

WHINE OF SHELLS NASTY HERALD OF BULGAR ADVANCE

Retreat of Allies Upon Salonica Lines Described by Newspaperman GUNS CLEVERLY HIDDEN

Following is the third installment of William G. Shepherd's successful story of the Allied retreat from Serbia. The previous installment described the departure of the Anglo-French front in Serbia.—Editor.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD SALONICA, Dec. 11.

We smashed up a wagon load of refugees as we went along. It was one of those pitiful caravans of household goods with an old woman and a baby sitting on the pile, and the younger and stronger members of the family plodding along in the mud before, or alongside the wagon. As we turned down the road the perplexed peasants turned the oxen and headed for a roadside ditch.

The unusual sight of an automobile seemed to frenzy them. A woman and a girl struck the oxen with sticks. The oxen went down with a crash and everybody screamed. The old woman hid up the baby in her arms. The body of the wagon settled down into the ditch on its side. Gently the old woman and the baby slid off into the mud. Beside the road was a camp of British engineers, and we saw them flocking by across the wreck. By the time we had passed 50 or more of these parties of refugees we knew that somewhere ahead the retreat was under way.

AMBULANCES COMFORTABLE. As we went along the mountain roads in the French ambulance we knew how comfortable a wounded man might be in such a car. In addition to the spring of the wagon seated across the car by the side of the stretcher seats on which we sat were hung by a third series of springs from steel bars, which were suspended from the ceiling of the car by spiral springs. The motion of the ambulance, except for a slight swaying, was almost imperceptible.

Just when we were marveling at the comfort with which we were traveling, and comparing our situation with that of the sad line of refugees, there was a terrific explosion at the roadside and a shell fell through the air, and through this tunnel the echoes of the whistling of the shell jar and clash and mix in one long white. The shell we heard was leaving us. Through the ambulance window we saw first a cloud of smoke, and then the outline of a huge gun, which stood at least eight feet above the ground on giant wheels, and had a mouth that a man could have put his head into. The great cannon stood within 15 feet of the road, but it was so cleverly sheltered and hidden by decorations of holly that we had not seen it.

"Let's get out and photograph it," said one correspondent. "Not here," said our lieutenant-guide. "The Bulgars are across the valley and if we stop long enough to give them our range they'll fire at us here."

The road was cut along the face of a

hill. Below us was the valley of Costerino, and four miles away, beyond the valley, were other hills like ours, where the Bulgarian artillery was hidden.

Just a quarter of a mile further and we reached the shelter of a turn in the road. The huge English gun behind us kept splitting out its roaring challenges across the valley. By the watch it was possible to hear the whine of its shells for six seconds; the whine always ended in a deep, dull roar, where the shell had broken some five or six miles away.

BULGARS TAKE POSITION. When we tumbled out of the ambulance we saw a narrow ravine running behind a hill. There were tents and dugouts on its sides. This was a secret. I couldn't have told two weeks ago. But it doesn't matter now. The Frenchmen, with their steel-blue casques, have all gone from the ravine. Hill 518, which sheltered them, belongs to the Bulgars now and the battlefront of the valley of Costerino is quiet and peaceful again, miles behind the Bulgarian battle line.

But now it was a battlefront. A cannon on the top of the hill roared. Another cannon further away roared. The British cannon behind us roared. They are all allied cannon. And then came a different sound. It was a shriek that didn't grow less with the passage of seconds, but louder. Look into the sky above you; you can see nothing; you feel helpless; all around you the air is filled with that growing whine; it may burst near you. If that's the case you won't hear the burst in all likelihood. In common parlance the light will go out and you won't know what hit you. You have an infinitely intense desire to hear the boom; you want to have the thing over with; as long as that whine is in the sky over your head you may be killed at any minute.

I am not writing this in order to boast that I have been under shell fire, but in order to point out that being under shell fire is an alarming thing. If the experience doesn't stir up a heavy thrill within you, then you must be a dumb animal that cannot understand the things that are going on around it. Some men say they like this thrill; that the feeling is pleasant. Others say they don't like it and I am among them. It's not like that. It is a terrific electric storm with harder lightning than human beings ever saw in the sky, any bolt of which means death.

BUT ALL ESCAPE INJURY. But there is a thrill in the sky about us. There is a terrific roar. On the hillside above us a huge cloud, bigger than a six-story building, of mud, stones and earth arises. The shell has burst. Let it be recorded that Richard Harding Davis, John McCutcheon, of the Chicago Tribune; John Bass, of the Chicago Daily News, and James Hare, the war photographer, were not hit. Neither was I.

