

Grim Retreat of Allies From the Balkans Is Graphically Described

Homeless Serbians Are First in Procession, Leaving Behind Homes and Possessions; Soldiers Follow

Following is the first of seven installments of one of the most gripping narratives of the war, in which Wm. G. Shepherd, United Press correspondent, with the allied armies in the Balkans, gives the first close-up picture of the allies' retreat from Serbia. It was passed by the censors only under pledge that it would not be cabled, but would be sent to New York by mail, to make sure that the enemy should not profit by any information it contained. It ranks with Shepherd's first detailed story of the Austrian retreat from Serbia, which he witnessed as correspondent with the Austrian army.—Editor.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

SALONIKA, Dec. 11.—For nine days I have been watching the Salonic retreat of the allies.

From the front trenches, back to the harbor of Salonika, a strip of land about sixty miles wide, I have seen the thousands of demonstrations and tokens of retirement.

I have talked to General Sarraïl, leader of the allied forces here, and to General Bullard, in the field, to majors, captains and privates of both the French and British forces, and they have, more or less, admitted that a retreat is under way. But one man, whom I believe more than all the war departments and chancelleries of Europe, is the one man, who, with his family and his few household goods, loaded on a little rattling wagon, hauled by steers, is coming to Salonika today.

He is here for the first time; he is here in hundreds; in all the phantasmagoria of wagons, horses, steers, motor buses and limousines, which fill the foggy water front streets of Salonika today. He lends a new and sombre color to the brown of the Greek, the gray of the French, and the khaki of the British and the green of the Serbian soldiers. He has done little talking. His very presence here with his dejected family and his pitiful little possessions speak louder than anything he could say. He is a refugee from Serbia. Not from northern Serbia, where the Germans and Austrians have been sweeping Serbia clean, but from the Serbian soil that borders on Greece, only twenty miles from here. The Germans and Austrians have not driven him out from his home; it is the work of the Bulgarians.

The patter of his oxen's feet and the creek of the rough wheels of his wagon say louder than any communique or any nice words of generals that the Bulgarians are driving the allies back toward Salonika. You can

always believe him, this man with his family traveling out in the cold and mud, with the worried face and the perplexed soul; he doesn't leave his farm until he must; until the guns are booming and the shells are plowing his farm for him.

When "he" goes you may be sure the enemy is coming on behind him and that the army of his country is in retreat. I've seen him in Galicia, in France, Italy, Serbia, Greece. He has never lied. His presence always means "retreat." Being a Serbian, his Christmas will come on January 7th. Small chance Santa Claus will have to go down the chimney of this man's home this year. On the outskirts of Salonika this afternoon men are erecting tents in the muddy field for the Serbian refugees and their families. Within the last six weeks nearly half a million dollars of American and British money has been sent here for such an emergency, and today for the first time, the money is being put to use.

The harbor of Salonika is almost empty of boats, though usually it is full. For several days, forty-six transports loaded with troops who had newly come to Salonika, and who had not disembarked, lay in the harbor. Now they have gone, troops and all. No one in Salonika knows where.

People are speculating about the possibility that the allies may be driven clear back and out of Salonika and forced to leave Greece. It will take at least three weeks to get away from Salonika on ships. There are hundreds of tons of wagons, cannon, ammunition, foodstuffs, shovels, lumber, horses, portable houses and camp fittings to be loaded onto the boats as if ten thousand circuses, rolled into one, were moving. And there are tens of thousands of men—perhaps twenty of them—who must be embarked if the allies should decide to withdraw.

If this thing should happen there will be three weeks full of fighting, the Bulgarians pressing against the allied lines trying to interfere with the embarkation. Salonika must be reached with allied trenches and allied soldiers must be fighting to hold back the Bulgarians while other allied soldiers work like bees at loading the ships. All this, if the Bulgarians continue to press on toward Salonika. Just at present the allied retreat is in full tide. The Bulgarians are nearing the borders of Greece, not much more than twenty-five miles from Salonika.

