

ATTACK BY NIGHT SEEN FROM TRENCH

Correspondent on British Line Describes Repulse by Men and Machine Guns.

WOUNDED LIE UNRESCUED

Some Are Burned When Haystack Is Set on Fire by Shell—Assault, New to Writer, Is Only One of Many on Battle Line.

(Special cable dispatch to the New York World, Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Company. Published by arrangement with the World.)

LONDON, Oct. 26.—A staff correspondent of the World who has just reached London is the first man in the present war who has actually been with the British expeditionary force during the fighting. In order that his story may be permitted to reach America, and in conformity with the rules explained to correspondents by Sir Stanley Buckmaster, care has been exercised to leave out all names of villages, towns, generals, army units and movements. He writes:

"I have just spent a night in a British trench on the River Aisne, when 90 men turned the attack of a thousand Germans into a rout. As they turned and fled for the cover from which they had advanced, the British machine guns turned loose on them from the side and made the German casualties not less than a hundred, as we could see the next morning.

Unburied Dead Lie Between Trenches.

"There were 50 more bodies between the trenches than there had been the night before, and many of the less seriously wounded had undoubtedly got away.

"It was a night of horror made almost unbearable by the stench of the unburied dead between the trenches. How the men in the trenches were able to stand it is more than I can understand. In the morning a haystack to which many had crawled for shelter caught fire from a shell, and their bodies were burned but the air was fortunately still, and the Germans had as much of the odor as we did. In fact their noses have a better chance of a haystack was a little nearer their trenches than ours.

Wounded Burned Alive.

"There were wounded out there, too—men who had been lying for four days within 50 yards of their lines. It had been impossible to rescue them even at night, and some of them were probably still alive when burned. One man who had been wounded in the stomach and had fallen into a swoon from weakness was roused by the heat and walked back to his own trench unaided.

"He was almost starved, but nearly well. Going without food and water had saved his life, and his wound had healed. Not a shot was fired at him.

"This attack was merely one of dozens of similar night affairs which took place almost nightly. In many places along the whole British line of 20 miles on the Aisne. They continued for a month, and during that time the British lost little ground, though the cost in lives was over 10,000. As the Germans were usually the aggressors, they losses must have been between 40,000 and 50,000, and may have been more.

Positions Held Courageously.

"The British loss in the night attack I witnessed was one dead and five wounded. The five were wounded by rifle fire, and the one man killed was most blown to pieces by the explosion of a shell from which the British soldiers call a 'concho,' on account of the black smoke it sends up.

"The explosion was close to me that I came to a realization of what had happened, though I was lying in the bottom of a five-foot trench covered with so much dirt that I could hardly see myself. This trench is about four miles north of the Aisne and east of Soissons. It had been gained the month previously at great cost, and was being held only by splendid and continuous acts of courage.

"The Germans were entrenched less than 100 yards away and had plenty of cover behind them, while the British had only saved themselves from annihilation by digging themselves in.

"They were holding the steep upward slope with their rifle trenches near the top of the steepest part of ground that lay between them and the Germans. They gave the Germans the advantage of impetus in charging the trenches, but, though they had the previous night charges, the Germans never got more than half way before the steady fire became too much for them.

Correspondent Near German Lines.

"It was only by a series of accidental circumstances that I was able to get so close. For two weeks I had been trying to get to the firing line, without getting within more than four or five miles of it. During this period I had frequently been under cannon fire and had watched both the French and British gunners at work, but had not been able to slip up close enough to see the men in the trenches.

"The nearer I got to the actual battle line the less frequently I was fired upon, and finally I turned off the narrow lane I was following and cut across an open field to what looked in the distance like a rabbit warren—the dugout shelters with which the British soldiers have protected themselves.

"There is something almost quaint about the spectacle. I approached it late in the afternoon and it was quite still. Even the cannonading had ceased. I walked across the field without even drawing a rifle shot. If I had known I was within 200 yards of the German outposts I would not have ventured there, of course, but the Germans evidently did not shoot at me because I was in civilian clothing.

"Just below me was a little hamlet beside the watercourse, and there even children were playing in the street. That account I did not suppose it was anywhere near the line. I noticed there was hardly a roof intact in the village, and that two buildings, one a stable, had been blown to pieces.

Men's Nerves Are Dull.

