

STORY OF THE GREAT INVASION OF ITALY BY THE TEUTONIC THOUSANDS

(Correspondence of the Associated Press) Headquarters of the Italian Army, Northern Italy—Gorizia is a symbol. "On to Gorizia," was the cry of the Duke of Aosta's soldiers as they pressed through the little town of Lucinico a few months ago, fighting their way down to the Isonzo river, then across the western bridge leading to the city, when the cry changed to "Gorizia at last!"

Then this was reversed late in October, when the overwhelming invading force of Austro-Germans took up this same cry, "On to Gorizia," pressing down from the north, across the northern bridge to the city, and ending with "Gorizia at last!"

Thus Gorizia has become a symbol of the huge change which has occurred within the last ten days. It was one of the farthest points forward on the Italian line, the center of a vast arc of fighting front stretching from Treviso, far in the north, down to the Adriatic at Montefalcone, and it was the most populous and important city in the great present of territory which the Italian army has sliced off southwestern Austria—some six hundred square miles in all. And so Gorizia was symbolic of that entire region which has twice changed hands in this war, and of the furthest advance in the first Italian campaign.

I visited Gorizia just nine days ago and saw the city on the eve of its agony. It was the last visit made there by anyone outside the military before the retreat began. The rear of the great Austro-German offensive already had commenced, though for the moment it was taken for a spasmodic revival of the cannons which has been going on for weeks. Within 24 hours the enemy had crossed the Isonzo fifteen miles farther north, turned the Italian left wing, beaten back the second army under General Capello, threatened to envelop the third army under the Duke of Aosta, brother of the king of Italy, and put in execution that gigantic hammer-stroke by which they hoped to smash Italy and cripple the whole enterprise.

Provision the Army at Night. The visit was made by invitation of the supreme command with a staff editor from headquarters as escort. As we sped along the road in the big army auto I noted there were no troops along the road and bordering fields as one sees approaching Verdun or in the Somme or Flanders. This absence of troops in the rear was part of the system adopted, it was explained. All the re-provisioning of the army was done at night, and the roads were left clear by day most of the time.

Ten miles out we crossed the Italian-Austrian frontier and entered Austria. The frontier was marked by an empty river, as the mountain current had run dry. There were scrub trees along the banks, and our escort noted the strange fact that bears were quite numerous in these parts and back to the Julian Alps. Near the frontier bridge was a party of soldiers going home for two weeks' leave; they looked very happy and quite unconscious of the escape

with its parks and avenues, and the Italian flag flying above it.

Wrecks of Bridges. The Isonzo river was crossed by the wooden bridge which Italian engineers built after all the old bridges had been blown up. On one side lay the wreck of a big pontoon. It was on pontoon bridges that the Italians entered the city, and this wreck was one of the remnants of that crossing. The big railroad bridge was lying in a wreck from artillery fire. Farther on was the massive stone bridge with one of its main arches blown to pieces. Near these bridges lie a number of important paper mills, where paper is made for government notes. All these mills were masses of ruins with a few tall chimneys still standing among the debris.

Gorizia itself was under the rain of terrific bombardment, for the full force of the great offensive was now only a few hours off. The cannons ran the whole range of violence, from the deep bass rumble of monster guns up to the staccato rattle of machine guns which sounded like strings of big firecrackers in a barrel. A crash of falling walls could be heard every now and then as one of the big missiles "arrived"—the familiar term used by those who live with this shell fire.

And yet with the imminent danger, many people still clung to their homes and belongings with that same tenacity which makes the Venetian peasants cling to the mountainside when the volcano is raging and threatening to bury them. But most of these people on the streets are the poor who could not get away, and the small shopkeepers who cannot afford to abandon their goods. The big stores are all closed, and the place has the air of a deserted city, with only a few stragglers bringing up the rear. Gorizia had 39,000 people, but only 5,000 are left, and these make only a scattered showing in the wide main street fringed on either side with its shell-torn fronts. It was raining hard and this added to the lugubrious spectacle.

