

# SIDE LIGHTS OF THE WAR BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS

## BRITISH HATE FOR HUNS MASKED BY SEEMING APATHY

Too Deep for Expression, It Finds Its Only Vent in Grim Preparations of War.

By DON MARTIN.  
(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

England's unofficial attitude toward the world war is an enigma to the average American. Silence he is at first inclined to mistake for fear. Indifference he is likely to regard as pessimism. But after a while he discovers that England is neither worried nor pessimistic. She is just English.

In emotional manifestations England is just about as much like the United States as a bitter nut is like a watermelon. At times the Yankees, as they are called, and are disparagingly either, are accustomed to hear strong language used in connection with the Teutons. Here they expect to hear superlatives. They come laden with the thought that England has twice as many reasons as America to hate the Huns. But to their amazement they hear no harsh words. The average Briton speaks of the sinking of a hospital ship with just about the same depth of feeling as when he talks of the overturning of a racing skiff on the Thames. It means more, of course. But the Briton is self-contained.

Now and then, in a moment of forgetfulness, an Englishman, discussing some barbarous act of the Germans, will use the word savagery or pagan or murderer, the chances are he will not give it the slightest emphasis and a moment later will gloss it over with a daily apology. One must never, however, that the feeling of hatred for the Teuton is any less here than it is elsewhere in the world. The difference is this—where many racial groups vent their bitterness in a sudden outburst of rage, the Englishman takes his pound of flesh bit by bit. He slips it as some Briton does, on their Scotch. Where, here it seems an entirely fair inference that England's hate for Germany is being finding expression years and years after the war is ended.

I have talked with English men and women in various parts of the British Isles in fifty representative sections of London. The attitude of all is identical. The air raids are annoying. The submarines are making "quite a mess of things." The Germans are not bad fighters. The Germans can never be gentlemen. England and her allies will win the war after a while, but they must fight for it.

England was in a much lighter position during the first few months of the war. She was a ship out of every three she possessed and had America's hostility to contend with rather than her co-operation to help her. And still she won. England will win the war, but she must fight when things are going wrong. She has been in trouble before.

That about epitomizes the comment of Great Britain. Quite a contrast to the utterance of some of the Americans who come over here brimming over with confidence and optimism. "We (the Allies) will lick Germany to a frazzle." "The Germans are not bad fighters." "England and her allies will win the war after a while, but they must fight for it."

## AMERICAN FIRM SUPPLIES ALLIED WAR PRISONERS

Effective Organization Meets Every Need of Soldiers Captured by Foe.

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

It was perhaps to be expected that shortly after the outbreak of the war, when the Central Prisoners of War Committee found itself overwhelmed with the work of sending necessities to British prisoners in German internment camps, it should have applied to an American firm to organize the work.

The American Express Company, whose headquarters in London are in Haymarket, at once faced and surmounted what difficulties there were with a most complete organization. They took over a big two-story store in Rathbone place, aggregating 7,000 square feet, engaged a special staff of clerks and expert packers, with W. J. W. Edmunds as manager. America being then neutral, the American Express Company was able to obtain facilities which undoubtedly a British firm could not have obtained. It opened a new bureau at Rotterdam for the purpose, and arranged with the German government that all supplies for prisoners should be sent through that port from England, addressed to the president of the British Camp Committee at the various internment camps.

**300 Tons in One Day.**  
To begin with, one box measuring 4x3x2 1/2 feet sufficed to contain all the supplies for a week. Lately they have been shipping at the rate of thirty tons a day, the biggest shipment in one day having been three hundred tons of flour.

It eventually was found that even the daily shipments, large as they were, sometimes were insufficient to meet immediate needs, and, perhaps, a big action on the western front. To meet that difficulty they engaged a building in Rotterdam, as an emergency store, where there were stocked large quantities of supplies, such as tinned foods and clothing, to be kept in bond until required. This arrangement surmounted the difficulty of prisoners coming straight from the battlefields being kept in the internment camps in want of necessities for perhaps a week or more until stores could be sent from England.

When America entered the war a fresh difficulty arose. Naturally Americans, both at home and in England—although many American sympathizers and friends had been sending comforts in large quantities to the Allies' prisoners from the very commencement of the war—wanted to provide for American prisoners. Being now a company of a belligerent country, it was feared that it would have to give up its valuable work. But the company promptly handed over its whole organization to the Prisoners of War Committee, which now has been recognized by the German government, and their stores, and their experienced staff. The work, therefore, proceeded without the least interruption.

