

RETREAT IS MARKED BY HARD FIGHTING

German Artillery With Deadly Accuracy Destroys Roads Army Has Passed Over.

WASTE OF WAR IS PITIFUL

Richard Harding Davis Describes Second Day of Battle at Soissons, Resulting in Reoccupation by French.

(Continued From First Page.)

see. Red Cross flags hanging from bushes showed where there had been dressing stations. Under these were blood-stained bandages and clothing and bodies piled in heaps as high as a man's chest.

After death the body is mercifully robbed of its human aspect. You are spared thought that what is lying in the trenches among the shattered trees and in the wheat fields staring up at the sky once was a man. It appears to be only a bundle of clothes, a scarecrow that has tumbled among the grain it once protected. But it gives a terrible meaning to the word "missing." When you read from the reports of the war office that 6000 are missing you like to think of them safely cared for in a hospital or dragging out the period of war as prisoners.

Real Missing Are Unidentified Dead.

The real missing are those I saw today, the unidentified dead. Some peasant will bury them tonight or tomorrow, but he will not understand the purpose of the medal each wears around the neck. With him will be buried his name and the number of his regiment. No one will know where he fell or where he lies. No one will always hope that he will return, for among the dead his name did not appear. He was reported only as missing.

The utter wastefulness of war was seldom more clearly shown. Swollen carcasses of horses lined the road, sickening the air. A few of these had been killed by shell fire. Others, worn out and emaciated and bearing the brand of the German army, had been mercifully destroyed, but the greatest number of them were the farm horses of peasants still wearing their head stags or the harness of the plow. That they might not aid the enemy as remnants, the Germans, in their retreat, had shot them.

Waste of War Illustrated.

I saw four and five together in the yards of stables, a bullet hole in an automatic in the head of each. Others lay beside the market cart, where the canal, where they had sought water.

Less pitiful, but still evidencing the wastefulness of war, were the trucks and automobiles that, in the flight, had been abandoned. They had broken down, or the petrol of which the German army in said greatly in need had been exhausted, and sooner than that they should fall into the hands of the enemy, the Germans had smashed the motors, or had set them on fire. Others they had completely destroyed. A heap of empty gasoline barrels told the story. For 20 miles these automobiles had scattered along the road. There were so many one stopped counting them. Added to their loss were two shattered German airships. One I saw 28 kilometers outside of Meaux and one at Bouville. As they fell they had buried their more than deep in the earth and their wings were twisted wrecks of silk and steel.

Fields Reploved by Shells.

All the fields through which the army passed had become waste land. Shells had reploved them. Horses and men had slept in them. The haystacks, gathered by the sweat of the brow and patiently set in trim rows, were trampled in the mud and scattered to the winds. All the smaller villages through which I passed were empty of people and since the day before, when the Germans occupied them, none of the inhabitants had returned. These villages were just as the Germans had left them. The streets were piled with grain, on which the soldiers had slept and eaten. On the sidewalks in front of the better class of houses tables around which the officers had eaten, still remained, the bottles half empty, the food half eaten. In a chateau beyond Neufchelles the doors and windows were open and lace curtains were blowing in the breeze. From the garden you could see paintings on the walls, books on the tables. Outside on the lawn, surrounded by old and charming gardens, apparently the General and his staff had prepared to dine. The table was set for a dozen, and on it were candles in silver sticks, many bottles of red and white wine, champagne, liquors and coffee cups of the finest china.

Banquet Abandoned Suddenly.

From their banquet some alarm had summoned the officers. The place was as they had left it, the coffee unstarted, the candles burned to the candlesticks and red stains on the cloth where brandy had been spilled. In the bright sunlight and surrounded by flowers, the deserted table and the silent, stately chateau seemed like the sleeping palace of the fairy tales.

Though the humor of the troops retreating is an ugly one, I saw no outrages such as I saw in Belgium except in the villages of Neufchelles and Varreddes. There was no sign of looting or wanton destruction. In the two villages the interior of every house and shop was completely wrecked. In the other villages the destruction was such as is permitted by the usages of war, such as the blowing up of bridges, the burning of the railroad stations and the cutting of telegraph lines.

Not until Bouville, 29 kilometers beyond Meaux, did I catch up with the allies. There I met some English Tommies who were trying to find their column. They had no knowledge of the French language or where they were or where their regiment was, but were quite confident of finding it and were as cheerful as at maneuvers.

African Troops Hurled Forward.

Outside of Chaudun Algerians in light blue zouave uniforms and native Turcos from Morocco in khaki with khaki turbans shivered in the Autumn sunshine and were wrapped in bur-nooses of black and white. They were making a turning movement to attack the German right and were being hurried forward. They had just driven the German rear guard out of Chaudun and said the fighting was still going on at Soissons. The only sign I saw of it were two Turcos who had followed the Germans too far. They lay sprawling to the road and had so lately fallen that their rifles still lay under them.

