

RUSSIA BEGGING FOR NECESSITIES

Problem Not One of War, but of Immediate Succor

RED CROSS DOING SHARE

Bolshevism Is Greatest Fear New Government Has to Fight in Siberia

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger

Copyright, 1918, by New York Times Co. Omak, Siberia, Nov. 13 (Delayed).

After seven months of actual military travel the Red Cross staff at Omak... outside world is a name with which we are familiar.

Russia is not a war-ridden but a grave international question of reconstruction. She needs help now not after the war, and while the Red Cross is attempting to do this, the European developments it may be difficult for Americans to understand.

First, Bolshevism is not dead in Siberia, but is suppressed. Bolshevism's strength lies in Russia's industrial economic condition. If America can assist the Free Officers fighting Bolshevism will be weakened and the people aided.

Second, Siberia is now giving signs of being the center of Russia's rebirth. Hundreds of thousands of people from Europe are traveling here. Take the case of Czech, with a total population of 15,000,000; it now has 500,000. Nikolavitch, which has a normal population of 50,000, at present has 150,000.

Third, the requests for economic assistance are only beginning. That situation which can be administered to Russia's needs, sending all necessities here, will be the greatest thing possible for this nation, which is bleached by war and revolution.

Great Lack of Clothing

In the cities of Irkutsk, Chita, Tomsk, Tselin, Novo-Nikolavitch and others, I have seen second-hand overcoats for 2500 rubles, second-hand felt boots 200 rubles and a suit of cotton underwear 250 rubles. I have seen men and women crowded together in the streets, unable to venture out into the Siberian winter because they lacked clothes.

There is an epidemic of typhus at Nikolavitch, and the doctors are unable to care for patients because of the lack of drugs and ordinary bandages. In one but twenty-five children were found lying on the dirty floor, all of them infected. In the railway station there are cases without clothing wrapped only in the mothers' torn blankets or rags.

Russia's situation cannot be described. Bandages cannot be purchased anywhere. In the eleven hospitals at Nikolavitch there are only two pounds of cotton. Dr. R. C. Teusler, the Red Cross commissioner in Siberia, said to me:

"I have received requests from civic organizations and hospitals asking me to procure for or sell to them 2,000,000 rubles worth of drugs. In Irkutsk the director of the military hospitals in the province stated that he was short of surgical supplies. He had virtually no drugs. Patients in many cases were going two weeks without a change of bandages, while all dressings were being washed and re-washed.

While the Red Cross cannot undertake to give these institutions all the supplies needed, we are giving temporary relief. Our purchasing agents are authorized to buy medical supplies for these hospitals which the Russian Government is unable to buy for."

Wounded in Box Cars. Discussing the situation on the Czech-Slovak front, Dr. Teusler stated that the Czechs lacked ambulances, especially at the Elberfeldburg front, where the wounded were lying in box cars because there were no hospitals for them.

Crossing Siberia from the Allied base at Vladivostok to the temporary capital of the All-Russian Government, these are one's chief impressions. Ambassador Morris diagnosed the situation, emphasizing the necessity of Allied control. The trans-Siberian railroad is the key to the whole military and economic problem.

Roads to Mons Filled With Rejoicing Throngs

Soldiers and Civilians Mingle as Bands Play and Men Sing—"Boche Napoo," Tommies Shout

By PHILIP GIBBS

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger

Copyright, 1918, by New York Times Co. With the British Armies, Nov. 12—(Delayed).

Last night for the first time since August in the first year of the war, there was no light of gunfire in the sky, no sudden shafts of flame through the darkness, no long, spreading glow above the black trees, where for four years of nights human beings were being smashed to death.

The fires of hell had been put out. It was silent all along the front. With head and heart of night, it seemed as if we did not stand listening to the dull rumbles of artillery at work, which had been the undertone of all sleepless nights. The heart beats at a staccato, and the heart and mind, nor say in whisper to one's self.

"These things?" At 11 o'clock the order had come to all batteries to cease fire. No more noise, no more light, no more smoke, no more sound. The night was still, and the little sounds of night in nature and a sound as though the stars were in benediction to the world, from town and fields in the yellow light, and in the deepening shadows of the day of armistice. They were sounds of human joy.

Men were singing somewhere on the roads, and their voices rang out clearly. Bands were playing, as all day on the way to Mons I heard their music ahead of the marching columns. Bands were blowing.

In villages from which the enemy had gone, the streets were full of people. The silver chatter of women and children, the British soldiers were still on the march, with their guns and their transport, and their old field cookers, and all along their lines I heard men talking to each other, as though something had loosened their tongues and made them garrulous.

