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GERMAN BRUTALITY TO WAR PRISONERS

Official Evidence Shows Specially Severe Treatment Accorded to British Officers—Irish Could Not be Cajoled By Kaiser's Officers

The published accounts of the treatment accorded to British prisoners in Germany are fully borne out by official evidence contained in a Foreign Office white paper. One of the most interesting documents is a report by Major C. B. Vandeleur, of the 1st Cameronians, who escaped from Crefeld. The following is his description of his journey into Germany from Douay after his escape:

All along the line we were cursed by officers and soldiers alike at the various stations, and at Mons Bergen I was pulled out in front of the wagon by the order of the officer in charge of the station, and, after cursing me in filthy language for some ten minutes, he ordered one of his soldiers to kick me back into the wagon which he did, sending me sprawling into the filthy mess at the bottom of the wagon.

I should like to mention here that I am thoroughly conversant with German, and understood everything that was said. Only at one station on the road was any attempt made on the part of German officers to interfere, and stop their men from cursing us. Up to this time I had managed to retain my overcoat; but it was now forcibly taken from me by an officer at a few stations further on.

A Second Black Hole

Finally we arrived at Cologne. Fifty-two prisoners were in the wagon with me when we left Douay. It is difficult to indicate or give a proper idea of the indescribably wretched condition in which we were in after being starved and confined in the manner stated for three days and three nights.

As is well known, one of these wagons is considered to be able to accommodate six horses, or forty men, and this only with the doors open so as to admit of ventilation. What with the filth of the interior, the number of people confined in it, and the absence of ventilation, it seemed to recall something of what one has read of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

On reaching the German-Belgian frontier, the French prisoners were given some potato soup. The people in charge of it told us that none was for us, but that if any was left over after the French had been fed we should get what remained. This is in accordance with the general treatment of British prisoners by the Germans who always endeavor to attend to our necessities last, and to put us to as much inconvenience and ill-treatment as possible. We subsequently got a little soup and a few slices of bread among twenty-five British prisoners in the same wagon with me.

I am strongly of opinion myself that this brutal treatment of British officers and men on their way to a place of internment is deliberately arranged for by superior authority with the object of making us as miserable and despicable as possible. The French officers were treated quite differently.

Barbarous Methods

I would especially call attention to the barbarous way in which British soldiers are being treated in the various laagers by the Germans. The information given below has been obtained from the British orderlies who came to Crefeld as servants, and also from English and French medical officers who had been in the camps, which in many cases were composed of tents.

The men all had their greatcoats—and in many cases their tunics as well—and their money taken away from them, and are in great need of clothing, and particularly underclothing. The men state that they slept on straw which had not been changed for months, and was quite sodden and rotten.

I was also informed by them that the feeding arrangements for the British soldier were very bad indeed, and as the men had no money to supplement their rations they were in a half-starved condition, which their appearance corroborated.

I also wish to state that ——, who arrived at Crefeld about December, told me that all the Irishmen at his camp were collected together shortly before he left, and were harangued by the commandant, who stated that the Emperor was aware of the downtrodden state of Ireland, and now wished that the Irishmen should be placed in a separate camp, where they would be better fed and treated differently from the Englishmen. He further stated that subsequently they went in a body to the commandant, and said they did not wish to have any different treatment from their compatriots.

The American Ambassador in Berlin bears witness to the ill-treatment meted out to British prisoners.

FUSING LYDDITE SHELLS ON ARMED MERCHANT CRUISER

These shells are only fused in war-time. The work must be done on the open deck and only one projectile worked on at a time. As few men as possible are engaged in this dangerous occupation.

Switzerland Forwards Letters To Captured Men

It must have puzzled many people to know how the prisoner of war receives communications in the shape of letters, parcels, and money from his relatives at home, and by what means he is able to send news of himself to his friends while he is in the prisoners' camp of the enemy.

The Swiss Government has taken upon itself gratuitously the generous and humane work of acting as intermediary for enabling prisoners of war to receive letters, postcards, and small parcels from their relatives, and thus keep in touch with them.

