INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON WAR AS SEEN BY "SUN" CORRESPONDENTS

RIDES EIGHT DARK MILES WITH LUNATIC SOLDIERS

American Auto Ambulance Driver Dodges Vehicles on Congested French Road While Trench-Crazed Man Grabs at Steering Wheel When Not Fighting Mate.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—The correspondent of THE SUN has received the following letter from a member of the American Ambulance Corps at the front:

"I was on duty last Sunday at S——, a typical French front town just behind the woods in which most of the fighting of the section is carried on. There the two ambulances on the watch were lined up in the usual place at the telephone bureau along the side of the road most protected against sudden shrapnel bombardments. Shrapnel shells exploding into the street usually land their contents into the side of the street facing the German lines.

"All was quiet in the trenches; only an occasional crack of a rifle, the sharp detonation of a grenade now and then and a constant far away booming denoting an attack in a distant 'secteur.' Once the 155s on the hill at the far end of town opened up for a few shots, arousing the surrounding hills in numerous reverberations, and then shut down, leaving nothing but the monotonous, drawn out rattle and rumbling of the long train of 'ravitaillement' into town, with the supplies and equipment for the men in the woods and the subsequent muffled confusion of noises as the arrivals systematically dispersed to various posts in the night.

"Darkness had settled without any wounded being brought in. This was unusual. The 'poste secours' of the various regiments along the street were empty save for a few sick soldiers being held over until the light of the early morning. An ugly rain had set in, making difficult the run of eleven kilometers in total blackness without even the guidance of a feeble oil lamp among the never ending wagons and contrivances of the road. It appeared unnecessarily long to the men in the vehicles, who were those not needing attention at the hospitals back.

Stealing a Little Sleep.

"We turned into the telephone bureau to get what sleep we could, using stretchers from our cars. The blanket rolls untolded over these making beds not half bad. Before retiring the men take off their shoes, leggings and coats. These, placed on stools or on the floor in order, find their proper places before a man, responding to a call, is fully awake. Usually a couple of minutes after a call comes in their owner is in his car and the motor running.

"The incessant rumble of wagon wheels and the rattle and clink of chains outside were beginning to blend with the distant booming in the other 'secteur' as I drowsed when I was awakened by the telephone bell. 'Brancardiers' at B——, a dressing station, about a kilometer on the other side of town at the edge of the woods, were calling for an ambulance.

"'C'est urgent,' said the operator, and then rang off. They had replied that it was pressing.

"After a quarter of an hour's driving I arrived at the post. It was necessary to go exceedingly slow and stop frequently to avoid running into something in the blackness. At the post, two 'brancardiers' came out to meet me.

"A door opened on the side away from the trenches, throwing enough light on the road to turn the car round. I walked toward the door to see if the wounded were inside, or still on the road down, as is often the case. Before I had gone far the attendants came up and solemnly placed their fingers over their lips.

"'Grave?' I asked.

Surprised by the "Wounded."

"They replied yes, and pointed through the door. Inside were two soldiers sitting on a bench facing us. That was all. As we came in one of the soldiers said 'bon soir,' and smiled.

"The 'brancardiers' then told me the men were violently insane and they were under orders to send them to the rear immediately. They had been rendered mad by the fire of the day, they said, and were not to be trusted to be in the same party with wounded.

"'Make them lie inside the car,' they said, 'and they'll be all right for you.'

"However, not wishing a mixup on the eight mile stretch back, I thought it better to have one fellow lie on a stretcher inside and the other one ride on the seat with me. The soldier who had bidden me a good evening got inside willingly enough and lay down. We got the other soldier on the seat after several minutes of inducing. He seemed to have an idea he was about to be taken prisoner.

"The two 'brancardiers,' and a couple of others I had not seen before gave me their best wishes as I left. Later, I concluded that they shook hands among themselves when I disappeared in the darkness.

"The run back to S—— was made without incident. The soldiers remained quiet. Then began the tedious run to the hospital at F——, eight miles back. The night was exceptionally dark, and it was difficult to see my hands on the steering wheel.

Road Clogged by Vehicles.

"The 'ravitaillement' was still on the road up. Wagons of every description, some drawn by six or eight horses, jogged by on the other side of the road, one upon the other. Sometimes there was a break of several hundred feet in the line, and, at times transports rushed by with a sickening clanking of chains and rumbling of massive wheels, running with more than average rate to catch up to those in front. Occasionally a heavy transport laden with ammunition, en route to some battery in the woods and driven by as many as ten powerful steeds, thundered past in the middle of the road or on the left side to pass the slower moving vehicles.

