

Dreaded An Operation More Than Anything

Tried Fruitola and Traxo and Has Never Since Been Troubled With Gall-stones.

Mrs. Mary E. Franse, whose address is West Point, Nehr., Box 411, has written to the Pinus laboratories a very strong endorsement of Fruitola and Traxo. In her letter, Mrs. Franse says: "About ten years ago I was about to undergo an operation for gall-stones when I heard of your medicine. Dreading an operation above everything I determined to try Fruitola and Traxo and have never been troubled with gall-stones since."



MRS. MARY E. FRANSE

In the files of the Pinus laboratories at Monticello, Ill., are many letters gratefully acknowledging the satisfactory results following the use of Fruitola and Traxo. Arrangements have been made for the distribution of these excellent remedies by leading drug stores everywhere. In Anderson Fruitola and Traxo can be obtained at Evans' Pharmacy, three stores.

ARTILLERY FIRE AS DESCRIBED BY CORRESPONDENT

The Army and Navy Journal prints the following extracts from an interesting article describing experiences "In the Field with the Artillery of France," in the September Scribner's Magazine by E. Alexander Payell, war correspondent of the New York World, London Daily Mail and Scribner's Magazine with the allies armies:

"The guns were of the new 105-millimeter model, which are claimed to be as much superior to the famous 75's as the latter are to all other field artillery. . . . A few minutes' walk along the ridge brought us to the battery of 105's, which was the real object of our visit. The guns were not posted on the summit of the ridge, but a quarter of a mile behind it, so that the river, a dense forest, and the river Aisne intervened between the battery and the German positions, four miles away. The guns were sunk in pits so ingeniously masked with shrubs and branches that the keenest-eyed arman, flying low overhead, would have seen

nothing to arouse his suspicions. Fifty feet away one could detect nothing about that apparently innocent clump of tangled vegetation to suggest that it concealed an amazing quantity of potential death. This battery had been here for many weeks, and the gunners had utilized the time, which hung heavy on their hands, in making themselves comfortable and in beautifying their surroundings. With the taste and ingenuity so characteristic of the French, they had transformed their battery into a sylvan grotto. The winding paths were lined with woven wicker fences and bordered by strips of white sand, on which appeared patriotic mottoes in colored pebbles. Scattered about were ingeniously constructed rustic seats and tables. Within ten feet of one of the great gray guns a bed of hyacinths made the air heavy with their fragrance. The next gun-pit was banked about with yellow crocus. Hanging from the arbor which shielded another of the steel monsters were baskets made of moss and bark, in which were growing violets.

"Do the Germans know the position of these guns? I asked the battery commander. "Not exactly, though they have, of course, a pretty general idea. They know that we are somewhere at the back of the ridge, so every now and then they attempt to clear us out by means of progressive fire. That is, they start in at the summit, and by gradually increasing the elevation of their guns, systematically sweep the entire back slope of the ridge, so that some of their shells are also certain to drop in on us. Do you appreciate, however, that, though we have now been in this same position for nearly three months, though not a day goes by that we are not under fire, and though a number of my men have been killed or wounded, we have never seen the target, at which we are firing and we have never seen a German soldier?"

"A ten-minute walk across the open table-land which forms the summit of the ridge, then through a dense bit of forest, and we found ourselves at the entrance to one of those secret observation posts from which the French observers keep an unceasing watch on the movements of the enemy and, by means of telephones, direct and control the fire of their own batteries with incredible accuracy. This particular observatory occupied the mouth of a cave in the precipitous hillside above the Aisne, being rendered invisible by a cleverly arranged screen of bushes. Pinned to the earthen walls were contour maps and fire-control charts; powerful telescopes mounted on tripods brought the German trenches across the river close to us; a military telephonist with receivers clamped to his ears sat at a switchboard and pushed buttons or pulled out pegs. . . . Peering



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First Photos of Packey McFarland Training for \$3 2,500 Fight With Mike Gibbons.



At the Pulleys to Strengthen Arms, Chest, and Back Muscles.

Packey McFarland is taking the ten round fight with Mike Gibbons, scheduled for the Brighton Beach Motorhome, New York, Sept. 11, very seriously. He knows he has a fight on his hands, for he is to meet the cleverest man in the game with the possible exception of himself. He was ten pounds over weight Sunday, Aug. 22, he admitted, while at work in a Chicago gymnasium, though he would not get on the scales to prove it.

cautiously through the opening in the screen of bushes, I found myself looking down upon the winding silver ribbon which is the Aisne; to the southwest I could catch a glimpse of the pottery roofs of Soissons. The gentle slopes which formed the opposite side of the river valley were everywhere slashed and scarred by zigzag lines of yellow which I knew to be the German trenches. But, though I knew that those trenches sheltered an invading army, not a sign of life was to be seen. A soldier adjusted a powerful telescope. The colonel motioned me to look through it, and suddenly the things that had looked like yellow lines become recognizable as marvelously constructed earthwork.

"Now, said the colonel, 'focus your glass on that trench just above the ruined farm house, and I will show you what our runners can do. After consulting a chart with innumerable radiating blue and scarlet lines, and making some hasty calculations with a pencil, he gave a few curt orders to a junior officer who sat at a telephone switchboard with receivers clamped to his ears. The young officer spoke some cabalistic figures into the transmitter and concluded with the order: "Ti' rapide."

