

STORIES OF GERMAN ATROCITIES NOT PROVED, SAYS AMERICAN WRITER

The Chicago Tribune prints a long copyrighted dispatch from James O'Donnell Bennett, staff correspondent, dated at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany...

The following dispatch to the Associated Press, evidently forwarded by Roger Lewis, is in substantial agreement with Mr. Bennett's story in the Chicago Tribune:

By the Associated Press. New York.—An Associated Press staff correspondent of American birth and antecedents, who was sent from the New York office and was caught in Brussels at the time of the German invasion...

The night before the Germans entered Brussels, when the Belgian civil guards and refugees began pouring into the city from the direction of Louvain, they brought stories of unspeakable German atrocities...

The Belgian capital reeled with apprehension. Within an hour the gaiety, the vivacity, and brilliancy of the city went out like a broken arc light. The radiance of the cafes was exchanged for darkness...

Fears of Brussels Quieted. The historic Belgian city went through a state of morbid consternation, remarkably like that from which it suffered on June 18, 1815...

In less than 24 hours the Belgian citizens were chatting comfortably with the German invaders and the allegations of German brutality...

Neither in Brussels nor in its environs was a single offensive act, so far as I know, committed by a German soldier. In a city of over half a million people, invaded by a hostile army...

None Knows of Outrages. The frightful reports that had preceded the German army into Brussels included the disemboweling of old men and the impaling of children on lances...

An eye witness of unimpeachable veracity told me that the worst behavior he had observed during the first German entry into Louvain (August 15) was that of a German soldier who begged from his horse and kissed a pretty Flemish girl who brought him a glass of beer.

I marched for days with the German columns, often only one day behind the fighting, with the houses that had been burned still smoldering, the ground freshly broken by shell and trampled by horses and men...

No Proofs of Murder. I interviewed an average of twenty persons in each of a dozen towns and heard only one instance of a non-combatant who had been killed without a justifiable provocation...

He lived in one of the typical small Belgian countryside houses which combine the comforts of home with the bare of a small public bar. This house was at the north of Merbes-le-Chateau...

A son of the murdered man, whose name was Arthur Nicodem, showed me blood clots on the floor marking the place where Nicodem fell, his throat cut by a saw-edged German saber.

English Fired From House. It was said by some inhabitants that the murdered man showed a pair of binoculars; but a more probable explanation is that English outposts had concealed themselves in the house...

KAISER ADDRESSES TROOPS AT VIRTON

Rotterdam.—The Cologne Gazette reports that the German emperor delivered a speech to his troops after the battle of Virton, near Longwy, when he visited his son, Prince Oscar, who is commandant of the grenadiers.

The kaiser appeared in the evening with his suite in five automobiles. He blessed his son and then walked along...

upon the first German invaders. The inference that the shooting was done by Belgian civilians may have inflamed the Germans to reprisals.

In that neighborhood four houses had been burned and one was still ablaze as I passed on Wednesday, Aug. 20.

This town of Merbes-le-Chateau, which had been the scene of an important skirmish between the Germans and English on the previous Sunday, was riddled with rifle shots. The small number of windows intact showed that the Germans had made a deliberate assault upon the residents of the town...

I have emphasized the one fatality of the non-combatant because the news of it traveled up and down the Sambre and across to Hantes-Wiberie and Solre-sur-Sambre, multiplying as it went and developing ghastly and inhuman details until it seemed an unanswerable reproach to the whole German empire.

With this one possible exception, I did not encounter in Nivelles, in Binche, Buisserie, or Solre-sur-Sambre, or any of the other towns I visited, a single incident of mistreatment or any sort by German officers or soldiers.

Burgomaster Denies Reports. Into this town 130 French killed and more than a hundred wounded were brought in a single day. August Bladriax, burgomaster, said that he knew of no cases of German cruelties, except distant rumors which he had learned to discredit.

Robert J. Thompson, American consul at Aachen, visited Liege during and after the capture of the forts. It is the opinion of Mr. Thompson that no outrage was committed by Germans during the several days' fighting there.

There are, of course, reported outrages beyond investigation, either on account of their vagueness or because it is impossible to weigh the provocation. It is known, for instance, that 112 natives were killed in Renoucamp, not far from Ardennes; German soldiers say that they were killed because they fired upon them from the roofs and windows of the houses.

