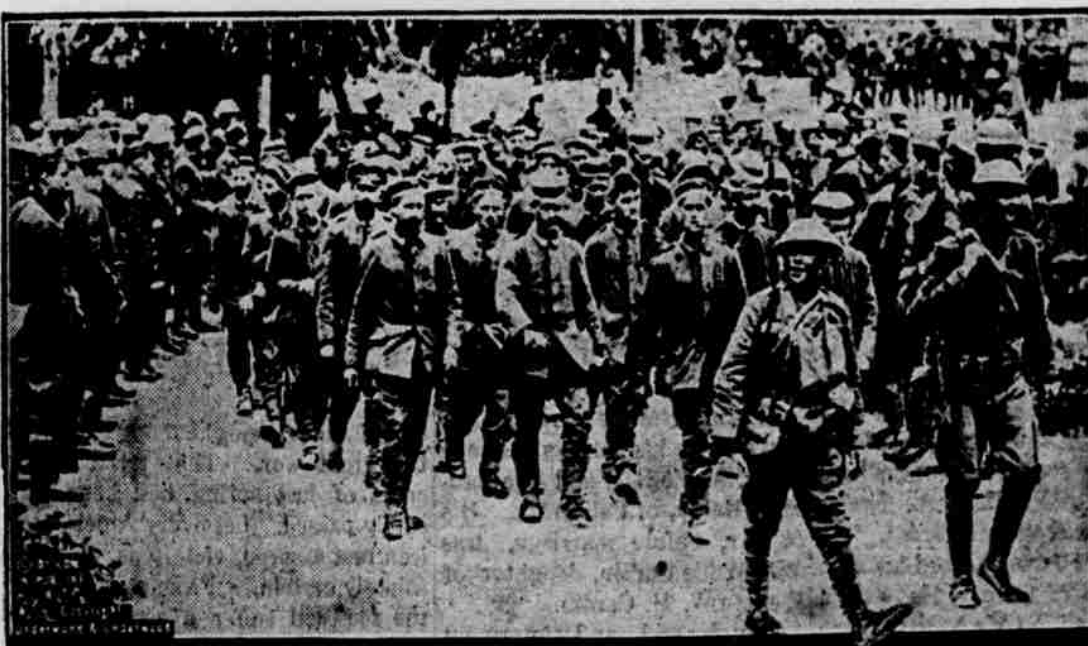


FRONTAVIKS AT VLADIVOSTOK TO AID THE CZECHS



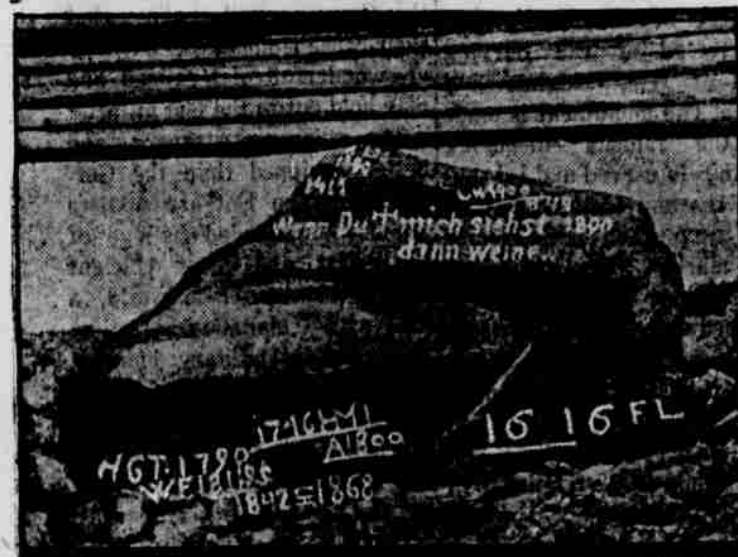
The arrival in Vladivostok of the Frontaviks (Russian soldiers who have served at the front and have been discharged by the bolshevik) to assist the Czech-Slovak army to down the bolsheviks. The crowds give them an ovation.

