

ARMENIANS REPULSING THE TURKS



A scene in the trenches of the Armenians in the "Gardens" just outside of the city of Van, in Asiatic Turkey, during the recent siege of that place by the Turks. Before the Armenians could defend themselves a number of them were massacred by the Turks. The majority of the Armenians, who are Christians, fled to the American mission compound and directed their fight against the Turks from that place. The Turks were compelled to abandon their siege of the city after having suffered a heavy loss.

WAR OF POSITIONS

Trench Warfare Graphically Described by Correspondent.

What It Means to Live for Weeks in a Ditch Seeking to Kill Persons in Another Ditch Within Hailing Distance.

London.—A British correspondent at the front with the expeditionary force in Flanders sends the following graphic description of life in the trenches:

"This war, particularly this trench warfare—the war of positions' as the Germans more correctly call it—is so utterly unprecedented that one often searches the mind in vain for some suitable parallel which will make people realize what it means to have to live for days, sometimes for weeks, on end in a narrow ditch seeking to compass the violent death of persons in another ditch within hailing distance with whom not a year ago one might have been lurching or dining.

"I was in some trenches the other day. We were having tea round a table in a dugout. The trench ran through a cornfield, as I remember, and as we drank our tea we had a fine view of some ruined buildings against the sky. The German trenches were very close, and if you had a fancy to finish with life all you had to do was to take two steps from the tea table and poke your head for an instant above the sandbags of the parapet.

"On the German side an officer had tried to do this that morning. Five minutes afterwards three men with a stretcher had taken the body away. Somebody remarked on the strangeness of our position. 'Here we are,' he said, 'in a ditch in a cornfield. Rather a good spot for a picnic it would have been, wouldn't it, with the old farm back there to furnish hot water for tea and this nice view in front of us? I dare say people used to come here on summer evenings like this a year ago. Yet here we are, a lot of men who probably never heard of Flanders in their lives before this war, living in an adjectival cornfield, with only one idea in life, and that to kill as many as possible of another bunch of fellows living in another corner of the same old cornfield. Funny war, ain't it? Who'll come and snipe?'

"He and another man, having finished their tea, went off down the trench where the bullets were whinneying and popping and snicking great wads out of the sandbags of the paradocs with a resounding smack that fairly deafens you if your head happens to be alongside. I could see them for a bit creeping doubled up along a stretch of low trench marked down as a bad corner. Later I caught sight of them in a ruined barn. They were kneeling motionless with their rifles at an opening. They were waiting. I knew whom they were waiting for, a gentle German whom they had named Peter Weber, a sniper, whose perch was in a tree. They had waited for him for three days. They didn't get Peter Weber that day.

"Men who live like this, almost en tete-a-tete with the Germans, positively get to know their enemies by sight. They give the snipers names and one hears of displays of frightfulness by Karl and Fritz and of Hermann's 'evening hate.'

"The other day I was in a position which is less than thirty yards from the German trenches, where the few men holding the place squat doubled up in a narrow trench with a stack of bombs at hand to repel an attack. The trench runs through some ruined

buildings, where the dead of many months are lying, some buried in the soil through which our trenches run, others entombed beneath piles of loose bricks. I sat down on the ground beside the rugged Irishmen who were squatted in that foul place and chatted with them. In a piece of mirror stuck up on the paradocs I could see the German trench at a distance considerably less than the width of the Strand at its narrowest point. 'There's an Alleman that comes out o' that trench one and agin,' they said to me in hoarse whispers. 'Sure, and we often see him pattering about, a gran' big fellow with great whiskers on him. 'Tis a pity not to shoot him. We could get him every time.' I touched the mirror to move it. The next instant two bullets struck the sandbags on the paradocs on either side of the glass. The men laughed. 'They can't hit you the way you have your head now sorr,' they said, 'but don't be raisin' yourself.'

IS SMALLEST OF DOGS



Edna Goodrich, former wife of Nat C. Goodwin, arrived from Europe recently bringing with her "Hoko," her Japanese spaniel which has the distinction of being the smallest dog in the world. Miss Goodrich served as a Red Cross nurse with the Belgian division for seven weeks, and did a lot of relief work in France on her own initiative. While in France she saw a good deal of the Canadian soldiers and she was impressed to see these "magnificent specimens of manhood, who had been wounded, begging to be cured in order to go back to the front."

Where Law Presumes.

In cases where husband and wife are accidentally killed together, the common law presumes that the man, being the stronger, outlived the woman, no matter for how short a time.

MERRY DOGS OF WAR

Tale of "Ugly," Scarred Hero of a Hundred Battles.

Wins Fame and Corporal's Stripes With the British Troops in Northern France—A Challenge and What Came of It.

By GEORGE DUFRESNE.

International News Service Correspondent.