Three miles farther I came on the advance line of the French army and for the remainder of the day watched a most remarkable artillery duel which ended with Soissons in the hands of

the allies. Soissons, since the Romans held it under Caesar, has been continuously besieged. Until today the Germans had held it for two weeks. In 1870 they bombarded it for four days and there is, or was, in Soissons, in the Place de la Republique, a monument to the citizens of Soissons whom after the siege the Germans shot.

Black Men Heroes of Day.

The town lies in the valley of the River Aisne, which is formed by two long ridges running south and north. Last night the Germans occupied the hills to the south, but when attacked offered only slight resistance and withdrew to the hills opposite. In Soissons they left a rear guard to protect their supplies and this rear guard was destroying all bridges leading into the town.

At the time I arrived a force of Turcos had been ordered forward to clean Soissons of the Germans and the French artillery was endeavoring to disclose their positions on the hills. The loss of the bridges did not embarrass the black men. In rowboats they crossed to Soissons and were warmly greeted.

This morning Soissons was drawing no color line.

The Turcos were followed by engineers, who endeavored to repair one bridge and in consequence were heavily shelled with shrapnel, while with the intent to destroy the road and retreat the French advanced the hills where the French had halted were being pounded by German siege guns.

Artillery Duel Goes On.

This was at a point four kilometers from Chaudun, between the village of Breuil and Courtelles. From this height you could see almost to Compiègne and 30 miles in front in the direction of Saint Quentin. It was a panorama of wooden hills, gray villages in yellow fields of grain, miles of poplars marking the road, and below us the flashing waters of the Aisne and the canal, with, at our feet, the steeples of the Cathedral of Soissons and the gate to the old abbey of Thomas a'Becket. Across these steeples the shells sang out on both sides of the Aisne Valley. The wind was blowing 40 knots, which prevented the use of the French aeroplanes, but it cleared the air and helped, by brilliant sunshine, to follow the smoke of the battle for 15 miles. The wind was blowing toward our right, where the English were, and though we could see the flash of their guns and the rings of smoke as their shrapnel burst, the report of the guns did not reach us. It gave the curious impression of a bombardment conducted in utter silence.

From our left the wind carried the sounds clearly. The jar and roar of the cannon was insistent and on both sides of the valley the hilltops were wrapped with white clouds. Back of the in the wheat fields shells were setting fire to the giant hay stacks and piles of grain, which in the clear sunshine burned a blinding red. At times shells would strike in the villages of Breuil and Vauxbain and houses would burst into flames, the gale fanning the fire to great height and hiding the villages.

Big Siege Guns Fall.

Three hundred yards ahead of us shells of German siege guns were trying to destroy the road which the poplars clearly betrayed, but their practice was at fault and the shells fell only on either side. When they struck they burst with a roar, casting up black fumes and signaling avenues of fire in circumference. But the French soldiers disregarded them entirely. In the trenches which the Germans had made and abandoned they hid from the wind and slept peacefully. Others slept in the lee of the haystacks, their red breeches and blue coats making wonderful splashes of color against the yellow grain. For seven days they have been fighting without pause and battles bore them.

Late in the afternoon all along the 15 miles of battle firing ceased. The Germans were falling back on Laon and once more the gale fanning the fire as 1500 years ago she had freed herself of the Romans, held out her arms to the allies.

Galicians Aid Russians.

AUSTRIAN DEFEAT LAID TO INFORMATION GIVEN INVADERS.

New York Man Views Battle Along Frontier and Says Duel Monarchy Folk in Terror.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Samuel Reznor, of New York, arrived in London today from Halicz, a town of Austria-Hungary, near the Russian border, after having seen much of the fighting near the border between the Austrians and Russians.

Reznor says the Galicians are so friendly to the Russians and unfriendly to the Austrians that they have given the Russians full information concerning the Austrian troops and their movements. Finally the Austrian Generals removed the Slav troops from Galicia, replacing them with soldiers who are bitter enemies of the Russians.

"The fighting became so bad that my brother and I decided to take a team and drive away from the line," said Reznor. "We saw fighting at Halicz, Wladow and several other towns. The Austrians were unsuccessful because the Russians seemed to have complete information about their movements. Cossacks preceded the Russian army, scouting in small detachments. Their information was so complete that they seemed to be able to evade the Austrians."

PAPERS PASS WAR ZONE

Copies of The Oregonian Reach Switzerland After 17 Days.

From advices received in a letter yesterday by Charles J. Schnabel it appears that bundle of copies of The Oregonian mailed here August 1 was permitted to pass through the war zone in Europe, reaching there after being on the way 17 days.

