

Being Under Shell Fire in Serbia Is Like a Huge Electrical Storm

By WM. G. SHEPHERD
United Press Staff Correspondent

ALONKA, Dec. 11.—A French soldier in a steel hat stopped and looked at us curiously as we walked along the road. "Excuse me," he said in broken English, "but it's so long since I have seen a man in clothes like yours that I could not help staring."

The big British gun was booming in two minute intervals. French guns, on nearby hillsides, were sending occasional shots and once while talking a Bulgarian shell broke the road a quarter of a mile beyond us, and we saw soldiers running from the cloud of earth. It was a battlefield, in every sense of the word, a battlefield which with twenty-four hours was to be the scene of an ally's retreat. Incidentally, I wonder what the name of the little Frenchman was. "Civilian clothes seem extraordinary," he said. "Have some chocolate?" He pulled an envelope from his pocket, with a postage stamp and address on it.

"This is something I got through the mail from Paris today," he said, taking a small piece of his precious chocolate.

"Have you heard that we're going to move from here?" he said. "The rumor is going around our camp. They say that we are going to fall back toward Salonika."

I had not. His question was the first sign of the coming retreat. On his spot, the very next day, dead British and French soldiers were to lie among the holly shrubs and Bulgarians were to charge with bayonets, shouting their cry of "Ne pret, Ne pret."

"It's been cold here," explained the soldier, "but I have been healthier than I've ever been before in my life. Why, when the war began I could not stand any hardship. If I wasn't killed by ten o'clock every night I suffered all day for it. I had indigestion terribly. Now, I have not slept in a bed for five months and I eat anything and enjoy it. War beats pills, I tell you."

He had to be going at last. Would he walk along the road with him. "Right around the turn here some of the Bulgarian shells are well aimed," he said. "They're paying a good deal of attention to this turn this afternoon."

It was like getting ready to jump into a cold bath to start off with him. I knew that after I got my feet to working they would carry me along, but the hard part was not to make an excuse and return to the ravine. My right foot started, however, and then my left and, fifty feet further on, we passed the turn and faced a mile stretch of road, cut along the face of a hill. Below us was the valley of Costorino; across it four miles away were the hills where the Bulgarians were. A few soldiers were on the road, walking slowly.

"Along here you may get a shell any time," said the Frenchman. "I have to walk along here a dozen times a day to get to my dugout. From the kitchen there is the ravine. Want to see my dugout?"

I did, and a quarter mile walk along the road brought us to a little ravine on the side of which was the soldier's home, partly a hole and partly tent. Two other soldiers in the dugout were packing up their belongings.

"Just to be ready if we go," they explained. On a fire outside the dugout was a tin pail, with steam coming out. It was not coffee; it wasn't rum. It was half and half. I must have had two drinks of it. It had an awful buzz in it.

"We get two dippers full of wine and a half dipper full of whiskey every day," explained a soldier. "And we need it in the cold, too." I figured it out as amounting to a quart

of wine and three fifteen cent drinks of whiskey.

"Are you a tourist?" asked one of the Frenchmen.

"Mon dieu, you silly!" exclaimed his friend. "What would a tourist be doing here? He is a newspaperman."

I explained that six of us had been brought out to the battlefield and that I had lost the main party, but that we were together again at the waiting automobile at 5 o'clock.

"Well, it is time to go then," said my friend, looking at his watch.

"Good luck to you," they all said, as I went away. I wished them good luck, too, for they needed it more than I did.

What happened to these French zouaves twenty-four hours later when the Bulgarian rush began I do not know. Was all the new health of the little French soldier—and the new health of which he was so proud—ended by a Bulgarian bullet or a Bulgarian bayonet thrust?

On the hillside, as I returned perhaps a hundred yards or more from the French battery which topped the

hill, another Bulgarian shell burst. "They never shoot a shell at a single man. It is too expensive," my French friend had told me, and it was a comforting thought. To the Bulgarians across the valley the little dots of human beings that passed along this road were not worth putting at with shells that cost about \$25 each. It was good to feel like a dot; to know that though a New York insurance company thinks your life worth some thousands of dollars, the Bulgarians counted it less than \$25.

Back at the automobiles the party was gathering for the departure from the battle ground. Every one of us had heard from some soldier that the French and the British were going to fall back. We all put two and two together, on the way back, remembering all the signs we had seen during the day—the fugitives, the trains bound for Greece—and finally agreed on this:

"The allies are getting ready to retreat." Later in the evening we found that we were right.

(The next installment of Shepherd's story will appear Monday).



By PHILEAS

Better Than a Freak Fashion

The Herald, in this department, seeks to reflect the social side of life in Klamath county by chronicling the parties and other events that help to make life more pleasant. As it is impossible for us to know about all of these affairs, the assistance of our readers is asked, and social news, either sent or telephoned to the Herald before 10 o'clock Saturday morning will be gratefully received for publication.

A happy surprise was sprung on Klamath Falls people by Luke E. Walker, a well known young stockman, when he returned here a few days ago as a benedict. His bride was formerly Miss Mildred Wilson, daughter of H. G. Wilson, supervisor of Indian reservations in Oregon, a young lady who attended high school here, and, like her husband, has hosts of friends in Klamath county. Mr. Walker is a native of Klamath, and is the son of Mrs. Addie Walker, a pioneer resident. He was educated in the Klamath schools, and has engaged in the stock business with remarkable success. The new Mrs. Walker attended school here while her father was superintendent of the Klamath reservation. Several years ago Mr. Wilson was promoted to supervisor, and the family has since resided at Roseburg. The bride is a talented musician, and a musical comedy she has composed was presented with success.