To have a view of this sixty miles strip of retreat; to hear the Bulgarian guns booming and to stand beside the French and British guns as they answer; to sit beside the temporary camp fire of retreating French soldiers and to talk to them of home and of what the future holds for them and their country; to sleep in a tent beside a railroad where, throughout the night the thunder of trains carrying supplies and wounded soldiers back to the safety of Salonika, shook the ground; to cross bridges which were "loaded" with dynamite, and were to be blown up within twenty-four hours; to chat with group after group of steel casqued French Zouaves, who came, on foot, trudging slowly but steadily toward Greece, with grim faces but affable greetings; to chat with British soldiers, who knew that the next day would see them moving

in the direction which a British soldier hates—the direction away from the enemy—nine days of all this association with the ally withdrawal, leaves on my mind the impression that I have some monstrous dream, all on the same theme, but full of weird mixture of small details.

There is play and fun mixed up in this story, as well as tragedy and sorrow. Where the communiques use the simple word "retreat" or "retirement," they are covering a vast field of human activity and human emotions, and to see this activity and behold the human emotions at work, under such circumstances, is an opportunity which I believe few war reporters have had in this war.

My experience began on the afternoon of December 2d in the office of General Sarraïl, when he said:

"Would you like to see the allied front in Serbia?"

When I answered in the affirmative he put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me to one side of the room where he had herded a few correspondents. After we had collected into a favored group, he said, rubbing his right hand through his gray, curly hair:

"Please be at the railroad station at 7 o'clock in the morning. An officer will be there to take charge of you. You shall see Krovokak, where the French are fighting the Bulgarians, and you also shall see the British front. Good day, gentlemen, and bon chance."

See the British front? The British had refused us permission. British fronts in this war have been hard to get to. Every British officer from Kitchener down has been against correspondents seeing the British front. The fog of war had hidden the British front more than any other. And now we were to see the British front with the permission of a French general.

SHEVLIN'S DEATH WON'T AFFECT LUMBER COMPANY

PORTLAND, Jan. 19.—No change will be made in the administration of the Shevlin-Hixon Manufacturing company on account of the death of Thomas L. Shevlin, according to E. C. Shevlin, uncle of the noted athlete, who has returned from Minneapolis. The Shevlin-Hixon Manufacturing company is completing a large lumber mill at Bend, and the plans will go ahead under the direction of E. C. Shevlin, vice president.

Profit by This

Don't Waste Another Day

When you are worried by backache, By lameness and urinary disorders—Don't experiment with an untried medicine.

Do as Klamath Falls people are doing.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Read this Ashland resident's experience: R. E. Allison, railroad conductor, 556 B street, Ashland, Ore., says: "I suffered from my back and kidneys. I have never found anything that has given me as quick and positive relief as Doan's Kidney Pills. They are just as represented, and anyone can try them with confidence as to the results."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Allison had. Foster-McIlburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Miss Jennie M. Derick, who has been teaching school for many years in New York, has just been admitted as a member of the bar in Brooklyn, and will immediately open law offices.

Although she is only 30 years of age, Miss May Trull is a skilled electrical engineer, and has full charge of the huge electric plant at Studley College, at Warwickshire, Ireland.

New Chief of Braves



Percy D. Haughton

Percy D. Haughton, coach of the Harvard football team, has become the owner, at least the representative of the new owners, of the Boston National League Baseball Club. James E. Gaffney, who, three years ago bought the club for \$187,000, and made a pennant winner of it in 1914, received an offer of more than a half million and decided to sell. Haughton will be elected president of the club. The money behind him is Boston capital.

Ten year observations of thunder storms show that Tampa, Fla., holds the record for frequency, with 944 in that period.

Life insurance makes you worth today what you hope to be worth some future day. See Chittote. 15

About half of the blind population are more than 60 years of age. This is probably due to the fact that cataract, glaucoma, etc., are largely diseases of old age.

