

YANKEE CAMERA MAN CONQUERS ALL OF EUROPE

Little Kansas Photographer Is Arrested Eleven Times, but Keeps on "Snapping."

FOOLS FRENCH AND GERMANS

Makes Pictures in Trenches During the Desperate Battle at Mons, With Bullets Falling Thick—Marvelous Adventures of Donald C. Thompson.

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL.

Antwerp—A little man wearing an American army shirt, a pair of British officer's breeches, French puttees, and a Seaforth Highlander's helmet, and carrying a camera the size of a parlor phonograph blew into the American consulate in Ostend.

He announced that his name was Donald C. Thompson, photographer, from Topeka, Kan. Europe is chockablock with war photographers, but Thompson is the only one I have come across who has seen war and actually photographed it.

No one but an American could have accomplished what he has done and no American but a Kansan.

The little man is built like Harry Lauder. He is hard as nails, tough as rawhide, and his face is tanned to the color of a well-smoked merschaum. His face is perpetually wreathed in what he calls his "sunflower smile."

Arrived on Tramp Steamer.

Thompson reached Europe on a tramp steamer with an overcoat, a toothbrush, two clean handkerchiefs, and three of the largest sized cameras made. He expected to have some of them smashed, he explained, so he brought along three as a matter of precaution.

His papers consist of an American passport, a certificate of membership in the Elks, and a letter from Sam Hughes, Canadian minister of militia, authorizing him to take pictures of the Canadian troops. These and his unmitigated nerve have taken him where no other civilian has been.

Arrested Nine Times.

Thompson made nine attempts to get from Paris to the front, was arrested nine times, and spent nine nights in prison. Each time he was taken before a military tribunal.

Utterly ignoring subordinate officers, he would demand to see the officer commanding. He would grasp the astonished official by the hand and nearly wring it off, meanwhile inquiring solicitously after the general's health and that of his family.

How many languages do you speak?" I asked.

"Three," said he. "English, American and Kansas."

On one occasion he commandeered a motorcycle standing outside a cafe and rode it until the gasoline gave out. On another occasion he explained to a French officer who arrested him that he was in search of his wife and daughter, who were dying somewhere on the Belgian frontier. The officer was so affected by the pathos of the story that he wept on Thompson's neck and sent him forward in a Red Cross automobile. Whenever he was stopped by patrols he would flourish his letter from the Canadian minister of militia and say he was trying to overtake the Canadian troops.

"Vive Canada," the French would shout. "Hurrah for our brave allies," and permit him to proceed. He did not think it necessary to inform them that the nearest Canadian troops were at (name of the place censored).

Threatened With Death.

When he was within the sound of the German guns he was arrested for the ninth time, tried by a military tribunal, and told he would be shot if he were not out of France in 24 hours. He was sent back to Paris in a motor car guarded by two gendarmes, who accompanied him to the station and saw him buy a ticket to London. He dropped off the train, however, at Amiens.

Shortly after midnight a train of flat cars loaded with wounded pulled into the station. Thompson climbed on the top of an American refugee train standing on the next track and made a flashlight picture. A panic ensued in the station, as everyone thought a German bomb had exploded.

Thompson was pulled down and roughly handled, but the British soldiers interfered and said he belonged to their regiment, so he was released. Shortly afterwards a train loaded with artillery being rushed to the front pulled into the station. Thompson crawled under the tarpaulin covering a field gun and fell asleep. When he awoke next morning he was at Mons.

Goes into Trenches.

A regiment of Highlanders was passing. He borrowed a helmet and fell in with them. He marched four hours under a scorching sun and then went into the trenches with the soldiers.

All through that terrible day Thompson plied his trade as the soldiers did theirs. Men were shot dead on either side of him. The British were so hard pressed he was disregarded, so he dashed forward and lay down immediately in the rear of the British guns. He said that the German fire

was wonderfully accurate and rapid. The Teutons would concentrate their entire fire on one battery and when that was out of action would turn to another.