I said I didn't like it. I had been under shell fire in Russia, in Serbia, on the English front. I had dodged both Allied and anti-Allied shells, and I had made up my mind months before that the next time I was near flying shells I would try to study the workings of my mind and nerves and discover, if possible, whether I was frightened and whether or not the shakiness that comes from knowing that death is somewhere in the sky nearby is really a pleasant one; whether the thrill of a kiss or a drink compares with the thrill of being in danger of sudden death by bullets or shells. I had made the study this time and I found that I did not like the thrill. In the presence of the other war reporters I said that I don't like it.

"Well," said Davis, "I'm old enough—he's almost 50 and he's seen a score of wars—I'm old enough to admit, without being accused of bravado, that I like it."

Which I took to mean that all young reporters are afraid to admit that they like shell fire. I was to have some experience with shell fire before the day was out.



WILLIAM F. HANSTEIN Elected president of Atlantic City Hotel Men's Association for third consecutive term at annual meeting last night.

SEVERAL WILLS PROBATED IN OFFICE OF REGISTER

John Foyle, Who Died in Hospital, Left \$20,000 Estate

Wills probated today were those of John Foyle, who died last March in the Hahnemann Hospital, leaving an estate valued at \$20,000; Charles G. Aboles, Episcopal Hospital, \$500; Ella S. Tean, Peterborough, Pa., \$500; Mary Neison, Tamaqua, Pa., \$500; James Eberdell, 1303 Foulkrod street, \$500; Robert W. Keen, 2019 North 20th street, \$100; Sarah E. Eytling, Woman's Hospital, \$400; Peter R. Lawson, League Island Navy Yard, \$322; William J. Mills, 128 Wharton street, \$300; Mary J. Broadbent, 4 South 4th street, \$300; and George C. Schaubach, 141 Fawn street, \$250.

The personality of the estate of C. Few Seiss has been appraised at \$11,923.81; Isaac P. H. King, \$24,750; Emma Lovington, \$317.69, and Frank J. Krewson, \$2223.57.

Couldn't Enlist, Reads Here Tonight Frank Speaight, the English reader of Dickens' works, will appear at Witherpoon Hall tonight in the regular course of the University Extension Society. The subject is "The Pickwickians at Bath" and selections from other books. Mr. Speaight made an effort to enlist in the British army, but was rejected on account of a defect in his sight and was, consequently, allowed to leave the country in order to keep his engagements in this country.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Jewish: RODEPH SHALOM (Sheep Pen)—Services Saturday, 10 a. m., N. E. corner Broad and Mt. Vernon sts., Miriam the Prophetess, by Rabbi ELLI MAYER. All welcome.

Young Women's Christian Association: MISS E. STAFFORD MILLAR, AUSTRALIAN EVANGELIST. TUES. TO SAT., JAN. 11 TO 15, 7:30 P. M., V. W. C. A. OPEN TO EVERYBODY. Silver offering.

WOMAN'S NERVE AIDS IN BLACKMAIL ARREST

Continued from Page One

led among the members of the gang nearly half of that amount. Frank Garbarino, agent of the Department of Justice, had collected a mass of evidence in New York, Philadelphia, New Jersey shore resorts and in various parts of Pennsylvania. But he could not get any one with the courage to testify. A prominent man would deny that he had been blackmailed out of a large sum rather than face the gossip by appearing against the blackmailers in open court.

It was precisely upon this weakness that the blackmailers acted. It is even said that in some cases they admitted they defied their victims to send them to jail, with this argument: "Won't people say that it is a funny thing that we blackmailers should have singled you out for extortion? Is it likely that blackmailers would attack an innocent person?"

In this and other ways they are said to have received \$20,000 from a prominent Philadelphia. "I'm not with disgust," said Garbarino, "to think of the cowardice of that rich man—I wish I was at liberty to make his name public. Mrs. Wimpenny is one of the few who have the courage. She hated the publicity that would attend her charge against Butler, and she knew the

gossip that she would have to face, but she pluckily determined to do so for the good of the community."

The arrest yesterday of Butler, who is 36 years old, followed quickly upon the arrest in New York of Robert Tourbillon, also known as Dan Collins, on Wednesday. Butler, a handsome and sportily dressed man, with waxed black mustache, denied that he ever called upon Mrs. Wimpenny at her home, 1432 North Broad street. He denied that he had demanded \$8000 from her under threat of arresting her son Harold on a charge of "white slavery," as she accused him of doing.

The case against Butler depended then entirely on the question of her identifying him. Seated beside the man in Commissioner Long's office, she looked at him carefully and said: "This is one of the men, without the shadow of a doubt."