Miss Alice McCoy, aged 13, has been awarded the grand championship of Louisiana in pig raising.

CHAPLAIN WALKS WITH GRIM DEATH

REGIMENTAL CLERGYMAN BECOMES HERO IN EYES OF THE SOLDIERS BY BRAVE ADVANCE IN "NO MAN'S LAND"

LONDON, Jan. 8.—(By mail)—How a Roman Catholic priest braved death in "No man's land" to learn the fate of some of his comrades in the British trenches, is a story just received from Northern France. It was in one of the first line trenches, on one of the darkest, foggiest nights recently that eight British bombers of a famous regiment crawled over the parapet and disappeared in toward the enemy trenches. Dawn broke and they had not appeared. As the day advanced, it was decided as definitely certain that the bombers were either prisoners or lying dead in the muddy expanse that separated the opposing strongholds. Enemy snipers were busy and it was almost certain death to expose one's self in order to have a look.

Father—, attached to the regiment, came sauntering along the firing line. He heard the story and volunteered to try and find the bodies. He left the trench and returned garbed in his surplice, crucifix in hand. Without hesitation he climbed out of the trench and walked fearlessly, but slowly toward the German lines. Men watched him breathlessly through their periscopes, expecting to see him shot down at every step. Not a shot came from the enemy side. As he reached the enemy wire entanglements, the priest was seen to stop and kneel in prayer. He remained thus for some minutes, then arose and walked until he was lost to view.

Do You Ever Buy New Records?

If so what better time would you have to listen to them than these long winter evenings? Many people leave a standing order of from two to four new records each month. Largest stock of new, up-to-date records in Klamath Falls. RECORD HEADQUARTERS

Shepherd Piano Depot

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from the British side. Later he was rediscovered walking slowly back toward the British trench. He arrived safely and exhibited four identity discs, explaining, also, that the Germans had held up four khaki caps to their bayonets. The mystery was solved, four of the bombers were prisoners, the others dead.

LOTS OF CLERGY ARE AT FRONTS

IN FRENCH RANKS ALONE NEARLY 18,000 PRIESTS AND MINISTERS ARE SERVING ARMY IN VARIOUS MANNERS

PARIS, Jan. 12.—(By mail)—Nearly thirteen thousand ministers and priests are today serving in various capacities with the French army, according to statistics just given out by the minister of war.

The government itself has assigned as chaplains with regiments 161 Catholic priests, twenty-eight protestant ministers and fourteen rabbis. There is about an equal number of chaplains who have volunteered their services and been allowed to go with the troops.

Most of the ecclesiastics are serving as nurses. Their total number is 12,580.

An instrument so delicate as to record a temperature change of one-millionth of a degree is used by the United States bureau of standards to measure the heat of the stars.

LEGAL NOTICES

Notice of Drainage District Bond Election

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Klamath Drainage District of Klamath county, Oregon, held at the office of said board on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1916, a resolution was adopted calling a special election, at which shall be submitted to the electors of said district the question whether or not bonds of said district in the amount of \$100,000.00 shall be authorized, and in pursuance of such resolution a special election is hereby called to be held on the 19th day of February, A. D. 1916, at which election there will be submitted to the electors of said district the question of creating a bonded debt in the sum of \$100,000.00, for the purpose of building drainage and reclamation works and a system of dikes, canals and ditches for the reclamation of the lands within the boundary of said drainage district, the vote to be by ballot, upon which shall be the words, "Bonds—Yes" and the words, "Bonds—No." Polls to be opened at 2 o'clock

p. m., and to remain open until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day. The polling place is designated to be at the office of the board of directors at No. 713 Main street, in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Dated this 15th day of January, A. D. 1916.

