

# SAVED BY MIRAGE

## How British Army Escaped Defeat in Mesopotamia.

**Turkish Commander Saw What He Believed Were Re-enforcements Coming to Aid Enemy and Ordered Retreat.**

We went on toward nowhere, intending to make a wide detour and come into old Basra city by the Zobeir gate in the south wall, Eleanor F. Egan writes in the Saturday Evening Post. There was no dust out there; only hard-packed sand, out of which the fierce hammering sun struck a myriad glinting, eye-searing sparks. But it was beautiful beyond words to describe. We spun along at fifty miles an hour with a cool, clean breeze in our faces. Then just over a slight rise in the sparkling plain I saw my first mirage. It was impossible to believe it was a mirage and not really the beautiful lake that it seemed—a lake dotted with wooded islands and fringed in places with deep green forests.

I have seen mirages in other deserts in other lands, but I have never seen anything like the Mesopotamian mirage. We drove straight on and it came so close that I was sure I could see a ripple on its surface. Then suddenly it went away off, and where it had been our skidproof tires were humming on the hard-packed sand and I saw that the wooded islands had been created out of nothing but patches of camel thorn and that the trees of the forests were tufts of dry grass not more than six inches high.

Off on the far horizon a camel caravan was swinging slowly along and the camels looked like some mammoth prehistoric beasts, while in another direction what we took to be camels turned out to be a string of diminutive donkeys under pack saddles laden with bales of the desert grass roots that the Arabs use for fuel.

The mirage has played an interesting part in the Mesopotamian campaigns. In some places it is practically continuous the year round, and it adds greatly to the difficulties of an army in action. It is seldom mistaken for anything but what it is, of course, but it does curious things to distance and to objects both animate and inanimate. Incidentally it renders the accurate adjustment of gun ranges almost altogether impossible.

One of the most curious incidents of the whole war happened in connection with a mirage and on the very spot over which I drove that first day out in the desert.

The battle of Shalba was one of the hardest-fought battles in the whole Mesopotamian campaign and victory for a while was anybody's. It was going very badly for the British, their losses being heavier than they could stand for long. And though the Turks were in overwhelmingly superior numbers it was going very badly for them as well. This the British officer commanding did not realize and he was just on the point of giving an order for retirement—which would have been fatal to the British in Mesopotamia—when to his astonishment he discovered that the Turks were in full retreat! What a moment!

The desert was full of mirage and the Turkish commander—who really ought to have been more familiar with local phenomena—saw approaching from the southeast what looked to him like heavy re-enforcements. It was nothing but a supply and ambulance train magnified and multiplied by the deceptive desert atmosphere! When he ordered an immediate retreat his already unnerved troops stampeded and his demoralized rear guard was hounded and harassed by great bands of nomad Arabs all the way to Khamsseh, nearly ninety miles away. He learned the truth a few days later and committed suicide!

### Oliver Goldsmith Memorial.

At Auburn, County Athlone, Ireland, the poet's birthplace, a memorial is being erected to Oliver Goldsmith. It will take the form of the restoration of the church where the poet's father ministered so many years. Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 at Ballymahon, County Longford, and two years later his father, Charles Goldsmith, became rector of Kilkenny West and settled in Lissoy, which is now known as Auburn. It is a village on the road between Athlone and Ballymahon. Auburn of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in some degrees represents Lissoy, and the story of an old evictor by General Napier was probably in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote the poem, although it is intended to apply to England.

### Died at Post of Duty.

During the storms the early part of the year, which marines say were the severest known on the coast, the United States navy suffered the loss of the big ocean-going tug Cherokee. This vessel was manned entirely by members of the naval reserve. Caught

in a terrific sea the tug founder and was lost. It was at this time an important duty for the Wash. navy yard to get guns to an Atlantic fort. Among the men who met a heroic death at this time was a lieutenant (junior grade), E. D. Newell, U. S. N. R. F., commanding officer.

### Grand Army of Ministers.

Over 90,000 ministers of the Gospel of various denominations are with the allies in France. About 20,000 are with the Red Cross; the rest are in the ranks.—People's Home Journal.

