

FRANCE SENDS ONE OF HER FIGHTING PRIESTS



Photo From Western Newspaper Union

Father Souris of the diocese of Paris recently arrived in this country with the permanent French commission. To use his own words, he is here to "talk to Americans from a religious standpoint of view regarding this world catastrophe, and tell them of the spirit of the men today in the trenches." Father Souris wears every decoration in the power of France to give for bravery and devotion to country, and in addition he bears the scars of wounds received in many battles.

'FRIGHTFULNESS' BY BRITON IN LAUSANNE

Ripe Tomato Bombardment Routed a "Gott Strafe England" Couple.

The latest tale of frightfulness comes from Lausanne. In one of the most fashionable restaurants recently all the tables were occupied except two small ones not far from each other, when a man and a woman, unmistakably German, entered. The woman wore a light wrap, but when she had seated herself at one of the tables she removed it and it was seen that she wore on her expansive bosom an enormous brooch with the inscription in brilliant, "Gott Strafe England."

A few moments later an Englishman, accompanied by a countrywoman, seated himself at the other table. The inscription on the brooch immediately attracted their attention, and indignation. Sending for a head waiter, the Englishman said to him that such a violation of good taste in a neutral country was an insult that could not be borne. He told the waiter to inform the German that the ordinary civilities would suggest that the brooch worn by his companion should be taken off.

The head waiter had little stomach for such a job, and feebly demurred, whereupon the Englishman rose and in excellent French addressed the Germans. In a clear voice he repeated what he had said to the head waiter, but, except for a supercilious shrug of the shoulders, the Germans gave no evidence that they had heard his remarks, although everyone else in the restaurant understood what he had said and looked their sympathy.

The Englishman, without showing any signs of anger, reseated himself, picked up a menu and gave his order to the waiter. When the soup was served the waiter also brought on a platter a dozen large ripe tomatoes, which were placed on the table. The Englishman and his companion, after finishing their soup, deliberately plucked up the tomatoes and rained upon the two Germans the ripe vegetables, splattering their faces and breasts with the soft, juicy contents.

The applause and laughter of the other diners appraised the objects of this novel form of reprisal that they could find no support or sympathy and they fled from the restaurant in great precipitation. "Let them go," announced the Englishman. "I will pay their bill."

GIRL IS BANK PRESIDENT

Heads Cleveland Institution With 850 Depositors.

Fannie Koehlman, seventeen, is president of a bank at Cleveland. The bank has 850 depositors and a capital of \$155.58.

The depositors are members of the Council Educational Alliance, who save their money to buy Liberty loan bonds, vacations and Christmas presents.

The deposits came in pennies. Some persons literally have "only a cent to their names."

VIVID STORY OF TRENCH STORMING

Writer Describes Happiness After It Is All Over.

TENSE AS MEN AWAIT WORD

Anxious and Nervous Men Try to Conceal Their Real Feelings While Waiting for the Order to Go Forward, by Telling Funny Stories—Waiting the Worst Part.

Henri Barbussi, well-known French writer, has written a graphic account of the storming of a German trench in which he took part. In gripping language he describes the torture of waiting for the signal to advance, of running out in the open against terrific fire, and of the happiness of the men when they find each other safe after "going through hell."

"It is evening in the Champagne," writes Henri Barbussi. "The men are waiting in the dugouts of the first line trenches, wondering when the order to charge against the enemy will be given. They are anxious and nervous, but try to conceal their real feelings by telling funny stories and laughing heartily. They know that in the next moment they may be facing death, but there is always hope. They have been spared before, perhaps they may be spared again. A voice is heard in the neighboring trench.

"Listen," said one of the men. "Didn't you hear? The alarm was sounded!"

"Alarm? Are you crazy?"

"Just then a shadow appears in the opening in the dugout and somebody cries: 'To arms!'

Roar of Guns Frightful.

"Quiet prevails. We have all become dumb. We get up and stretch our weary bones and go out into the trench. The roar of the guns is frightful. One man looks at the other; no word is spoken, but the eyes tell everything. We are ready; some of the men are sitting quietly in the mud, others are resting their arms on their rifles. I study the pale, deeply lined faces of these men. They are not soldiers, but simply human beings. They are not adventurers or warriors. They are peasants and workmen in uniform, and were not made for slaughter. They are awaiting the order to die.