**A Remarkable Spectacle.**  
A visit to the stores in Rathbone place reveals a remarkable spectacle of real American hustle. The boxes of supplies, canvas bags of kits for both officers and private soldiers, are piled, tier on tier, as high as the ceilings. And they are moved for shipment more take their places. They come from "sympat" here in all parts of the country, as well as to the order of the Central Committee. Everything meant for parcels post deals with enormous quantities of supplies for prisoners; but parcels sent in that way must not exceed ten pounds. All packages over eleven pounds must be handled at Rathbone place.



A FRENCH SOLDIER ABOUT TO THROW A BOMB INTO THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES



AN ALLIED AEROPLANE OVER ENEMY HEADQUARTERS, SIGNALLING TO TROOPS IN READINESS

## LONDON MOTHER CLASPS HER BABY AS HUNS END LIFE

Gothas' Harvest in Air Raids Chiefly of Women and Children.

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

The wonderful spirit of the working girls of Great Britain is a constant stimulant to a population which has been mildly war weary for many months. The latest case to attract attention is that of Cissie Peters, twenty-two years old, whose eyesight was destroyed while she was working over dangerous powder in a government arsenal. She knew the full danger of her task, but she assumed it willingly because, as she said, "some one had to do it."

The girl who preceded her was burned to death. Her father is an old soldier, and her four brothers are all in the active service for England now. In her home in Queens Park, where she is recovering, she is as happy as a lark. She sings and whistles, and proudly says she will take care of herself when she learns a new trade. She cheerfully tells the story of her last night.

**Wore Fireproof Suit.**  
"The accident happened last September," she said. "I was working with another girl in the powder section. I wore a mask and a fireproof suit. I was looking down at my work when there came a sudden flash and an explosion, and the fire flew to my eyes. It ran under my sleeves and burnt my arms. One of the workmen rushed to help me, and I was wrapped up in blankets and taken to the arsenal hospital. A little while after I was admitted one of the Sisters told me I should never see again."

## Girl Made Blind Shows Spirit of British Workers

Young Woman Who Was Badly Burned Hopes to "Learn Another Trade."

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

Complete lists of the victims of the Hun air raids on London are not given out or published, but occasionally incidents and tragedies of the raids are described in the London newspapers. From them it is plain to be seen that the Gothas' harvest consists chiefly of women children and persons who could by no stretch of the imagination be termed belligerents.

Many of the stories which spread about the city are too horrible to bear publication. The suffering of the victims and the futile attempts of mothers to save their infants and larger children are so filled with pathos that people hesitate even to repeat them.

**Tragic Stories Are Told.**  
At an inquest held after the February raids several tragic stories were told. One bomb caused the death of five persons—Ernest Ludlow, aged forty-one, an invalided officer; Mrs. Jessie Sophia Ludlow, aged thirty-seven, his wife; Ernest John Ludlow and Bernard Edward Ludlow, aged ten and four respectively, their children, and Alice Maud Copley, aged twenty-nine, a domestic servant. Three other children were recovered from the debris alive, but one has since died from inhaling escaping gas. All the children were in bed on the third floor, and it was suggested that their escape was due to the fact that they were protected by the bedclothes.

## RAW MATERIALS TO ALLIES FIRST AFTER THE WAR

British and French Don't Purpose Teutons Shall Enjoy Their Commerce.

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

"This altruistic talk of an equal distribution of the raw materials among all the nations of the world, Germany included, when the war is over is sentimentally beautiful, but I want to say now that we are going to see that Great Britain and her allies first of all get what raw materials they need, and if after that there are raw materials left then we can take Germany into consideration."

When the Right Honorable G. H. Roberts, Minister of Labor, made that statement recently at a meeting of business men—many of them Americans resident in London—he brought a thunder of cheers. He spoke with ringing emphasis and he spoke as one of the most influential members of the British government. He emphasized the new chord in the anti-German chorus—one which has been struck very frequently in the last few months.

"Demobilization after the war is going to be very difficult for us and for our allies," Mr. Roberts continued. "Our men are all over the world and far from home. Demobilization for Germany is to be almost a matter of a day. Her men are at home when the war ends. Are we to let Germany go unpunished for the demoralization of the trade of the world which she, by her wantonness, has caused? Are we to let her have use of those ships her illegal and barbarous warfare under water has left to the world? Is she to come in for her share of what her dastardly attacks on the commerce of the world have left? Are we to let Germany have a flying start in the race for the world's trade after the war? This is not, and after the war it will not be, a time to be swayed by sentiment. We must and shall stand for ourselves and for our allies."

## Admiral Sims, by His Wit and Genial Humor, Cheers England at Banquet Talk

By DON MARTIN.  
(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

There is a very ancient story—so old that it may be new to many—of an Athenian who once said to a little Hebrew boy by way of a joke:—"There, my lad, is a pruta (a small coin worth less than a quarter of a cent); bring me something for it of which I may eat enough, leave some for my host and carry some home to my family." The witty boy went and brought him salt.

