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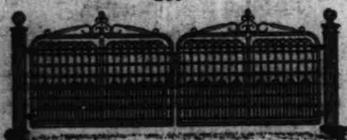
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MRS. H. C. ELLIS, MOTHER OF WELL-KNOWN HONOLULAN, TELLS OF HER TRIP THROUGH WAR ZONE

AMERICAN WOMEN TREATED WITH EVERY POSSIBLE COURTESY, BUT EXPERIENCES EXCITING AND NERVE-RACKING NEVERTHELESS — WENT FROM AUSTRIA THROUGH GERMANY AND HOLLAND TO ENGLAND—CAME HOME ON STEAMER CROWDED TO HOLD WITH REFUGEES.

[American women caught in the maelstrom of war-racked Europe were treated with every possible courtesy, even by the active combatants, according to Mrs. H. C. Ellis, mother of J. Howard Ellis of the First National Bank of this city. Mrs. Ellis in the following letter gives a vivid description of her experiences in Europe, beginning at Innsbruck, Austria, and continuing through a remarkable trip to reach the outside world and America again. Mrs. Ellis is now in Chicago.]

We had a beautiful trip through France, Switzerland, the Italian lakes to Milan, then to Florence and Venice. We saw no papers printed in English and only heard rumors of war, so went our way without paying much attention to it, and left Venice on August 1 for Innsbruck, Austria, where we intended staying several days. The trip should have taken us from 7:30 a. m. to about 6 p. m., but by noon we began to pass trainloads of soldiers, and from that time on all was excitement—at every station crowds of weeping women and children, and soldiers bidding good-bye and taking trains. We were transferred from one train to another several times, and by the time we reached Innsbruck it was wild excitement everywhere. We could hardly make our way through the cheering and weeping crowds to our hotel, where we stayed only over night, as the noise was terrific—marching troops and wild mobs.

We left early the next morning on an electric road, as the steam railroads were not running except for the troops, and rode for about an hour, then had to get off and take wagons across the border, then another electric, and finally a steam train. We wanted to go to Oberammergau, but when it came time to change cars we learned that all tourists had just left there, and all the hotels were closed, so we kept on to Munich, reaching there at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of August 2.

Troops Occupy Roads.
They told us there that the troops were being mobilized and that that would require the exclusive use of the railroads for about four days, after which we could go on our way as we wished, so we settled down in a com-

fortable German pension and expected to be happy there for a few days sight-seeing, but alas, every public institution was closed. We could not enter a single gallery, hear any operas, or go through any palaces. All Americans had to have passports, wear the American and the Bavarian flags, have our pictures taken and registered, and carry the duplicate on another pass. We were not allowed to speak English aloud on the streets, could not write letters or cards except in German, and had to leave them unsealed.

Munich is a beautiful city, but after we had been there two weeks with thousands of other Americans, and our chances of getting out seemed no better than when we arrived, we decided to take a chance on reaching Holland, and so procured a passport from the Holland consul (the American consul seemed unable to make any satisfactory arrangements) and started for Amsterdam. We traveled in the troop trains and just crawled along, waiting at stations from one to three hours, but we didn't mind, for we were on our way out. We had to change cars many times, nearly always riding with soldiers, but everywhere we were treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Where the Germans couldn't talk English one of our party could speak enough German to be understood. We had crackers and fruit and chocolate with us, so we did not go hungry. So far there were a few other Americans with us.

Soldiers Are Everywhere.
When we reached Frankfurt we were told that no German steamers were running on the Rhine, and only one Holland boat going to Cologne and Rotterdam, and all reservations were engaged for days ahead, so we boarded a train for Wiesbaden, only a few hours away, and spent the night there. Early Sunday morning we took another train for Cologne, along the banks of the Rhine all the way—a most beautiful ride. We were the only Americans on the train, and all along the way we passed carloads of soldiers, and women boarded our train who had been to stations to try to see their husbands and sons, who were on the way to war—so many heart-rending scenes. It brought home to us very forcibly

what a terrible thing war is. We were greatly depressed.

We finally came to the station across the river from Cologne about sundown Sunday evening, August 3. A German officer met us and told us we could not enter Cologne as it was fortified, and that we must leave that vicinity at once. There were no trains to take us from that particular station, and it was raining in torrents, so the officer very kindly sent two guards with us, and two others to carry our five heavy suitcases, and we walked to another railroad station an hour away, and were put on board a train and told to cross the border that night. We stopped about half-past 2 in the morning at a little station called Oberhausen. All the inns were closed and we waited in the tiny waiting room until morning with a German officer pacing up and down before the doorway. We did not dare go to sleep, all of us, so two remained awake by turns and the others put their heads on the table and slept from utter weariness. Before we reached Oberhausen they brought some Belgian prisoners into the train and filled the compartment next to ours with wounded.