"Each one of them knows what it means; he knows that he is to expose his head, his breast, his stomach and arms and legs to rifle balls, to shrapnel and to the bayonet. They are a quiet, peaceful lot—not bandits or barbarians or savages looking for another's blood. I can see that they are tortured by the suspense, that they are in anguish, that they are wondering whether they will live through this terrible night. No one who has not seen men ready for a charge can appreciate what it means.

"They still wait. It seems like an eternity. The sun has set and a weird darkness is creeping over the sad landscape. Then rain falls in torrents to add to the grewsome picture an atmosphere of tragedy.

"There is more time spent in waiting and then hand grenades are passed around to the men. Each man receives two. Then the order 'Forward!' is heard, and we know that it is now our turn.

"We spring out of the trench and into the darkness. We expect to be greeted by a deadly fire, but, strange, the thunder of the guns suddenly ceases.

"Don't use your hand grenades until the last minute," shouts our captain.

Bullets Whistle Past.

"Just then a curtain of fire rises before us and the bullets begin whistling past our ears. We are running forward now. Shells are bursting all around us. The fingers of my right hand are singed by the fire of an exploding shell and I drop my gun, only to stoop and pick it up again. The fire becomes so strong that we become blinded by it; our men become separated, none of us knowing just where he is going. Here and there in the mist I could discern forms of men falling heavily to the ground, and now and then above the roar I heard the heartrending cry of someone who had received his death wound.

"Forward!" shouts our captain.

"We are running like mad now. Sometimes we stumble over the bodies of our comrades, but there is no stopping. Our breath is coming fast, our hearts are thumping wildly in our breasts, our blood is coursing at breakneck speed through our veins. We are now as men possessed; we have forgotten all our fears and all we want now is to meet the enemy face to face; we are lusting for blood.

"The German trench is before us, and we all plunge in; but the Germans have flown; the trench is empty. We stop for breath and look about us. It seems all like a dream now, and we greet each other like happy children.

"What, you, my friend? Thank God, you are unhurt. Have you seen our captain? What has become of him? God, what must we not all go through!"

"We remain in the trench and tell our experiences. The cries of the wounded have ceased, but the roar of the guns has increased. We no longer pay any attention to the noise. We are tired, very tired, and there we sit at the bottom of the trench, waiting for a wink of sleep."

HUMDRUM LIFE OF AIR THRILLS

Reads Like Page From Book of Fairy Tales.

TELLS OF FIGHT WITH HUN

Boy Sees Nothing in His Exploit, But Is Willing to Spin the Yarn if Anybody Cares to Hear It—Plays Possum on Fritz and Then Gets Him—Clouds Help Ambush.

The every-day humdrum life of the boy airfighters on the western front reads like a page torn from a book of fairy tales. Here is a story of one of the dull days as told by a rosy-faced youth of nineteen. He was back in "Blighty" recovering from a machine-gun wound.

"What, you want to write a story about how I got this?" He laughed in embarrassment. "It was just an ordinary day—no story in it—Americans wouldn't care to hear it.

"This particular Hun had got old Regan—sent him down blazing. So we were after him. He usually came snooping over our way 'bout sunup. Poor old Regan. His old fault was that he adopted stray dogs.

"Anyway, this Hun bird came sailing over impudently the other morning about five. I skipped out to the aerodrome. All the boys yelling good luck to me. After that nothing but the roar of the engine.

Clouds Help Ambush.

"There were a few chunks of white cloud—bully for ambush—if the other fellow doesn't do the ambushing.

"Once before this bird had caught me with nothing to feed my Lizzie, my domesticated machine gun, and jolly well chased me right down to our back door.

"Before I got up much I was getting 130 out of her—old engine sizzling like a cricket. I went up 10,000 feet, keeping an eye peeled for Fritz. He was sitting under a cloud somewhere, evidently. While I was nosing around the corners of the clouds I caught sight of a shadow on a cloud-bank below. It was my meat.

"You bet I took a quick look at my fixtures, got a trayful of food ready for Liz, hummed the 'Invitation to the Waltz' and began to slide a bit. But I fell clean into a pocket, did a slide-slip. While I was getting her straightened out, Fritz saw me and started to get up over me. He flew better'n I did, had more parlor tricks, but I'd got the best machine. He knew it.

"The boy leaned forward and his eyes sparkled with the memory.

Plays Tricks on Fritz.

"You know what that son-of-a-gun did?—he'd lured me over their Archies. First thing I knew a puff of shrapnel left off below me, then one above, then one on my port side. I turned her nose up and got out of their reach. Meantime I'd lost sight of my Fritz.