The work is carried out by a military postal department, aided by a few specially qualified bi-lingual sorters. The French and German Government authorities do not sort any of the prisoners of war correspondence with their relatives. Letters are collected into bundles at Pontarlier and Frankfort respectively and forwarded to the office of the Berne "transit post." These letters have previously passed through the hands of the camp commandant and are stamped "Approved." Similarly, letters addressed to the prisoner bear the Censor's stamp from the place of origin. The letters are all read again on their arrival at destination before being delivered.

The method of dealing with the transfer of money to prisoners of war is a rather more elaborate affair. The money orders are issued on large sized distinctive colored cards. They are not put in envelopes, but are simply addrssed to the "transit post" at Berne, where they are replaced by a Swiss order for payment on a yellow card, which is honored by the postal authorities of both France and Germany. The work of transferring the details from the French or German original order to the neutral Swiss order is done by girl clerks. In four months no fewer than 221,687 money orders, representing 3,376,956 francs, passed through the Berne "transit post" to French prisoners in Germany, and 61,045 money orders, representing 1,195,614 francs, to German prisoners in France.

The Swiss Government extended the same facilities for the transfer of money to Russian prisoners in Austro-Hungary and to the Austro-Hungarian prisoners in Russia.

The neutral Swiss order has to be returned to Berne, so that a settlement of the sums paid out to prisoners of the respective Governments may be made, and in this way it has often been the means of discovering whether a "missing" is alive or dead.

ITALY AS WORLD POWER

Italy has 4,060,000 soldiers of all classes. Of this total 1,060,000 are first class fighting men, splendidly equipped; the other 3,000,000 are well trained reerves.

In addition, Italy has a strong navy, consisting of eighteen battleships, thirty-one cruisers, forty-five destroyers and twenty-two submarines.

Service in the Italian army or navy is compulsory and universal. The total period is nineteen years, beginning at the age of twenty.

Among the crack regiments are the Bersaglieri, the sharpshooters of the Italian army. Light, active soldiers, wearing a picturesque but serviceable dark green uniform, and hats with dark plumes of cocks' feathers, they have always been to the front, alike in the Crimea and in the struggles that resulted in Italian unity.

There are over 46,000 Bersaglieri in the regular army. Akin to them are the Alpini, a force of mountaineer sharpshooters, organized since 1816, whose chief duty is to defend the mountain passes leading to Italy.

A magnificent shot and keen soldier, King Emmanuel has done much towards bringing the Italian army up to its present tate of perfection. The motto of his great house is firmly graven on his heart, and over and over again he has shown that "Fear and Savoy never meet."

His Majesty has many sympathies with Russia and Montenegro. His wife, who has taken a prominent part in organizing voluntary ambulance and hospital workers for the front, is a daughter of Nicholas, King of Montenegro.

About four years previous to his ascending the throne, King Emmanuel fell in love with Princess Helen of Montenegro while on a visit to Russia, and the marriage took place in October, 1896.

The present population of Italy is nearly 36,000,000. Its area is 110,659 square miles, 10,300 square miles less than Great Britain. Included in Italy's population are nearly 11,000 Germans and 12,000 Austrians. The number of Italians abroad has been estimated at about 5,568,000.

The Roman Catholic Church is nominally the ruling State religion of Italy, but the power of the church and clergy is subordinated to the civil government, and there is freedom of worship to the adherents of all recognized religions. Of the total population nearly 32,000,000 are Roman Catholics.

Water For the Wounded

Somewhere in France there is buried a brave Royal Engineer who gave all he had—his life—for his wounded comrades.

Near the trenches there were a lot of wounded lying, whose pitiful cries for water reached the ears of a quiet little engineer; he collected together all the water bottles he could find. Somebody asked him where he was going.

He said he was going out, and he went out. The air was thick with shell and rifle fire. He reached the first wounded man safely and gave him a drink, but when he had finished his merciful mission one bottle was shot clean out of his hand.

He crawled along to another, and another, and still another, until he was a full quarter of a mile away from the trenches. Then he stood up to zig-zag across to some more wounded chaps. His comrades saw him throw up his arms, and that was the last seen of him.

HEROISM AT ITS BEST IN THE PRESENT WAR

Famous Belgian Author and Playwright Says Deeds of the Ancients Are Completely Eclipsed by the Men Who Face Modern Guns

Maurice Maeterlinck, in an article in the London Daily Mail, contrasts the heroism displayed in the present war with that of previous conflicts, saying that "one of the consoling surprises of this war is the unlooked for and, so to speak, universal heroism which it has revealed among all the nations taking part in it."