When the British retired before the German onset he remained in the trenches so as to get pictures of the charging Germans at close quarters. He snapped pictures until the Germans were within a hundred yards of the abandoned trenches and then ran for life. He said the storm of bullets was so thick he was afraid the Kansas undertaker would never get the job of burying him. He says the British behaved with the greatest gallantry and retired in perfect order, but they would have been wiped out if they had remained.

Fed by French. That night he bivouacked with a French line regiment, the men giving him food and a blanket. The next morning he was arrested for the tenth time and taken before the general commanding the division and stripped and searched and sent to Amiens under guard with orders to leave instantly for England.

At the train for Boulogne was pulling out, packed to the doors with refugees, he noticed a first-class compartment marked "reserved" and occupied only by a young woman.

The train was moving, but Thompson took a running jump and dived through an open window into the lap of the astonished woman. She was considerably startled until he explained he was an American.

The woman, who was young and good looking, proved to be a Russian of high family leaving Paris for St. Petersburg.

The government had given her the compartment, but she had lost her maid and all her money. Thompson told her the Scotland Yard detectives would search him when the train reached Boulogne, and asked her if she would conceal his films on her person.

Paid in Cigar Coupons.

She consented, but asked for the danger she was incurring to be paid \$200. He had only \$50, so he paid her the balance in cigar coupons, which he explained was American war currency. She seemed quite satisfied. Thompson said he paid her almost enough coupons to get a bribe pipe.

At Boulogne, he was arrested, stripped, and searched, but nothing was found. He was permitted to continue to London, where he went to the countess' hotel and recovered his negatives. An hour later he was on the way to the continent again.

He landed at Ostend and managed to get a train as far as Malines. There he started to walk 25 miles to Brussels, carrying a huge camera, and overcoat, field glasses, a revolver and 300 films.

When he was ten miles from the highway a dozen uhlanes suddenly spurred out from a wood and covered him with their pistols. He pulled an American flag out of his pocket and shouted "Hoch der Kaiser," and "Auf Wiedersehen," which was all the German he knew.

Upon being examined by the German officers he explained that his Canadian credentials were merely a bludgeon to get through the lines of the allies, and that he really represented a syndicate of German newspapers in Milwaukee, whereupon he was released and sent into Brussels in a motor car.

Taken as Spy.

Next day a German officer saw him chatting with an English girl in front of a cafe and ordered his arrest as a spy. Thompson said: "All right, I'm used to being arrested, but just wait until I get your picture."

The officer was so furious he smashed the camera with his sword. The Germans destroyed all the films and ordered him to leave the city in an hour or be shot. He left and walked 50 miles from Brussels to Ostend, where I met him in the consulate. He said he had been there over night, was tired of the quiet life and wanted to see some excitement. So I brought him with me in our car to Antwerp.

The last I saw of him he was wringing the hand of the chief of the general staff and asking permission to take pictures from a Belgian aeroplane. They might as well give him permission, because he will do it anyway.

Wish to Fight Barefoot.

Paris.—The Matin relates that on the arrival of a train bringing wounded Senegalese riflemen nearly all were found smoking furiously from long porcelain pipes taken from the enemy and seemingly indifferent to their wounds. The Senegalese complain of nothing except the obligation to fight with shoes on. Before going into battle at Charleroi they slyly rid themselves of these impediments, but came back shod in German footwear to avoid punishment for losing equipment.

Kaiser Rips Off English Medals.

London.—The Express publishes the following which, however, is not confirmed elsewhere: "When Sir William Edward Goschen went to say good-by to Emperor William the latter stalked into the room where the British ambassador was waiting. The emperor was wearing several British orders and medals on his breast and these he tore off, saying: 'Tell your king that that is what I think of him and his medals.' Whereupon the emperor marched out of the room."

Picked Up His Severed Arm.

A French colonel had his arm shot away at the battle of Charleroi. He could not bear the thought of leaving it on the field and he picked it up, running several yards before he was overcome.

FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE

By RUDYARD KIPLING.
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For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate;
Stand up and meet the war—
The Hun is at the gate.

Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown;
There's nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we know depart,
The old commandments stand.
In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:
No law except the sword,
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.

Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain—
They shriveled in a night,
Only ourselves remain.

To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dailys,
Renewed and still renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand:
In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal;
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

There's but one task for all,
For each one life to give,
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

WHY NAMUR GAVE UP CANADA IS ROUSED

Fell Because Allies Failed to Help the Belgians.

Withstood Terrific Fire of German Batteries Until There Was No Hope of Relief by the French Troops.

London.—The Daily Telegraph's Paris correspondent gives a story of the earlier fighting at Namur as described by August Mellot, Belgian deputy for Namur.

M. Mellot says that until August 13 the citizens of Namur had hopes that the Belgian army would be joined by the French and English and would meet and rout the German forces before they reached Namur, but on that day a detachment of Belgian horsemen met a detachment of uhlanes and engaged in a smart fight, in which the Germans were smashed up.

"This incident," M. Mellot said, "left no doubt that the Germans would return in greater numbers. The following day, while we were in Namur busy completing the defenses, the first three shells fell in the town. One shell struck the bridge at Salzipines and killed five persons. I was standing 20 yards away and must say the impression was a disagreeable one."

"From that moment we were shelled daily and numbers of persons were killed and great damage done. We still hoped, however, that the allied armies would drive the Germans out of Belgium, but the German cavalry came ever nearer, and on the 18th we felt that we were being surrounded."

"Then on the 20th we heard the news of the occupation of Brussels and gave up hope of a decisive battle north of Namur. The cannonade increased during the night and on the 21st the battle around Namur became general. It lasted all day."

"While eleven German army corps were passing the Meuse coming from Vise a powerful force was detailed to mask their march and kept up a heavy fire on our position. The German attacks were multiplied all the time and their fire extended over a line of some ten miles on the left bank of the Meuse and over the Himalai line or right bank."

"During this time the French force sent to meet them tried to check the German advance. (Here portions of the story were cut out by the censor.)"

"Namur was the center of all this fighting. Toward noon of the 21st a German battery was hurriedly placed between the interval of two forts and began to bombard Namur. The fire was kept up for a long time, doing material damage."

"At 10 o'clock that night I succeeded in getting out of town. During the time I was there the town was defended by Belgian troops. I do not know what became of them. I cannot say whether they beat a retreat or joined the French forces."

BRITISH CAUGHT BY A RUSE

Cavalry Regiment, Trying to Surprise German Battery, Falls Into Barbed Wire Entanglements.

London.—A private letter received here from a British officer at the front tells how a British cavalry regiment suffered severe loss through a ruse of the enemy.

The regiment, it seems, sighted a German battery not far off firing in a reverse direction and the British officer decided that the battery was unaware of their presence, whereupon he ordered a cavalry charge down into the valley which lay between them and the battery.

Unfortunately the bottom of the valley had been very cleverly studded with concealed barbed wire into which a great portion of the regiment rushed before the front rank could give warning. Immediately the German battery turned its guns around, inflicting heavy loss.

War Prevents Polar Trip.

Captain Amundsen has postponed his trip to the North Pole until the spring of 1916, saying the war will make it impossible for him to start sooner.

Citizens Are Eager to Fight for the Empire.

Extreme Gravity of the War Is Fully Realized—Business All Over the Dominion Is Paralyzed.

Quebec.—Canada at last fully realizes the extreme gravity of the war, both from an imperial and a domestic standpoint. A steady flow of volunteers and British army reservists are daily pouring into Quebec and drafts are almost daily leaving for England.

South African volunteers, smooth-faced boys, stalwarts from the western plains and the camps and mines of British Columbia and the less robust but equally game loyalists from the eastern cities, all are eagerly swarming to the colors and asking only one favor—to be rushed home as soon as possible.

Men who hold commissions in the Dominion forces and who can obtain no commission with the expeditionary forces, are cheerfully resigning their commissions that they may re-enlist as privates.

All ranks and grades are equally enthusiastic, but with all the prevailing military enthusiasm, the gravity of the situation is fully appreciated and men go about their business with sober, anxious faces.