"But I had seen so many towns in that condition that it did not mean anything in particular to me. When I had crossed the fields, I noticed there were little dugouts in uneven rows, greeted me without any show of interest until I spoke to them. Then some seemed mildly surprised. I spoke English. It was not until afterward that I knew these men had been so worn out by being constantly under fire that their nerves no longer responded.

"On one side, in a rather more exposed position than others, it seemed to me, there was a slightly more comfortable shelter with branches on the ground. On them was lying a Lieutenant, smoking a cigarette and reading an Illustrated London Weekly. He invited me in and asked what I was doing there.

"I regret to say I had to tell him a lie, because I knew how stringent the

rules were against correspondents. I fancy he knew I was lying, but he let it go at that. In a few minutes a shrapnel shell whistled over our heads and sounded so close that unconsciously I ducked my head, but the Lieutenant did not, and the few men I could see from where I was sitting did not either.

"Some of them who were asleep did not even stir. It burst just past the village but too high. The Lieutenant explained why the men seemed so indifferent. They could tell by the sound that it was going overhead and their nerves were used to the sound that they no longer reacted as mine did.

Engagement Comes at Night.

"It was a little after 8 o'clock the engagement took place. By this time I had become quite accustomed to seeing in the dark and could make out the trench which was mine. The man explained why it was impossible to gather in the wounded after night—the distance is so short it did not grow dark enough.

"All at once three shells came after another fell rather near, and after an interval of a few minutes the noise of these were 'little conchos' making holes in the ground about four feet in diameter and three feet deep. The second three were very near, and the Lieutenant, sensing uneasiness among the men, stood upright beside the trench and said in an easy voice, 'They have not found us yet, have they?'

"He had hardly finished speaking when one fell did the damage. My sense of hearing, however, numbed by the sound of the others, I remember I was sitting on the bottom of the trench when the shell fell. The man killed must have been standing up, as the piece of shell which struck him came through his left side, all but carrying his arm and shoulder away. None of the others was scratched. They were on the bottom with me.

"We were still dazed when we heard some one say: 'Look out for them now. But no more shells fell for a few minutes, and by the time they recommenced we were too busy to pay attention. I only remember that there were more.

German Forces Attack.

"There they are, there they are,' I could hear soldiers saying in boarding-school whispers. I peered out cautiously and it seemed to me at first merely as if the shadow of the wood had deepened.

"All along our line I could hear the rustling and rasp of leather and an occasional click, but I could also hear the air pumping in and out of my throat. Then I could see the shadow coming closer. 'Steady now, wait,' whispered the Lieutenant, and the whisper ran down the line.

"It kept running through my head that I had done something like this before. My mind groped for what it was and hit upon that fact that I had lain in the grass while stealing apples as a boy while the farmer walked close behind me. It occurred to me that that would be a good thing to do when I wrote about it, but the thought harassed me that I had read something like this in a magazine.

"My mind refused to do anything but try and decide whether I should mention it and then 'Let them have it,' I thought. I took out my pen and wrote the words, but I am not certain.

"For the next 20 minutes it went on. Of it I retain just two pictures. Just before the German line seemed to order to fire, the German line seemed to stop. It was quite compact, just as if every one who had ever faced it had ever faced it that it would be like that. I think the dark deceived me into thinking it was drawing back. Then it came on again, and I saw that it was not. Its movements seemed to me astonishingly slow.

Soldier Emerges From Burning Shell.

"I dropped down as soon as we did and I crouched on the bottom of the trench I wished for a rifle, too. I tried to reach for one, but the Germans called the trench, and I dived at the amount of sound. I did not know until afterward there was a machine gun in the trench, and I have little recollection. I know the firing stopped, and I looked out and saw the trench was on fire.

"There was shelling all that morning over us mostly and beyond the village. I learned later they were shelling a few more miles away. One of the shells knocked the carefully-built haystack over at an angle, and stopped by the impact exploded. In a few seconds came the flame and after that the terrible sight of the bodies burning.

"It took quite a time to burn, and it was all in flame before the man with a bullet through his stomach got up. He appeared suddenly, as if he were a soldier coming out of the flames, and he looked all about him as if he did not know where to go. I think someone called out, and he went staggering down the trench.