Famous Jesuit Establishment. Of the ravage wrought by the shells the main facts were culled on the day of the visit. But there are some additional details worth recording, now that Gorizia stands out so symbolically. Entering the city we passed the extensive Jesuit establishment where 600 seminarians were located. One corner was knocked off, the corridors were hanging and several big holes told where the shells had found a mark. The main portion of the street was preserved and the buildings were intact as a whole, but every second or third had been hit, some collapsing entirely, others with their front wall gone and their upper rooms with household goods showing from the street. But there was no vast area of completely leveled debris as at Verdun or Monastir. The outlines of a city were still there, but it was a city sieved by bombardment.

One modest dwelling stood out as we hurried along, not by its ruin but by its cheer in the midst of this desolation. There were simple lace curtains in the windows, from one of which a pretty little Italian girl was looking down on her garden. She was quite unconscious of the shell fire all about her and called down to her companion below. Some of the big buildings had their walls shored up with long timbers to keep them from toppling over. At the theater in the center of the city the billboards showed the remnants of the last performance, months ago, when a company of Viennese players appeared

in comedy. Now there were flames standing in the theater floor, the fire engine was on the orchestra floor, and the engine horses had the green rooms. There was no use looking for a hotel, for there were no guests now, and besides, all the hotels had been wiped out. The main hotel, a handsome structure on the main corner, was demolished by the explosion of two 12-inch shells, which landed squarely inside. The loss of life must have been great, and the material destruction was complete, not a vestige of the building remaining, except heaps of debris. The cathedral nearby had also received a shell through the roof just over the altar. All the stained glass windows were shattered and the bits lay on the ground. Looking through one of these empty windows we could see the wrecked altar with its railings twisted and its marble sides blasted into fragments.

The visit to the citadel was the event of the day. This is a huge pile with old-time moat and battlements, with a great tower dominating the whole country for miles around. Here we were to view Mt. Gabriel, Mt. Michel, the Bainsizza plateau and the whole range of ground which had passed through this upheaval. It was uphill to the citadel. Everything showed the havoc of long-continued life. In one great court there was a pretty little chapel which had come through the ordeal untouched, though all around was a wreck.

Commanding View Ahead. Once up the battlements a commanding view was ahead. There was one point of vantage where this view was particularly good, known as the observation post. We halted a moment, about to enter the moat, but others wished to push on to the very front of the wall, and this view prevailed. It was a most fortunate decision, as we soon after had reason to know.

On the battlements a splendid view stretched out for miles over this little ground of mountains, valleys and plains, with the city houses clustered below and the roads winding off through the valleys and foothills. There in front was Mount St. Gabriel, this side held by the Italians and the other by the Austrians.

"There runs the dividing line," said the escort, pointing to a line of trees and depression near the summit.

The Italian trenches could be plainly seen. But there was no need of indicating a dividing line, for the bursts of smoke along one side of the summit, and the answering bursts from the other side, told where the line was. Off to the left was Mount St. Michel, once swept clean by shell fire but now green again. Nestled in a hollow was the convent of St. Catarina. The Bainsizza plateau was off to the left, and through the mist were the dim outlines of snow-topped Mount Nero, that outpost of the Italian advance.

As we stood surveying this scene there was the steady rumble of guns, with the crack of quick-firers, and the long "whizz" of ever-passing shells, but there was one "whizz" which instantly engaged every attention. We could hear its coming and it was not for going over, nor under, nor at either side. Everyone instinctively recoiled, and then—

Crash!

Pile of us went down in a heap, stunned as with a hammer blow. There was a great enveloping noise, with the smash and crack of walls, the flying of fragments, and then the heave of earth, mortar and masonry ploughed up by the huge missile.

Just Fifteen Feet Away. It had struck that observation post, just fifteen feet away, which we were about to enter. There was no more observation post; it was swept clean. But fortunately the shell had gone straight through, battering down massive walls and digging a deep trench in the earth where it had exploded underground, throwing up great geyers. But while the earth and stones flew like hail, the underground explosion had held the shell fragments. Stunned as we were, the first impulse was of self-preservation. A hasty glance showed no one was seriously injured, though the trickle of blood on the right temple of one of the party told that a flying stone had found a mark.

"They have this range," said the escort, as we struggled to our feet, "and one shot means that another will follow."