Business is dull all over the Dominion and trade, especially in the eastern cities, is practically demoralized. That things will steadily grow worse is the firm opinion of the man in the street, and the belief that the war will be a long and deadly one is shared by all. Canada is determined to fight to the last for her parent country, and is confident of ultimate victory.

A pleasing feature of the mobilization is the readiness of the French-Canadians in volunteering—a readiness that was not quite so marked at the time of the South African war.

An officer who arrived here with a 2,000 strong contingent from Edmonton said there was no danger of loss of crops through lack of harvesters, as the labor deficiency would be filled by Poles and Italians, who would otherwise be without work, on account of the acute trade depression.

DEATH CURRENT IN WIRES

How Electricity Was Utilized by Defenders at Liege, German Attackers Being Electrocuted.

Paris.—The Petit Journal publishes the following details of the fighting around Liege, obtained by it from a Belgian officer:

German troops rushed on the barbed-wire defenses before the forts of Liege in the darkness of night. A very strong current of electricity was being maintained in these wires, and as a result the first ranks of the Germans were electrocuted.

Unchecked, the assailants followed in masses, but they were blinded by the glare of powerful searchlights. They hesitated and started to retire. At that moment a heavy fire of rifles and artillery was concentrated on the mass of German troops and they were cut to pieces. The mass of bodies formed a mound, in some places many feet high.

To drown out the groans of the wounded, the German bugles sounded martial airs, and the troops still alive united in cheering.

Near one fort two columns of Germans, blinded by the glare of Belgian searchlights, attacked each other. This incident was seen from the fort. When one side seemed to have the better of the struggle, the Belgian officer goes on to say, "our artillery fired into both sides alike, thus making the struggle more even."

Bibles for England's Fighters.

British naval and military missions are distributing Bibles to every man in the army and navy. They bear the following inscription, written by Lord Roberts: "I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little book guidance when you are in sickness and strength when you are in adversity."

UNIVERSITY OPENED

SPiRIT OF NEW PRESIDENT, E. K. GRAHAM, ONE OF SERVICE AND BENEFIT.

ENLARGEMENT OF VISION

Administration Is Backed By The Hearty Co-operation of the Students—Several Faculty Changes.

Chapel Hill.—Strikingly vivid was the glimpse of the spirit with which the new president of the University, Edward Kidder Graham, takes the leadership of that institution given to the large audience in Memorial Hall, when he presided over the formal opening of the 120th session. Mr. Graham in his short talk had referred to the lately published statement of Thomas R. Marshall, which quotes the vice president as saying: "I am no uplifter," and expresses the view that every man should clean his own doorstep and let others do the same. This view, contended Mr. Graham, is good so far as it goes, but he declared that while he believed in cleaning one's doorstep and also the yard, as he looked out beyond the yard he saw "the road and this leads to the end of the world."

That the whole world is related closely so far as driven home by calling to the attention of his hearers the effect of the European war upon everybody in the United States, the inference being that it may at times be necessary to help your neighbor clean his doorstep, lest your own become covered by the overflow of his trash.

Mr. Graham's characteristic breath of view fits in especially well with the widening horizon of the University. With a registration of nearly 1,000 students there is a general enlargement of vision and a confident hope for greater things here in state's leading institution of higher learning.

Dignity no less impressive because of its simplicity marked the opening exercises.

Called upon by President Graham Rev. Mr. Moss of the Presbyterian church of Chapel Hill offered a simple prayer of thankfulness for the Divine guidance which had brought within the grasp of the University such an opportunity for great work. This was followed by "The University Hymn."

Then President Graham announced the opening of the 120th session of the University of North Carolina. The opening, said he is happy in all particulars; with the largest registration on a similar date in its history; the prospects are brighter than ever before and opportunities greater.

Faculty changes and additions were first taken up. Dr. Francis P. Venable, for 16 years distinguished in the service of the institution, had resigned the presidency, said Mr. Graham, but he was glad to say, would still be connected with it and would have a chair of chemistry, a work in which he has for years been one of the foremost men of the nation. Additions, as before announced were mentioned.

Prof. E. C. Bronson and Z. V. Judd have new chairs, those of rural economics and sociology and of rural education, respectively.

