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GASES PURE POISON

DIED AS SURELY AS IF THEY DRANK POISONED WATER

Examination Of Survivors—Six Neutral Correspondents Pay a Visit to French Hospitals.

Paris, May 18.—Four United States correspondents and two from other neutral countries, Holland and Switzerland, have just completed, at the invitation of the French Government, an inspection of the hospitals where the victims of German asphyxiating gases lie. The enquiry has proved to the impartial satisfaction of all six men that the gases used were absolute poison and that from inhaling a sufficient quantity of them men died as surely as if they had drunk water from poisoned wells.

The invitation was extended as soon as the official English and French investigators had concluded their examination of the soldiers who had been subjected to this gaze. Some of the men survive and are still suffering from the effects of the gas in various hospitals. Many, however, are dead. The attending physicians at the hospitals visited were instructed to give the fullest possible information regarding the history of each patient examined, so that the results obtained by the correspondents were quite complete and from thoroughly scientific sources.

The first hospital visited was an immense modern sanitarium for tubercular consumption at Zudocote, on the coast north of Lens. It is capable of caring for 3,000 patients, and has now been transformed into a magnificent military hospital. Out of 75 victims of German gas who were sent to this hospital three died and 15 have recovered sufficiently to be sent to more distant sanitariums for convalescence.

The correspondents examined a score of the remainder. Some of them had arrived a few hours after being poisoned. Prof. Rathery, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, described the cases. It was he who had performed the autopsy over those who had died. The first ones to arrive at the hospital had turned a violet tinge. They died the next day, and an autopsy showed that they formerly had tuberculosis.

Another victim died two days after his arrival at the hospital. He, too, had once had tuberculosis, and the immediate cause of death was tubercular pneumonia. Yet another subject, who had been in perfect physical health, died from pulmonary congestion caused by the gas.

Prof. Rathery said that exact figures are not yet available. He estimates, however, that among the French troops alone between 3,000 and 3,500 men were affected, and of this number it is no exaggeration to say that 10 per cent. died on the field of battle and that six per cent. died in the hospitals. The proportion among the Canadians was slightly less. Experiments were made with various gases on the men who had recovered, and all of them agreed in saying that chlorine had the same taste as the gas used by the Germans.

Several of the victims were interviewed. All of them said that the effect of the gas had been terrible and instantaneous. Many men were overcome while stopping to pick up their rifles before fleeing from the poisonous cloud. Most of them were unable to rise again, but some were able to stagger a few yards before succumbing entirely. A few of those were dragged from the poisoned zone by their stronger comrades. Those who escaped arrived at the hospitals expectorating blood. They had collapsed utterly in most cases and for days after were racked by terrible coughs. It was a curious fact that in many cases a fever developed four or five days later. Then pneumonia developed.

The Horrors Accumulate.

New York Herald.

The American people know James Bryce. When the committee of which he is the head finds the German military authorities guilty of deliberate savagery in the occupation of Belgium the verdict carries conviction.

The world has had a surfeit of horror poured out by the exemplars of "kultur." From many sources have come reports which bore the earmarks of truth concerning the atrocities committed in the name of "military necessity," but the world has hoped, for the self-respect of human kind, that they were marked by exaggeration.

With the sinking of the Lusitania and now the judicial findings of the committee which acted under the leadership of the author of "The American Commonwealth," hope has vanished.

"Military necessity!" To what a plane of infamy are raised the following words which have used the phrase to justify to themselves the crucifixion of infants, the violation of women, the slaying of the venerable and the mutilation of harmless youth?

What soldier tainted by Kaiser madness can read Bryce's measured and solemn condemnation of the acts of Germany in Belgium and not blush for the stain?

What answer can civilization make to itself for the presence of such an ulcer?

And the utility of it all—the belief that "frightfulness" would break the spirit of a proud and free people!

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SWORD-CUTS.

Famous General Says They Are Less Terrible Than Bullet Wounds.

Of particular interest at the moment is the confession made in "The Life of Gen. Sir Harry N. D. Prendergast" (Nash), concerning a soldier's feelings on being wounded.

"I have often been asked," to quote the words of the general, "How do you feel when you are wounded? Some people expect you to say that the excitement of action is such that you don't feel your wounds till afterwards. A wound in the arm is like any other wound; the severity of it in a measure depends upon its locality. A poke in the ribs with a finger does not hurt much, but a poke in the eye is a different matter.