"Salt!" exclaimed the Athenian. "I didn't tell you to bring salt."  
"Nay," replied the boy, archly. "Didn't thou not say:—'Bring me of what I may eat, leave and take some home?' Verily of this thou mayst eat, leave some behind and still have plenty to take home."  
Of such is the wit of Vice Admiral William R. Sims, U. S. N. In him England has gained something more than the weight of his strong right arm to cooperate with her in breaking the power of the nation which puts the "law of might" before the might of law.

England has gained possession of William R. Sims for an indefinite period because he came from America in charge of what he himself terms the anti-submarine force, to help check the menace to England's food supplies. That in itself is enough to make him as welcome as fresh water to the sea-beaten man, but all the more welcome is he because he is doing more to cheer up London by his genial wit and humor than any other American since the United States determined to join issue with the allied cause.

**Man of Words and Deeds.**  
Seamen, as a rule, are regarded as men of few words. William R. Sims is proving himself a man of words, of cheering words, as well as of deeds. By reason of his wit and kindly good humor he has become the most courted man in London at the present day. And it all happened very suddenly.

His record as a distinguished officer of the United States Navy.  
Naturally, he was feted in true British fashion as an earnest expression of England's welcome. His quiet air of confidence, his keen but kindly gray eyes—eyes that can shoot glances across the table as quizzical as they can flash the sternest determination to complete the work he has come to accomplish before he goes back to his home in the West—his smile as gentle as satire as when he pokes his good natured fun at host or English neighbor sitting by his side, have won him friends without end.

As an after dinner speaker he is just "it" in London to-day. It is true that England has her Admiral Jellicoe, who almost unknown before the war, has since he quit the command of the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, shown some distinction as a speaker with a fund of sly humor; and England, too, has her "Breezy Charlie," Lord Bessford, whose witticisms at table are notable. It was "Breezy Charlie" who once telegraphed in reply to an invitation to dinner from a Prince of the Blood:—"Sorry cannot come. Lie follows by post."

**Became "Lion" in a Night.**  
William R. Sims became a real "lion" in a night—woke up one fine morning to find himself famous in London's eyes as a humorist of the first rank.  
How? and Why? are questions easy to answer.  
The wit of William R. Sims is not of the sort "to raise a foe as often as a friend." Pungent sometimes it is, but never acid. It sparkles, and never cuts.  
And what a fund of stories he possesses! What a repertoire! He tells his stories with such an air of seriousness, anon with wrinkled forehead, or eyes cast upon the table to hide the twinkle that might betray his actual feelings, as if he were telling the real "Gospel truth," and with what always makes good. He scores with direct hits. An Englishman would say, he bows straight for the wicket, and gets there every time.

It was noticeable at the recent Washington Birthday banquet which the American Navy League in London gave in honor of the Connaught Rooms that not one of the other speakers, popular though they were, had a word to say about the American admiral. He was called upon later, got such a rousing cheer as did Admiral Sims when he got up to respond to the toast of his health. Everybody clapped his speech and laughed in anticipation of the good things they knew were coming.  
"Now we shall have a ripping speech,"

## Bishop Quotes "Jim Bludso" in Funeral Sermon

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

John Hay's "Jim Bludso" is known to almost every American, but it was hardly supposed that it was known widely in England. It was quoted the other day by the Bishop of Southwark, who conducted the funeral service for light flares which were killed while performing their duty. He quoted this verse, and with it brought about tears from the eyes of the thousands who had come to the public ceremony.

"He weren't no saint, but at Judgment Day I'll take my place with him. Against the chance of some of them as wouldn't a shook hands with him, He knew his duty, and saw it plain, and did it there and then. An' God ain't got to be too hard on a man as died for men."

## OKLAHOMA INDIANS WILL TAKE THE WAR PATH OVERSEA

(Special Dispatch.)  
London, Saturday.

"Oklahoma will give a good account of herself before the war is over," said Colonel George Griffiths, of Oklahoma City, when seen at the Savoy Hotel. He is a Colonel by courtesy and is not a member of any military army. Thus he is privileged to discuss the war and America's part in it without risking sentence from the censor.

"To begin with, Oklahoma has a regiment of full blooded Indians. They are about through with their training at Fort Sill and some day, perhaps, they will be over here taking their place at the front. Some of them are volunteers and some are in the draft army, but they are all willing members of Uncle Sam's contingent, and if they are anything like their forefathers they will not falter when the word comes to go over the top."

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