AMERICANS PROUDLY BRING IN FIRST PRISONERS



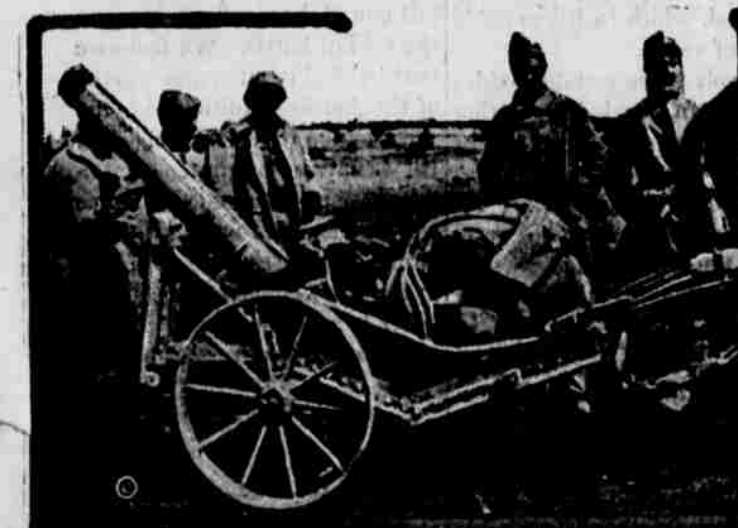
American military police of the First division escorting the first batch of Hun prisoners taken by the Yankees in the Picardy offensive.

HUNGER STONE PREDICTS WOE FOR HUNS



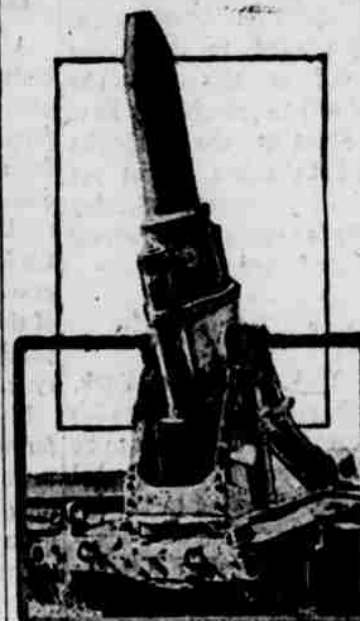
This is the famous Hunger Stone of the Elbe, near the chain bridge at Tetschen, Germany, which bears on its face the inscription: "When you gaze upon me, then cry." The legend attached to it is that when the waters of the Elbe fall away so the stone is visible hardships are sure to follow, and in every instance since the date of the first inscription, 1417, the prediction has been found to be true. This year the waters have fallen to the lowest level reached in over five hundred years.

NOVEL TRENCH MORTAR SUCCESSFUL



This novel gun is the French 155-millimeter trench mortar, sometimes known as an accompaniment gun. It follows the infantry everywhere. It has met with great successes along the French front.

CAPTURED "MINNIE" IN U. S.