"A man who is shot is generally more frightened than a man who is cut; that is, the nerves are more affected by the shock. I have seen brave men cry about bullet-wounds, and others laugh at sword-cut probably quite as severe. When I was shot in the body at Mundisore, I felt the same sort of sensation as if a man had hit me hard with a stick. It was not very painful, and the wound was close to the heart, and I was very anxious to know whether it would kill me."

Another of the stories told in this interesting biography also has a topical interest, inasmuch as it touches on the question of "funk" when in action. Gen. Prendergast, of the Artillery, used to relate the following story concerning George Broas' "oot, of the sappers, who was the most distinguished of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad in the first Afghan War. "A friend had asked him how it was that he who was not great swordman, and had been in the thick of so much fighting, was still alive. His reply was, 'When two men meet in real earnest, one always funks, and I never do.'"

Germany Plays Unfairly.

Of the 27,200 male Germans above the age of seventeen years in the United Kingdom, only 8,600 have been interned in the concentration camps. The remaining 18,600 are, save for having to report to the police at certain periods, quite as free as the neutral aliens in Great Britain.

The British Government allowed German subjects to leave the country in the early days of the war as follows: "Women and children, males under sixteen and over forty-four, and persons between these years not liable to military service, providing they would give an undertaking to take no part, direct or indirect, in assisting in the operations of war."

Persons who were not allowed to leave were: "Those under duty of naval or military service in Germany. Persons held in custody for crimes or on a definite suspicion of espionage. Persons between the ages of sixteen and forty-four who, although free from military or naval duty, would not give the undertaking referred to."

An agreement was accordingly made between the two Governments, but elderly invalid British officers who were taking courses at the German baths at the time of the outbreak have not been released. Britain allowed retired German officers to return home, but Germany now demands an equivalent number of German officers captured in battle in exchange for the invalids.

Mrs. Pankhurst Cheerful.

"Patriotic fervor draws thunderous cheers in place of 'bid-tide-jeers,'" is the way a London newspaper heads an article on Mrs. Pankhurst as a popular war orator. The paper itself is violently anti-suffragette, but honors the war truce which the suffragettes announced at the beginning of the war.

It was only a year ago when a speech by Mrs. Pankhurst was a signal for riot, if allowed to proceed at all. Now she is described by a reporter in these words: "A graceful, dignified figure, the suffrage leader makes as she faces the audience. Over a becoming black dress she wears a black lace shawl; suspended from a thin gold chain is a large net, which she does not use. The Union Jack centered across a curtain of green forms the stage background."

Her women followers still send up floral offerings to the stage, says the reporter. In speaking, Mrs. Pankhurst carefully avoids passions and invective, but she presents her points clearly and tellingly and with conviction. At the finish of her speech young suffragettes sell postcard souvenirs for a patriotic fund.

An Awkward Mistake.

When Lord Dalhousie was commander-in-chief of the British Indian forces he visited the King of Ouda at Lucknow and made a point of presenting Lady Dalhousie. The King of Ouda, glittering with diamonds, sat in his gold chair and narrowly watched Lady Dalhousie advance across the floor of the great hall. He did not understand Lord Dalhousie's presentation. He thought Lord Dalhousie wanted to sell this withered woman to him, and, shaking his head, twisting his black moustache and smiling scornfully, he said as the countess courted love before him through:

"Take her away. Take her away. She won't do at all."

A Sensible Query.

Mr. Ashmad-Bartlett once told a good story about his going to Ireland for the first time. "As soon as I landed in Ireland I attempted to look for traces of some of my ancestors, who came from the extreme north of Ireland. Meeting an intelligent-looking Irishman, I informed him of my mission, saying that my ancestors emigrated from about that spot a hundred years ago and I was there trying to look them up. He answered: 'Ye say your ancestors emigrated from our town about a hundred years ago? Thin why are ye looking for them here?'"

Mrs. Patrick Lambert, Rockport, died on Tuesday last from a paralytic stroke. A husband, five sons and three daughters survive.

When it comes to opening a heart, Sattery is superior to dynamite.

PIRATE AT OLD BAILEY.

Story of the Flowery Land Recalled by London Barristers.

As an old lawyer I can remember a gang of foreign pirates and murderers being tried and hung at the Old Bailey in 1864.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, in The Times.

