FRONT IS INFERNO OF BURSTING SHELL

Correspondent Sees Attack by Which German Redoubt of Hohenzollern Was Taken.

SMOKE STRANGELY VARIED

Lifting of Walls of Fire From Teuton Front to Reserve Trenches Marks Progress of Assault. Battle Desperate.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Oct. 15, via London, Oct. 17.—Along the Hulluch-Haisnes line, where the fighting has been almost continuous since the taking of Loos, a correspondent had un unprecedented view of the British attack which took the Hohenzollern redoubt.

From a vantage point in the flat country was seen a stupendous panorama of artillery preparation and glimpses of infantry rushing through smoke and shells. So rapid was the fire that an effort to count the number of audible shots per minute from the British guns failed. In front, to the right and left, and far in the rear, guns flashed and scattered shells over the landscape. A seconds lull in the firing by the batteries in the immediate neighborhood was filled by those farther away.

Bursting Shells Outline Trenches.

The line of both the British and German trenches was discernible in long clouds of smoke from the bursting shells. That of the German artillery seemed smaller in volume. No shells were seen bursting in Loos itself, which appeared peaceful now back of the British positions. For this tremendous concentration was restricted to a narrow theater against the frontal positions of the opposing side.

It was a warm and perfect Autumn day, a bright sun shining through banks of clouds amid which aeroplanes hovered. Rolling clouds of gas, rising up from the British trenches like steam from the locomotive of a passing train above the edge of a cut, as it was released from the apparatus in the trenches, was distinguishable from the explosion of every variety of shells. The reddish-black British lyddite and the coal-black German nine-inch explosives shot up through the lighted smoke in dense spurts, tinged at the bottom with dust from the trenches, while the explosion of a mine made a vast, mushroom-shaped column.

Variety of Shells Used.

Large caliber shrapnel bursting in the air made big vaprous puffs, and high explosives bursting in the air caused big black puffs. There also were asphyxiating gas shells, signal shells to assist the gunners and shells which dropped streaming points of fire like those from a skyrocket. The sun, shining through the clouds, above and below, made a mass of changing colors that was an eye-tiring spectacle. Now, toward Hulluch it was pink and toward La Bassee dark green, while toward the Hohenzollern redoubt and Foss 8 the German parapet became visible for an instant, only to be hidden again. Avenues of trees along the roads, some of them cut down by shell fire, stood stripped like telephone poles of their limbs and foliage. There were to be seen the jagged ruins of villages, whence came a continuous ugly roar which submerged the sound of the machine guns and rifles fired during the half hour from 1 to 1:30 before the British infantry sprang from their trenches.

"Meanwhile, in the rear the miners of this mining country proceed with their work; farmers were plowing; women going and coming in the villages or standing in doorways; the soldier support straining their eyes toward the battlefield or playing football, ready to find cover in the dugouts or cellars instantly should their neighborhood be shelled.

The only way the progress of the attack could be told to an observer looking over the whole battlefield was by the lifting walls of fire of the British guns from the front to the reserve German trenches, while the Germans moved theirs back, presumably to punish the British reserves coming to support their advance.

A flash of flame and it was seen that Foss 8 was on fire. An officer on horseback in the midst of shells was seen for an instant and was gone. Soldiers were seen springing over a parapet, presumably running forward with bombs, and were lost in the mantle of smoke which gave only a few glimpses of the presence of human beings in the inferno.

CZAR'S GOAT IS CAPTURED

(Continued From First Page.)

the mad "zeitungsleute" were laughing about.

In the course of the December fighting the long, castellated railway station at Skierniewice, where the red carpets for royalty have so often been laid down, was badly shattered, but it is now well repaired and scrupulously clean. The Czar's waiting room, however, still stands open to the glad sky and it will require numerous alterations in addition to a new roof, before he will care to use it again.

Everything to which a coat of whitewash could be applied has been so treated, and soldiers are setting out plants in bits of greensward at one end of the train platform. A little periodical stand where you can buy the latest German magazines and editions of German classic plays bound in paper covers has been opened and the soldier whose train stops at Skierniewice for a few minutes can also buy a good sandwich for 5 cents and a glass of beer for 2½ cents.

National Characteristics Shown.

I set down all these details because they are so entirely characteristic of the tasks of repairing and decorating which the Germans set themselves in all the railway stations along the vast stretches of country they have occupied on both fronts. They are more methodical and thorough at this kind of thing than the Austrians are in the territory they occupy further to the south, and as to the French system—well, matters were more at loose ends at the railway stations in France a week after the war had begun than they are now in some remote little Russian villages which the German have held for a few days. The difference seemed to me important because it spelled out national characteristics in such large print.