Holland Closely Guarded.
Well, that day we crossed into Holland and reached Amsterdam at 10 o'clock that night. We had to show our passports every step of the way. Holland soldiers guarded the border and the bridge across the Zuider Zee was covered with dynamite to be used if the Germans attempted to cross. The windows of the cars were all ordered closed, and we were told that any one attempting to raise a window or put their head out would be shot.

When we arrived at Amsterdam we were the only Americans on the train again, and were met by three young men, part of a committee formed to assist unescorted foreigners. They took us at once to the waiting room, where we had to show our passports and give our whole history; name, age, place born, present residence, where we had been and where we were going, and how much money we had, etc., etc., and then we were given a paper citing us to appear before the police court the next morning for our passes to leave town. The young men went with us in a taxi to our hotel and arranged to meet us the next morning to take us about town.

We went first to the White Star Line and found to our great delight that our ship would sail from Liverpool as scheduled, and further, that one line of steamers was still running from Flushing to Folkestone, but that it was a trip full of peril, owing to the German mines. We made reservations for the next day and gave up all worry to see the splendid city of Amsterdam. It is a second Venice—canals all through the city, beautiful parks and wonderful art galleries, or museums, as they call them. They were open and we had a fine afternoon at the Rijks museum. Here is Rembrandt's most wonderful picture, "The Night Watch" also many others, among them those of Israel and Van Dyke.

Holland Business Ruined.
The business in Holland, although it is a neutral country, is completely ruined by the war.

We sailed at 11 the next morning from Flushing, reaching Folkestone at 7 that evening. The channel was like a mill pond, but we proceeded very slowly and carefully.

We were so glad to reach England. While in Amsterdam we heard that hundreds of Americans were on their way from Munich on special trains, hoping to get passage on steamers that were still running. We were very glad that we started ahead of the crowds, as we were in time to use our original reservations. We dared not spend any extra money on the way, as we were not sure but that we would have to buy new ocean passage and even the steerage was very high.

It took us four days to make the trip from Munich to Amsterdam, that is in ordinary times made in a day.

Steamer Packed to Hold.
Our steamer, the Arabic, is a good boat, but packed to the limit. They have added rooms on the upper decks and down in the hold, and we have heard of two ladies who paid \$375 for their passage and found when they came aboard that their berths were down below in the dark. But people were glad to pay anything they possessed to get to America, as the situation was daily growing worse. We had 1750 first-class passengers before we reached Queenstown, and took on several hundred more there. People are sleeping on the decks and in the saloons—anywhere that they may get to America.

We have had to stop twice on account of icebergs, which are in sight all around us. The officers inform us that we are 250 miles north of the regular path, as the wireless told of German warships and they were trying to avoid them.

There are no lights at night, except on the masts, all port holes closed, and every light off. When we were putting into Queenstown they raised the American flag, but since leaving there the British flag is the only one in sight.

Women Well Treated.
We are sure that during our flight from Germany we were much better treated because we were lone women. The men often had very disagreeable experiences, and if there was any doubt as to their nationality they were handled quite roughly.

We were not allowed to use a camera, and everywhere martial law prevailed, and we were bound to respect it.

In Germany we could get no news of the outside world. If we had been able to read the German papers we might have known more, but everything was so closely censored that it was next to impossible for even the Germans themselves to know what was going on. The conditions are impossible to realize, unless one is in the midst of them.

While it has been a wonderful experience, yet it has also been a nerve-racking and depressing one, and I feel that if I am ever safe at home again I will never want to leave it.

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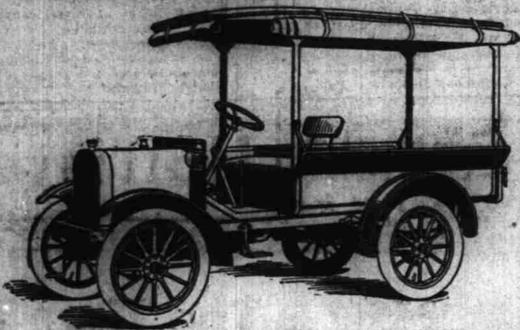
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