"We realize with amazement," he continues, "that until to-day we had but an incomplete and inaccurate idea of man's courage. We looked upon it as an exceptional virtue and one which is the more admired as being also the rarer the farther we go back in history."

Of Homer's heroes M. Maeterlinck says:—

"These models of antiquity, the first professors, the first masters of bravery, were not really very brave. They have a wholesome dread of being hit or wounded and an ingenuous and manifest fear of death. Their mighty conflicts are declamatory and decorative, but not so very bloody; they inflict more noise than pain upon their adversaries; they deliver many more words than blows.

"Their defensive weapons — and this is characteristic—are greatly superior to their arms of offence; and death is an unusual, unforseen and almost indecorous event which throws the ranks into disorder and most often puts a stop to the combat or provokes a headlong flight that seems quite natural. This kind of courage is that of all antiquity more or less."

Courage Is Different To-day

In the great wars of the Empire M. Maeterlinck sees a courage which begins to resemble that of the present day but with notable differences. The troops engaged were solely professionals, and never, as to-day, embracing every man between the ages of 18 and 50 capable of bearing arms.

"Again, and above all," he continues, "every war was reduced to two or more pitched battles, that is to say, two or three culminating moments; immense efforts, but efforts of a few hours or a day at most, toward which the combatants directed all the vigor and all the heroism accumulated during long weeks or months of preparation and waiting. Afterward, whether the result was victory or defeat, the fighting was over; relaxation, respite and rest followed; men went back to their homes.

"Nowadays everything is changed, and death itself is no longer what it was. Formerly you looked it in the face—you knew whence it came and who sent it to you. It had a dreadful aspect, but one that remained human. At present, to all these horrors, it adds the great intolerable fear of mystery. It is always ready, always on the watch, everywhere present, scattered, intangible and dense, stealthy and cowardly, diffuse, all encompassing, innumerous, looming at every point of the horizon, rising from the waters and falling from the skies, indefatigable, inevitable, filling the whole whole of space and time for days, weeks and months without a minute's lull, without a second's intermission. Men live, move and sleep in the meshes of its fatal web. They know that the least step to the right or left, a head bowed or lifted, a body bent or upright, is seen by its eyes and draws its thunder.

Heroism At Its Best

"Hitherto we had no example of this preponderance of the destructive forces. We should never have believed that man's nerves could resist so great a trial. The nerves of the bravest man are tempered to face death for the space of a second, but not to live in the hourly expectation of death and nothing else. And so, at the very moment when man appeared most exhausted and enervated by the comforts and vices of civilization, at the moment when he was happiest and therefore most selfish, when, possessing the minimum of faith and vainly seeking a new ideal, he seemed least capable of sacrificing himself for an idea of any kind, he finds himself suddenly confronted with an unprecedented danger, which he is almost certain that the most heroic nations of history would not have faced nor even have dreamed of facing; whereas he does not even dream that it is possible to do aught but face it.

"It is not man's life that is at stake, but the idea which he forms of the honor, the happiness and the duties of his life. To save his life he had but to submit to the enemy; the invader would not have exterminated him. We are not therefore speaking of a heroism that would be but the last resource of despair. No, it is heroism freely donned, hailed deliberately and unanimously, heroism on behalf of an idea and a sentiment; in other words, heroism in its clearest, purest and most virginal form, a disinterested and whole hearted sacrifice for that which men regard as their duty to themselves, to their kith and kin, to mankind and to the future."

Praise For Britain By Moslem Leaders

"Kill the Germans Like Pagans and Perhaps They Will Repent," Wrote One Grateful Petty Ruler From Nigeria.

Nothing in this war has been more wonderful than the absolute unanimity of all the peoples in any way connected with the British Empire that our cause is a just one. This was strikingly shown in a Blue Book issued by the British Government, which contained loyal messages from the native chiefs in Nigeria, forwarded through Sir F. Lugard, Governor-General of the Colony, to the Colonial Secretary.