You can always depend upon a German soldier promptly to set the eating part of his quarters to rights. In the restaurant of the Skierniewice station there are flowers on the table and a mannerly Boy Scout to wait on table and a menu that is amazing when you consider how far the food has to be transported. On the walls of the dining-room are three pictures of Field Marshal von Hindenburg and two of the German Emperor and one of the Crown Prince and one of John the Baptist, and of that selection I leave the theologians to make what they can.

Place Strangely Sedate.

Cleanliness, comfort and low voices give a strangely sedate and well-ordered tone to this place, where you cannot walk a dozen paces without seeing shattered walls and unroofed rooms and unglazed windows.

In the switch yards outside stand work cars, the roofs of which have long since been sodded over in order to fool the flyers. The grass is quite flourishing. Bearded German railway engineers—who also are an arm of the government service and proud of it—are maneuvering long trains of flatcars loaded with ammunition wagons up and down the tracks, and as to these German engineers and German engines and German cars that one has seen so often and in places so unexpected, the old question rises to the lips, "Where does the empire get them all?"

Beyond the area in front of the station the switch yards are still a mass of wreckage. The town proper, however, seems to be unharmed.

Iron Cross Made in Foliage.

The exterior of the Czar's chateau is not pretentious, but the lawns and gardens around it are lovely. The stretch of lawn that drops away into a sunken garden in front of the chateau has lately received a new embellishment, the permanency of which it will take a war to decide. It is a gigantic facsimile of a German iron cross composed of foliage plants with leaves that are almost black, and the design is completed with foliage plants of which the leaves are almost white.

On the edge of the park rises the ornate lodge church of white and green and gold. There is also said to be a private theater somewhere about the place, but we did not see that.

Still in charge of the chateau is the ancient castellan who was there in the days of its glory. He has the whiskers and the deprecatory air of "faithful retainer of the family" in an English melodrama. Guided by him, we wandered through the silent, linen-shrouded rooms of the hunting palace. In one the Emperor Franz Josef had slept when he joined the meeting of the three Emperors 31 years ago. Here was the Czar's bedroom. There was the Empress'. Here was her bathroom. Upon my word, it seemed fairly indecent, this invading of the privacies of a deserted house.

Story of Tragedy Retold.

Here the Crown Prince Leopold of Bavaria had slept in recent days. Here was a door at the bottom of a stairway that let down and disclosed not only the tiny closet into which it opened, but also the fact that the inner side of the door was upholstered and formed the bed on which the sentries of the Czar's bodyguard slept between watches.

Just beyond that cubbyhole is the little withdrawing-room in which the imperial family used to drink coffee after dinner. The castellan did not tell us the grisly story about the room, but a man of another nationality did. I don't know whether to believe him or not, but his story was that 10 years ago a certain Grand Duchess was sipping coffee in that room when she suddenly fell back dead. The coffee had contained a poison intended for the Czar.

After investigating the Empress' bedroom, which was equal to any you would find in an old-fashioned American hotel that has come upon second-rate days, we had no shame left, and so we all laboriously took a peep through a keyhole at the private chapel of the palace. This apartment the Germans keep locked. All we could see was a blaze of fresco and gold. It seemed to be the most splendid part of the establishment.

Captors Respect Treasures.

All the rest of it was very mahoganish, very satiny, very chintzy, very chandelliery and reasonably tasteless—though one got the idea that it would light up gorgeously at night.

The sole genuinely artistic objects I saw were some exquisite little plates or trays enameled with miniatures of the most delicate design imaginable. For them alone I envied the Czar, and I have seldom been nearer to temptation than when I was left alone for several minutes in an apartment where the delightful little masterpieces were strewn all about. It raised my estimate of human nature in general and of German human nature in particular to realize that ever since this palace was occupied in December by Russia's invaders those things had been lying there and had been respected.

I also noted the fact that in one deserted room after another fly paper had been hung from the chandeliers and that there is a big "wipe-your-feet" mat in front of the main entrance. The Czarina may rest assured that her palace at Skierniewice is being well looked after in her absence.

O.-W. R. & N. May Tap Willapa.

CENTRALIA, Wash., Oct. 17.—(Special.)—Following a visit by a traffic representative of the O.-W. R. & N. to all of the mills between here and South Bend to obtain data on the amount of freight shipped, a rumor is in circulation that the Harriman line is about to enter into an agreement with either the Northern Pacific or Milwaukee, whereby it will operate trains to Willapa Harbor. Such a plan was about consummated a year ago, but was abandoned when the lumber market took a slump.

MAP SHOWING TEUTONIC-BULGAR DRIVE IN SERBIA.