Mr. Harrison writes to The London Times thus:

The gang were the crew of the ship Flowery Land, which, under the command of Capt. John Smith, a Scot, left London for Singapore on July 23, 1863. Twenty men, mostly foreigners, sailed with the ship. When she had been at sea about a month, one of the crew, a Greek, was tied to the bulwarks by order of the mate, John Carswell, for refusing to turn out with the watch. This was the beginning of trouble with a desperate band of ruffians, and on Sept. 10 they mutinied, and, in circumstances of appalling ferocity, murdered the captain; George Smith, his brother; a passenger, and the mate Carswell. The bodies were thrown into the sea and the assassins commanded Taffr, the second mate, to steer them to port. In about three weeks the Flowery Land sighted land on the east coast of South America. During these weeks the mutineers had a drunken orgy, the supplies being champagne and other liquors that were part of the cargo. On sighting land, the pirates determined to scuttle the ship, to make for the shore in the boats, and represent that they were the crew of a vessel from Peru to Bordeaux and had fountered at sea, several lives being lost. Holes were bored in the bottom of the Flowery Land, and a Chinaman went down with her. The steward, too, was drowned, so the victims numbered six in all.

The pirates landed, but were arrested, and eight of them, all young men, were arraigned at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of murdering Capt. Smith. Seven were found guilty and sentenced to death. The eighth was acquitted, but was subsequently tried for scuttling the ship, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Two of those sentenced to death were reprieved, and the other five were hanged outside Newgate on Feb. 22, 1864, in the presence of one of the biggest crowds ever assembled there for a public execution.

Hook's Big Hoax.

Hoaxers exist in every profession and every age and clime. They ply their art either as a means of livelihood or from the sole desire to gull the credulous public. It was the latter which incited that prince of practical jokers, Theodore Hook, to perpetrate the most audacious of all hoaxes, the Berners street hoax, that for the time aroused all London to laughter and indignation. Hook bet a guinea that a certain modest dwelling in a quiet thoroughfare leading out of Oxford street would become the most notorious house in town and set about winning his wager by addressing over a thousand letters, containing orders to tradesmen, with the request that they would at a certain hour on a certain day deliver their goods at a certain house in Berners street. Besides the unfortunate shopkeepers, who suffered much loss through the damage to their goods, others were included in the fun. The lord mayor, the lord chief justice, the archbishop of Canterbury and the commander-in-chief were among the many victims that fell into the trap and, duly arriving at the appointed spot, experienced most unceremonious treatment amid the turbulent and exasperated throng.

Kitchener's Eyes.

"The bright blue eyes of Lord Kitchener can flash unutterable disdain at those unfortunate men who contrive to merit his contempt," is the verdict of an officer who has fought under him. Kitchener's eyes are "typical of the heroic organizer and leader of men." The brows above them are heavy, of lengthy span, and but little of the lids is to be seen when they are open.

It was a predecessor of Kitchener's in Egypt who impressed the Arabs with his wonderful eye, for it was a glass eye. "The Mahdi is the most wonderful man on earth," some spies told him. "Can he do this?" asked the general, taking out his artificial eye, throwing it up in the air and then putting it back again.

"The German Emperor's eyes are of a somewhat pale blue; it is not those, but the firm-set lips and the twisted moustache which give a terrifying expression to his face when he is angry."

The Lawyer Countered.

On one occasion, Judge Bodkin tells in his reminiscences, Lord Justice Holmes was amusingly countered by a junior barrister who was defending a prisoner before him. Though the prisoner was a rather elderly man, counsel made frequent appeals to the jury to take into account the fact that he was an orphan. The judge grew impatient.

"I really don't see," he exclaimed, "how the fact that your client is an orphan bears on the case. He is old enough to take care of himself, and it is quite natural at his age he should have lost his parents. For instance, I myself am an orphan."

"Yes, my lord," interposed the counsel, "and should your lordship ever have the misfortune to come before a jury of your fellow countrymen I trust that circumstance will be taken into consideration in your lordship's favor."

Mixed Metaphors.

This is an extract from the report of a congress dealing with sweated labor held in London:

"Mr. Thompson (Trinidad), a terrible picture of life in the East End of London, where, he said, there were thousands of people grinding their faces in the dust of poverty and trying at the same time to keep their heads above water."

The death took place Thursday at her home in Lombardy of Mrs. Nelson Covell, aged sixty-nine years. She suffered from paralysis.

About two-thirds of the average man's sympathy is curiosity.



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