

THE INTEREST OF AMERICA IN THE GREAT WAR

By FRANK J. GOODNOW, President Johns Hopkins University.

Paris in three weeks, London in three months, New York in three years, was the accepted German program.

The Pan-German propaganda which had been going on for the last 25 years proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the only reason why the attempt had not been made before to realize the grandiose conception of German world domination is to be found in the fact that those responsible for it were not ready.

That the Germans might thus dream of world domination we may possibly comprehend. But that the German people should be willing to resort to the practices of which they have been shown to be guilty in order to realize their dream was hardly to be believed.

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therefore, we are to hope for the further development of an international life we must fight to the death German pretensions.

We have therefore allied against German autocracy practically all of Western Europe, together with Japan, Russia and the United States.

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BELGIUM MAKES OWN WAR SUPPLIES

Most of Munitions for Belgian Army Made at Le Havre, Present Capital—Factories Cover 40 Acres

Le Havre, Oct. 15 (By mail)—In spite of the fact that for three years the Belgian army has been living practically in exile, it has been able to create its own war factories.

One of the first things to be done was to adopt the shells of the French 75 field guns to the Belgian guns, which are of the same calibre, but of a different model.

When the first and most urgent object had been achieved, the work of creating all the various forms of plants needed to turn out what had been supplied by the allies was undertaken.

In August, 1915 factories began to spring up in Le Havre for war material, while at the same time a factory was started in England for Belgian explosives and another for Belgian rifles and carbines.

The Belgian factories of Le Havre cover over 40 acres and now supply practically every need of the army and its auxiliary services, from artillery to horse-shoes, including motor and horse conveyances.

The Bomb

By PATRICK MacGILL

Ginger Cahery, the red-haired Irishman, leaned his elbow on the parapet, eased his helmet up a little, rested his head on his hand and looked at his two mates, Bowdy Benners and Spudhole.

"You were unfortunate the last time," said Bowdy Benners. "And twice all because you were such a fool."

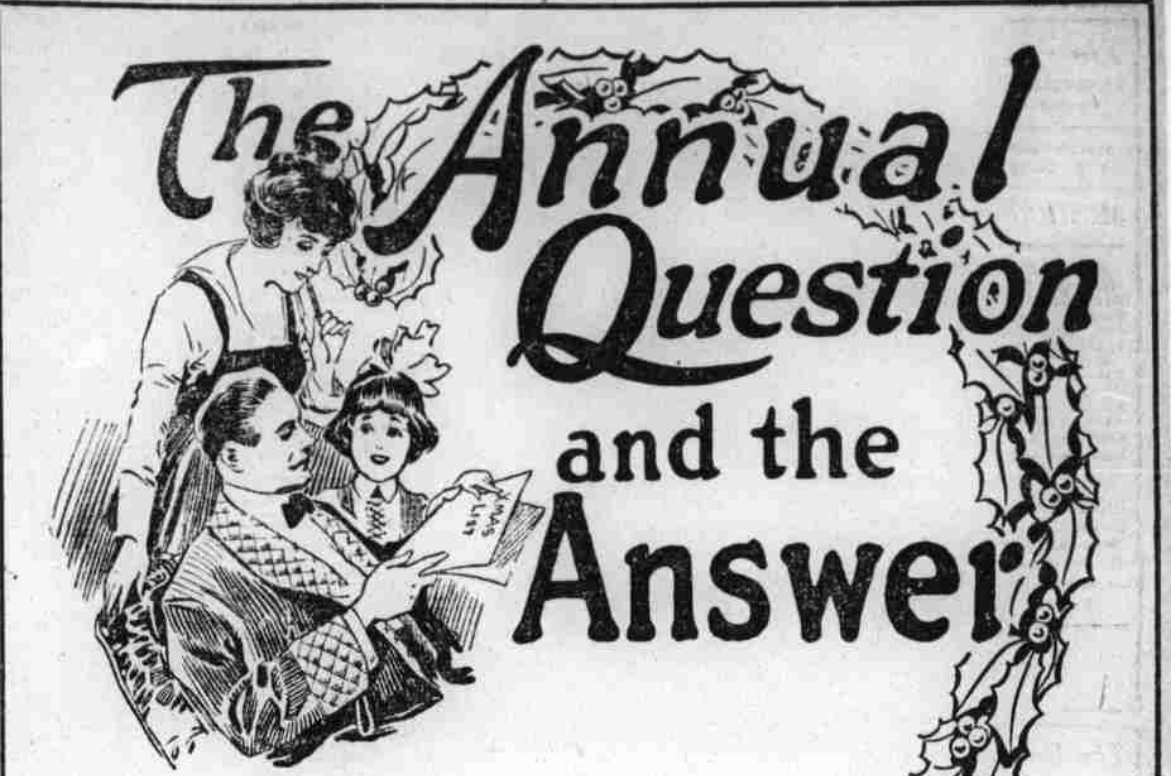
"A big, ugly, red-haired Irish fool," added Spudhole. "Which was quite true, for on his last leave Cahery acted very foolishly and got into disrepute with the authorities."

