

## NEW STORIES OF FROM EUROPE'S

"We're No Longer Men, War Makes Brigands of Us," Writes Soldier In Trench.

**C**ORRESPONDENTS at the front or marooned in obscure places while the great European conflict rages manna daily to get through the wary censors some little grimly humorous or tragic side lights of the war.

Johnny Poe, famous ex-Princeton football player and soldier of fortune, who recently enlisted in the British army, has been promoted and is now an orderly for a colonel. His mother, Mrs. John P. Poe of Baltimore, has just received a letter from him. He writes that he is in the One Hundred and Twelfth battery of the heavy brigade, royal garrison artillery, and says:

"Our battery has been in action for the last five or six days. I am one of the colonel's orderlies, so I ride around from one battery to another. We billet in houses and barns, and thus far we have had plenty to eat and a good place to sleep. The heavy brigade fights away back from the infantry. I have had a few shells burst near me and in most cases was well under cover. Shrapnel shells have an unpleasant sound as they go by.

"We were given a splendid reception by the natives when we first arrived. There were plenty of fruit, cigars, cig-



Photo by American Press Association.  
BARBERING BELGIAN SOLDIER IN CAMP. rettes, crackers, beer and chocolates given us.

"Seldom do we see a newspaper. When I was working I never forgot the day of the week or month, but here I am often far off in both."

### "We Are No Longer Men."

A letter written by a private found in a German trench says: "You have no idea of our fatigues and privations during the last fortnight. For the last four days we have had to support an artillery fire of inconceivable violence. The solid earth rocked incessantly beneath bursting shells.

"Every day hundreds of my comrades have been carried away dead or wounded. If it does not finish soon those not killed will disappear gradually. There is a limit to our endurance.

"The French villages we pass through are ruins, not a bit to eat or drink in them. We are no longer men; the war makes brigands of us."

### A Terrible Experience.

A mile and a half crawl with five bullets in his body under artillery and rifle fire was the experience of Private Dan Hurst of the Coldstream guards. Writing to his wife, Hurst says:

"Don't fret over me. I have five wounds, but I am a lucky chap to be here to tell the tale, for if the shell which hit me in the chest had exploded a bit lower I would have been killed outright. It rained in torrents all night, and the Germans put sentries with bayonets over us.

"On Wednesday they removed us to the far side of a haystack out of their line of fire so we could not get hit, but one of the British shells exploded near us, and of course I got hit. We thought it best to make a dash for it. I could not walk and had to crawl on my hands and knees with my wounds bleeding, and while I was crawling away they started to fire on us. There were six of us who started, but only two of us finished. Our trenches were only a mile and a half away, but it took us four hours and a half to crawl there."

### A Heroic Sacrifice.

Correspondents of Finnish newspapers report the heroic sacrifice of the crew of a picket boat in order to save a Russian cruiser, which was unwittingly approaching a mine in the gulf of Finland

Realizing that it was too late to sig-

## HEART INTEREST BATTLEFIELDS

Doctor Describes Deadly Dart Used by French Aviators. One Thousand Killed In Mined Village.

nal the danger, the boat deliberately rushed at the mine at full speed. A terrific explosion followed. Six of the crew of seven perished. To the survivor, who was severely wounded, was awarded the Russian decoration of St. George.

### Censoring the Censor.

As threats and entreaties have proved equally vain against censorship, the Paris Temps attacks it with ridicule. Pierre Mille, one of the best known contributors, writes a column article, beginning:

"Regarding the origin of the convulsion which is shaking Europe, together with the least known diplomatic secrets and the most concealed strategic proj-



Photo by American Press Association.  
TOMMY ATRINS TAKING A NAP.



Photo by American Press Association.  
GERMAN SCOUT BEFORE ANTWERP.

ects, I am going to make some most important revelations."

Before he can reveal anything here, however, the censor intervenes with a four line cut. He continues:

"It will be remembered that Napoleon once cried before the pyramids—(Here is another slash.)

The writer goes on:

"But we do not need the support of history or the remembrance of the victories won by Jeanne d'Arc (name excised) or at Valmy (by another iteration). One fact I will add." (Here follows a ten line cut.)

He continues:

"His undaunted attitude at"—(This time ten lines more disappear.)

The article proceeds:

"She cried in a trembling voice. 'Oh, daughter, cruel!'"—(The woman's speech is all excised save the words "the devourers fight among them selves," although the passage appears to be taken from nothing more modern or harmful than a famous tragedy.)

"The adversary's position was now very serious. Throwing himself upon his knees, he cried, 'Our Father, which art'"—(Even of the Lord's Prayer the censor allows only this beginning and the final "Amen.")

### Mines Kill a Thousand.

The Eclair prints a letter from a French soldier recently engaged in the Argonne fighting, which, as the writer says, forms an interesting pendant for the bald words of the official communique telling of German attacks being repulsed. He describes the French retirement before a superior force from a village commanding an affluence of the Meuse, intersecting that part of the Argonne where a wide road followed that valley

"We soldiers," he says, "couldn't understand why the colonel abandoned the village, which was evidently of

strategic importance, without a struggle, but we obeyed orders and retired sullenly.

"After traversing a quarter of a mile there was a sudden terrific explosion that staggered the ranks. Simultaneously the officer, smiling, gave the order to retrace our steps.

"A peasant who witnessed the catastrophe gave the details. Shortly after our departure two brigades of Bavarian and Saxon infantry occupied the village. Some were entering houses and others were resting.