Tobacco Prices Rise.

Warsaw.—The news that the Export Leaf Tobacco Company has resumed buying after taking their buyers off the South Carolina markets when the European war began will be gratifying to the many tobaccoists throughout the state.

Stanley Wall, the local representative of this firm, is on the market and this fact, together with the fact that the leaf, brought slightly higher prices, has done much to encourage the tobaccoists in this section.

Green Cotton Worm in Iredeil.

Statesville.—The green cotton worm which became so prevalent throughout North Carolina and other Southern states a few years ago, has put in its appearance again. Supt. F. T. Meacham of the Iredeil test farm found the worms at several places recently. The worm is not the regular army worm, but is a plant-eating caterpillar.

Styles to Manage Dugger Campaign.

Asheville.—J. Scroop Styles, a member of the Asheville bar, was named as campaign manager for Congressman James M. Gudger, Jr., and chairman of the Tenth Congressional Committee of the Democratic party. Mr. Styles will assume his new duties immediately with the opening of Democratic congressional headquarters in the Library building. Congressman Gudger expects to return to the district the first of October when he will wage a vigorous campaign in behalf of his candidacy.

Wheat Crop Saves the Day.

Raleigh.—"Our bumper crop of wheat is what is saving the day for the farmers in Davie," said Mr. W. K. Clement, of that county, who was here recently. "The corn crop is short, cut off by the drought fully a third, I should say. Cotton is fairly good, somewhat better than corn, but the low price, or rather no price at all, for there is no market, is a severe blow for the farmer. But the wheat yield is fine and is the bright spot in the situation. Some of the yields were forty bushels to the acre and over."

After dreaming they were soul-mates an Ohio couple got married. May they never wake up!

Cleanses the Wounds. For injuries from rusty nails or any other external hurts, apply Hanford's Balsam. It should kill any germs, cleanse the wound and remove soreness. Then quick healing will follow. Adv.

That Dark Brown Taste. Yeast—They say that dark brown is to be one of the fashionable shades next fall. Crimsoneak—Well, I can't say I like that taste.

No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared especially for Malaria or Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the fever will not return. 45c.—Adv.

Her Fear. "Why did Maude choose a single life?" "She was afraid of getting a husband who would lead a double one."

PIMPLES ON SCALP ITCHED

Lewisburg, Tenn.—"Four years past I had a very bad scalp trouble that commenced with itching. Later my hair got thin and my scalp sore and I could not sleep for scratching at times. I did not get the sleep that was restful and refreshing. I was losing my hair fast. I had pimples on my scalp which itched and burned so that I scratched and irritated them. I had dandruff which scaled off and showed on my clothes."

"I tried almost every noted scalp remedy and hair tonic without success. Then I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was relieved of the itching and sore scalp after three shampoos and applications of the Ointment. After using both the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for three months I was completely cured." (Signed) F. B. Lewis, Jan. 1, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Filial Solicitude.

"When I was your age," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I did not stay out and dance all night as you do." "I know it," replied his sociable son. "And I'm mighty sorry about it. That's why I'm trying to get you to come along and make up for some of the chances you've missed."

A Grateful Parent.

"How do you like your new son-in-law?" "I'm reconciled to him," replied Mr. Cumrox, "even if he is a duke. I'm thankful Glays Ann didn't marry somebody that 'ud compel me to make a bow to my own daughter an' call her 'your majesty.'"

Acquitted.

Ex-Representative Eddy of Minnesota never resented the title of "the homeliest man in congress." In the opinions of his opponents, Mr. Eddy had "wabbled" on a certain issue in the campaign. Some time later, on an occasion when he was billed to speak, he found that one of the newspapers had announced his coming in a headline reading: "Two-Faced Eddy Speaks Here Tonight."

That evening, when Mr. Eddy stepped before his audience, he said: "You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that I am not the man referred to in this paper. It must be someone else, for there is no one here who does not know that, had I two faces, I would not wear this one."

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class. When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says:

"After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of."

"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead."

"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble."

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a rebuildler. That's the reason. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.