### Design Frustrated.

"Pardon me for referring to the matter, Gilthersby, but you borrowed \$50 from me some time ago."

"By Jove, so I did."

"Er—just at present I'm—"

"And I want to take this opportunity to tell you, Dubwaite, that I have remarked to I don't know how many of our friends and acquaintances that you are the biggest-hearted, most considerate fellow I ever knew—the kind of man who would let people owe him money for years rather than hurt their feelings by asking them for it. Fine day, isn't it?"

"Pretty fair. Guess I'll toddle along." —Birmingham Age-Herald.



## DISEASES OF DAIRY CATTLE

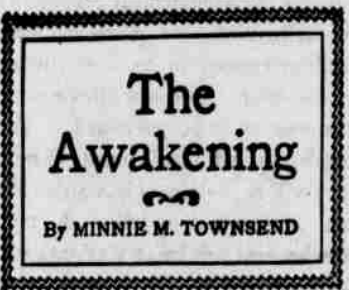
**Production of Milk Can Be Materially Increased by Preventing Many Disorders.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In an effort to maintain or increase our live stock supplies, the reduction of the toll taken by disease should not be overlooked. There are a large number of diseases which are very common and which seriously affect the dairy industry. Among these are contagious abortion, tuberculosis, infectious garget, cowpox, cattle-tick fever, etc., which in the past have greatly reduced the milk production of our herds.

Tradition has it that in remedying these conditions the value of preventing and combating disease is in the ratio of 16 to 1; in other words, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." As a matter of fact this estimate is too low; probably 160 to 1 would be much nearer the truth. In spite of this fact, however, preventive measures are not so well known or so effective that disease can always be prevented.

In dealing with contagious diseases the basic principle of prevention is to keep carriers of infection away from the herd. Next in importance is maintaining the surroundings in a sanitary condition. Following this, the animal's natural resistance to disease should be increased by natural and occasionally by artificial means. Ordinarily, disease stalks about the country only in the bodies of diseased animals or attached to some intermediate object.



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"By, Myra, I'll be late for lunch, but if you get hungry don't wait. Molly won't mind warming mine over."

Myra, comfortably settled in the easiest chair of the sitting room, lazily waved a slim white hand to her mother's cheery good-by, and turning toward the window watched the lively little body cross the street and join several other dear mother people on the corner. Myra laughed scornfully. "I'm surprised at mother; such a motley crowd, tall, short, fat, lean, rich and poor."

Myra, however, failed to take note of the one connecting link among the women. Each one carried a huge sewing bag and everyone from old Mrs. McCane's worn brown lining monstrosity to the wealthy Mrs. Van Eton's creation of satin and ribbon was overflowing with its burden of brown and gray yarn and partially finished garments for Uncle Sam's soldier boys.

Myra yawned and turned lazily to a book in her lap, but somehow she could not get interested. A coming party was uppermost in her mind and

she was having rosy visions of herself in the new satin gown which she had ordered just that morning. She was wondering if she could get slippers to match the delicate hue of her dress material, and if she had better have her hair done by a hair dresser or trust to her own nimble fingers to get just the correct amount of wave into the glossy strands of bronze. Pleasant reveries were interrupted by the insistent peal of the telephone bell.

Her eager greeting of her dearest chum was cut short in horrified dismay.

"Cut out the party? Surely, you must be mistaken, Dora—why I ordered my dress today. On account of the war? My soul. This old war makes me tired. I don't see what this country got into it for, anyhow. I wish to goodness I lived in a warless age. . . . What's that—make comfort bags instead of dance? Well, of all the nonsense. No, I won't help. It makes me tired. No, I said, Dora. "By."

Myra returned to her easy chair, pouting dreadfully. She caught up the book she had tried to read and flung it to a far corner of the library table. Her childish spite thus appeased, she slumped down into the luxuriant depths of the chair and sulked herself to sleep.