The history of the absolute destruction of the historic city of Louvain is by this time well known. The German version of this is that the inhabitants, under the direction of the burgomaster, established themselves in the church, where they also installed a machine gun. They proceeded to greet the Germans with a deadly fire.

The Belgians say, on the other hand, that part of the German army, mistaking one of their own retreating divisions for the enemy, opened fire upon them, whereupon, deluded into thinking this an assault by Belgian civilians, the Germans razed the city.

I have not been able to acquire any direct evidence in regard to these last two instances, but the explanation generally credited by disinterested persons is that the Belgians, who had laid down their arms, according to the burgomaster's proclamation on the entrance of the enemy, took them up again when it looked as if the Germans were retreating from the town, and opened fire from their windows upon a retreating German train.

Jarozzky Tells Outrages. The most authoritative German denial of German offenses comes from Maj. Gen. Thaddeus von Jarozzky, military governor of Brussels, who informed me that in numerous cases he had been received with a pretense of friendliness by Belgian civilians, who later fired upon the German soldiers from windows and from between the roof tiles. This was done, he said, after a declaration of surrender by the burgomaster and a proclamation warning the citizens against any show of resistance.

In such violations of the rules of war, the general said, he punished the offender by burning the houses from which the shots were fired.

Our comrades in the eastern army also fought gallantly, also the army of the crown prince. The fourth army, under the duke of Wurtemberg, advanced victoriously. Our enemies are withdrawing in flight.

The eastern army has driven three Russian corps over the frontier. Two Russian corps capitulated on the open field. Sixty thousand men and two generals were taken prisoners.

For all these victories we have to thank but one—that is our God, who is ever over us.

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was susceptible of investigation I was found either that the outrage was a figment of the Belgian mind or that it was more than half excused by circumstances.

The prevalence of the Belgian practice of sniping from the houses was perhaps indicated by the warning of the German officer who acted as guard for five American correspondents, including myself, who were being taken as prisoners from Beaumont to Aachen in an army train. We were advised to lie down on the floor of the car as the Belgian snipers would shoot at us from the houses. But there was no firing.

This, of course, is not a brief for the German army; it is an account of German conduct as it appeared to an impartial observer who had the rather extraordinary opportunity of traveling for days with the German columns, over a distance of more than a hundred miles through a dozen important cities and towns.

Sometimes I was near enough to the front to see the white artillery smoke spurt into clouds along the horizon and hear the double detonations which came from artillery at short range. At other times I trailed behind through the desolate waste which a victorious army leaves behind it.

Pay All and Tip Well. On the contrary, I witnessed numerous cases of the most careful courtesy on the part of German soldiers. In Brussels they not only paid their cafe bills, but tipped generously. Along the road, when a German officer or soldier entered a Belgian house for food or shelter, it was not with a demand but a request. In spite of the confusion and errors which arose from a strange tongue there was almost no friction of any sort.

The German soldiers were punctiliously considerate and polite to women and children, apologizing for the discomfort they were causing. Upon leaving a house where they have been given shelter, I have seen them shake hands with the concierge, peasant woman, or in some cases with the gentleman of a Belgian villa, as pleasantly as if they were bidding adieu to their hostess at a week-end house party.

So many instances of this sort are at hand that a recital of them would be tedious. Naturally inclined to be gruff with their soldiers, the German officers always gave the French prisoners a pleasant word, and treated them with every consideration. Not a single exception to this civility toward prisoners has come to my attention.

A French lieutenant and two English officers traveled with us in the prison train from Beaumont to Aachen, a halting journey which took over thirty-six hours. The train was crowded with German wounded and French and English prisoners, and there was nothing to eat or drink, except a few fragments of rye bread, hard as a stone, and a little liquid compound of chicory, which in Belgium masquerades under the name of coffee. Since there was not enough even of this disheartening fare to go around, German officers went without food so that the prisoners might be fed.

In a little cafe in Beaumont, concierge and madame had fed before the approach of the soldiers and abandoned their business. Two officers found them in hiding, brought them back, and in a day they had taken in more money than in any previous week in their career.

These incidents could be indefinitely prolonged, but they would only offer additional support to a point that I think I have already established—the universal kindness of German soldiers as I have observed them.

I have seen perhaps half a dozen cases of drunkenness in observing nearly 1,000,000 soldiers, and these few were only good-naturedly maudlin. In Beaumont while I was detained for 24 hours in the small cafe previously mentioned, with an armed guard at the door, although specifically told that I was not an ordinary prisoner, a swaggering petty officer of some sort, lunged toward me and showed me the sharp convincing edge of his sword, insisting that I run my hand across it.

