

GERMANS, FORTIFIED IN STONE QUARRIES, HOLD THEIR POSITION

Every Inch of Ground About
the Aisne and the Oise Is
Fought Over Repeatedly.

LASSIGNY IS SHATTERED

English Correspondent Gives Credit to
German Troops for Moderation in
Occupation of Compiègne.

By London Times Special Correspondent.

Paris, Sept. 29. (Delayed).—The great battle to the northward goes on as usual. Some ground gained on the left beyond the Oise and the enemy's counter attacks repulsed—that is all there is to the change in the situation.

One needs only to be within sound of the guns to realize what these bald words mean, describing a battle front a hundred miles in length, where day after day cannon boom unceasingly, where desperate fighting goes on every hour and where the dead and wounded lie beyond number.

In one portion of the sphere of operations from the angle between the rivers Aisne and Oise, past Noyon to Lassigny on the left wing there has been most desperate fighting. All this is a very difficult country for an army acting on the offensive. It is a country made for surprises in which advantages are all with the defending forces. Every inch of this ground has been fought over a dozen times recently.

German Hold Stone Quarries.
It lies in a fold of hills and through it passes the railway line which serves part of the German front. To the north are quarries, great stone cauldrons sunk in the hillside, where the Germans have fortified themselves impenetrably.

They mounted mitrailleuses in a church tower and the church had to be blown to bits by the French guns. The French carried and held the village last week but failed to take the quarry, although they even used dynamite in an attempt to blast the German stronghold into bits.

Last Tuesday afternoon the village was stormed by the French for the third time and won, but at 10 o'clock, when even the guns had ceased and all was dark, the Germans attacked again. There was a fierce hand to hand struggle in the village streets and after hours of bloody fighting from house to house the French were driven out again.

Attack Costs 1000 Lives.
They lost 1000 men that night, two regiments of Senegalese and Algerian Zouaves being the hardest hit. But the German infantry cannot have suffered less, for the Turks do not die lightly.

A village some miles to the rear was crammed with artillerymen, whose guns were in possession on the heights ahead. It was a calm, peaceful place, with red tiled houses lying snug among orchards. By a miracle it had been spared when the conflict raged around it and not a house was damaged.

The village was lying silent in the darkness when the crackling of rifle fire broke out suddenly on the night air from the back of the farther hills, like the noise of a November bonfire. It was the beginning of the night attack at Lassigny. The artillery joined in and the firing went on far into the night.

Daylight Reveals Slaughter.
The next morning, although the hills and valleys were all covered with a thick blanket of fog, there was still the dull, repeated thud, thud of heavy guns.

Little did one imagine what terrible work had been going on at Lassigny in the night, but part of the results of it was visible in the morning. The artillery which had occupied the village

the night before was gone and in its place was a battalion of infantry which had just come up.

And the wounded of the night's engagement were everywhere. There were hundreds and hundreds of them.

Some were limping about the square from wounds in the legs; others trying to light cigarettes with shattered fingers. All those who could walk had been patched up and left to shift for themselves and they went along the road to Lassigny in batches of 30 and 40. They were a sad sight. Many of them were Senegalese who felt the cold of the morning bitterly. All looked battered and deadily tired.

Descriptions of Wounds on Coats.
Temporary bandages showed where they had been hit but most had a paper giving brief details of their wounds pinned to their coats. Slowly and in perfect silence they were making their way to the rear. The graves have already been brought to the hospital or taken to Compiègne over night. One of them had already succumbed to his wounds.

One of them was brought out from the hospital and laid out on a wheeled stretcher with his trunk over his face. Four Red Cross bearers were all the escort he had but the village priest walked alone in front, silently praying. All the soldiers stood still in the street and saluted as he passed. And so he was taken up to the cemetery at the end of the village where he at least found a better grave than those of his comrades who fell on the field and were heaped pell mell into the trenches when there is time.

The infantry was waiting cheerfully on the hill for the order to go again. The artillery was pounding away merrily among the orchards, exchanging courtesies with the "sauce pans," as the gunners call the enemy's heavy howitzers.

French Find Nice Range.
The shells came sailing overhead with a formidable whistling, so long drawn out that the bang of the explosion when it finally came was always a surprise.

In the French field the gunners were very happy dealing with a force of Germans who were trying to entrain at Lassigny. They had the range to a nicety, and whenever a truck was filled with men they dropped a shell into the station. This artillery work went on all day.