Her brother awakened her later by flinging the morning newspaper into her lap. Myra turned lazily to the woman's page and read the fashion talk first. Then she skimmed the love-lorn letters and read the next chapter in a thrilling serial of love and adventure. That digested, she turned in a bored fashion to the jokes.

One or two rather scandalous headlines caught her eye, but as far as the remainder of the paper was concerned it might just as well have been blank.

Her brother finally turned wistful eyes toward the feminine heap in the easy chair.

"Awful, isn't it?" he inquired glumly.

Myra surveyed him lazily. "What's awful, Bob?"

"Didn't you read the war news?" he asked sharply.

She grunted in disgust: "I should say not; I hear enough of the old war. Why, just think, Bob, they've postponed our club party on account of the war, and I ordered my dress—"

"Myra!"

There was a new note in her brother's voice. She glanced up quickly, and the expression on his face made her get slowly to her feet, her eyes wide and questioning.

"Don't you dare talk like that," he continued, huskily. "An old party—and real men dying for their country and for right. Read that."

Mechanically she took the sheet he held out to her and glanced over it carelessly, as though a cursory look would reveal the cause of his perturbation. "Do you mean this, Bob? Why, it's only a list of the casualties," she said, reprovingly, as though such a list could be of no special interest to them.

"Only! Read 'em, I said."

Dumfounded, she read them down. Suddenly she stiffened, peered closer at the printed sheet and then turned in a bewildered fashion to her brother.

"It can't be he, Bob; why, Bert was only a boy—just a boy—he can't be dead."

"It is true. He was only a boy, but he died for his country, while you—hate to give up an old party."

She did not heed the reproof. Staring at the familiar name, she was harking back over the year to their high school days. Albert Blake had graduated in her class, just barely acquiring the necessary points to let him pass out into the world with a diploma.

Back over the years she slipped. In the grammar grades he was a big, overgrown tease. Too silly to be really popular, he had laughed his way through the grades. The feminine portion of the school had always steered clear of him, as wherever a jolly, good-natured face shone there was always to be heard the squeal of a half-pulled lass.

Myra's eyes were misty as she remembered the boy. Suddenly she brightened. Across memory's page was coming a long-forgotten incident. The one time when she had really admired the lad and forgot his much-be-freckled countenance. She turned animatedly to her brother, anxious to tell him of this one worth-while thing Bert had done in her presence.

"Rob, Bert did have a brave nature, even though perhaps we didn't realize it at the time. I remember one beautiful summer day, when he and I were going home from school together. We were crossing a swampy field over a narrow path. Suddenly a nasty, little green snake reared its head just ahead of me in the path. Horrified, I squealed my loudest. Bert, who was chasing a butterfly just in back of me, hurried near to see what the trouble was. I suggested that we step aside and let the reptile go its way, but Bert emphatically said no, the younger children were coming just behind us and they, too, would come across the snake. Though I remonstrated, boldly he took heavy stones and crushed the menacing creature before the other children

came along."

She paused reminiscently, and then, as if some sudden understanding had taken possession of her, her eyes widened and a new light came into their dark depths.

"Oh Rob, I never thought about it in that light before, but what Bert did that day was what he tried to do when he enlisted, wasn't it? It's just what all the soldier boys are trying to do—make this world safer for those who come after. I see it all now. Oh what a selfish creature I've been! Oh Rob, I—I—"

Sobbing, she turned shamed eyes to her brother, and he, boyishly caught her against his shoulder and patted her tousled head comfortingly. After she had quieted down a bit he arranged the chair pillows about her in a somewhat embarrassed fashion, and then stood before her eager eyes, asking the question which his parted lips were shyly refusing to do.

Myra sensed the situation immediately, as she looked up into his face. She sighed a bit woefully, but there was real bravery in her voice as she said wistfully:

"I know what you are aching to ask, Rob, seeing that I have been the object until now."

"Until now—does that mean that you consent, Sis?"

She nodded, though it cost her a brave effort.

"Yes, I couldn't say otherwise now, Rob. Uncle Sam needs every young man, and—and Bert's place in the ranks is empty."

"Thank you, Sis, he does need us, every one, and I've wanted so much to answer the call. I know mother'll be glad."