There was a hasty scramble from the battlement, over the tons of debris thrown up, which now completely blocked the three-foot path skirting the wall. Will Irwin, of New York, had been nearest the shell when it struck and was not only half covered by the upheaval but the flying clay came with such force that it fastened to his stormcoat as though put on by a mason's trowel. The man with the blood on his temple was taken to a nearby military hospital, located in the citadel, where the trifling cut was dressed by the surgeons as a matter of precaution against infection.

This shell had suddenly brought to a close our observation of the battle-front with all its tragedy and majestic beauty. But worst of all it put an end to all visits to Gorizia, for the of floor said no further chances of this kind could be taken, and on his recommendation the general staff that night ordered a discontinuance of all visits. It was just as well, for now the great offensive of the enemy burst unexpectedly, and with it came the retreat from the Gorizia line. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I had seen it at the last moment when the tide was turning.

At the safe where we went for lunch the officer from headquarters laid out the big military map on the table, and explained the military situation. It was this: The enemy was bringing great masses of men to the north of the Bainsizza plateau. His design was evident. The Italians by their last advance had swung a ring which was threatening Trieste. To save Trieste the enemy must force the Italians back to the Isonzo river, as another Italian offensive would clear the Carso range and give the Italians the mastery of Trieste. To the enemy, the time had come when he must act before the Italians played their final card and held the jewel of the Adriatic.

Feeling of Oppression. As we pored over the map the increasing roar of the artillery told that the enemy was losing no time in his part of the military game. The proprietor of the cafe was an intelligent old man, and I asked him if the fire we heard was the same as usual. He shook his head and said: "No, it is very much heavier, and it seems as though something was going to happen." This was the instinctive feeling of the people on the spot, who had gone

Individuality---

The Result of Personal Service Tailoring

Well dressed, prosperous-appearing young business men of today no longer are satisfied with ready-made clothes. Such clothes lack personality and cannot be expected to express the individuality of the wearer.

Here in Finninger's model tailor shop, this demand for individuality is fully satisfied. From the first careful measurement, the cutting, basting and stitching to the final fitting, every garment is under the watchful eye of Mr. Finninger. The result is a perfect fit, a perfect garment—made expressly for you.

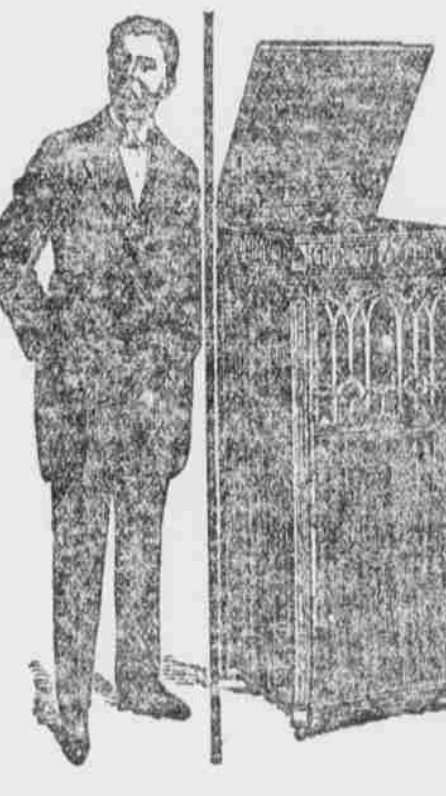
Thirty expert tailors build your clothes here in a sunlit, sanitary shop from the best materials that money and brains can buy. Don't be satisfied with ordinary tailoring. See the many beautiful weaves and patterns awaiting your selection at Finninger's before you decide to buy.

Finninger Tailoring Co.

228 W. Main
Stores at Oklahoma City and Miami
C. C. CUSHMAN, Mgr.

Individuality---
The Result of
Personal Service
Tailoring
Well dressed, prosperous-appearing young business men of today no longer are satisfied with ready-made clothes. Such clothes lack personality and cannot be expected to express the individuality of the wearer.
Here in Finninger's model tailor shop, this demand for individuality is fully satisfied. From the first careful measurement, the cutting, basting and stitching to the final fitting, every garment is under the watchful eye of Mr. Finninger. The result is a perfect fit, a perfect garment—made expressly for you.
Thirty expert tailors build your clothes here in a sunlit, sanitary shop from the best materials that money and brains can buy. Don't be satisfied with ordinary tailoring. See the many beautiful weaves and patterns awaiting your selection at Finninger's before you decide to buy.
Finninger Tailoring Co.
228 W. Main
Stores at Oklahoma City and Miami
C. C. CUSHMAN, Mgr.

