

Paris: Indomitable Courage and Strength of French Armies

GREAT COURAGE AND STRENGTH

Correspondent Gives Impressions of Visit to Battlefield of Somme.

Paris, Sept. 16.—A remarkable exploit was told here today of a farmer's wife, Octavie Delacourt, in Lower Normandy. At the height of the German invasion she had started out to walk through the woods to Gourney, near Vanvais. While tramping through the wood she suddenly felt a hand clapped on her shoulder. She turned round and saw a large, heavy man in grey, with a round cap.

She had never seen a German soldier before, but thought this must be one. Another appeared out of the wood. They said not a word, but turned her round, and pointed to her to go back along the road by which she had come. She did so, but when out of sight turned back and ran northwards again for all she was worth.

In the first village she reached she told the gendarmes, farmers, the postmistress, and everyone she met that there were Prussians in the wood near by, and was laughed at. At last the postmistress, at her entreaty, telegraphed the authorities, and at the same time three gendarmes set out for the wood.

The woman's information approved well listening to. A non-commissioned officer and eleven German soldiers were stopped and taken near Oisel, just above Rouen. They had set out in motor cars to blow up Oisel bridge with explosives. The destruction of that bridge might have fatally hampered the communications between the British Expeditionary Force and the base.

The German cars were stopped, thanks to the presence of mind of the territorials guarding the line, who fired shots into the tires. One of the cars was a truck containing a ton of explosives.

The three gendarmes who first set out on the trail discovered by the were all killed.

Paris, Sept. 16.—I have just returned from the battlefield of the Somme impressed beyond words by the impressions of the indomitable courage and strength of the French armies. Nowhere has French army organization reached such perfection as in fertile Picardy. Nowhere have I seen such scenes of absolute destruction. These battlefields present a spectacle of violence and death which can never be forgotten.

The German trenches, wonderful works of military engineering, reinforced with steel and cement, with spacious bomb-proof shelters underneath, have been destroyed and blown into bits in a few hours, although it took more than twenty months to make them. The white soil into which they were dug has been pulverized to the fineness of table salt by the merciless bombardment of the wonderful French guns. Under an avalanche of metal and high explosives these trenches ceased to be works of defense and became prisons, tombs from which no human being emerged alive.

And still, the ruined villages where hardly one brick is left on top of another and the flattened trenches were not the things that impressed me most on these battlefields. What struck me most and what even at this moment seems absolutely incredible to me is the frightful ordeal to which the entire bombardment zone has been submitted by the French batteries, for there is not one single square yard of ground which has escaped the shells.

Leaving the German first line trenches behind us we went on for three miles, through Dompierre and Bequincourt. Everywhere we found shell holes, thousands of them as far as your eye could see, and never more than one or two yards apart. The surface of the ground looked as if it had been torn up by the claws of some gigantic monster.

For three miles we went on and in front of us the ground still presented the same appearance. One shuddered to think that this wide belt of destruction stretched north and south for many miles and that everywhere human beings and their precious possessions were being crushed under the surface awaiting death or what was worse—madness, for I am told that hundreds of poor German wretches went mad under the bombardment and in many cases killed their officers.

Surely there is no sight in the world to compare with this. But these splendid results, which have given France certainty of victory, have not been accomplished by a miracle. When you have visited, as I was permitted to do, not only the actual battlefields, but also the zones behind where you find the complicated organization which a modern fighting army requires, then your astonishment ceases and gives way to admiration.

Here behind the line I found the roots of the forces which have disembowelled the soil and disintegrated the villages of the Somme. It was here I found the key to the wonders I had seen. The battlefield itself speaks to your senses, but the organization in the rear of it speaks to your mind.