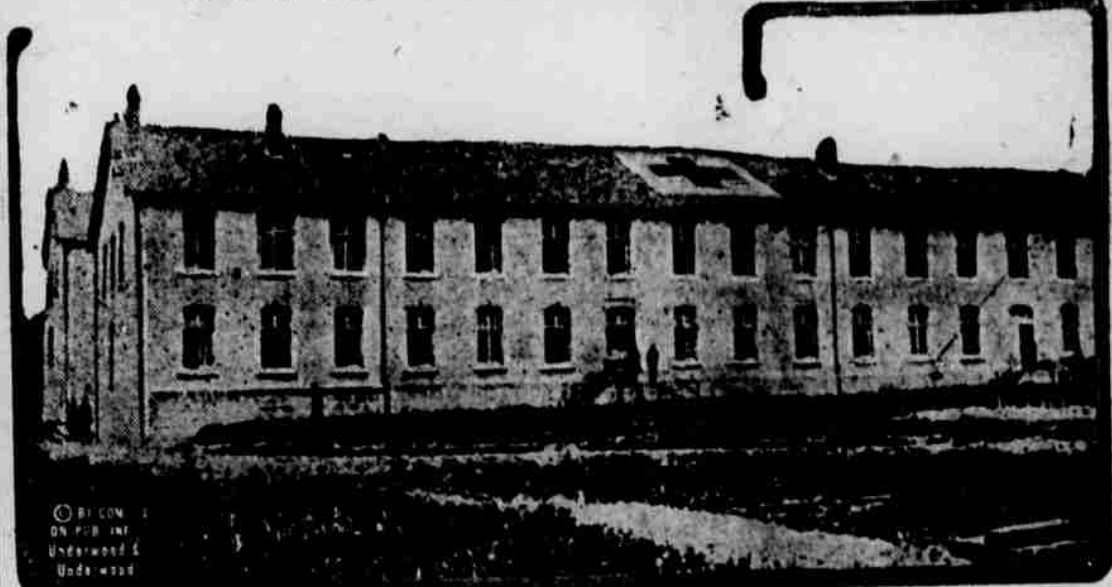


This big mine thrower, or mine werfer, as the Germans call it, was captured from the Huns and is a part of the great war exposition which the United States has been giving in various parts of the country and which will open in Chicago on September 2. The "Minnie," as the British have named the weapon, is shown in position with a big shell set in the muzzle ready to be thrown into the enemy trenches.

Hysterical Mutism in Ancient Times
A case of imagined inability of speech, one of the puzzles of today is narrated by Herodotus, who tells that Croesus had a son who was in other respects proper enough but dumb. When the city was taken one of the Persians, not knowing Croesus, was about to kill him. Croesus, though he saw him approach from his present misfortune took no heed of him, nor did he care about dying of the blow; but this speechless son of his, when he saw the Persian advancing toward him, through dread and anguish burst into speech and said: "Man, kill not Croesus! These were the first words he ever uttered, but from that time he continued to speak the remainder of his life."

Fire Barrage.
Barrage or dam, is a new word in the military vernacular—specifically, the act of barring by artillery fire. By exact measurements a line of gun is brought to bear upon a certain terrain. The fire creates a complete screen of projectiles. Behind it a body of troops is safe; through it no enemy can advance. By moving barrage forward ("creeping" barrage) a detachment can advance with a minimum of casualties. It is controlled by observers at the front, who find ranges and direct artillery fire by telephone or wireless, and it demolishes, in front of the attacking force, wire entanglements, trenches and "pill-boxes."

ONE OF THE HOSPITALS HUN AIRMEN ATTACK



This is one of the Red Cross evacuation hospitals behind the lines in France which the Germans' aviators have been deliberately bombing. Only a few days ago German aviators dropped bombs on one of these hospitals at Jouy, killing two enlisted men and wounding nine others.

ITALIAN NAVAL HERO TELLS OF HIS EXPLOIT

Rizzo Describes How Two Motor Boats Sank Two Austrian Battleships.

MOST DARING FEAT OF WAR

Whole Thing Didn't Take More Than Quarter of an Hour—Motor Boat's Crew Go Mad With Joy Over Their Success.

BY BEATRICE BASKERVILLE.