Motorcars streaked through the streets, doubling their gear, and now and then they were full of soldiers who had come from the front, and their faces were lit with laughter from young officers, shouting off their pistols into the darkness to celebrate the end of hostilities by this symbol of the rising stars which did not pour so high as their spirits from the dark towns like Tournai and Lille. These roads rose and burned a little white with a white light.

Our aviators flew like jets in the dusk, skimming treetops and gables, doing Puck-like gambols above the town, music, looking and spiraling above the great flames and rockets which dropped down to the crowd of French and Flemish people waving to them from below.

Cheers for Victory

Late in the night there were sounds of singing and laughter from all open windows in towns which had been all shut, with people hiding by their cellars a week ago or less, and British officers sat down to French maps, and there was a beginning of cheers which lasted five minutes, ten minutes, longer than that, and some of those who cheered had moist eyes and were not ashamed of that because of memories in their hearts, for old pals who had gone, who were missing on the night of the armistice.

Yesterday, coming back from Mons, I had no time to write more than a few words describing the best day but one, when our victory shall be sealed by peace. I had desired a hundred miles away to the east, the enemy, across the road to Mons and had become entangled in tides of traffic, and traveled far through liberated country, but I had determined to get to Mons, and on the way I had seen the first of the German army.

The women showed the courage which had never departed from them through all these years of tragedy. They were hot and spent by this long journey on the roads and their hair had become uncoiled and their bodies sagged in mud, but they had an eager look in their eyes and strained forward at the ropes of their coats with the vision of their homes burning them on mile after mile.

I met many people there who remembered the first battle of Mons as though it were yesterday and in the square thousands of people were gathered among English janitors and German soldiers, and the women and children were coming running to them with autumn flowers, mostly red and white chrysanthemums, and they put them in their tanks and in the straps of their steel helmets.

Thousands of flags appeared suddenly in villages where no French or British flag could be shown without firing shot helmets up and cheering. As they marched through villages, they shouted out to civilians, "Guerre fin, guerre fin, Boche napoo," and the women and children came running to them with autumn flowers, mostly red and white chrysanthemums, and they put them in their tanks and in the straps of their steel helmets.

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YANKS CAPTURE OWN GENERAL

First Division Overtakes 42d and Makes MacArthur Prisoner

By the Associated Press

Socialist Trio Controls Berlin

Ebert, Scheidemann and Landsberg Hold Power in Germany

REVOLT GOES ON ASPACE

Soldiers and Workmen's Councils Being Formed in Various Sections of Country

By GEORGE RENWICK

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger

Copyright, 1918, by New York Times Co. Amsterdam, Nov. 11 (Delayed).

The stupendous work of carrying through the Socialist revolution throughout Germany proceeds apace. Scores of all sorts pours in here from a multitude of quarters, and that maze of information almost makes the mind reel before the tremendous complication of happenings.

Let me turn to the capital first. There, while the new Government is being formed, the power is in the hands of a Socialist triumvirate—Ebert, Scheidemann and Landsberg. Unity has been achieved between the majority and Independent Socialist parties and the Government will consist of members of both sections. Liebknecht appears to have championed the extreme Socialist, almost Bolshevik, cause, but it is reported that he is losing support.

The Government will be formed before the voting takes place for a national gathering. In that election all persons of both sexes who have reached the age of twenty-one years will vote, and that gathering will decide in the future form of the Government.

There can be little doubt that Germany will be placed upon a republican form of Government, though it is still in doubt whether there will be one or more republics in the fatherland. Negotiations are being held with Bavaria and other states, with a view to common action. The opinion in Berlin appears to be that Bavaria at least desires separation.

The Berlin Soldiers and Workmen's Council has assumed control of all home troops, and the War Office in Berlin is under control of a Socialist deputy, with whom the war minister is working.

Newspapers About-Face. The most curious happening in Berlin is the volte face of conservative journals. These papers, like the Kreuz Zeitung, which a short week ago were breathing fire against the Socialists, are now appealing in lamelike tones to the public to support the powers that be.

The Local Anseiger, the extreme organ of the wealthy and influential "heavy industrialists," has been taken over by the Spartacist group on the extreme left section of the Socialist. Its new name is Die Rote Fahne (The Red Flag); and a fate, too, has overtaken the dignified, severe, dull North German Gazette, so long the pompous official organ of the German Government. The Independent Socialist party annexed it and it now bears the name of the Internationale.