Paris.—In the early days of this war, Ugly scrambled ashore in northern France a stowaway on one of the channel packets. He was a khaki-tinted cur of the most disreputable appearance. Nobody's dog; but with a soul so tuned to the doings of soldiers that as soon as he discovered that the great game was going on, he swore to be in it and of it. He was a natural fighter, scored and scarred with a hundred battles.

So they attached him here to B. X., which means any sort of job that's going at the base—"B"—standing for base, and "X" being the recognized algebraic symbol signifying an unknown quantity. He was signed on the A. S. C. (Pickford's Light Horse) to deal with the rats which ravage the bales down by the docks. Like the minister of munitions he was given a free hand with his subject, and so successful was he with these gray-jacketed rascals that he soon received a corporal's stripes, double rations (he dearly loves jam), and the offer, after another singularly successful raid among the rodents, of a commission. This last he refused declaring that he would never leave the ranks.

Ugly's prowess was noised abroad. It reached the fighting line. G. H. Q. heard of it, so that presently a dusty M. T. driver, pulling up his car amid the shell-strewn debris of the dock, handed a packet to the young officer in charge, demanding a speedy answer. The communication read as follows:

Dug-out 68h, Battersea Rise, Tuesday. We always congratulated ourselves here in having the ugliest dog and the fiercest fighter in Flanders. We hereby challenge Corporal Ugly, A. S. C., to meet Sergeant Smiler, G. H. Q., to fight at 25 rounds, catch-as-catch-can, at any handy spot, within or without the meaning of the act. Stakes—five pounds a side, money down.

Inquiries were immediately made as to the standing, skill and fighting weight of Sergeant Smiler, and those being considered satisfactory, the challenge was accepted, and Ugly was put into strict training, much to his disgust.

A heavy book was made on the forthcoming combat, and when the tense evening of the meeting of these growling Greeks arrived, the arena was packed with an eager, brown-faced crowd, all a-throb with the sweet pleasures of anticipation. Sergeant Smiler arrived, due to time, in a carefully corded biscuit box.

Ugly was already in possession of the floor, striding up and down in the fierce pride of ownership, and snarling a challenge to the whole category of Crufts.

The box was dragged into the ring, the cords unlaced, the lid raised, the cage tipped at the necessary angle by a brave Tommy, who leaped back over the parapet as with a roar the incarcerated thunderstorm hurled himself into the lists.

Alert, savage and with his back hair bristling, Ugly crouched for the spring—crouched, and then sat down hard in absolute amazement; for there in front of him was his exact, his complete double in size and shape and color. Sergeant Smiler also crouched and sat down suddenly, as if frozen to the floor. In the silence which follows, the breathing of the two dogs could be heard—jerkily, like the spurts of a southwest squall at sea.

Then, with a glad gurgle of canine melody, the two animals flung themselves into one another's arms in a brotherly caress, in which yaps of joy were mingled with yelps of reminiscence, almost tear compelling to the sentimental soldiers gathered around. For none could fail to read the riddle.

Corporal Ugly and Sergeant Smiler were twins, and this was their first meeting since puppyhood. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. This is a true tale, and the British army is still laughing over it. A good chuckle now and again is a tonic.

NABBED ON ALLURING SOIL

Escaped Horse Thief Comes Back to Old Scenes and Lands in Prison.

Bismarck, N. D.—Edward Molen, who escaped from the penitentiary three years ago, after serving one month of a four-year sentence for horse stealing, was returned to the institution a few days ago from Marquette, where he was arrested while taking part in a circus parade.

Molen went from here to Tacoma, Wash., where he shipped to Liverpool and from there to ports on the Black sea.

A year ago he returned to this country and gradually worked his way back to the scene of crime for which he was sentenced.

Farmer Kills Big Owl.

Hastings, Mich.—Norman Chambers of Baltimore township has killed one of the largest owls ever seen in this vicinity. The bird, which was brown and white in color, measured almost five feet from tip to tip. Its eyes were two inches in diameter.

HIDDEN IMPURITY

"If American women knew how much of our Coffee lies on the ground for days, before the berries are finally swept up and harvested, greater care would be exercised in purchasing this food. For this Coffee is impure. But its moldy color is lost in the roasting, and the partial decay is concealed until it comes up harsh and bitter in the cup. This fact is not generally known to importers, for few of them have studied conditions existing prior to the arrival of their ships in port."

So writes F. C. Harwood. And Mr. Harwood knows. His long experience in the tropical coffee growing countries, his deep intimacy with plantation owners, his close study of their customs, their methods and the "Tricks of their Trade" has acquired for him a fund of knowledge which places him far in the leadership of coffee connoisseurs, both here and abroad.