The organization of the lines behind the fighters in the Somme is a

Berlin: Terrible Conditions in Russian Prison Camps

London, Sept. 16.—British strong language is proving a hindrance to victory, it seems. "One of a firm of foreign fruit brokers appeared before the military appeal tribunal to ask that some of their men be exempted from army service. A number of the tribunal suggested the employment of women: The fruit man answered: "Owing to the language used in Covent Garden it is impossible to keep women on our staff." "Billingsgate," according to the usual impression, is not confined to the masculine sex. A newspaper correspondent went to the market to investigate and took this testimony from a watchman who had been there forty six years.



Berlin, Sept. 16.—The Princess of Pless, an Englishwoman and noted for her beauty, is indefatigable in her relief work for German wounded. It is curious that her sister, the Duchess of Westminster, is just as busy doing the same kind of service for British soldiers in England. They are daughters of Colonel Cornwallis-West.

The Princess's eldest son, Prince John Henry, sixteen years old, considered it a great disgrace that no man of the family was fighting with the soldiers, and shortly after war was declared, and when he was a few months more than fourteen, he ran away from home and enlisted as a private. His father finally succeeded in funding him and brought him back to his mother.

The Prince and Princess entertained the Kaiser at their Silesian castle in the early campaign in Galicia. This castle is now at the disposal of the Red Cross. The Princess spends most of her days nursing in a hospital near Berlin.

London: Memorial to Be Erected For Heroic Deed

AWFUL TREATMENT GIVEN PRISONERS

Terrible Conditions Said to Exist in Russian Prison Camp.

Berlin, Sept. 16.—The semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" publishes a statement of Corporal Emil Lorenz, a crippled war prisoner who recently was exchanged by Russia and reached his native town of Kroselin.

He was badly wounded and captured October 1, 1914. He spent four months in different military hospitals where one of his legs and his right arm were amputated. In January, 1915, he was sent to the prison camp of Novo Nilolayevsk near Gorodok. The conditions there were terrible. The whole camp was indescribably filthy and disease claimed from thirty to fifty victims daily. Between March 15 and August 2, 1915, over 9,000 of the 15,000 prisoners in the camp died.

At first the corpses were packed into boxes and buried in the snow outside of the camp. Later they were thrown into a stable where they remained until they were half devoured by rats. When the stable was full quicklime was thrown over the bodies to destroy them. The bones and other undestroyed parts were pulled out of the lime with rakes and buried.

In the hospitals of the camp the sick prisoners had to lay on the bare cement floors with no covering but their cloaks. Nobody looked after them and they received only the food brought to them by their stronger comrades. The men had to eat out of buckets which were used as coal hods.

On August 2, 1915, the corporal was transferred to Daurya, in Transbaikalia. In this camp conditions were good and the commander tolerated no brutalities toward the prisoners.

The statement of Corporal Lorenz is confirmed in all details by Sergeant Rudolph Grundmann who says in an affidavit:

"Shortly after my arrival in Novo Nilolayevsk I was taken ill with typhoid. I tried to go to the hospital, but dropped exhausted before the door. Nobody paid any attention to me and I was almost dead when Lorenz and two other prisoners found me and carried me into the hospital. There my clothing was taken from me and I had to lay on the floor naked, although it was bitter cold. Corporal Lorenz and other comrades finally managed to bring underclothing, a pair of trousers, an old coat and a ragged blanket to save me from freezing to death. Although I was in the hospital six weeks I only saw a doctor once and I never received any medicine, but I recovered, thanks to my iron constitution."

Berlin, Sept. 16.—The Rhine-Westphalian Gazette controlled by the Krupp, in an article on the possibilities of securing Germany's food supply by a cargo submarine service, declares that it is wrong to build great hopes on the success of the "Deutschland."

"To supply our needs in cotton alone," the paper says, "would take at least twenty-five Deutschlands, and that is the least of all our needs. The submarine service cannot bring any noteworthy relief to the blockade."

"If it be true that the cargo of dyes which we sent to the United States was important, the trifle of copper and nickel brought back in return is of little value. The semi-official press, which declares that the blockade is now broken, is contradicting the facts, and its intentions are quite obvious. It is attempting to prove to the German nation that the submarine warfare is henceforth useless."