M. MOTSCHENBACHER,
Director and President.
C. R. DE LAF, Director,
A. A. MEHAFFEY, Director.

Attest:
A. A. MEHAFFEY, Secretary.
19-26-2-9-16

Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Real Property (Law No. 833)

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath. Ed Young, Plaintiff,

vs.
Edmund S. Ryel and Fred Young, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an execution and order of sale, duly issued out of the above entitled court and cause on the 27th day of December, 1915, upon a judgment made and entered of record in said court and cause on the 24th day of December, 1915, in favor of the plaintiff above named, and against Edmund S. Ryel, one of the defendants above named, directing that I satisfy the sums mentioned in said judgment, and herein after set forth, out of the personal property of said defendant, Edmund S. Ryel, and if sufficient personal property could not be found belonging to said defendant Ryel out of which to satisfy said judgment, then out of the real property belonging to said defendant, Edmund S. Ryel.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution and order of sale, and in compliance with said writ, I have duly levied upon the following described real property belonging to said defendant, Edmund S. Ryel, on the date when said judgment was docketed as required by law, and I will, on Saturday, the 5th day of February, 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the county court house of Klamath county, Oregon, in Klamath Falls, Oregon, sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, Edmund S. Ryel, in and to said real property, which is particularly described as follows, to-wit:

The east one-half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 29, and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 32, in township 40 south, range 14 east of the Willamette Meridian, in Klamath county, Oregon,

(there being insufficient personal property belonging to said defendant, and I being unable to find sufficient personal property belonging to said defendant, Edmund S. Ryel, to satisfy said judgment), or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said execution, which may be sold in one lot without injury to said defendant, Ryel.

Said judgment consists of the principal sum of \$238.00, together with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from December 24, 1915; costs and disbursements amounting to \$14.50, and costs and disbursements hereafter to accrue, and \$50.00 as attorney's fees in this action.

The proceeds derived from said sale will be applied in the satisfaction of said judgment and execution, and the overplus, if any there be, will be paid into the above entitled court to be disposed of as by law required and directed.

Dated December 29, 1915.

C. C. LOW,
Sheriff of Klamath County, Oregon.
By GEO. C. ULRICH, Deputy.
29-5-12-19-26-2

Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Joseph L. Tull, deceased, by the county court of Klamath county, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present same to me at the law office of Rutensio & Kent, in Klamath Falls, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, verified as required by law.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, January 12, 1916.

JAMES H. OWEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph L. Tull, Deceased. 12-19-26-2-9

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County In the Matter of the Estate of Frank McIntee, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Frank McIntee, deceased, by the above entitled court, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present same at the law offices of Stone, Gale & Cross, in Klamath Falls, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 28d day of December, 1915.

EDWARD A. GREEN,
Administrator of the Estate of Frank McIntee, Deceased.
22-29-5-12-16



Tender Meats

Are necessary to a wholesome meal, and those who want cuts from a selection of the very finest stock should buy at the

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Quality and Service
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NYAL'S POROUS PLASTERS

Give effective relief for aches and pains, sore and stiff joints; in fact, anything from a crick in the back to a chronic case of rheumatism. Price 25c.

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Prince Albert is such friendly tobacco

that it just makes a man sorry he didn't get wind of this pipe and cigarette smoke long, long ago. He counts it lost time, quick as the goodness of Prince Albert gets firm set in his life! The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

Get on the right-smoke-track soon as you know how! Understand yourself how much you'll like

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It stands to reason, doesn't it, that if men all over the nation, all over the world, prefer P. A. that it must have all the qualities to satisfy your fondest desires?

Watch your step!

It's easy to change the shape and color of unsalable brands to imitate the Prince Albert tin, but it is impossible to imitate the flavor of Prince Albert tobacco! The patented process protects that!

Men, get us right on Prince Albert! We tell you this tobacco will prove better than you can figure out, it's so chummy and fragrant and inviting all the time. Can't cost you more than 5c or 10c to get your bearings!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold—in tins, red bags, 6c tins, red tins, 10c, handsome pound and half-pound tins—and in that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such great trim!

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