"Then came the screaming noise of a shell which exploded near a church. An explosion like an earthquake followed, almost annihilating the enemy. Only a few stunned survivors were left on the outskirts.

"The colonel had mined the village before retiring. The German assault was definitely repelled at this point."

### War Chauffeurs Daring.

The exploits of the daring automobile drivers who whiz along the fringe of the shell torn battle front, and sometimes into it, on missions of military duty that have cost many a life, are as remarkable as the aerial dashes in this war.

Thousands of luxurious touring cars and limousines that once graced the boulevards of Paris are now employed in this service, and many of them are driven by their wealthy owners, who rank as privates, and are comrades with professional chauffeurs. They wear uniforms marked with an "A" on the arm.

Little is heard of their individual deeds, which led the Figaro to say their service was "obscured." In reply the Figaro printed on its first page a letter from one of these daring drivers, a Paris lawyer, that speaks for itself. "Obscured" The word is quickly said. There is too much 'obscured.' And one has reason for being so who is forced to remain far from the front. Thus the automobile service is obscured. But the Figaro ought to say



Photo by American Press Association.  
WOUNDED BELGIAN SOLDIER AND BELGIAN PRIEST.

that in their obscurity the automobilists know how to die and that numerous indeed have been those who already have fallen.

### Rigid Military Discipline.

"If at the beginning of the war one saw automobilists enjoying a ride in the woods or with their cars stationed before fashionable restaurants, that time has passed. That should be known.

"The other day, about 9 in the morning, the quartermaster entered the garage. Every one was at his post. The machines were all equipped—tanks filled, provisions in the hampers, carbines ready—everything there to show that we don't just merely make a 'run around the lake.'

"They want a car!" cried the quartermaster. "Who can go?"

"Every man answered 'I'.

"One of our comrades, Jean R., was chosen. A turn of the crank and the car was gone. Where? No one asked. One is too much accustomed to seeing these machines depart to put the question. They go, remain absent—many days sometimes.

"And R. went this time, like others before him and as still others will follow him each day.

### Chauffeur Is Killed.

"In the evening the machine returned to the garage. All its windows were broken. Bullets had riddled its panels. Jean R. was not with it. His comrade, tears in his eyes, had brought the car back alone. Jean R. had been killed during the trip. His body was on the ground back there, somewhere in the north. They had not been able to bring it back. Some English soldiers had arrived in time to save the survivors of this mission on which the poor chauffeur had left so joyously in the morning.

"Some hours later, in the garage where each evening they call the roll, to the name of Jean R. the quartermaster answered:

"Dead on the field of honor."

"The men, in two ranks, raised the hand to their caps.

"A day or two later, one could see, one morning, some soldiers marching with measured tread toward a church. All wore on the left arm that letter 'A' that is peered at. They were the comrades of the 'obscured one.' They were going to have a mass celebration for him who had been killed."

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NELLIE JOHNSON, Head Nurse.

### ZIMMERMAN.

Mrs. Higgins and daughter, Mrs. Robertson, went to Anoka Monday to have their eyes treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith and children of Spencer Brook spent Saturday and Sunday at E. H. Foley's.

Fred Briggs and family and George Eriggs have returned from Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Iliff went to Minneapolis to spend Thanksgiving day with Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Perman.

C. A. Stillman and son Carroll went to Elk River Saturday to have some dental work done on Carroll's teeth.

Louise Hurtt went to Elk River Saturday to have some dental work done.

Robert Brink and Harry Mickelson went to Minneapolis Saturday and returned Monday morning.

Chas. Iliff and Bert Iliff left Thursday night for Park Rapids to visit their sister and mother and also took licences to shoot deer, so we expect to see them return with a couple of deer.

Wm. Swanson came home from Bethel Saturday night and returned Sunday.

Lillian Stendahl is shopping in Minneapolis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cohoes and daughter went to Rockford to spend Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Cohoes' sister, Mrs. Prestige. Mrs. M. B. Jennison returned with them.

Jesse Larsen was the guest of Oscar Swanson over Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Healy and family of Elk River visited at G. N. Stendahl's Thursday.

Eva Swanson is clerking in Kettelson's store.

Agnes Eckdahl is clerking at M. Swanson's this week.

Mrs. Emily Olson came up from Minneapolis last week to spend Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Perman.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerman and daughter of Minneapolis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Blanchett last week.

The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran church served an excellent dinner at Mrs. Perman's residence on Thanksgiving day. They netted about fourteen dollars.

A large number of friends gathered at the home of Mrs. A. Perman last Sunday evening and gave her a great surprise. A nice supper was served and Mrs. Perman was presented with a parlor rug.

Ed Latta came down here Thanksgiving day and hauled a nice deer home which was shipped here to him.

The masquerade dance was a great success financially for the baseball boys, but the crowd was too large for the hall.

The Misses Prescott and Walker spent Thanksgiving at their homes at Spencer Brook, returning Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Larsen visited with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Foley from Friday until Monday.

Miss Esther Berquist came up from Lake Minnetonka to spend Thanksgiving with her uncles, Ole and Andrew Erickson.

Mrs. Morrison and grandchildren and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Olson autoed to Minneapolis last Thursday in Mrs. Morrison's new Buick car.

R. L. Robertson moved his family to Princeton Monday, where he has secured the position of section foreman. His friends will now find him settled in the section house at that place.

Irving Bean and family were called to Princeton Thanksgiving day by the serious illness of Solon B. Heath, who had a stroke of paralysis the day before.

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