"Then I got an idea. I began to wobble around like I was hit. Began to fly like lame ducks was eagles compared with me. And it worked. He barged right out of a near-by cloud and opened up on me. I swung over him—two struts and a landing wire cut clean off. I whirled—and let Lizzie sing her favorite hymn to him. He swerved and began to settle. Then his machine caught fire and began to whirl like a falling leaf.

"Only then I felt my arm sting and a funny feeling across my back. He'd got me with his first bullet.

"I turned back toward home. 'Bout twenty feet from the ground I lost control—probably fainted—and ruined our flower patch. Had bullet in arm, skin wound across the back and sprained leg in the bungled landing. That's what sent me over here.

"But let me tell you, old man—and put it in the paper—I wasn't fighting that particular Fritz; it was the whole outfit of skunks that bomb defenseless cities and kill women and children.

"Now let me buy you a drink for boring you."

GIRLS STOP TRAMPING

Wisconsin Poor Soon Tire of the Wandering Life.

Maude Bride, eighteen years old, of Madison, Wis., said she was not going to hobo any more, as she sank on the upholstered seat of a passenger train just leaving Peoria, Ill., for her home recently, in custody of her father.

She and Marie Shadel, seventeen years old, also of Madison, were picked up by the police in Princeville one evening in a stranded condition and lodged in the detention home.

The two girls set out with \$10 earned by Maude in a candy factory to hobo it to Waco, Tex., to visit their soldier sweethearts, whose names they gave as Herbert Ward, corporal of Company C of Madison, and Ben Nicholski, a member of the Wisconsin band.

They rode box cars and blind baggage until their money ran out, when they were glad to be picked up, they told the authorities.

Maude's father is just recovering from a broken leg and used the money he had laid by to buy his winter coal to come to Peoria for his daughter.

Woman Mayor Fined Herself \$10

Mrs. John J. O'Brien, woman mayor of Moorehaven, Ia., fined herself \$10 when one of her horses broke the law by straying from its corral and trampling gardens.

KAISERISM LAID BARE BY GERMAN

Dr. Liebknecht Makes Charges Against Government.

IS A SCATHING INDICTMENT

War Incited Through Suppression of Belgian Ultimatum and Messages of Czar—Submarine Warfare and Sinking of Lusitania—Taking of Hostages and Levy of Contributions.

A scathing indictment of the German government by a German was received in Washington and made public at Washington. It is a four-page pamphlet in German by Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist leader. These are some of the things with which he charges the kaiser's government:

The incitement of the war through the suppression of the Belgian ultimatum and the messages of the czar.

The rape of Belgium and Luxembourg.

Introduction of poison gas.

The Zeppelin bombings, "aimed," he says, "to annihilate every living person, combatant and noncombatant."

Submarine warfare on commerce and the sinking of the Lusitania.

The taking of hostages and levy of contributions in occupied territory.

Systematic exaction of service treasonable to their own countries from Ukrainian, Georgian, Courland, Polish, Irish, Mohammedan and other prisoners of war, and from enemy aliens in Germany under threat of internment.

This service involved forced espionage for the central powers.

Fostering political lawlessness and exploitation of the people through martial law.

Failure to provide for the people through the war through the influence of the capitalistic and agrarian classes.

Maintenance of its aims of conquest blocking the way to peace.

All of this Doctor Liebknecht sums up as "the most extreme concentration and extension of political oppression, of economic exploitation, of militaristic slaughtering of the working classes, body and soul, for the advantage of capitalism and despotism."

Paved Way for Revolution.

"The German government," he says, "has prepared the way for a revolutionary uprising of the people and for general distress."

Doctor Liebknecht's statement was made to the imperial military tribunal, Berlin, in explanation of his deposition in the proceedings following his arrest. He says:

"The German government contrived the war jointly in concert with the Austrian government, and so burdened itself with the greatest responsibility for the immediate outbreak of the war.

"The German government brought on the war under cover of deception practiced upon the common people and even upon the reichstag (note the suppression of the ultimatum to Belgium, the promulgation of the German White book, the elimination of the czar's dispatch of July 29, 1914, etc.), and it sought by wicked means to keep up the war spirit among the people.