They felt the bones coming. On the corner there were two women of the working class talking together under an umbrella, for it was raining hard. Their indifference to the shelling seemed strange, and I stopped to ask them if the bombardment did not frighten them and keep them awake at night.
They were puzzled for a moment, as though not comprehending such an inquiry. And then they shrugged their shoulders.
"We are used to it," they said. "It used to frighten us at first, and the children still cry at night. But what can we do?"
These were typical towns-women, who had gotten habituated to the danger and destruction all around them, and were now stopping on the street corner in the rain to exchange the latest gossip. One of the women had the features of an Austrian and she smiled as she heard the rumble of the Austrian guns and looked off toward the enemy lines so near.
Within three hours when we got back to headquarters, the full force of the blow had been struck, and the great Austro-German offensive against Italy was in full operation.
Indeed, although it already possesses extended home rule, is demanding a flag of its own and more independence or otherwise a separation from Denmark.
The Morning After
The Big Night
The Wise Precaution of a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After the Banquet Brings Pleasant Memories With the Morning Coffee.
If it hadn't been for Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Like as Not I'd Have a Headache This Morning.
If you ever feel distressed after eating be sure to take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet. For no matter what you eat, there will be no gas, no sour risings, no limp in your throat, no biliousness, no dark brown taste in the morning. And should you now be troubled, eat a tablet as soon as possible and relief will come promptly. Those tablets correct at once the faults of a weak or over-worked stomach; they do the work while the stomach rests and recovers itself. Particularly effective are they for constipation and those whose environment brings them in contact with the rich food most apt to cause stomach derangement. Relief in these cases always brings the glad smile. Get a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, 50 cents, in any drug store. Be good to your stomach.



Exactly What the Famous Edison Tone Test Demonstrates

PICTURE a concert hall crowded with discriminating music lovers. On the stage stands a renowned Grand Opera Star: Ciccolini, for example. He begins to sing some famous aria. Through the vaulted interior peals a glorious tenor voice, brilliant, resonant, warmly dramatic, of splendid volume. The audience sits entranced. Suddenly a rustle of interest is felt. Each face betrays wonderment, astonishment, stupefaction. What miracle is this! First one, then another has noted that the singer's lips have become motionless. And yet, clear and vibrant, fully sustained, the aria continues. Unquestionably Ciccolini is still singing. Not one shade of difference can be detected. But his lips have stopped moving. What is the explanation?
It is simple. In a sense the artist is still singing.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

which stands beside him is playing one of his records. When he stopped the record continued. And so complete and perfect is the Re-Creation of the artist's voice that the listeners cannot credit the fact that he has ceased. This is our famous tone test which has been made by thirty different artists. This is the daring parallel, the searching trial which satisfies the most confirmed skeptic that Thomas A.

Edison has evolved a new art; that in the New Edison he has succeeded not merely in imitating, but in actually Re-Creating the voice of the living artist. Have you ever heard of any other manufacturer of a sound-producing instrument who dared risk this acid test; who dared submit to the daring parallel? Come in for a demonstration and see for yourself just what we mean by Music's Re-Creation.

104 West Main Street
Phonograph Shop
EXCLUSIVE EDISON STORES
Phone 527
Stores in Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Muskogee, Ada, Shawnee, Guthrie

THE INSIDE

of our tires is as good and durable as the outside. Every part is as good and durable as it is possible to make it. That's a feature of all our auto supplies. We know that the best always proves the most satisfactory and satisfied customers are what we are after.

TOM COOPER'S GARAGE
8 & 10 E. Main "Got Everything" Phone 70

HEATERS

We have just received a large shipment of the well known

Hot Spot Heaters

Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. No smoke. No fumes. As this shipment was delayed, we will make a 25 per cent discount as long as they last.

SNEED FURNITURE CO.
P. M. HOWSE, Mgr.
Phone 128. 216 W. Main