"And all because I stood up for the likes of 'ees two," he explained. "I see nothing about England, but for English soldiers—well, I know them."

"Not so long as I keep me thumb here on this," said Cahery. "But it's dangerous," says the wee man.

"Not so long as I keep me thumb on the lever," I tells him. "So I'll put the pin in again." I went on to look for the pin—but I couldn't find it.

"I've lost the pin," says I. "Did ye hear it fall on the floor?" Well, to tell the truth, I never seen a man move as quick as that wee man. The others were on the floor as well looking for the pin. The pin was lost. They couldn't find it.



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Advertisement for Anthony Bros. Outfitters to Men and Women, 35 Patton Ave. Includes logo and contact information.

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"I've lost the pin," says I. "Did ye hear it fall on the floor?" Well, to tell the truth, I never seen a man move as quick as that wee man.

"The what?" he asks me. "The Hun, the baby-killer, the Boche," I tells him. "The Germans, if ye like to call them that, I adds, 'But they're not brothers,' says he. 'They're not as bad as they're made out to be. Ye fellows are told all manner of lies about them.'"

"I've seen them," I says, "and I know what they are. I was out since Mons and I went out with me two eyes shut. And be-damned to ye for callin' me a brother iv them sort iv vagabonds. What aye ye, at all," I puts to him.

"I'm a pacifist," says the wee man. "I'm one o' them that's for peace at any price?" I asks him. "Not at any price," says he, "but peace before anything else is what I'm out for."

"I puts me hand in me pocket and takes out a bomb that I had taken out against all orders, for a souvenir, and I looks at it. It was clean, ye know, and though an empty dud, looked like a live one. The wee man looked at it as well, and so do every one else in the carriage. Their eyes got bigger, too."

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had been taught at the base and at home in training. It revealed the English soldier to him in a new light, and he felt hurt and ashamed at the tameness and alacrity with which his fellow-soldiers surrendered. They almost seemed to welcome the raid, as an interruption of their misery. Being a thoughtful young man, he was forced to reconstruct some of his ideas of the war.

Continual superiority! said the first speaker contemptuously. "That is a tale they tell you back at the base. What would happen to us if they attacked suddenly now, say, men in the reserve lines are half-starved, and large numbers buried or wounded. This little group of us to hold out bit of line. Karl is already mad with nerves, and Herman is off his head—listen."

Through the trench to the left a man was gabbling nonsense, and occasionally his voice rose, and other voices joined in. "He is being held down," continued the speaker. "How can I ask any of you to mount sentry down there on the right, among all those hunched bodies? Besides, these men is blown in, and I admit I dare not go myself to see what has become of the machine gun team. I think they are all blown to bits. Send up another flare, Hans—and peep over to see that everything is clear. This quietness seems ominous. Those devils are always brewing mischief when they are quiet." The flare went up—and the ground was lit up for a short while. Evidently the sentry was satisfied.

The man crept out of the hole and through the wire. Ten minutes later he was in his own lines, making a hurried report. "Those beggars are as scared as mice," he said to his company commander. "Now's our time."

A raid previously organized, was rapidly prepared. The bombers got ready quickly. The artillery were communicated with, the barrage was not to be needed. The man who had gone out to investigate led the way. Half-way across a flare went up, and they all by still and listened to the beating of their hearts. They went on again, and all crept through the wire.

Then, like a flash, it happened. With a spring the first man was over the German parapet. Five Germans screamed and turned to run. Meanwhile a rocket was sent up and the artillery put down a barrage on the communication trench for it was a bold plan to withhold the barrage until actually in the enemy's lines. These wide-awake Germans were death with by the bombers, and the little raiding party returned with seventeen prisoners and two machine guns.

He knew the front line was lightly in apt to mean machine guns and alert sentries. Every now and then a flare went up, and he lay motionless, pressed against the slime. There was a portion of the wire smashed down, and just beyond it—a few yards from the German trench—a shell hole. For this he was making, and in due course he slipped quietly into it, holding his breath. Very soon he became aware

With the Sages. A hero is he who taking both reputation and life in his hands, will with perfect urbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob, by the absolute truth of his speech and rectitude of his behavior,—Emerson.