An hour later, when Mrs. Crane entered the house, smiling happily with the thought of a morning well spent, a distinct odor of scorched potatoes crept up her nose. Hurrying into the kitchen through the sitting room, a surprising sight met her eyes.

Molly, supremely unconscious of burnt potatoes, was busily superintending the cutting out of a big red cross, while Myra's untrained fingers were clumsily following instructions. The boy, whistling happily, was gathering up the remains of tan silk, from which the dainty sewing bag, hanging across the chair arm, had been cut.

At a glance the mother knew that something unusual had happened, and

burnt potatoes and everything else were forgotten until she heard the story of the casualty list and how it had awakened the heart of her daughter at last.

With her arms about her daughter, the mother's eyes looked over the bronze tresses and smiled bravely, proudly at her son, who was soon to be one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys.

## WHEN PLINY VISITED BELGIUM

**Great Roman Has Left Us an Interesting Description of Country as He Saw It.**

Pliny, the learned and industrious Roman naturalist, who perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A. D., visited, in the course of his duties as an official of the Roman empire, the heroic country which we call Belgium. It is interesting, comments the Protectionist, to recall his description of this country.

"There," he wrote, "the ocean pours in its flood twice every day, and produces a perpetual uncertainty whether the country may be considered as a part of the continent, or of the sea. The wretched inhabitants take refuge on the sand hills or in little huts, which they construct on the summits of lofty stakes, whose elevation is conformable to that of the highest tides."

"When the sea rises they appear like navigators; when it retires they seem as though they had been shipwrecked. They subsist on the fish left by the reflux waters and which they catch in nets formed of rushes or seaweed. Neither tree nor shrub is visible on these shores. The drink of the people is rain water, which they preserve with great care; their fuel, a sort of turf, which they gather and form with the hands. And yet the unfortunate beings dare to complain against their fate when they fall under the power and are incorporated with the empire of Rome!"

### Schwab's Only Political Speech.

"I have only one political speech to my credit," says Charles M. Schwab in his article, "The Shipbuilder's Job," in the June Forum. "It was made over at Braddock thirty years ago when I was young and impulsive. I urged the election of the Republican ticket. As a consequence, or a fact, the town went Democratic for the first and only time, I believe, since the Civil war."

Trains into Monmouth			
L've Portland 7:15, a. m.	Gerlinger 10:20	Independence 10:32	Monm'th 10:50
" Salem 9:45, "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "
" " 1:40, p. m.	Dallas 2:45, "	" " " "	" 3:10
" " 3:45, "	Gerlinger 4:24	Independence 4:37	Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00, "	" " 6:45, "	" " 6:57, "	" 7:10
" Portland 3:30,	Connects with above		
" Corvallis 6:45, a. m.	Independence 7:35	Arrive Monmouth 7:45	" " " "
" " 1:15, p. m.	" " 2:14	" " 2:30	" " " "
" Dallas 7:00, a. m.	Arrive Monmouth 7:25		
" Airlie 8:30, a. m. and 3:45, p. m.	Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a. m. and 4:13 p. m.		
Leave Independence, 6:50 a. m., 7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:20, 1:30, p. m., 2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:00			
Trains out of Monmouth			
L've Monmouth 7:05 a. m.	Independence 7:35	Gerlinger 7:49	At Salem 8:30
" Same as above	" " " "	" " " "	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p. m.	" " 2:14	" " 2:27	Salem 3:10
" Same as above	" " " "	" " " "	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05,	" " 4:40,	" " 4:55,	Salem 5:30
" " 9:05, a. m.	Dallas 10:00	" " " "	" 11:30
" " 4:30, p. m.	" " 4:45,	" " " "	" 5:35
" " 9:05, a. m.	Independence 10:32	Corvallis 11:20	" " " "
" " 4:55, p. m.	" " 6:57,	" " 7:45	" " " "
" " 7:25 a. m. and 3:10 p. m.	Arrives Airlie 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.		
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a. m., 8:15, 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M., 1:45, p. m., 2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:10			

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