How the German-Austrian and the Bulgarian forces are striking for a junction in Northern Serbia is shown in the above map.

The German-Austrian advance has gone beyond Semendria and Ram to the Lower Morava Valley (B), and King Ferdinand's troops, beginning their invasion, have made a drive behind the Serbian right flank near Zaitcher and Kniashevatz (B).

Between these forces is a difficult mountain country, but Mackensen, by an advance up the Moravia Valley, and the Bulgarians, by an advance down the railway from Zasitchar, may meet at Nish.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON FRENCH WAR SHRINE

Nation Now Draws Inspiration From Life of Great Leader of Long Ago.

CROWDS VISIT INVALIDES

Patient People Wait in Galleries to Be Admitted to See Embodiment of New Hopes in Instruments of Battle.

BY CAROLYN WILSON.

(Copyright, 1915, by the Chicago Tribune. Published by arrangement.)

PARIS, Sep. 21.—Peace had her shrines in Paris, I suppose. They were gay and frivolous, full of life and light and laughter. They were, perhaps, the opera, the racetrack at Auteuil, the Folies Bergeres. Not shrines, you say—but they were gathering places of great crowds and reflected the ideas of the people.

But now is war; and war has her shrine.

Out of the peaceful, artistic nation have come warriors; out of a nation of skeptics has come faith.

The two unexpected, undivided traits have become part of every Frenchman and it is at the tomb of Napoleon that he finds the incarnation of these newly born emotions.

That lofty, majestic dome, with its magnificent peace, in the encircled midst of which lies the greatest man of the world in his simple grandeur, is the shrine of the French people.

Nation's Hopes Embodied.

In his history, in his courage, ambition, determination, they see the embodiment of their hopes today. I sometimes wonder if they think upon his end and if it stirs for a vague, uncomfortable second their supreme faith in the success of their cause.

I was there on Sunday. The courts on both sides of the Invalides were full. A slow-moving throng pressed up the steps. There were wounded and crippled, women and little children, shamed men, pale from bureau work, whose very presence there announced some physical defect; strangers paying their tribute, Moroccans, Senegalese, listening for the first time to tae glorious past of France.

The pale blue light filtered in through the invisible windows of the high dome and enveloped in an atmosphere of cool aloofness the sarcophagus, the statues of victory, the torn and faded flags. And over the broad balustrade 10,000 eyes gazed down upon the simple, inornate tomb.

Is there any place like it in the world? Not to me. That massive block of red porphyry on its gray green base, those wreaths of triumph, those statues of victory, those battle-torn flags dimly colored, and within the dust of the great little man.

"Joffre of Long Ago."

By my side were some Senegalese to whom a Frenchman was explaining in simple language the grandeur of Napoleon, and I liked his patriotism in omitting Beresina and St. Helena and his final remark, "Il etait le Joffre de jadis" (the Joffre of long ago). A reflective Moroccan nodded comprehendingly and showed his white teeth in an earnest "Y est un brave pollu," and I wondered how the dead Napoleon would have liked the compliment.

The crowd leaving the tomb turned into the court of the Invalides and fingered the captured cannons, touched the aeroplanes with the broken wings covered with painted iron crosses. Fathers home on permission explained to their boys how such and such a gun worked, recounted tales of their own experience. Little groups listening around them with interest. The children's eyes got bigger and bigger and they stood up proud and straight with a light in their eyes which said, "My papa is the greatest hero of the world."

Crowds Wait Patiently.

Patient crowds stood a hundred long in the two galleries on either side of the court, waiting to be admitted 10 at a time to a view of all the instruments of this war. There are shells and bombs and hand grenades of every belief and persuasion, daggers, lances, guns, mitrailleuses, cannon, models of aeroplanes, armored cars, steel arrows, asphyxiating masks—everything that has to do with the war of today.

It is a perfect education in things military to pay a visit here. There are lessons in heroism and bravery, flags snatched from the enemy at the price of much life, bloody torn banners, poor broken drums which have beat the way to victory.

When you see the thousands, the tens of thousands who pass through these courts, who stand humbly hopeful with bared heads by the tomb of the great man, who study the war machines, who listen to the tales of the returned poilus, who finger the guns with thoughts of some distant trench or field of battle you know that Mars has found his shrine in the midst of the most peace-loving nation on earth.

HATRED NOT SUFFICIENT

BRITISH DIFFICULTIES AT DARDANELLES DESCRIBED.