"Now, called the colonel, watch the trenches. A moment later, from somewhere behind the ridge at the back of us, came in rapid succession six splittling crashes. A fraction of a second later I saw six puffs of black smoke suddenly appear against one of the yellow lines on the distant hillside; six fountains of earth shot high into the air. 'Right into the trenches!' exclaimed the colonel. 'Watch once more.' Again six splittling crashes, six distant puffs of smoke, and, floating back to us a moment later, six muffled detonations.

"The battery that has just been firing is six miles from those trenches, remarked the colonel casually. 'Not so bad eh? It's marvelous,' I answered, but all the time I was wondering how many lives had been snuffed out for my benefit that morning on the distant hillside."

This attack drew the German fire and the correspondent spent the next half-hour in the nearest bomb-proof trench with shrapnel whining overhead. He says: "The French artillery officers tell me that the German ammunition has noticeably deteriorated in the last few months. Well, perhaps. Still, I hadn't noticed it. It was 30 minutes before the storm of shrapnel slackened and it was safe to start." "It must be borne in mind that the task of the artillery is far easier in hilly or mountainous country, such as is found along the Aisne and in the Vosges and Alsace, where the movements of the enemy can be observed with comparative facility and where both observers and gunners can usually find a certain degree of shelter, than in Artois and Flanders, where the country is as flat as the top of a table, with nothing even remotely resembling a hill. In the flat country the guns, which are carefully masked by means of branches from detection by hostile aircraft, take position at distances varying from 2,000 to 5,000 yards from the enemy's batteries. Immediately in the rear of each gun is a subterranean shelter, so that when a German tube comes in sight the gun crew can go to earth until

The boxers must weigh 147 pounds at 3 o'clock of the day of the contest. That is the British, French and Australian welterweight limit, and the battle ought to be considered a contest for the welterweight championship, not a middleweight contest at all.

McFarland said he would cover from eight to ten miles on the road every day and put in at least two hours of gymnasium work in the afternoon. In addition to the set program Packey will box at least eight rounds with his sparring partners. McFarland has eliminated the kidding tactics in vogue while training for other contests. He goes through his straining stunts in a businesslike sort of way and never stops hard work until he has put in two hours at the grind.

He is bigger all over and from present indications he may have as much trouble getting down to weight as Gibbons Packey does not seem to have lost any of his old time speed and cleverness, despite the superfluous avoirdupois, and he appears to be hitting harder. It is his intention to develop his punching powers.

McFarland will not venture an opinion on the result. He realizes Gibbons will be an opponent hard to beat and he also knows it will be the hardest and toughest fight of his career.

Skiping Rope to Gain Light Foot work.

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even the trenches themselves disappearing. "The commanding importance of the high explosive shell in this war is due to the peculiar nature of the conflict. The struggle has developed into what is, to all intents and purposes, a fortress warfare on the most gigantic scale. The Germans are not simply entrenched. The so-called trenches are in reality concrete forts, with shields of armor plate, protected by the most ingenious wire entanglements and other obstructions, and defended by machine guns mounted behind steel plates and capable of firing a thousand shots a minute, in the enormous proportion of one to every 50 men. In order to pave the way for an infantry attack on a German position of this description near Arras, the French fired 200,000 rounds of high explosive in a single day—and the scouts came back to report that not a barbed wire entanglement, a trench, or a living human being remained. During the same battle the British, owing to a shortage of high explosive ammunition, were able to precede their attack by only 40 minutes of shell fire. This was wholly insufficient to clear away the entanglements and other obstructions, and, as a result, the men were literally mowed down by the Germans machine guns. To give some idea of the staggering expense of modern artillery fire. I might mention that the Germans, during the crossing of the San, fired 700,000 shells in four hours.

"I have twice been under the fire of the German siege guns—in Antwerp last October, and in Dunkirk in early May. At Dunkirk a room had been reserved for me on the upper floor of the local hostelry the Hotel Des Arcades. It must have been six in the morning when I was awakened by a splittling crash, then another and another, each louder and therefore nearer than the one preceding. I knew from previous experience a German tube was raining death upon the city. I could see the machine quite plainly its armor plated body gleaming in the morning sun. The anti-aircraft guns mounted on the shrapnel splashed the sky. A pom-pom began its infernal trip-hammer-like clatter. An armored car, evidently British from the R. N. painted on its turret, tore into the square in front of the hotel, the lean barrel of its quick-firing gun sweeping the sky, and began to send shell after shell at the aerial intruder. Suddenly above the tumult came a new and inconceivably terrifying sound; a low, deep-toned roar rapidly rising into a thunderous crescendo. As it passed above our heads it sounded as though a giant in the sky were tearing mighty strips of linen. Then an explosion which was brother to an earthquake, the houseposts seemed to rock and sway. The hotel shook to its foundations. The glass in the windows rattled until I thought that it would break. In the direction of the receiving hospital and the railway station a mushroom-shaped cloud of green-brown smoke shot suddenly high into the air. . . . Just as I was struggling with my boots there came another whistling roar and another terrific detonation."

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