"We're not moving," said a German. He seemed a bit sulky, I thought. So we sat and waited. My orderly had gone, and nothing seemed to happen. I felt for my pipe with my left hand, but it was no go. That arm was out of the question. "Got anything to smoke?" I said to the Boche; and, as he moved, I saw the risk, and told him pretty sharply to put down the rifle he carried. "Over this way, please; gently now along the ground, carefully I told him. And so I got a first-rate weapon. Seems incredible I shouldn't have thought of that before, doesn't it?"

HEROIC DEED IS REMEMBERED

Memorial to Man Who Lost Life in Effort to Save Four Others

London, Sept. 16.—In the bankruptcy court here Roy Mackay, a young man of picturesque career, told of making about \$60,000 in the Belgrave district of London just before the war.

Mackay joined the army in the first month of the war, went to the front a few days later and was captured by the Germans after the retreat from Mons. He and a famous British person were placed in a German trench, the Germans being too busy occupied with the fighting to both much about him.

At a favorable opportunity the two made a dash from the trench. Mackay got away, but his companion fell dead with a bullet in his head. The gambler managed to exchange his kakis clothes for the attire of a French peasant and eventually reached England as a result of his privations he was invalided out of the army on a small pension.

Mackay objected strongly in court to being called a professional gambler. "Running a gambling house doesn't constitute you a professional gambler," he asserted. "I don't think in those days in London it was a very singular venture. It was a very common thing among the highest and best people in London. Everybody was above reproach who was there and I was not the only one by many dozens that were doing the same thing. It is perfectly justified, just the same as a bookmaker's or any other business."

"I found a considerable number of my customers by my social connections. As soon as they knew I was starting a house they didn't want finding; they just came."

Zurich, Sept. 16.—The Rome correspondent of the Zurich Post writes: "The friendly feeling toward Germany which existed in Italy even after the declaration of war against Austria has turned into violent hate. It is only necessary to mention the words 'Allemania' (Germany) and 'Telescho' (German) to throw the average Italian into a fit of rage. The average Italian today is ready to sign anything, everything that is depreciable and abhorrent to the Italian people."

"This insane hatred, is fostered by an active press propaganda. The papers are again devoting many columns to alleged German atrocities and advocate an Italian organization modeled after the British Empire Union, which aims to drive the Germans not only out of all English dominions, but practically off the face of the earth."

"One of the leaders of the Italian parliament recently said in a public speech: 'The war will, of course, have to end some day, because the present bloodshed cannot go on forever, but we shall continue our warfare in bloodless manner after the treaty of peace is signed.'"

"A reconciliation between Italy and the Central Powers is an impossibility. The noble Italian race is not going to stain its honor by resuming diplomatic intercourse with two nations who have proved that they are on a lower level than the African savages."

"No German, Austrian or Hungarian will ever be permitted to set his foot on Italian soil again, and we intend to make the exchange of letters with these Hun a crime."