Every Conceivable Blunder Committed, Says Correspondent Discussing Proposal to Withdraw.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—An interesting contribution to the controversy regarding the abandonment of the Gallipoli expedition is made by the correspondent, Ashmead Bartlett, who has just returned from the Dardanelles. In an interview in the Sunday Times, he says:

"One of the chief difficulties in the fighting there has been that neither the Colonials nor the British bear such a fanatical hatred against the Turks as they do against the Germans, and the curious thing is that these feelings are reciprocated. But the Turk is a true patriot and will not surrender the last strip of Europe left to him, especially Constantinople, without a grim struggle.

"The fighting has been of the most desperate character and the results are highly unfavorable to us. We have committed every conceivable blunder in our methods of attempting to carry out the expedition.

"I hear a great deal about our loss of prestige in the Near East if we fail to carry the enterprise to a successful conclusion. Personally I take the opposite view. Even if our expedition stops today, our prestige will not suffer because of the splendid courage and endurance of our soldiers. The time has come for us seriously to reconsider our position."

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A No. 4-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $190, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

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Millions of dollars have been saved to property-owners by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators in reducing bills for heating all kinds of buildings. Any local fuel including cheapest grades of soft coal, screenings, pea, buckwheat, coke, lignite, oil, gas, wood, etc., can be used with highest results.

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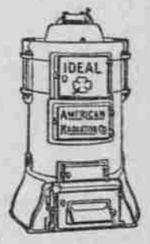

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LOYALTY IS URGED

British-Americans Told Duty Is to United States.

AMBASSADOR GIVES ADVICE

Best Service to Country of Origin, Says Spring-Rice, Will Be Rendered by Observance of Their Oath of Allegiance.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—(Special.)—Great Britain's policy with reference to enlistments in the United States for service in the European war is revealed in instructions received by the British Consul-General in Chicago from Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador.

The Ambassador says specifically that naturalized Britons have the same status as those Americans who are native born and that the best service they can render to the country of their origin is to observe faithfully their oath of allegiance. He says:

"With regard to former British subjects who have become citizens of the United States, their status under the accepted principles of international law does not in any respect differ from that of native-born American citizens. I notice with satisfaction that it has been pointed out by certain prominent American citizens of British birth that the best service which they can render to the country of their origin is to prove by their actions and conduct that they are loyal and law-abiding American citizens.

Neutrality Must Be Observed.

"With regard to British subjects resident in this country who have not become naturalized, I have to remind you that according to British and American law they are regarded as in all respects subject to the law of the country in which they reside and to which they owe a temporary allegiance. You should, if you think it necessary and expedient, call the attention of British subjects to this fact and especially to their duty to observe the neutrality laws of the United States.

"Since the war began I have acted in accordance with the opinion expressed by the Supreme Court of the United States that it is the duty of a citizen when war breaks out and he is abroad to return to his country, in order to render her or his service; and I have been guided by the decision of the United States courts that it is not an offense against the neutrality laws of the United States for residents in this country to leave it with intent to enlist in foreign military service, provided there is no engagement, hiring, contract or solicitation.

Return Not to Be Assisted.

"I have claimed for trained men, British subjects resident here and who may desire to return to England for military duty, although not obliged to return by local statute, the same rights and privileges as are enjoyed in this respect by the subjects of nations which have compulsory military service.

"A question, however, has arisen as to the interpretation of the law and is at present subjudice. I have, therefore, while reserving all rights, issued instructions that until the courts of the United States have decided the question, British Consuls in this country must not assist British subjects to return for military duty."

Lectures Bring Big Lewis Corn Crop.

CENTRALIA, Wash., Oct. 17.—(Special.)—The extensive corn crop just harvested in Lewis County is the best indication that the lecture tour of C. L. Smith, official agriculturist of the O.-W. R. & N., through the county last Winter, was not in vain. Farmer Smith urged the farmers to plant corn. The farmers took advantage of his instruction. The resulting crop was a plentiful one.

100 CONVICTS TO BE FREED

Governor Ferguson, of Texas, Advocate of Clemency.

DALLAS, Texas, Oct. 17.—Governor Ferguson, in Dallas to open the Texas State Fair, said Saturday that he would pardon every one of the 100 friendless convicts now in state prisons, as recommended by the Board of Pardons yesterday.

"That is my idea of life saving," said the Governor.

The Governor added that he would hear the story of every one of the 2800 convicts in Texas prisons and that if more pardon recommendations were made, he would give them clemency also.

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Lindsborg, Kansas.—"Some years ago I suffered with terrible pains in my side which I thought were inflammation, also with a bearing down pain, backache, and I was at times awfully nervous. I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now enjoying good health. I will be glad to recommend your medicine to any woman suffering with female trouble and you may publish this letter."—Mrs. A. L. SMITH, R. No. 3, Box 60, Lindsborg, Kansas.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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