"I was so excited by the occurrence that I lost my caution and followed him down when he was taken to the village. When it was too late I realized there was nothing for me to do but get away. I need not have been particularly unfortunat, for no one showed any inclination to stop me.

ELECTORS URGED TO ATTEND POLLS

Ministers Make Pleas From Pulpits and Topic Will Be Discussed in Schools.

CLERICAL FORCE CROWDED

Notice Sent to Water Users to Influence Vote Is Resented—Police Prepare to Cope With Any Infringements of Law.

PULPIT RECALL ADMONITIONS.

Rev. Henry Marcotte—It is up to the voters to decide whether the City of Portland shall prosper and calamity in the recall of the Mayor and these Commissioners. It is your duty to go to the polls and see that no such calamity shall happen.

Rev. A. L. Hutehinson—I strongly appeal to you to get out and do your duty. Vote! There is danger in neglect. Show your good citizenship by getting out to the polls Tuesday—and again November 3.

Rev. E. S. Hollinger—Every Congressionalist is free to vote as he likes, but the good citizen should vote Tuesday. And the voters of my congregation will be there.

Rev. Louis Thomas—I know the men and women of my congregation who are interested in civic affairs and will do your duty in the recall election.

Rev. R. Elmer Smith—There is need for every good man and woman to take an interest in the election. If you neglect your duty do not complain if things go wrong.

OUCH! LUMBAGO!

Rub Backache away with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

EXPLORER BELIEVED LOST

STEFANSSON THOUGHT NOT LIKELY TO BE ALIVE YET.

Hardy Scientist Still Wandering About in North or Lying in Some Mound of Snow.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 26.—(Special.)—Captain Louis Lane, of the schooner Polar Bear, who, with a party of Eskimo hunters and scientists, spent many months in the ice northeast of Point Barrow, arrived with the schooner in Seattle Sunday. Captain Lane is accompanied by Captain Mogg, of Nome, the veteran Arctic sailor, who has his Eskimo wife and six children with him on the schooner.

Both of the captains say they have not the slightest hope that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer sent north by the Canadian government on a scientific exploring expedition, has survived.

When last seen he expected to return in 30 days and nothing but his gun and a little food were left behind, but they save him if he has been detained much beyond that period.

Of Stefansson it is a bare possibility that he is still alive, but my personal opinion is that he has perished," said Captain Lane. "But if there is a man in the world who could come out of such an experience alive as Stefansson, as he is the best qualified person I ever knew to undergo hardships, I believe he will survive with the spirit of determination and confidence and I am sure that if he is dead he did not give up until the last spark of strength had vanished."

Captain Mogg was one of the party in a camp near Port Humphrey who last week explored. On March 22 Stefansson and his party stayed with them and on the following day left on their trip. A relief party that accompanied Stefansson returned on April 21, leaving the explorer and two men, Ole Anderson and a man by the name of Arnold, about 45 miles from land, on Herald island.

"It stands to reason," said Captain Mogg, "that Stefansson would have returned by this time if he is still alive. He got stuck there in one chance in a thousand that he will ever be seen alive again, despite the vigorous, hardy man that he is."

GERMANS ANGER TURKS

Soldiers and Alien Officers Come to Blows at Adrianople.

LYRIC AUDIENCE LAUGHS

"FOLLIES OF PARIS" IS COMEDY DIFFERENT FROM AVERAGE.

Fear of Cohen and Casey of Duels Is Basis for Play—Dainty Del Ecels Has Part of Dashing Parisian.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—There is considerable friction between the German military in Turkey and the Turkish soldiers," says a dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from Athens. "At Adrianople Turkish troops came to blows with their German officers. A protracted fight ensued.

"Several cars filled with wounded were sent to Constantinople."

Colonel Kisses Gallant Soldiers.

(Army and Navy Journal.)

When a French soldier performs some particularly gallant action his Colonel often kisses him on both cheeks in front of the whole regiment. It is to

INVESTOR IS PLEASED

NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC SHAREHOLDER LIKES PORTLAND.

MORTIMER FLEISHACKER BELIEVES ELECTRICITY USED AND DEMAND FOR FITTICK BLOCK OFFICES SHOW PROSPERITY.

Mortimer Fleishacker, one of the principal stockholders in the Northwestern Electric Company and the Pittcock block, arrived on the Shasta Limited Wednesday morning for a week's sojourn in this city. Mr. Fleishacker expressed himself as greatly pleased with his investments in Portland.