There was some fighting in Berlin during Saturday and Sunday and the trouble appears to be continuing today. On Saturday and Sunday it took place round the Royal Castle and today the scene of the fighting has been Friedrichstrasse station. The fighting appears to have spread during the day to other parts of the city. It was caused apparently by a number of officers, but nowhere, according to the latest news, was the trouble of a very serious nature. During the day there have been many republican demonstrations throughout the city.

Here and there in the suburbs, too, some shots have been fired, but, on the whole, fairly good order appears to be preserved in the capital.

Many New Governments. As far as the other parts of the country are concerned numerous reports continue to reach here of the formation of workmen and soldiers' councils everywhere without opposition. The Grand Duke of Hesse has abdicated and in Wurtemberg a republic on the Bavarian model has been proclaimed and introduced apparently without disturbance. In Baden a Socialist government has been formed.

The King of Bavaria, with his family and Prince Rupprecht, though reports differ regarding the Prince, have taken to flight. They left Munich in motor-cars late Thursday night.

WANT VON TIRPITZ TRIED. Socialists Urge Arrest of German Army and Navy Heads. Amsterdam, Nov. 14.—Independent Social Democrats in the new Government have demanded the arrest of Admiral von Tirpitz, former Minister of the Navy; Major General Kelm, president of the German Army League; Dr. Wolfgang Kapp, president of the Fatherland party; Admiral von Holtzendorff, formerly chief of the naval general staff, and others, and the establishment of a tribunal to try all persons primarily responsible for the continuation of the war and hindering peace.

Paris, Nov. 14.—Several members of the Chamber of Deputies yesterday proposed in the chamber a resolution requesting the Government to enter into an agreement with the other Allied Governments for the trial of all former rulers who were responsible for the great European war. Under the resolution the extradition of a tribunal would be requested, no matter in what country they have taken refuge.

REVOLT IN TRANSYLVANIA. Rumanians in Uprising Against Magyar Oppression. Washington, Nov. 14.—Rumanians in Transylvania have revolted against Magyar oppression, according to semi-official cables from Switzerland here today. In many towns Magyar authorities have been turned out and imprisoned. Rumanians released. Magyar detachments were torn down and Hungarian flags torn to shreds. Appeals have been made for formation of a Rumanian national army in Transylvania.

GREAT DISTRESS IN AUSTRIA

Lack of Food May Cause Million to Die

By the Associated Press

Italian Headquarters, Nov. 14.

McLeod, of Montreal, an aviator, and M. Young, of the Monks, Iowa, who were taken prisoner by the Austrians during the Italian campaign, have been released and have reached the Italian line. They bring direct news of conditions in the interior of Austria, having traveled from Salzburg, near Vienna, after being liberated.

"Horrible food conditions prevail in Austria," said McLeod today, "and it is quite possible that a million persons will die there this winter from lack of food, weakness and disease. The country is quiet now, but another Russian invasion may grow out of the situation as soon as the troops returning from the front discover that the end of the war has not brought relief."

"Scarcely along the railways are like those on the battlefield. We saw bodies scattered here and there as a result of men crowding on the tops of trains and being swept off by tunnels."

It was the pitiful, heroic side of life, made up of thousands of civilians, people who that morning had come back through the German lines. They were men from fifteen to sixty, who had been taken away from a carnival and courtship, from the shops, from the town and Valenciennes and hundreds of towns and villages in the wake of the enemy's retreat, because to the very end the German command conscripted this manhood to forced labor and to prevent them from serving their own armies. Then, at last, yesterday, seeing their men down and some they said to these people in Tournai and other towns behind their lines:

"You can go. We want no more of you." See vast numbers of men and boys who had been forced from their homes by German bayonets and with them the heads of women were making their way home yesterday on all of the roads through Mons and they were burdened with luggage they had taken on their exile. The men had heavy packs strapped about them, they bent under the load, exhausted by long trekking, with only food enough for life, but each man had added some straws to his coat's weight by thrusting flags into his pack, not one flag but mostly four or five, so that he might with bent head these colors flutter above him.

The women showed the courage which had never departed from them through all these years of tragedy. They were hot and spent by this long journey on the roads and their hair had become uncoiled and their bodies sagged in mud, but they had an eager look in their eyes and strained forward at the ropes of their coats with the vision of their homes burning them on mile after mile.

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A war lesson for peace-times

A war has taught us to save; to get the most out of things; to get things that have "most" in them. That's a great lesson for peace.



"CALL IT A DAY" What do you call a day? A high-pressure morning, a heavy lunch—and a slowed-down afternoon? Change to Borden's Malted Milk for lunch and full-speed ahead all day. Nourishment without heaviness—a real food-drink. At all fountains. Insist on Borden's—the Improved Malted Milk. Borden's MALTED MILK

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