German discipline and German training seem to have put into the German soldier an exemplary behavior which is nothing less than remarkable. Before I fell asleep on the floor of the Beaumont cafe, with two German soldiers' guns slanting almost over me, I heard the petty officer who was in charge of us, giving instructions to the guards, which included the statement that any one of us who stirred outside the door should be shot. Then he counseled them, almost in a fatherly way to drink only moderately, stating that if they became drunk he would recommend a sentence of 15 years in the penitentiary.

If the conduct of the German soldier errs at all it is on the side of a too complete subordination. It is impossible for any one who has seen much of the German system to believe in the tales of deliberate depredations and unsoldierly conduct.

Those liable for war duty are divided as follows: Great Britain and Ireland, 197,626; Canada, 150,718; Russia and Finland, 418,428; France, 16,695; and Belgium, 3,691. On the other side, Germany had 127,103 and Austria-Hungary, 623,853.

In addition to these the other European nations might call from the United States men who have not been naturalized here as follows: Italy, 488,442; Switzerland, 10,328; Norway, 34,478; Sweden, 52,041; Denmark, 14,187; Holland, 11,706; Portugal, 15,447; Roumania, 12,529; Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro combined, 14,562; Greece, 68,208; Turkey, 27,494; and Spain, 9,211.

PRESS MEN ANXIOUS

Foreign Correspondents in Washington Worried.

Being Able, Scholarly and Well Liked, Their American Colleagues Refrain From Hurting Their Sensibilities.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—Perhaps the most anxious men in Washington today are the correspondents of foreign newspapers sent here by their editors to report the doings in this capital of a first-class power. There are not many of these men, but each has his heart engaged, naturally, with the cause of the country across the water of which he is a native. Their anxieties are increased by the difficulties which they have in communicating to their journals the Washington view of the war abroad.

It is unquestionably true, for one sees it and must know it, that the great preponderance of sympathy in the capital, lay and official, is with the fighters on one side of this great European war. It is true also that the preponderance of sympathy among the newspaper correspondents rests with the same cause. It must be left to the readers to guess or to judge where the greater fund of sympathy rests.

The correspondents of foreign newspapers, men sent here from their home countries, are members of the National Press club. American newspaper men, no matter how their sympathies lie, refrain from expressing them in the presence of their foreign newspaper brethren. These foreign correspondents all are good fellows, well liked, and admired for their ability and their scholarship; for the foreign newspaper men for the most part really are scholars in the best sense of the term.

One of the greatest newspapers in all Germany is represented in Washington by a native German correspondent who has been here for some years. This writer of American affairs for German readers is Dr. George Barthelme. The German cable was cut at the very outset of the war by the British and there are no mails today reaching Germany ports.

Doctor Barthelme might be thought in a way to be a man with his occupation gone. It is true that he cannot send his daily dispatches or his daily and weekly letters, but unquestionably he is writing for future reading his studies of the American attitude in this great war and to give the German view of how America felt and acted when Europe was at grips.

The Washington correspondent of the great London Times is Arthur Willart, a graduate of Oxford and a man who has served his newspaper in various capitals of Europe. Willart's lines of communication with his newspaper are not as open as they were, but he is not handicapped to anything like the extent of his German journalist brother.

War between the countries of Europe has not produced war between the newspaper representatives of those countries now in Washington. It seems that the battlefield is the only place where men of different countries cannot fraternize. The official news of the department in Washington is as open to the foreign correspondents as it is to American correspondents. They get all that it is possible for anyone to get, and they interpret it according to their judgment for the benefit of their readers. Seemingly the sympathies of most American correspondents in this war are all one way, but they do not permit themselves to give open expression of their views in the presence of the foreign correspondents whose sensibilities might be injured.

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SAW MEAUX BATTLE

English Correspondent Describes the Recent Fighting.

Graphic Picture of the Artillery Conflict, the Wrecked Village and Aeroplanes Cruising About Over It All.

By FRANKLIN P. MERRICK, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

Paris.—An English correspondent who has just returned to Paris gives a lively description of the fighting at Meaux, which is on the Marne 60 miles east of Paris. He was an eyewitness of part of the conflict which centered around Meaux, where the German lines finally gave way and fell back.