"Frequently these monsters of the road came close to collision with the frail ambulance. Sometimes a driver, far in front, contrary to rules, lighted a match and the thing dared over the country like an arc light. In order to drive at all it was necessary to blow the horn constantly and hug the right side of the road as closely as safety allowed.

"In response there was the frequent cry of 'Attention!' from along the convoy in front, when the noise of the vehicle was not too great. Often, teams were encountered in front going at a good rate. These, having unloaded, were returning. To pass them, one waited for some widening of the road he knew and then dashed past, taking chances with what else might be on the road.

Madman Becomes Restless.

"At the village of H——, half way to the hospital, the madman on the seat grew restless. He began to add to my troubles by grabbing the wheel at unexpected intervals, turning the car from its course. After each occasion he gave a gurgle of apparent and unfeigned satisfaction. After a dozen I did not feel moderate but exceedingly getting more annoyed out of it than I. He was a little fellow and I did not fear him physically.

"After several sudden lurches, when grabbing the wheel seemed to be becoming a habit with him, I began to pat him on the back and look anxiously in the direction of the hospital, about three miles away. I was afraid the fellow inside might make trouble.

"Once, on losing the sense of direction, after being turned from my course, I stopped and dismounted to find the right of the road. Several feet in advance of the car I walked into something hard. I discovered a wagon stationary on the road a short distance in front with a load of long raillike bars projecting over the rear end. The ends were several inches higher than the hood of the car. Had I gone a few feet further the sharp ends would have caught us both.

"Suddenly there was a big blaze of light from the back. I stopped short, wondering what had happened. Looking back through a window in the canvas body of the car I saw the soldier inside crouching on the stretcher holding about half a box of lighted matches in his hands. He was trying to light a cigarette.

"With his face toward the floor of the car he raised the score or so of burning matches to his mouth. Instantly there was a sizzle of mustache, a loud cough and grunt, and the lunatic frantically threw the flaming sticks over the car.

Lunatic Lit His Cigarette.

"I jumped off and ran back to prevent the flames from spreading. When I got around the passenger inside was puffing nonchalantly at a cigarette as though nothing had happened. Part of his coat sleeve was smouldering, but he let me extinguish it, saying nothing. The rest of the fire had gone out. I told him sharply to keep quiet and went back to the front.

"But the other fellow was gone. After a few minutes search I was about to give up when I heard a confusion of voices within the ambulance. Hastening to the back again I saw that my friend had made his way into the car without my noticing it and the two were now arguing in dangerous voices on different subjects. After agreeing to many things I finally got the fellow back on the seat with me and we continued.

"The two remained quiet until within a quarter mile of the hospital. At this point the road branches off up a long winding hill. Taking the road the car lurched sharply over a gutter. Probably the soldier inside had been looking out of the little window in the canvas at the front of the car for as the car turned I felt him brush roughly against our backs to the side.

"Immediately he seemed to have an idea that his companion was at fault, and instantly drove his fist into the canvas, catching the soldier on the seat in the back. The rest of the trip was lively enough; while the maniac in front alternately tried to jump off and sink his elbow into the canvas at his companion the latter pounded a hole through the canvas to reach him.

"Meanwhile I earnestly hoped he would not realize the possibilities of a knife, and imagined the prick of it in my own back several times before the trip concluded.

"On the road near the point we had reached a sentinel is stationed day and night to guard the country beyond the hill, which again leads to the lines. Directly before reaching him a road branches sharply to the left. It leads to the back of the hospital, where the ambulances go to discharge their loads.

"The sky had cleared a little, showing enough road in advance to make better speed. I lost little time in covering the last stretch. The sentinel was evidently new to our ambulances, for as the car rushed up without slackening pace he fixed his bayonet and danced over the road, thinking I was about to rush by, and wildly commanding me to halt. I disregarded him, absorbed with struggling maniacs, and skidded into the side road within a few feet of his bayonet. Later, I wondered that he did not shoot.

"As I pulled into the hospital yard I noticed the madmen's fighting had ceased and I breathed a sigh of relief. The soldier on the seat dismounted, took his pack and stood waiting without saying a word, while I explained to the 'brancardiers.'