Three men had called upon her last June. They said they had followed her son to Wildwood, N. J., and had recorded of the times they said he and young women were there together. She told them she would have to see her son Marshall, who is an attorney in Attorney General Brown's office. They left, agreeing to take \$5000 when they should return later. He had warrants and badges which proved to be imitations. As soon as they were gone Mrs. Wimpenny notified the Federal authorities. The blackmailers learned of this and failed to return. The search for Butler continued six months until he was found in a house near 13th and

Green streets and pulled out of bed and taken to the Postoffice. He was held under \$20,000 bail for court.

Butler admitted that he knew Tourbillon. "Of course I know him," he said, "and I guess that because I was seen with him at Atlantic City I am accused now."

Garbarino said after the hearing that Mrs. Wimpenny's courage in making the charge against Butler had "exonerated a lot of honest Government employes who have been suspected of collecting tribute."

Dan Collins is accused of attempting to blackmail George Bancroft, a banker in New York, setting \$20,000 as the price of silence. One of the methods of the gang has been to watch railroad stations and ferries in big cities and also the stations of shore resorts. When they saw a man enter a hotel with a woman whom they suspected of not being his wife they would arrest them and accuse the man as a "white slave," as the Mann law makes it a crime to pay for the railroad fare of a woman taken from one State to another for immoral purposes. In cases of this sort the man being guilty would not stop to consider whether or not his accusers were bona fide Government agents, but would offer a bribe upon hints from the "agents." The bribes would be accepted and the blackmailers would depart. With weather men they would take their time and gather evidence carefully, and then appeal for funds to the persons they accused or to a wealthy relative.

MYSTERY IN IDENTITY OF ABDUCTED WOMAN

Montgomery Authorities Try to Verify Story Told by Girl Found in Ambler

Montgomery County authorities today are trying to establish the identity of a young woman, about 22 years old, who was found in a state of coma on the steps of a house in Ambler last Sunday morning. After being revived the young woman said that she had been taken to Ambler from Philadelphia by two men in a high-powered automobile.

The case is puzzling physicians and the police. She had apparently been drugged. The police believe that she is a cultured Italian. She is pretty and wore good clothing. Her mind appears to be in a muddle. An Italian interpreter could get no statement from her except that she was from Raleigh, N. C., and had been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Henry Brown, 115 Fulton street, Philadelphia, at the time she was abducted. Authorities investigated and found no such place and no such person. The girl is now being cared for in the Montgomery County Poorhouse at Norristown.

STORE OPENS DAILY AT 9:30 A. M. & CLOSING AT 5:30 P. M. MAIL & PHONE ORDERS FILED

Women's Washable Kid Gloves \$1.50. Misses' 75c Duplex Gloves 59c. Two-clasp. In white and pongee. Sizes 9 to 7.