"I came upon the battle at Meaux with startling suddenness," said the correspondent. "My motor car had just topped a little rise overhanging the town when it was stretched out like a panorama before my eyes. For some time I had been hearing the growl of the artillery and knew that the allied forces were in action against the Germans. I stopped my automobile upon the crest and looked upon thrilling scenes.

"Behind a piece of thicket I could see troops and far distant along the range of hills were several batteries of artillery. In the foreground was a cluster of cottages surrounded by fields. In the fields were a number of hay stacks, some of which had been set on fire. In another field a number of frightened horses were galloping about. Opposite the German guns, about five or six miles distant, I should judge, were several batteries of French artillery.

"The day was clear and the clouds of white smoke which rolled upward drifted lazily in the upper currents. Far overhead and distinct against the sun cruised the inevitable German aeroplanes.

"I could see shrapnel bursting in the air with little clouds of spurting black smoke, for the Germans charge their shells with powder which gives off a black smoke so that they can ascertain where the shrapnel are falling. I could see showers of dirt spraying upward where shells ricocheted on the ground.

"German shells were falling in the fields just beyond Meaux. We could see a long twisting snake-like line of new earth, where the French had thrown up entrenchments.

"I pushed onward into the town. How changed it was from the peaceful, sleepy little French village of a week before. It was desolate and empty. Houses had been burned or wrecked by shells. The bridge was blown into a shapeless mass. The streets were like avenues in a city of the dead. But soon I saw that the town had not been deserted, for when the chasseurs came clattering through with the iron-shod hoofs of their horses ringing on the cobbles many a shutter was cautiously opened and heads peeped forth to see whether the troops were French, English or German.

"Looking upward, I saw several more aeroplanes, but could not tell whether they were French or German. I could see shells bursting beneath the machines and marveled how the gunners could tell whether they were firing upon friend or foe.

"Curious scenes attend every battle, but one of the most unusual that I witnessed was in Meaux. A shell fell in the street and tore up a great hole. Dirt and stones rained upon all the buildings in the neighborhood. I passed by immediately afterward and when some one opened a shutter to look out I caught a glimpse of a woman sitting within the room darning, as though nothing was happening. On all sides of her battle raged; she alone seemed to be calm.

"I tried to get into the fields flanking Meaux to see what was happening where the infantry and cavalry were believed to be engaged, but an old man warned me back. 'Hell itself seems to have turned loose,' he said. 'I turned and made off toward Paris and as I again passed over the hill tops the sound of the canonade was in my ears and the geyzers of earth from bursting shells.'

Now Burgomaster Max Escaped. London.—How Burgomaster Max of Brussels evaded arrest by becoming an American official is described by William Gore, correspondent of the Daily Sketch. In a dispatch from Brussels, the dispatch states: "The burgomaster is one too many for the Germans. One morning he was in the meat market, when a German official arrived and said: 'I want all this meat.' 'M. May replied: 'One-quarter of it for you and the rest for my people.'

"The German, furious, arrested the burgomaster, who asked for a half hour in which to put his affairs in order. He then went to the American consulate, where he said: 'I have been arrested.' "The consul replied: 'You are my secretary.'

"Thus the burgomaster was enabled to give the laugh to the Germans."

Kaiser Watched Attack on Nancy. London.—The Geneva correspondent of the Express hears from a German source that Emperor William watched the attack on Nancy from a hill outside the range of the French artillery.

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Fighting the White Plague. Adequate hospital facilities for the 35,000 residents of Ohio who are suffering from tuberculosis has been decided upon by the prevention of tuberculosis and officials of the state board of health. It is proposed to create 12 hospital districts of from four to six counties each, wherein campaigns will be inaugurated for the erection of district tuberculosis hospitals to be maintained jointly by the co-operating counties.

Through the erection of these 12 district hospitals, supplementing the present sanatoria, anti-tuberculosis workers believe that the 35,000 victims will be adequately cared for, and that the people of the state will be so well protected through this hospitalization that eventually Ohio's death rate of 7,000 per year will be reduced materially.

No Dancing Floor. "This apartment is not big enough to turn around in," said Mr. Groucher. "You are right," said Mr. Groucher to turn around in it," replied the agent lellly. "We are letting apartments, not ball-rooms."

Proved. "Her father thinks a great deal of you." "Huh! He refused me her hand in marriage." "That proves it."

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The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way, is valuable: "An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover."

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food. It tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

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