(In the New York World.)
Ancona.—Commandant Rizzo, who has performed the most daring naval feat of the war, began his sea career as an officer in the Italian merchant service. Not till Italy entered the war was he acquainted with the royal navy. He is under thirty, dark-eyed, quiet, has largish features which look as though they were cut out of steel, a square jaw and a slower manner of speaking than most Italians.
When I first asked him, during his short stay in Ancona port, for particulars of his sinking of the St. Stephen and the Prince Eugene, Austria's two largest ships, he modestly replied that he was no talker, and that for the rest he had to start off for Genoa in a very short while. But when he learned that The World correspondent had traveled from Rome to hear him talk and that it would not take long, he yielded.
"It was on the 10th of this month," he said, "I was returning to port after one of those humble and hard missions which we sailors have had to perform all the while these three years. I had made up my mind to leave the enemy's coast, when, in the creeping dawn, I saw the smoke coming out of funnels, about 3,000 yards off. I thought we were found out and being chased by the enemy. It was hopeless to try to run away, so I turned my two motor boats, the second being commanded by Head Steersman (now Lieutenant) Aonzo, and made for the enemy.
"As the dawn grew I saw we were in for a large convoy of destroyers escorting two floating cypriots, of the Viribus Unitis type, which is the largest dreadnaught type in the Austrian navy. They had four at the beginning of the war; on the 6th of June they had three. Now they have only one left.
"Here we are at last," I said to my men. "This is a holiday!"
"We had not much in the way of arms—two torpedoes on each boat, eight, small enough to be thrown by hand, between us, and two machine guns. But this was a chance we would never get again if we waited a thousand years, so I took it.
"Three Clean Hits.
"Aonzo was to slip around to the left and attack the Viribus Unitis dreadnaught that made up the rear, and which we now know was the Prince Eugene. I was to make for the sister ship, which we now know was the St. Stephen. I slowed down to silence my motors, but as soon as I was well within the line of convoys I went forward at full speed. Our men held their breath. My motorist had a quiet fit every time the engine made a little noise. Another moment and the enemy saw us. Then began a furious cannonade.
"Aonzo sent his first torpedo, but it did not work. His second hit the giant full in her poop. Then I followed with my two biscuits, precise, obedient and sure. The first landed between the St. Stephen's funnels, in the boiler compartment; the second under her tower."
"After That It Was Hell!"
The commandant paused, evidently reviewing events, then went on:
"After that it was hell. There was a storm from their guns and a maddened crowd of destroyers encircled the two giants, which were beginning to sink. Some chased my boat. I saw I must either get out into the open like a dart or perish. With a violent jerk we turned our boat on herself and made for it. But a destroyer balked our path. So I jerked round to the left and rushed right under the prow of the St. Stephen, now almost overwhelmed by the sea. Aonzo took the chance he got by their attacking me

and made off too. The same destroyer that barred his way went for me. "Our motor boats were only a hundred yards apart. It was just as if we were trying to escape from a locomotive by running along the railroad. The cannons buzzed and roared round our heads. I thought a dose of the machine gun would do them good, but it didn't. They were very close and our moment seemed to have come. Like angry mastiffs they rushed after us, their paws looming over us from above. Then I tried them with two torpedoes. The first fell foul, but the second hit its mark. There was a terrific explosion and the destroyer wobbled and began to turn over. I made for safety as hard as I knew how.
"The whole thing, from the time we attacked till I fired that second torpedo against the chasing destroyer, didn't take more than a quarter of an hour.
"Crews Mad With Joy.
"When we got into the open, safe and sound, I was able to smile again. My five lads were still astounded with the rapidity of events. Then one of them cried, 'We've been in hell!' And they went mad with joy, hugging, cheering, kissing, crying in a fine frenzy of glory at what we had done.

"They hoisted our biggest flag and decked the boat in bunting, like a bride. To our delight we saw that from some way off Aonzo hoisted his, too, in answer to us. They were safe as well.
"I don't think we were within four miles of our port when my lads, under the delusion that they could be heard, kept shouting out landward: 'Two Viribus Unitis! We've sunk two Viribus Unitis!' "You won't succeed in persuading the enemy that they weren't the victims of spies. But I assure you that there was neither spying nor treachery in the whole thing. The Prince Eugene, which Aonzo torpedoed, sunk on her way home and lies near the Austrian coast, as our hydroplanes soon afterward found out. The St. Stephen sunk where she was torpedoed. Those dogs won't venture out again now. All they've left to do is to carry their dreadnaught carcasses off and send them to Lubiana.
"The greatest enemy our torpedo boats have is the moon," concluded the commandant. "Had it been a moonlight night, we should all have gone to the bottom without doing them any harm."
Ancona is doubly grateful to Rizzo, for there is no doubt in the minds of its inhabitants that the enemy fleet he dispersed was making for them to bombard them off the face of the map.
All the heroes of this enterprise have received honors and decorations from the king of Italy, prize money from the admiralty, and a large sum of money from the Italian public.