"When I went to the back of the car to help the other soldier out he was gone. Looking around the yard, he was nowhere in sight. I found him chattering to a wild eyed sentinel, who was still wondering what had happened. How he escaped uninjured I do not know. I led my late acquaintance over to the yard, docile once more.

"'Thank you very much for the ride. Good night!' he called after me as I left on the return."

BERNARD THE "OFF" DEPUTY.

Lone Parisian Voted Against 515 Who Upheld New Premier.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—M. Briand's new Cabinet received its vote of confidence, as the cable has duly reported, by 515 votes against 1. As forty-one members were absent on leave and there are twenty-one vacant seats (five vacant because their owners have been killed at the front), the number who abstained from voting was twenty-three. The vote, therefore, was solid and not like the last vote of confidence given to M. Viviani on October 13, which though carried by 372 against 9 snowed that at least 150 members had refused to vote. This large abstention made it clear to trained observers that the Cabinet was doomed, although outwardly a majority of 363 seemed to prove its solidity.

The solitary Deputy who refused his support to M. Briand was Charles Bernard, a Paris representative who sits among the "independents," men inscribed as belonging to no group or party. He explained his vote before casting it. He refused to be influenced by M. Briand's eloquence because fifteen months ago when M. Viviani was president the Chamber stood up and sat down, as it were, when he spoke, and it was doing the same thing over again. No reforms which had been promised had been made, and he was sure it would be the same thing again. He said that when any real reforms were made he would vote for the Ministry again.

5,000 MILES OF TRENCHES.

Twice as Much Excavation Done as in the Panama Canal.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—A French soldier with a taste for statistics has calculated the amount of soil that has been moved in the work of trench making. There are about 500 miles of first line trenches all the way from the North Sea to Switzerland. And there are five or six lines of trenches upon each side.

A total of ten lines of trenches on the two sides would give a length of about 5,000 miles, and this, says the calculating soldier, has involved a task of excavation twice as great as that of the Panama Canal. And it has all been done by hand labor and with military shovels, and much of it has been done under fire and by men who fight while lying on their chests!

FRENCH WAR GRAVES MARKED WITH CARE

Authorities Aim to Have Complete Roster of the Fallen Soldiers.

LIVING SALUTE THE DEAD

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Interesting details regarding the manner in which the graves of soldiers who have fallen on the field of battle are identified are given in the following article, translated literally from the Paris *Matin*:

"Leave for a minute those trenches and earthworks. Let your gaze wander a little from the firing line. Look there in that orchard or there in that copse, or yet again on that crest. See, one, two, three, twenty little mounds. On every mound a wooden cross and on every cross a little khaki or red cap. The orchard is full of them; the copse is studded with them; the brow of the hill is fringed with them.

"Now cast your glance toward those two soldiers sauntering along with their pipes in their mouths or watch that cook hurrying along with the soup.

"Suddenly they come before the little mounds and they stop abruptly. At once the smokers take their pipes from their mouths and the cook lays the pot upon the ground, and at once, silently, solemnly, reverently each right hand goes up to touch each forehead in the military salute.

"It's only for a moment; the tribute to the great dead is paid, and then they go on their way again.

Details Carefully Sought.

"Along the whole battle line from the wooded mountains of the Vosges down to the sand dunes of Belgium every single sector has been placed under a separate officer, whose sole duty it is to identify and collect matter concerning every one of those little mounds.

"Not a single piece of information is allowed to slip by uncatalogued; each cross has its own humble chronicle all written down and indexed and catalogued.

"Each tragedy once chronicled is then copied in duplicate, one always accessible in case additional information should crop up and the other deposited at the nearest general headquarters.

"Nothing is omitted which could possibly afford a clue to the dead hero's identity—name, surname, regiment and rank—and then each grave given a number corresponding to the document.

"Often the number is burned on with a red hot bayonet for fear by any chance the rain or mud should obliterate the treasured mark. In a word every chance of error is reduced to a minimum.

"Suppose, then, after the war a family, English or French, or Belgian, wishes to trace the sacred soil where lie so many buried hopes. All they will have to do will be to address themselves to the civil authorities of the town where all the plans will be gathered together and they may obtain information as detailed and as complete as if they had themselves been present upon those terrible battlefields and will be guided to the lonely grave lie it lost amid some forest or hidden amid the quiries or simply one of a forest of similar emblems upon some open field.