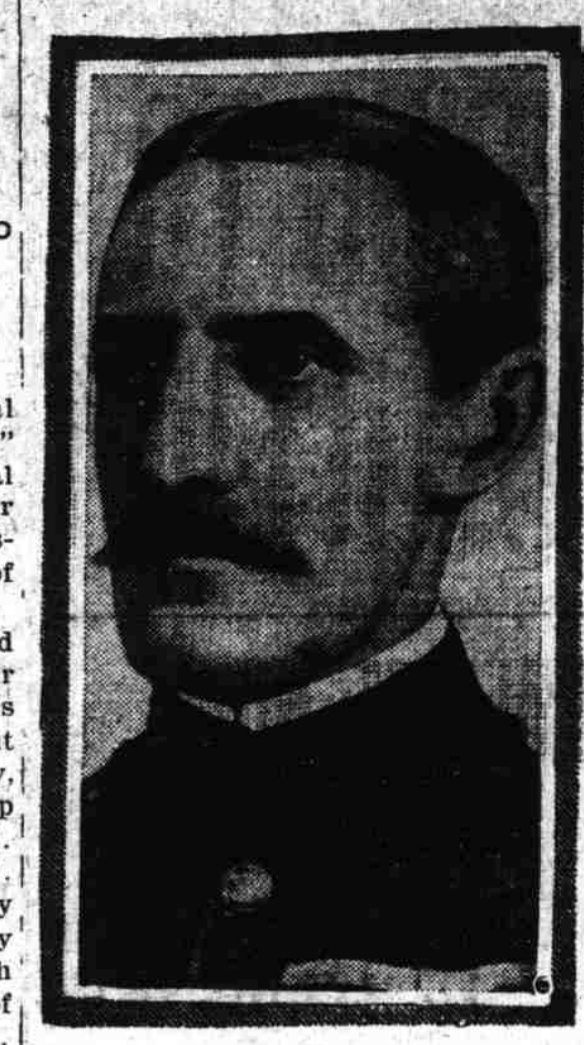
"Our great Allies are animated by the same spirit. No German or Austrian ship will be allowed to enter an Italian, French, English, Russian, Japanese or Portuguese port during the next two or three generations and we will make all possible efforts to close the ports of the neutral countries to them also."

"When the terrors lay down their arms and acknowledge their defeat they will find that they have become outcasts. Ostracized and cut off from the markets of the world, they will not be able to live on the small territory into which they will be crowded, and they cannot emigrate, because no country will admit them."

"In the United States and South America they are today as bitterly hated as in Italy, France, England and Russia. This was means the end of the Teutonic race. In the future the world belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin and the Slavic races undisputedly."

"Similar thoughts are expressed by many newspapers which formerly were decidedly pro-German and bitterly attacked the Italian government when it entered the war on the side of the Entente."

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.



London, Sept. 16.—General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien writes to the newspapers a protest against the tone of certain theatrical performances.

"I am convinced," he says, "that our gallant sailors and soldiers themselves would be the first to admit that if they were given their choice they would prefer performances which, while cheerful and inspiring, appealed to the best side of their patriotic natures and not exhibitions of scantily dressed girls and songs of a doubtful character."

"The whole nation's heart is at last set on winning this great war, and an important factor undoubtedly is the cleanliness of mind and nobility of purpose of our heroes on sea and land, and it seems entirely unnecessary and certainly wrong to put into their heads demonstrating thoughts such as they must obtain from many performances now appearing on the stage."

London, Sept. 16.—A British captain wounded at Pozieres told a correspondent at Southampton a thrilling story of how Germans were bluffing by an empty revolver: He said: "My orderly was with me. He'd got fished through the soldier outside the trench. While I squatted there I heard a scuffling underground, just round the other side of the traverse. I was leaning on. Took a look round the other side, and found a Boche officer—the first I'd seen—just appearing at the mouth of a dug-out, feeling his way out. I could see the spike of his hat behind him. So there it was. My revolver was empty. My orderly had lost his rifle away outside the trench. Awkward, wasn't it?"

"Well, of course, I pointed my revolver at the Boche officer. One does that instinctively, I suppose. And to my surprise he said, in English: 'Don't shoot. I said I'd shoot the lot of 'em if one of 'em moved. You sit perfectly still. Sit right down there you are, Mister Boche, and I'll take care of you.'"

London, Sept. 16.—The Boxborough Urban District Council has started to collect funds for a memorial to Sapper William Hackett, of that town, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross. The official record of Hackett's heroic exploit is as follows: "When entombed with four others in a gallery, owing to the explosion of an enemy mine, after working for 20 hours, a hole was made through fallen earth and broken timber, and the outside party was met. Sapper Hackett helped three of the men through the hole, and could easily have followed, but refused to leave the fourth, who had been seriously injured, saying: 'I'm a tunneller, I must look after the others first.' Meantime the hole was getting smaller, yet he still refused to leave his injured comrades. Finally the gallery collapsed, and though the rescue party worked desperately for four days the attempt to reach the two men failed. Sapper Hackett, well knowing the nature of sliding earth, and the chances against him deliberately gave his life for his comrades."