ABODE OF KINGS IS FOR SICK YANKEE FIGHTERS

Salisbury Court, Favorite Hunting Box of Charles I, Now a Hospital.

RED CROSS DOES THE WORK

American Women in England Carry on Vast Aid for Wounded—Convalescents to Recuperate Amid Pleasant Surroundings.

London.—Salisbury Court, an old Jacobean mansion that stands back almost hidden by the tall elms of the Southampton road and is said to have been one of the favorite hunting boxes of the first King Charles, has been converted into a hospital for 3,000 Americans by the American Red Cross.
The work of the latter organization now comprises more than twenty departments, and is carried out by American women who were residents of Great Britain before the war, many of them the wives of Englishmen and the others wives of relatives of Americans in business in this country.
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of the former American ambassador to Great Britain, was a pioneer in the work of the American Red Cross in this country.
The American Red Cross has provided a number of hospitals in Great Britain, some of them established before America entered the war, for the use of the British wounded; others established since that time for the accommodation of both British and Americans.

down to a half-mile frontage along Southampton waters. Already the woodland acres of the estate are resounding with ax and saw and several hundred trees have been selected to furnish the heavier timber and joists for the hospital buildings. With the Manor house as apex, these cover over ten acres of frame hutments.
Tents to House Sick.
During the pleasant English summer these tent wards will be very comfortable and agreeable, and long before the first chilly weather of autumn comes the frame hut wards, steam heated, will be ready. It is possible that some of the tents will be retained for the use of convalescents or for overflow purposes in the event of a big offensive on the northern part of the western front.
The hospital will have its own electric lighting plant and water supply. There will be probably a double system of water supply, water from the river being used for ordinary purposes, while special distilled or spring water will be used for drinking purposes and in the kitchens and operating rooms.
The Manor house, which will be the central building of the Salisbury hospital, is a large and handsome building of what Englishmen call podere construction, inasmuch as it dates back only 35 years.
The house contains about fifty rooms, and more than half of these are large enough to be available for use as wards containing from six to 16 beds each. The great entrance hall is easily the feature of the interior. It is as large as many an American church, open to the roof, and with a balcony or gallery running all the way around it.
The ambulance which will bring the American wounded from the piers at Southampton will approach the hospital by a long carriage drive through picturesque woodland and well-kept lawns.
The convalescent soldier will find several miles of sunny or shaded walks without going outside the hospital grounds. Strolling northward he will cross a broad meadow and a little patch of woods to the hospital pigery and chicken farm, and just below this he will come to the boat-house and the jetty, where he may dangle his legs just above the water and sit Bahpole in hand, with good prospects of a profitable catch. If he chooses to stroll northward from the main hospital buildings he will find the forest denser and wider, and at the other side of the forest he will come to the hospital vegetable gardens and greenhouse.

CONDENSATIONS

Chobby for roofing automobiles an imitation glass that resembles celluloid has been invented in Europe.
Many old-time knitting machines have been dragged from the garret to be used in the present emergency.
Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak five languages, English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.
The wages of able British seamen are now \$25 a month and food, as against \$12 before the opening of the war.

Bavaria has a suspension brigs with but one tower, the cables at the other end being anchored in a high rock bluff.
Doug Johnson of Providence, Ky., had a sow which gave birth to eight pigs, and not a pig in the litter has an eye.
It is said that a pair of night hawks, which have made the roof of a Bath (Me.) bank building their summer home for 80 years, are back again.
To increase the volume of sound from a phonograph a Parisian has invented an instrument that will play three records simultaneously.