"It doesn't look like hard times in Portland from the amount of current being used from the Northwestern Electric Company," he commented. "Portland is well ahead of San Francisco in the total electric current used per capita."

In six months of actual operation, the Northwestern Electric Company has gained thousands of customers, the Pittcock block is rapidly filling with desirable tenants, and Mr. Fleishacker is convinced that in selecting Portland as the most promising city on the Coast for monetary investment, after

MOTHER IS SHOT BY CHILD

Rifle Believed to Be Unloaded—Discharged by Boy of 9.

MRS. DERBY GIVES CHEER

Plight of Refugees Moves Roosevelt's Daughter to Tears.

PARIS, Oct. 26.—Mrs. Richard Derby, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, last night brought good cheer to the refugees installed at the Northern Railway station. While visiting the station with her husband Mrs. Derby noticed one particularly unfortunate young woman from Little who nursed a baby.

Mrs. Derby removed her cloak and gave it to the young woman.

The misery of the refugees brought tears to Mrs. Derby's eyes, and she distributed gold pieces among them. Her husband meantime gave cigarettes to the English, French and Belgian soldiers in the station.

SUBMARINES FOR TROOPS

German Build Craft to Transport Army Unseen.

THE LAST HOLE, INDEED.

(National Monthly.)

The story is told of an ancient Scotch

Double Stamps All This Week on Cut Glass

Fern Dishes, Nappies, Water Sets, Bowls, Vases—new designs, the finest products of America's best manufacturers.

At 98c Each

we place on sale today 200 Framed Pictures of unusual excellence—Pictures well worthy a place in your home or office. Note our window display.

High-Power Reading Glasses

Optically correct—no distortion or strain. All sizes from one to six inches—25c to \$4.50

Opera Glasses

Oriental Pearl Mountings—Iris, Colmont, Lemaire, Lefil, Marchand—a most beautiful and striking selection.

"Tycos"

The Mark of Accuracy—Barometers, Thermometers, Aneroids, Compasses.

Displayed at Our Photo Sec. Art Studies of Wonderful Scenery Adjacent to Portland. Courtesy of Mr. C. J. Richardson, president of the Oregon Camera Club.

"Okuma" Japanese Reed Fancy Baskets

50 different styles Fern, Fruit, Flower, Sewing and Sand-wich Baskets.

Lamp Vases from 50c to \$5.00 each.

In the Lead in the Leading Places

The whiskey that leads in the leading clubs, bars, restaurants and hotels is—

"CEDAR BROOK, to be sure"

Cedar Brook is the largest selling brand of Kentucky whiskey in the world. Whenever you're asked, "What shall it be?" say, "CEDAR BROOK, to be sure." And then you will be sure you're right. Same sure superior quality since 1847.

At all leading Clubs, Bars, Restaurants, Hotels and also at all leading Dealers.

CASCARETS FOR COSTIVE BOWELS, HEADACHE, COLDS

Tonight! Clean Your Bowels and Stop Headache, Colds, Sour Stomach.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and bad cold—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels, or an upset stomach.

Don't put it another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the contaminated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken—Adv.

ROTHCHILD BROS. DISTRIBUTORS

Quality Not Premiums

CAMEL

20 for 10 cents

Don't expect to find premiums or coupons in Camel Cigarettes. The fine quality of choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos blended in CAMELS prohibits any other "inducements." You can't make Camel Cigarettes bite your tongue, or parch your throat and they don't leave that cigarette aftertaste.

Remember, Camels are 20 for 10 cents, so stake a dime today.

If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for one package or \$1.00 for a carton of 10 packages (200 cigarettes), postage prepaid. After smoking 1 package, if you find CAMELS as represented, return the other nine packages, and we will refund your money.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.

THE LAST HOLE, INDEED.

(National Monthly.)

The story is told of an ancient Scotch

WATER BUREAU ACTIVE.

T. G. Robinson, of 329 Belmont street, yesterday said that L. S. Kaiser, superintendent of the bureau of water works, had sent to water using voters notices defining the water ordinance that is to be voted on at the polls.

FEAR OF COHEN AND CASEY OF DUELS IS BASIS FOR PLAY—Dainty Del Ecels Has Part of Dashing Parisian.

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