"The German government wages the war methods which, judged even by standards till now conventional, are monstrous." (Note, for example, the sudden attack upon Belgium and Luxembourg; poison gas—since adopted by all the belligerents—but most outrageous of all the Zeppelin bombings, inspired with the purpose of annihilating every living person, combatant or noncombatant, over large areas; the submarine war on commerce, the torpedoing of the Lusitania, etc.; the system of taking hostages and levying contributions, especially at the outset in Belgium; the systematic exactions from Ukrainian, Georgian, Courland, Polish, Irish, Mohammedan and other prisoners of war in the German prison camps; of treasonable espionage for the central powers; the contract between Under Secretary of State Zimmerman and Sir Roger Casement in December, 1914, for the organization, equipment and training of the 'Irish brigade' made up of imprisoned British soldiers in the German prison camps; the attempts under threats by forced internment to compel enemy alien civilians found in Germany to perform treasonable war service against their own country, etc.) 'Necessity knows no law.'

Refuses All Reforms.

"The German government has, through the establishment of martial law, greatly increased the political lawlessness and economic exploitation of the people; it refuses all serious political and social reforms, while it seeks to hold the people docile for the imperialistic war policy, through rhetorical phrases about equal rights of all parties, about alleged discontinuation of political and social class discriminations, about an alleged new order and direction of affairs, and the like.

"The German government has failed, out of deference to agrarian and capitalistic interests, to care for the economic welfare of the population during the war, and so has prepared the way for a revolutionary uprising of the people and for general distress."

"The German government holds fast even yet to its war aims of conquest, and thereby constitutes the chief obstacle in the way of immediate peace negotiations upon the fund-

amental principle of renunciation of annexations and of all sorts of oppressions. It stifles through the maintenance—in itself illegal—of martial law (censorship, etc.) public knowledge of embarrassing facts and socialist criticism of its procedure. The German government thereby discloses its system of specious legality and sham nationality as a system of actual force, of genuine hostility to the people, and of guilty conscience as regards the masses.

"The cry of 'down with the government' brands this entire policy of the government' as fatal to the masses.

"This indicates further that a struggle of the most strenuous character, class struggle against the government, is the duty of every champion of the welfare of the proletariat.

Not in Interest of Masses.

"The present war is not a war for the protection of national integrity, not for the freeing of oppressed people, not for the welfare of the masses.

"It signifies from the standpoint of the proletariat the most extreme concentration and extension of political oppression, of economic exploitation, of militaristic slaughtering of the working classes, body and soul, for the advantage of capitalism and of despotism.

"To all this the working classes of all countries can give only one answer—intensified struggle. International class struggle against the capitalistic regime and the ruling classes of all countries for the abolition of every species of oppression and exploitation, for the termination of war through the institution of a peace consistent with the spirit of socialism. In this class struggle, the socialist, who knows no country but the international, must come to the defense of everything which as a socialist he is bound to defend.

"The cry 'down with war' signifies that I must stand opposed to the present war, condemning and hating it on principle, in its historical character, in its general social causes and specific origin, in the method of its conduct and in the purposes for which it is waged. That cry signifies that it is a duty incumbent upon every defender of proletarian interests to participate in international class struggle for the ending of the war.

"As a socialist, I am fundamentally opposed not only to this present war, but also to the existing military system, and I have to the utmost of my ability continually urged on the fight against militarism as an especially portentous undertaking, a matter of life and death for the working classes. (See my paper: 'Militarism and Antimilitarism, 1907,' international conference at Stuttgart, 1907, and Copenhagen, 1910). The present war is a summons to maintain the struggle against militarism with redoubled energy.

Socialism Not Hurt.

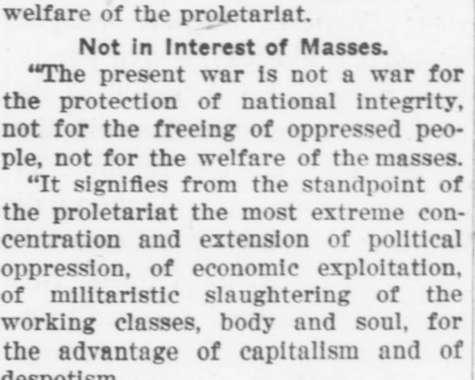
"Since 1889 the 1st of May has been consecrated to manifestation and propaganda of the great fundamental principles of socialism, against all exploitation, oppression and violence, consecrated to propaganda for the essential solidarity of workers in all lands—a solidarity which the war has not impaired but strengthened—against fratricidal conflict, for peace and against war.

"The declaration and propaganda of these principles is a sacred duty imposed upon all socialists—doubly so during the war.

