night since the battle began.

LAND FOR HOMESTEADERS.

Millions of Acres Thrown Open For Settlement in Four States.

Secretary Lane has made an order opening to settlement and entry about 750,000 acres of land in California lying in San Bernardino, Kern, Modoc and Lassen counties; also about 2,500,000 acres of land in New Mexico, principally in San Miguel, Union, Chaves, Luna and Guadalupe counties; about 100,000 acres of land in Colorado, the greater portion being in Routt and Rio Blanco counties, and 250,000 acres in Washington, the greater portion of which lies in Yakima, Kittitas and Grant counties, north and east of North Yakima, and small portions of which are in Okanogan, Ferry and Douglas counties.

The enlarged homestead act which provides for the designation of these lands and under which they will be made subject to settlement and entry allows settlers to obtain 320 acres each.

Food For 10,000,000 Soldiers.

It is estimated that there are 10,000,000 men in arms in Europe. Each man is given about two and one-fourth pounds of food a day. This will make 11,250 tons of food. A box car on one of our own railroads will carry twenty tons. So to transport the food of one day will take 560 of these cars, or four-teen trains of sixty cars each.

A TRIP INTO SPACE.

With a Peep at the Milky Way and Its Fiery Spiral Nebula.

If you could stand still and let the world glide from under you the most impressive characteristic of space would be its emptiness. Its awful black silence, of which man knows about as much as the deep sea fish do of their ocean. As the sun went sailing away its planets would close in on one by one until apparently consumed by the solar rays. Before you had passed through the orbit of Neptune the sun would look no larger than an arc light. Fainter and fainter, deprived bit by bit of its dominance, it would finally fade into a pitiful spark. In spite of your tenfold efforts to keep that glinting point clear of its fellows, it would at last melt into the multitude of soft lights that make up the Milky way, and henceforth, seek as you might, you could never distinguish your sun again. Lost in the Milky way, it would be as futile to try to find it as to find a certain grain of dust which you had noticed settling on a country road.

Then drifting spittlelike out into lanky nothingness you would be surrounded by myriads of brilliant lights. Soon they would impress you with this startling fact: The universe of stars is arranged like a mighty world. The Milky way encircles the skies very much as the equator does this earth, and since life is most abundant in the south so the stars grow thickest about the Milky way. Let the eye travel away toward the imaginary north and south poles, and not only do the stars thin out, but entirely new forms of star life make their appearance.

Through the telescope they are nothing more than filmy patches of light; to the cameras and spectroscopes of observatories they become the most amazing and frightful spectacles of all nature. They show themselves then to be stupendous whirlpools of fire, inconceivable in magnitude, thousands of "light years" away (light traveling 185,000 miles a second, where whose systems of suns are being slowly evolved. We call them "spiral nebula," but to describe them we need the tongue of God himself. They seem to be measureless cauldrons, where his hand stirs cosmic dust until new suns rise and float off in flaming bubbles. They are so unthinkably gigantic that there is no perceptible motion to them. Already the cameras have recorded several hundred thousand in every stage of condensation, presenting an undeniable challenge, perhaps an answer, to those who would solve the riddle of the universe.—Maxwell Parry in Chicago Herald.

Ships and Waves.

When the waves of the ocean are one-half the length of the ship and one-twentieth of the length in height the stress upon the ship itself is very little increased above that in smooth water. But when the waves are of the same length as the ship or one and one-half times its length the stresses are considerable higher than when the ship is in smooth water; hence, in view of the fact that waves are seldom over 500 feet long, the maximum bending moments which come upon a ship 300 feet long are much less than those which come upon one 500 feet long.—Chicago News.

Improving the Milk's Quality.

A certain Glasgow milkman was suspected of using the pump handle rather too much before starting out with his milk delivery. The other day as he was standing serving customers in a busy side street a man passing nudged him and whispered, "Look out; the sanitary inspector is coming round the corner." Turning off the crank, he rushed for his cream barrel and, filling a huge can from it, opened the milk can and emptied it in. The "sanitary" did not come, but the wife of the "dipper" got a splendid supply of rich creamy milk that morning.—London Tatler.

Giving Proper Credit.

Two Philadelphians were talking of the fortunes of a third denizen of that city when one said:

"His first lucky strike was in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the cornerstone of his great fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other. "Then the hens laid it!"—Harper's Magazine.