Shehu Berkar Garbai, Emir of Bornu, wrote:

"We know that the King of England is waging war against the Germans. . . . Who knoweth the ways of Allah? We are warring against proud and stiff-necked people, as the Germans are. In such a case Allah is on our side. Our Lord Mohammed saith: 'Those who break friendship, kill them like Pagans. If you kill them, perhaps they will repent.'"

Shehu Bukar Garbai described himself as being "Son of Shehu Ibrahim, Son of Shehu Umar, Son of Mahamadu Liminoel-Kanemy, humble slave of Allah, Emir of Bornu, by the power of the King of England," and he gave money, horses, cattle and corn, his contributions towards the maintenance of the war.

"I am the King of England's servant. Why should I not help him?" he asked.

The Emir of Jema wrote:

"God give him (the King) greatness. May his lands stretch north, south, east and west. George, King of England, his most generous Majesty. May he live and reign long. The reason why I write to his Majesty is because he has helped us from being prisoners of the Germans. We are glad, we thank him.

"We pray God to help him still, and give him more greatness, and may he win all the German territories, all their lands and their properties. Because you are the helper and protector of the Moslems, the strong, the poor, the rich.

The subjects of the Emir of Kontagora celebrated the fall of Duala by holding festivities for seven days and nights, and forwarding £1,000 towards the war funds said:

"We are continually praying God that He will give you the victory, and that He will destroy the Germans because we know well that they are an evil people of evil customs, therefore may God not help them at all, because theirs is the custom to spoil the land."

The Emir had intended applying the £1,000 towards the improvement of the land, and he explained in his letter that what was necessary to be done in repairing the roads he would do himself at his own charge.

UNWIELDY ZEPPELINS

Very Easy For the Frail Air Dirigibles to Destroy Themselves

On a new Zeppelin airship a tunnel was constructed through the gas envelope which enabled the crew to pass between the passenger gondolas and a gun platform on the top of the machine.

The craft climbed to a height of a thousand feet with a full complement of crew, and a number crawled up the ladder in the communication tunnel and primed the gun situated above the envelope.

The signal was given and the weapon fired, and this proved to be the last action of the unfortunate gun crew. The Zeppelin disappeared in a sheet of flame, and a twisted mass of aluminum and fabric crashed to earth carrying over thirty men to their death.

A Zeppelin was manœuvring near Berlin, with the usual crowd of admiring spectators looking on, and no doubt inspired by the large audience, the crew brought their machine close to the ground and began to skim the tree tops.

The day was gusty and a number of fierce air currents took possession of the airship and forced it out of control.

It crashed on to a wooded slope, around which the lengthy airship enveloped and curled itself in a disastrous embrace.

The task of landing and sending off a Zeppelin is a nerve-racking undertaking. Various complicated devices, such as supporting trucks running on rails, are required to launch the machines into space, and even then a troublesome wind is likely to wreck the whole apparatus.

AN INTELLIGENT ARMY

It is the opinion of Kipling and of other keen observers that in some respects the new army will eclipse the old. In brain power and enthusiasm it promises to rise to any emergency that may be in store for it. The new army is composed of men who are superior in intelligence to the professional soldier. They are not, at first, content to follow the routine of drill without understanding what it means and why it is insisted on. The old-fashioned recruit did what he was told, and left the thinking to his superiors. By the time he was a seasoned soldier, probably, he had come to understand the cause for the tedious drill. He was a good soldier, anyway, but not quite the sort of soldier that is to be seen in the new army. One thing which the new army had to learn in a different way from the old army is the uselessness of "independence" as ordinarily understood.

On this point Kipling says:

"They are what is called "independent"—a civilian weakness which they will learn to blush over in a few months, and to discourage among later recruits; but they are also very quick to pick up dodges and tricks that make a man more comfortable in camp life, and their domestic routine runs on wheels. It must have been hard at first for civilians to see the necessity for that continuous, apparently pernickity, house-maiding and 'following-up' which is vital to the comfort of large bodies of men in confined quarters. In civil life men leave these things to their womenfolk, but where women are not, officers, inspecting tents, feet, and such-like, develop a she-side to their head, and evidently make their non-commissioned officers and men develop it too. A good soldier is always a bit of an old maid. But, as I heard a private say to a sergeant in the matter of some kit chucked into a corner: 'Yo' canna keep owt redd up ony proper gate on a sand hill.' To whom his superior officer replied: 'Ah know yo' canna, but yo' mun try, Billy.' And Heaven knows they are trying hard enough—men, n.c.o.'s and officers—with all the masked and undervoiced effort of our peoples when we are really at work."