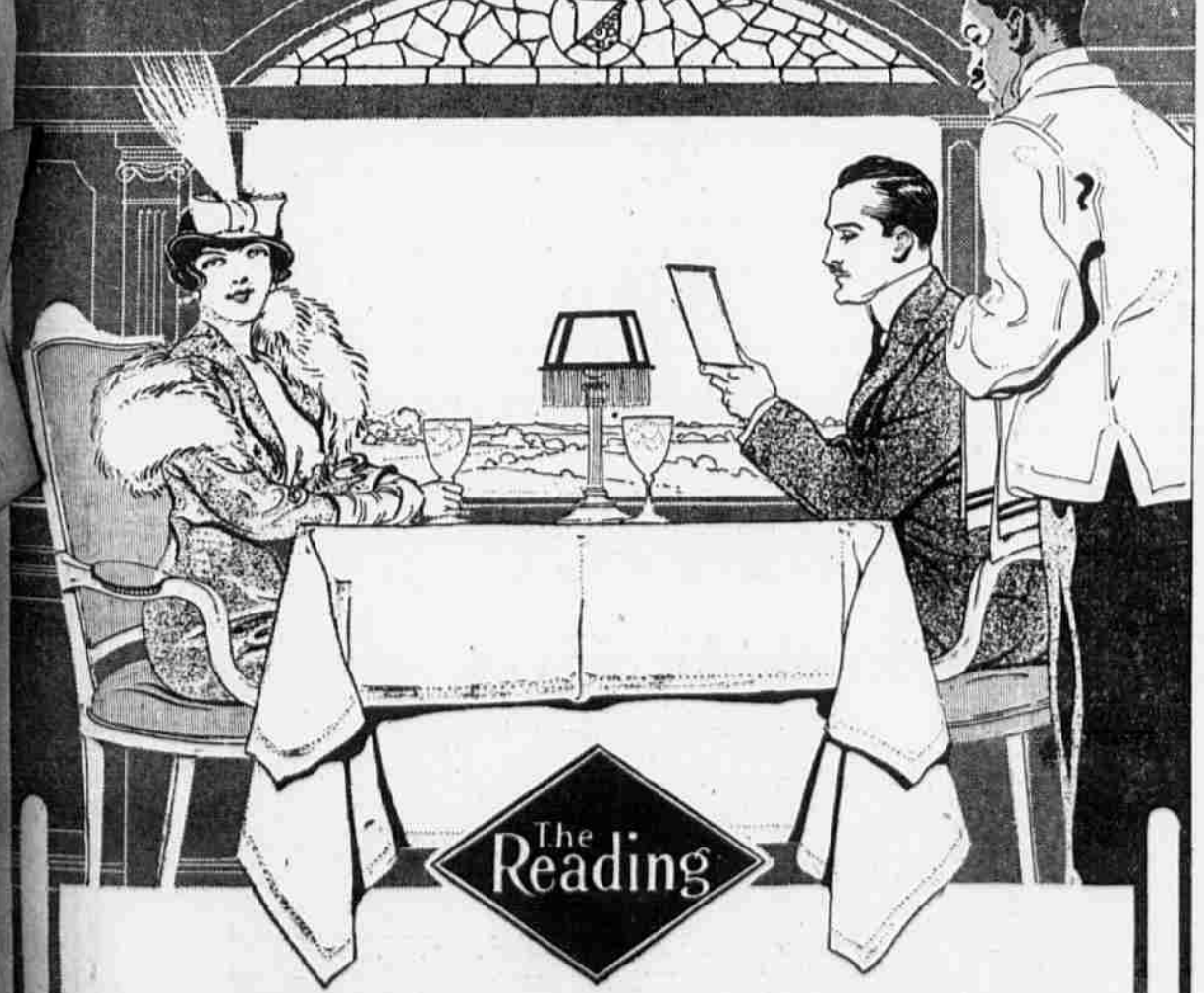
HATS TRIMMED FREE OF CHARGE. Lit Brothers Dent Gloves For Men and Women. COMING SOON! Our Great Annual Sale of Famous. The premier event of its kind of the entire year.

Shoe Clearance

Sensationally Low Prices. Women's \$3 & \$1.95 \$3.50 SHOES. Men's \$3 to \$5.50 Trademark \$2.85 SHOES.

January Clothing Sale

In which the specially purchased stocks of many renowned clothing manufacturers are offered at sensational price sacrifices. Men's \$15, \$18 & \$20 Slip-on Raincoats \$10. Boys' \$7.50 to \$10 Overcoats \$5. \$2 & \$2.50 "Regatta" Wash Suits at \$1.



The Reading Dining Service DeLuxe on a "READING" Diner means all the Comforts and service of home. Convenience and courtesies of the club. Appointment and luxuries of the hotel. at Reasonable Prices. Decide now to have Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner on one of our famous Steel Vestibule Flyers. It "Saves Your Time" and we "Serve You Right". Philadelphia & Reading Railway "The Line That Saves Your Time"

Many of Our FURS Have Prices Cut in Half to Assure Clearance This Month. \$65 Fox Sets \$34.75. \$25 Nutria \$12.50. \$27.50 Beaver \$14.75. \$45 Mofre Russian Pony Hobby Coats \$24.75. \$150 Hudson Seal \$89.75. \$200 Hudson Seal \$119.

Sale of Men's Best Furnishings. To Which a Score of Celebrated Manufacturers Have Contributed Sensational Sale Lots. \$1.50 Neglige Shirts, 89c. \$1.25 and \$1.50 Pajamas, 89c. \$1 and \$1.50 Silk Neckwear, 50c. \$2 Satin Stripe Pongee Shirts, \$1.49. 50c Pure Thread Silk Half Hose \$29c. \$4 Blanket Bath Robes, \$2.39.

\$4.98, \$5.98 & \$6.98 Offer Wide Choice of Delightful HATS For Southern Wear. \$4 Lovely Waists \$2.98. \$1.98 Leather Hand Bags \$69c. \$1.49 Duplex Safety Lock Bag \$89c. \$1.49 "Shur Lok" Hand Bag \$85c.

In Misses' & Women's Wear. FOR MISSES—\$18.50 Suits, \$9.90. Misses' \$10 Coats, \$4.95. Misses' \$18.50 Coats, \$9.75. FOR WOMEN—\$20 Stylish, Practical Coats, \$10. Women's Very Attractive \$25 Suits, \$14.75.