Both Together.

Little Mary had been sent to the store by her mother to get some fly paper. She was a long time in returning, and the mother began to get anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and called to her, "Mary, have you got the flypaper?"

"No, mother," replied Mary; "it's got me; but we're coming together."—Lippincott's.

The Why of the Tip.

The reason why the tipping system will never be abolished is that the attitude of the average patron of the restaurant toward the high mighty waiter is that of Alice, who wept with delight when Ben Bolt gave her a smile and trembled with fear at his frown.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Good One.

"What test would you apply to men seeking positions as waiters?"

"I would select those of fetching ways."—Baltimore American.

LAST THREE PRESIDENTS OPPOSED TO PROHIBITION



PRESIDENT WILSON SAYS:

"I am in favor of Local Option. I am a thorough believer in LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT and believe that every self-governing community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to CONTROL the matter of the regulation or the withholding of licenses."



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Ex-President, Statesman, Jurist and Professor. In an address on Civic Duty, said:

"Nothing is more foolish, nothing more utterly at variance with sound policy, than to enact a law which, on account of conditions surrounding the community, is incapable of enforcement. Such instances are presented by sumptuary laws by which the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited under penalties in localities where the public sentiment . . . will not sustain the enforcement of the law."



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Ex-President, Soldier, Explorer and one of the most remarkable leaders in the United States, is a strong champion of LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT and Home Rule. He has never raised his voice in behalf of statewide prohibition, and so he has suffered attacks from radical and hysterical prohibitionists. As between a man of Theodore Roosevelt's ability and standing and those who are the paid emissaries of professional propagandists, the voters of Oregon will not be slow in passing upon the wisdom and credibility of the witnesses.

With these three National Leaders agreed on the issue of Prohibition, isn't it wisdom to follow their course?

Register and Vote

333 X NO

Paid Advertisement Taxpayers and Wage-Earners' League of Oregon, Portland, Ore.

Homestead

I can locate you on a homestead situated on the upper Deschutes river, containing 30 acres of river bottom land and 50 acres good yellow pine timber, remaining 80 very good quality bench land. Inquire Journal office. 9-10

Millinery

There's nothing psychological about our fall line.

IT'S A FACT

We are showing a line of ladies' and misses ready-to-wear and pressed shapes that has been acknowledged as the season's standard of merit because of their

Best Latest Styles

Mrs. Estes
MILLINERY

MILLINERY PARLORS

Call for Warrants

Notice is hereby given that all registered General Fund Warrants up to and including register No. 260, will be paid on presentation. Interest stops Sept. 10, 1914.

RALPH L. JORDAN,
910 Treasurer and Tax Collector.

Notice for Publication,
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
September 21, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Wilhelm Gomer of Prineville, Oregon, who on October 25, 1911, made desert land entry No. 00936 for sw $\frac{1}{4}$ sec $\frac{1}{4}$ section 6, township 16 south, range 16 east, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert proof to establish claim to the land above described before Timothy E. J. Duffy, U. S. commissioner, at Prineville, Oregon, on the 6th day of November, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: H. Earl Cross, Edmund F. Price, Elmer Howthorn and Henry Gomer, all of Prineville, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODRICK, Register

Notice of Appointment of Administrator and to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the county court of the state of Oregon for Crook county, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jack Ryan, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, duly verified, to said administrator at the law office of L. M. Bechtel at Prineville, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated and published first time October 1, 1914.

LAKE M. BECHTEL,

Administrator of the estate of Jack Ryan, deceased.

Statement of Ownership

of Crook County Journal, published at Prineville, Oregon, for October 1, 1914. Name of editor, R. E. Gray. Managing editor, R. E. Gray. Business manager, R. E. Gray. Publisher, R. E. Gray. Owner, R. E. Gray, Prineville, Ore., sole owner. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities—none. R. E. GRAY, Owner.

Farm Loans

For a short time we have subject to our disposal

\$25,000

for loans on highly improved irrigated ranches in the vicinity of Prineville. Loans to be for \$5,000 or more and run from 3 to 5 years, with interest at 8 per cent, payable annually.

We charge a small commission to be paid by the borrower. See

A. R. BOWMAN

with Central Oregon Title & Trust Co. 619

Prineville, Oregon

PATRONIZE THE
Prineville
Steam Laundry