Denison's Coffees are selected by F. C. Harwood, personally, and it is here that his power in the Coffee Industry manifests itself to the qualification of Denison's Brands. His wisdom and critical discrimination is appreciated by Coffee Growers the world over, and their respect gives him first choice of the world's finest crops. Thus, only pure, hand-picked berries find their way into Denison Coffees. His care is your safeguard against impurity.

Try Denison's and realize your ideal Coffee put up in Cans, Cartons or Bags. Ask your grocer or write Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for the name of the nearest dealer.—Adv.

Saves Steps.

When the best and happiest housekeeper known to the writer was asked to tell the secret of her speed in housework she replied: "I never iron with a cold iron, cut with a dull knife or go to my kitchen to prepare a meal without a clean small hand towel pinned to my apron belt on one side and a similar dish towel pinned on the other. Try it, and you will be surprised to see how much time and how many extra steps you will save."

Family Days.

Family occasions ought to be celebrated frequently, even if the celebration is the simplest form of little festival. Bringing the family together helps to promote affection. Whatever the event, birthday or wedding anniversary or a welcome home from a journey, it ought to mean something to every member of the family, and can be made an occasion that will remain bright in memory when the family circle is broken.

One Left.

"The fag system is obsolete in schools now, isn't it?"

"Yes, except the brain fag."

Sympathetic Turn.

"The first time Cholly took his auto out it turned turtle."

"No wonder; he's such a lobster."

If a young man has money to burn it is easy to induce some girl to strike a match.

A deaf-mute is always ready to take a hand in an argument.

The best throw one can make with dice is to throw them away.

What kind of roofing shall I buy?

The General says: You can buy a cheap unguaranteed roofing and save a few dollars in initial cost—or you can pay this slight difference and get a roofing guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers. The final cost is what counts and you'll find it cheaper in the long run to buy

Certain-teed

Roofing Shingles (Slate Surfaced)

This roofing is the highest quality possible to make and it is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, for 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively. When once laid Certain-teed must remain intact at least for the period of the guarantee and the guarantee is a definite insurance against all roofing troubles.

For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh
Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City
Seattle Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

The Bonnie Conductor Lassie, Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English cartridge factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

Another Little Bedtime Story. "Good gracious!" cried Peter Rabbit, "what is the cause of that uproar going on up in the air? There! That was the S. O. S. call! Somebody must be in trouble, and—"

"Oh, that is old Doc Stork," replied Sammy Jay. "He is carrying twins to the wildcat's house, and the dear little strangers do not wish to go."—Kansas City Star.

Transportation in Calcutta. To compete with Calcutta's present street railway system a company has been formed which will place 100 motor buses and 400 cars for freight in service within a year.

On the whole, it is better for the small boy to soil his fingers with mamma's jam than to have them blown off by the cannon cracker.

Ordinarily a young man refers to his father as "the old man." But if he desires to be particularly polite, he refers to him as "the old gent."

Speech and Silence. Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.—George Herbert.

The chap who suspects his neighbor is not above suspicion.

Kind acts are never stepping stones to misfortune.

DESERT AUTO IS NO CAMEL

These Men Forget to Provide Water for Their Desert Ride and One Dies.

Failure to think about evaporation in an automobile radiator brought death to one man and frightful tortures to two others, who arrived in Los Angeles from the desert and told of their sufferings. The trio—James S. Roche and John H. Welsh, attorneys, and James G. Clarke, a real estate dealer—left here Sunday in an automobile for El Centro, in the Imperial valley.

Monday morning the car stopped in the sand. The radiator was empty and they had no water. Roche and Welsh started after a mirage which they believed was the Salton sea. Clarke waited a day, and then, believing them dead, made his way to Mineral Springs, where he was resuscitated after falling himself in a faint and organized a rescue party. They found Roche unconscious and Welsh dead. Roche said they drank lubricating oil. —Philadelphia Record.

Nothing to Be Said.

Judge—You admit, then, that you stole the loaf of bread?

Woman Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Judge—What have you to say for yourself?

Woman—Nothing, your honor. If it was lace or jewelry, I might plead kleptomaniac, but we can't try that when it's bread.

Safest Marriages.

The safest marriages are declared by a statistician to be those contracted with men under twenty-four or more than thirty-four years of age.

Correct.

"In what state does it cost the most to live?"

"In the state of matrimony."—Boston.

Some horses are better mud runners than others. It is so with human beings.

On Time for Breakfast

Ever know a real boy who wasn't on time for meals when there was something he liked? Boys are always ready for breakfast when they're going to have the

New Post Toasties

These delicious, new corn flakes bring to your table all of the delightful flavour of sun ripened corn. They're made by a new method that keeps them crisp and firm even after cream or milk is added—they don't mush down as other corn flakes do.

Notice the little pearl-like "puffs" on each flake—a distinguishing characteristic; try them direct from the package without cream or milk and you'll get the real corn flavour of

New Post Toasties