The story of Lassigny is the story of the fighting round a half dozen villages within 20 miles of it. It is the story of Carpiquet, in the forest of L'Aigle, from which the Germans had to be driven three times in two days, twice with the bayonet, once by a hail of shells, which made the place untenable.

Bayonet attacks alternate with artillery duels all along the line, and the front alters from day to day, though never so much as to make any important change in the situation.

French Gain Slowly.
Little by little, the French are pushing forward. They have driven back the Germans along the Oise from Ribcourt to Noyon and they are still capturing isolated parties of them daily in the forest, the rounding up being done with great zeal by the Turks, who, next to a bayonet charge, like nothing better than beating the wood for stray Prussians.

It is pitiful to see the valley of the Oise, one of the most famous and beautiful regions in France, marred in its fairest places by the mark of war. All over the countryside picturesque villages and stately chateaux have been battered to pieces on the burned ground.

Village Pays the Penalty.
Cholsyan, on the Aisne, to the north of Compiègne, had a score of houses gutted. Some British stragglers fired on a patrol of Uhlans beside a broken bridge. For all the Germans knew the shots were fired by villagers, so the village paid the penalty. The chateau of Franc Port near by, the seat of the Marquis de L'Aigle, in whose veins flows the blood of Louis XV, has been sacked from roof to cellar.

Oulincourt, farther back in the forest, shares the same fate. Carpiquet is in ruins and its historic chateau riddled by shells. A nephew of its owner was seen asking among the flying villagers for news of the priceless tapestries and furniture which he left in the cellar, but all he could learn was that his home had been made the target of French artillery.

Side by side with this destruction comes across a convincing proof of the forbearance of the Germans. In many cases on door after door in towns and villages which the Germans have occupied, there has been seen chalked in German:

"These people have given all they have—let them be," and the inhabitants themselves admit that the places so marked have been houses of refuge. Compiègne itself has been wonder-

fully spared. The Germans were there 12 days, but during that time no house suffered seriously and this in spite of the fact that a German officer was shot at in the outskirts. The severest loss to the town is that of the fine stone bridge which was destroyed by the British army in its retreat.

So thorough, indeed, is the work that the royal engineers put into destroying the bridges over the Oise that it will keep the French bridge builders busy for many months when the war is over.

Appointed by Vatican.
Rome, Oct. 1.—Monsignor Tedeschini has been appointed papal under secretary of state.

President Wilson's Course Is Indorsed

Audience at Central Library Commends Action in Investigating Price Raising.

An enthusiastic audience gathered in room A of the Central library last evening to listen to Fred W. Jobelman and others discuss war, high prices of necessities of life and the applicability of the Bonville cooperative contract system to a condition so entirely out of harmony with reason. From start to finish those present

took keen interest in everything that was discussed. President Wilson's suggestion to make October 4 a day of universal prayer for peace was variously commented upon and contrasted with the acts of the warring European nations busily engaged in offering prayers to the same deity for the success of their respective armies in battle.

The president was also highly commended for his prompt and energetic investigation of the raising of prices of the necessities of life in this country. On motion of George L. Smith, the chairman, Alanson M. Himes, appointed Mr. Smith, Mrs. Frank Bonville and Jobelman a committee to draft and mail a letter to President

Wilson approving his stand on the war and the increasing cost of living, and encouraging him to stand fast in his expressed determination that the European conflict shall not be used as an excuse to rob the toiling masses of America.

Others who spoke were: J. B. Ziegler, F. W. Goldapp and Professor Alvin Hecklethorn.

Early Mail From Hood River.
Hood River, Or., Oct. 1.—A new mail service was installed between Hood River and Portland, beginning this morning. Postmaster J. P. Lucas has succeeded in making arrangements to have a closed pouch go-

ing west on the train that leaves at 9:30 a. m. Under present arrangements, mail in the postoffice after 9 o'clock in the evening does not get out for Portland until 3 o'clock the following afternoon. The new arrangement will be a great convenience to the merchants of Hood River.

The season for trout fishing is just beginning in Hood River. Large sea-trout are now beginning to enter the stream. Local anglers are catching a few. The trout entering Hood river are of the Dolly Varden and Rainbow varieties and average in length 14 inches to two feet.

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