Hackett leaves a widow and two children, a boy of fifteen years and a girl of thirteen. They boy had his right leg amputated a few months ago as a result of an accident while working on a Nottinghamshire mine. The officers and men of the tunnelling Co. to which Hackett was attached have sent her a check for \$300.

London, Sept. 16.—The "Hull Daily Mail" prints this thrilling tale of an attack by a Zeppelin on a Hull trawler.

The Endymion, while fishing off Flamborough Head, was set by a Zeppelin (the L. 21) which assailed her.

The trawler cut her gear and dodged the aircraft. The Zeppelin made several attempts to bomb the trawler, the missiles dropping harmlessly into the sea.

The force with which some of these bombs exploded lifted the trawler almost out of the water, and several of the crew were swept off her.

The trawler then made her way to the Humber, the Zeppelin attempting to conceal herself in a cloud of smoke. Eventually, she disappeared.

An Appeal to the People

preserving its honor unscathed and unstained.

It has prepared for adequate preparedness against aggression of any foe.

It has preserved that strict neutrality which Washington declared should always be the policy of the United States.

It has followed in Mexico the policy of Lincoln, who asserted the right of that unhappy people to order their own government.

Dinner Pail is Full.

It has established prosperity more general and genuine than all the people ever enjoyed before, so that every dinner pail is full, every factory is working, every man employed, and the average of wages higher.

It has given the nation a system of finance and banking that shielded it from panic and depression when the whole structure of European credit was destroyed by war, and which overwhelmed other neutral nations whose statesmen lacked the foresight and capacity of America's Democratic statesmen.

It has amended the anti-trust laws making guilty personal, defining for the first time without ambiguity what constitutes restraint of trade, and preventing trade monopoly with prohibition of interlocking directorates; and has set up in the Federal Trade Commission a court of business.

Labor Not a Commodity.

It has taken labor out of the classification of commodity, and bid it aspire to the higher things it nationally craves without fear of punishment for so doing.

It has afforded the farmer easy credit and diminished the burden of interest he must carry.

It has opened new avenues of business, created new markets for the products of American factory, field and farm, chartered new routes for commerce, and is in the way of establishing an American merchant marine, which will put the Stars and Stripes in every harbor in the world.

It has forever taken the tariff out of politics by the creation of a non-partisan commission.

It has laid the groundwork for a national system of good roads, guarding against extravagance in use of the people's money with a provision that for every dollar appropriated by the Federal government the States must appropriate another dollar.

Patriotism Reawakened.

It has kindled anew the fires of patriotism, reminding men and women of the meaning of Americanism, awakening the nation to lively sense of its peril, its powers, its weakness, its mission, and quickening the flag and all it symbolizes.

These are only some of the larger achievements of the Democratic Administration, accomplished not only without disturbance to business, but with acceleration of business.

The ring of the anvil, not the rattle of the sabre; the song of the reaper, not the shriek of the soldier; the clatter of the shuttle, not the crack of the rifle, have won us the place we occupy in the councils of the world."

Do You Approve This?

Does this record of the Democratic Administration, this very remarkable record, made in times that try men's souls, appeal to you? Does it appeal

BEVERIDGE TO TAKE STUMP FOR HUGHES

New York, Sept. 16.—It was announced today by Chairman Wm. B. Wilson of the Republican committee, that former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, will start a National tour on October 5 in behalf of the Hughes and Fairbanks cause.

Mr. Beveridge will speak first in Chicago and from there travel to Minneapolis down to Arizona, Colorado and adjacent States. He will speak until the close of the campaign.

A. W. McLEAN, Chairman, HUGH MACRAE, Secretary and Treasurer, Finance Committee for North Carolina Wilson-Marshall Campaign Fund.