While Dame Fashion has decreed that the smart woman shall wear the daring hoop skirt for evening, there are some who still favor the long lined clinging creations of soft brocade. This is not strange when one stops to consider how unbecoming the hoop effect would be on many women. These clinging effects are rather the exception. However, when featured in this season's fabrics prove

smart and distinctive. The gown illustrated was shown in white and silver brocade, the general style affecting the Grecian tendencies. A pointed train and discreet slash in front were interesting details in the skirt. The low, loose girdle was bead embroidered, this richness of finish being evident through the metal net scarf. Silver metal ribbon edged this scarf jacket, which was detachable if the wearer wished.

Miss Constance Fisher, Miss Elizabeth Cress, Mrs. R. R. Hamilton and Miss Helen Hamilton. Following the program, delicious refreshments were

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OUR WEEKLY SERMON

"Fragments"

By Rev. E. C. Richards, Pastor Grace M. E. Church

"He saith unto his disciples, Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost."—John 6:12.

1.—Fortune in Unsuspected Places.

Fortunes are made from by products. One day a packing house took the waste that had formerly been scattered to the four winds of heaven and converted it into medicine, stuffing for horse collar pads, swine food and ground fertilizer. The result was gold. One day a man took black, sticky, offensive coal tar and spun out of it the threads of the rainbow, and a little girl trotted to school with her golden locks tied by a red ribbon that everybody noticed, and the lessons were easier. A matron heightened her beauty by a touch of blue, and gathered her children closer around her. While "dad" went to the office, his chest stuck out, and braver to meet the world because conscious of love and a flaming Christ-mas necktie. An iron foundry gathered from alleys, farms, shops and its own dooryard the scrap iron that nobody would or could use, melted it into flowing metal that would blind your eyes by its hot glow, and cast it into bright cook stoves to feed people, heaters to warm them, iron beds to rest them, and plows to till their soil. The result was—a fortune.

You never can do a good deed to a scrap without benefiting humanity. You also make yourself rich.

Jesus didn't do such a strange thing after all. He merely recognized inner law. The writer once had as a student a Saturday occupation on a street opposite one of the most famous buildings in the United States. Along the street almost every day there wended his way a huge man, his arms full of suspenders which he sold on the street. Men who knew him said he had been at it for twenty years. He owned several valuable city blocks. In a Middle West city of 60,000 people there stands a granite bank building eight stories high. At its main entrance for years the writer saw sitting "Shoestring Smith." Winter and summer he sat in a chair, a cripple, and cried, "three pair for a nickle." He owned the building.

2.—The Unseen in Jesus.

Newton made a discovery of no new thing when, lying upon his back the falling apple bumped his nose—if

it ever did. He merely saw a scrap of law and bound it to other scraps and made a universal strand and named it gravity. Yet every child knows about Newton. The unseen scrap of his nature came in contact with the unseen scrap of law, and we know Newton.

Horace Bushnell, convulsed and torn by the thoughts of right and wrong, fell on his face at Yale and cried, "Oh God, if there is a God." It was a brilliant. To us it might look like a scrap of experience, but the result was—Horace Bushnell. Jesus gathered a handful of the scraps of men of Galilee. Their hands were cracked with work, and one of them had handled a good deal of filthy money, and was hated for it. But these scraps built the church. Jesus said to them and to us, "You'll have to enter in at the little door." It was the little door of sacrifice. Now we know that those who enter in that way perpetuate real life. He himself went through it, and the world is glad to touch the hem of his garment.

3.—Our Energy Comes Out of What We Do.

The writer once saw Sandow perform on the stage. It was a fine exhibition of beauty and strength. But one might look at this spectacle night after night, or study the rules that made Sandow strong. He might follow that study for years, but thinking of it would never make him strong. He must become strong and beautiful by doing the things that Sandow did.

One day a cobbler sat on his bench mending the dirty soles of shoes that trod the filthy streets. A fragment came to him. He pondered it. He gathered little children about him and taught them. The result is the modern Sunday school. Robert Raikes was a dreamer, but he made his dreams actual. His dreams grew from scraps to achievements for millions. Passing his window men called him a fragment. But the fragment was used, and now it multiplies itself.

One day a teacher became obsessed with an idea about a young man in his class. He went to the shoe store where that young man worked, and putting his hand on his shoulder said in effect, "You are worth it." And he was. The fragment became the greatest evangelist of his time—Moody.

4.—The Historical vs. the Essential Christ.

There are two Christs, the historical and the essential. The historical Christ takes fragments of bread and gathers them together. The essential takes fragments of men and gathers them together and multiplies them to feed the world. The historic Christ is a fact, yet a groundwork. The essential Christ is transforming spirit of life eternal. He dwells within us if we have accepted him. His business is the gathering, fusing and electrifying of fragments of men. If he were here today he would walk the slums oftener than palace halls, yet in the latter he would be mighty. No man who seeks not fragments can rightly claim him for himself. But he who knows him is more than a fuser of metals, or analyzer of dyes, or clarifier of material waste. He is a fashioner of life.

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Weekly Schedule

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WEDNESDAY—LADIES' DAY
Class 8 to 9 p. m.
FRIDAY—MEN'S CLASS
8 to 9:30 p. m.
SATURDAY—DANCING CLASS
7:30 to 9:30 p. m.
SOCIAL DANCING STARTS AT 9

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