Even such men as the Canadians he says, who are half-soldiers already in handiness, soon learn that independence of the wrong sort will not do. One Canadian officer said: "Just because we were all used to looking after ourselves in civil life we used to send parties out without rations. And the parties used to go, too! And we expected the boys to look after their own feet. But we're wiser now."

THE HARVEST—By Louis Raemaekers, in Het Toppunt, Amsterdam

The work of this famous Dutch cartoonist has created a sensation in Europe.

FRANCE MOURNS GARROS

Capture of Wonderful Aviator by Germans a Sad Blow

The capture of Roland Garros by the Germans was a sad blow to France and the allies' cause. The idol of the world's aerodromes in times of peace, and the most popular pilot in the French Air Service after the war started, the loss of the amazing little Frenchman is mourned throughout France. Garros is just the type of hero to capture the public fancy. Strikingly handsome, immaculately attired, and absolutely fearless, he is one's mental picture of the ideal adventurer. As an aviator he is unsurpassed.

Born with the national French quality of daring, he was attracted to flying in the very earliest days of the science. From the first Garros favored the tricky high speed monoplanes which presented him with ample opportunities for his aerial acrobatics. For several months before his capture he flew an eighty horsepower monoplane, whose tiny wings and heavy engine enabled it to twist and turn in mid air with the ease of a carrier pigeon. It was on a diminutive high-powered monoplane that Garros four years ago sprung into prominence by breaking the world's height record, when he ascended to an altitude of 14,000 feet.

A rival aviator soon afterwards beat this record, but Garros a few days later took his monoplane to a height of 17,000 feet—over three miles—and regained the honors.

Garros' most remarkable achievement, however, was in his flight across the Mediterranean, a feat which has not been accomplished by any other aviator. He started from St. Raphael on the French Riviera, and landed at Bizerta in Africa. This flight was remarkable not only for the distance which the airman had to fly, but for the fact that he used a machine which could not land on water.

With his usual daring, Garros trusted to luck that his engine would not fail. Had it done so nothing could have saved him from meeting with a watery grave, for the Frenchman on starting on his hazardous journey stated that he could not be bothered to carry a lifebelt, or inflated device, to support his machine if it fell into the water. Garros has always been a dandy. After a hundred-mile flight in wind or rain he will climb from his machine as immaculate as though he had stepped from a band-box. In private life his thick black hair shines with pomade, his nails are always neatly manicured and his dress faultless. It was a sad day for him when, through engine trouble, he was forced to descend in the German lines, for Garros in a German concentration camp without the necessities for his detailed toilet will be in a sorry plight.

Although outwardly the most reckless of aviators, Garros is in reality a man who takes no unnecessary risks. He knows that as long as his machine holds together he can do what he likes if he is high enough in the air to recover from a dive, tail slide, or sideslip before he gets within a hundred feet of earth.

Before the Germans took him prisoner Garros accounted for a considerable number of German machines. He had many exciting mid-air duels with Taubes and Aviatiks, and on every occasion the Frenchman's skill as an aerial acrobat enabled him to literally "make rings" round his opponents, who were sent crashing to their doom by well-directed shots from the imperturbable Garros.

How Sand Bags Are Made

Hundreds of thousands of sand bags are being used on the Continent to form cover for the soldiers along the tops of the trenches.

The best thing to make sand bags from is the material called Hessian, the same kind of stuff that is used to make very rough aprons. The most important thing to remember about the bags is their size, for if they are not of the regulation size they are useless.

The bags should be thirty-three inches long by fourteen inches wide. If they are made any larger they are too heavy to lift easily when filled with sand or earth.

Sand bags should never be sewn up with thread, for they have to stand exposure to all sorts of weather, and thread would rot very quickly, allowing the sand to escape.

The bags should be sewn with fine string, and a double piece of strong string should be left at the mouth of the bag so as to enable it to be closed when filled with earth.

Cricketers at War

Of the 3,000 cricketers in England, 2,112 already have gone to the front. The majority of the others have enlisted. Sixty-nine cricket stars have been killed in action.