"The policy advocated by me is set forth in the pronouncement of the international socialist congress held in Stuttgart (1907), which bound socialists of every country—since they have not prevented the war—to work with all their energies toward its speedy

YOUNGEST KNITTER FOR THE RED CROSS

Little Edith Riggs, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Riggs of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the youngest knitter registered with the local Red Cross. The little girl has already knitted several sweaters for our boys abroad. She won a knitting bag offered to the first pupil in her school who learned to knit in a practical way. She is shown at work on a blanket for a wounded soldier, spending all her play time at this sort of work.



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ending, and to take advantage of the conditions which have arisen for hastening the abolition of the capitalist order.

"Socialism, even to its ultimate consequences, is international in spirit. It imposes upon the socialists of other countries the same duty, with reference to their governments and ruling classes, that I with others in Germany have performed with reference to the German government and ruling classes.

"Socialism works in the spirit of internationalism in its reciprocal incitement, from country to country, of the class struggle against war.

Upholds Socialist Policy.

"With others I have, since the beginning of the war, in every possible way, in the most public manner, defended and upheld this socialist policy; and I am pledged to it, to the last degree, in compact with my brother socialists in other countries.

"I may mention, for example, my journey to Belgium and Holland in September, 1914; my Christmas letter in 1914 to the Labor Leader, London; the Swiss conventions, in which I regret to say, I was unable to participate personally, being prevented by the superior powers, etc.)

"This policy—to which, cost what it may, I shall hold fast—is not mine alone, but is on the contrary the policy of an ever-increasing proportion of the people in Germany and in other countries, belligerent as well as neutral. It will soon become as I hope—and to this end I am resolved to toll on—the policy of the working class in all countries, which will then possess the power to break the imperialistic will of the ruling classes, and to shape as may seem best the relations and conditions of the people for the universal benefit of mankind."

WOMEN ARE URGED TO KNIT FOR SOLDIERS

Causing Shortage of Wool in Making Fancy Sweaters for Personal Use.

"Stop knitting bright-colored sweaters of wool" is the message that the woman's committee of the council of national defense is sending out to the women of the United States.

Miss Hannah J. Patterson made this statement to the members of the committee: "While nurses and soldiers in France are sending appeals to the Red Cross for sweaters, bed socks, wristlets, helmets—in fact for six million articles of clothing which call for wool, hundreds of women in the United States are using up enough wool in fancy sweaters to equip the greater part of the army. With knitting yarn advanced in price and with an urgent demand for wool from the Red Cross society and elsewhere, it is imperative that we send out a call to our sisters to do their bit in the war by making this sacrifice. A woman should feel the greatest sense of shame in the possession of more than one woolen sweater, and it is the duty of women connected with war work in this great army, which is under the direction of the women's committee, to make this point clear. There is a cry of distress directly from the soldiers and nurses in France in personal letters written to members of this committee. It does not seem possible that American soldiers should have to shiver in open trenches during a terrible winter in northern France because the women of America choose to have from six to ten sweaters apiece made of material which is needed by the government."

IS FIFTH TO SERVE

Young Man's Ancestors Were All in the War.

Although there is nothing unusual in the enlistment of a young man in these days, it is quite out of the ordinary for the young man to be of the fifth generation of his family to answer his country's call.

Elton H. Bennett, a native of Fort Madison, Ia., and a grandson of Quartermaster H. J. Bennett of the Iowa Soldiers' Home, has enlisted in the navy at Los Angeles, Cal., according to word received here by his grandparents.

He completes the chain of family representatives in his country's wars. Not only did his two grandfathers, Bennett and Brookover, serve in the Civil war, but his great-grandfather, Daniel Bennett, was also a veteran of that war.

The young man's great-great-grandfather, Asa Bennett, was in the war of 1812, and his own great-great-grandfathers, Bennett and Harris, were in the Revolutionary war. Although not in direct line of ancestry, young Bennett's uncle, Harry Brookover, represented the family in the Spanish-American war.

PASTOR LIVES IN CHURCH

Demand for Houses in Town Forces Him There.

Even the churches at Junction City, Kan., are being used in the emergency created by the "boom" resulting from the establishment of Camp Funston.

The Rev. James Houghton of the Universalist church, forced out of his residence by the sale of the property, sought in vain for another house and finally hit upon the scheme of using the social rooms of the church for his residence.

Four thousand dollars has been raised for the construction of a parsonage to be built in the rear of the church and work is to be started soon.