A client of Mr. Schnabel, writing

Lincoln Leader Installs Linotype.

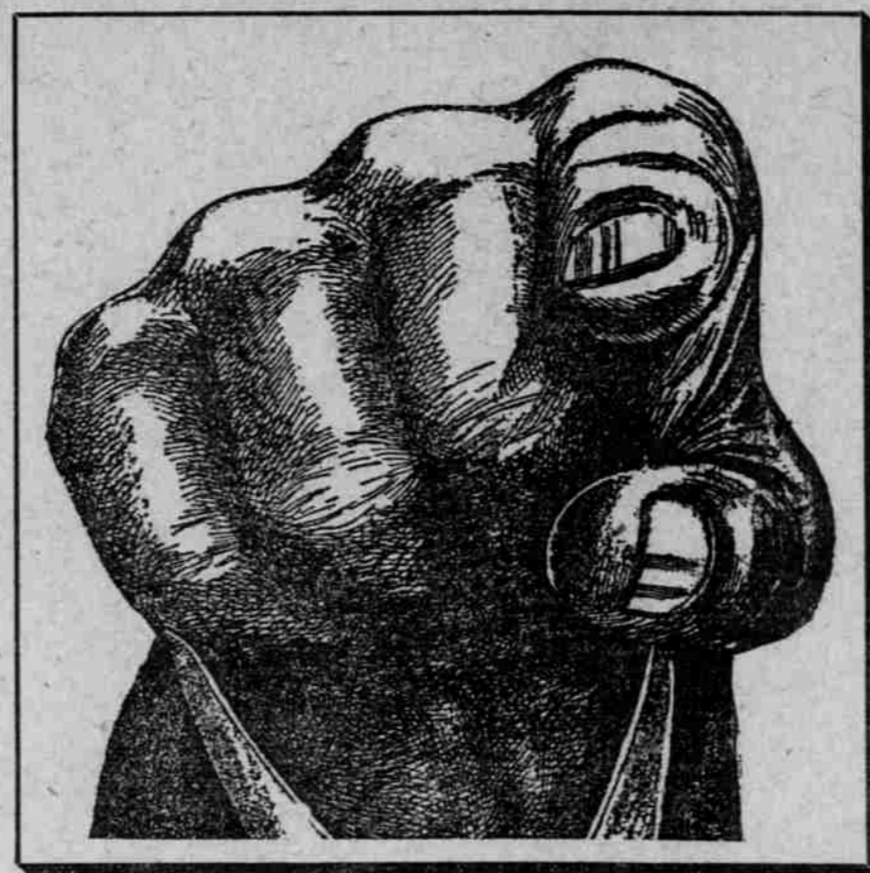
TOLEDO, Or., Sept. 16.—(Special.)—Last week the Lincoln County Leader, which is owned by Collins & Hayden, received a new linotype machine from San Francisco by steamer Bandon. It has been installed and is working successfully.

Monmouth Prune Crop Light.

MONMOUTH, Or., Sept. 16.—(Special.)—The prunes in this vicinity are being brought to the dryer rather slowly because the crops are small

When constipated or troubled with headache, backache, nervousness, languor or the blues, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. They are just what you need, and they will do you good.

Within 10 days shoe prices on good shoes will advance 35c to \$1 per pair, so say America's leading manufacturers. Supply your needs now—follow the footprints of all the people to the Goodyear Shoe Company



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This is Portland's greatest value-giving shoe sale, and if you value money and care to save, you must come to this store now at once.

The name of the Goodyear Shoe Co. in Portland is almost a household word. Our Shoes are acknowledged to be the best, and it means much to you when you can buy them at cost prices.

We have given you the tip in the headline. Shoe prices are going up. Big Eastern manufacturers are refusing all future orders awaiting a settlement of price adjustment.

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him from Zurich, Switzerland, August 28, states:

"I thank you very much for sending The Oregonian. I was very much surprised that the leading article of the Oregonian of July 31 brought the news about Japan assisting England. This was unknown to the public in general of this country until August 15. 'The war is awful here in Europe. I shall omit giving you details of it, as I am sure you get better reports from your press than we do here. The military officers are very strict concerning the reports for the public.'"

Women Oppose 8-Hour Law.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Sept. 16.—(Special.)—The members of the Woman's Political Research Club in various parts of the Hood River Valley, who recently have made a study of the eight-hour law, have condemned the

measure. The defeat of the initiative measure by a heavy vote here is predicted. The Upper Valley citizens are also opposed to the bill, according to the members of a good roads delegation in the city last night.

Ye gods, a centipede! "I want a warrant for the man who stole my pants—\$10 pair!" was the startling announcement of a man who strolled into a New York court.

Lincoln Leader Installs Linotype.

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OREGON STATE FAIR, Salem. Sept. 24-Oct. 3

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