"It is holy ground, each little humble grave—ground which was not bought by gold or by work, but by the man's own blood that has mixed with the dear earth that gave him rest there just where he fell.

"Is it not all marvellous? Whenever, too, some poor corpse is discovered during the course of the nocturnal patrol along the front of the trenches, outside the lines, there is no rest or respite till it is brought back to safety and to love—often at the cost of yet another new corpse in the rescue.

"Could any parent do more? The soil of France is the French soldier's birthright, and they feel as if the dead could not sleep the great sleep if German feet moved above the heads of their comrades, and so the chaplet of miracles goes on, each corpse making another hero.

"Weep not, you mothers, you wives, you daughters, though the days seem long and sad away from those spots of sacred soil whither your sorrows would bid you rush and mourn.

"No, weep not, but rather rejoice in your glory, you mothers and wives, and when the day comes, as come it must, when you will clasp these crosses to your bosoms before you take the sacred soil away—they will seem light crosses indeed, for in that day all your sufferings will have vanished before the strength of your joy—the joy of a victory that will give lasting peace to a whole world."

ZEPPELIN POLICIES ISSUED.

Britain Now Insuring Against Damage From Air Raids.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—A new scheme of insurance against damage resulting from Zeppelin raids has been devised by the British Government. This scheme provides for the insurance of the property of small householders, who will be able to guarantee their property against loss at a very small rate provided the total value does not exceed $500.

The certificates of insurance are obtained at the Post Office.

For $125	$0.12
For $250	24
For $375	36

Property that may be insured includes furniture, clothing and other household goods, tools and personal effects, and stock fixtures, fittings and utensils of trade. The property must belong to the insured person or to a member of his household living with him. It must be on the premises. Buildings and money, securities, stamps, documents and books of account are not covered. The insurance does not extend to cases of loss of life or personal injury.

The risks insured against are destruction or damage caused, whether directly or indirectly, by aircraft (either hostile or otherwise), or shots, shells, bombs or missiles from aircraft or used against aircraft, or by bombardment from hostile guns not landed on British territory.

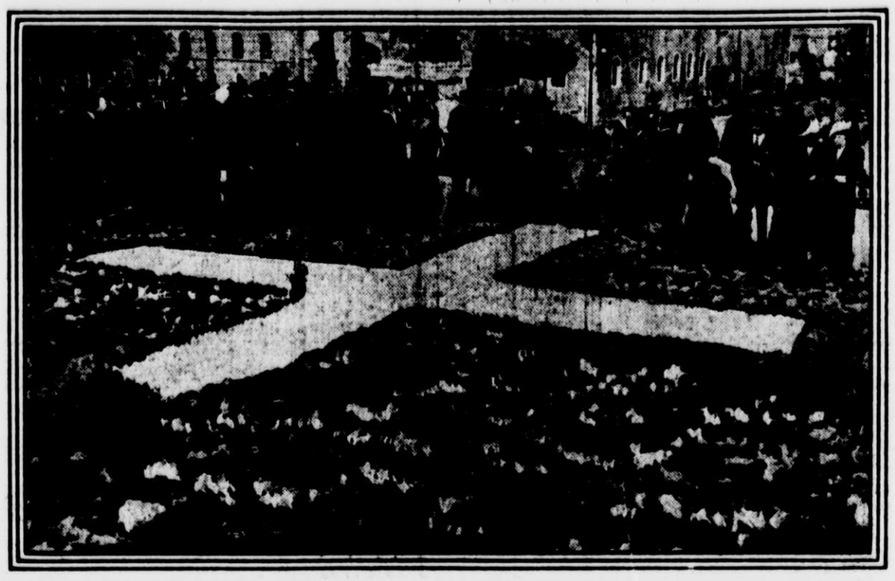
KING GEORGE CENSORED.

Changes Made in His Own Reports of His Recent Illness.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—It has been learned that two of the bulletins given out concerning the accident to King George while in France were blue pencilled by the official censor. The result of the changes made in the reports which the King himself authorized was, it is now observed, to minimize the seriousness of the injury.

The change by the censor made the medical statement say that the King walked from the ambulance train to his automobile, whereas the fact was he was carried on a stretcher. While the trifling nature of the difference is recognized, it is said that the alteration has annoyed the King and his medical attendants. It is rumored that some of the bulletins issued in France were also censored.

Rome Pays Honor to Nation's Soldier Dead



THE photograph shows the approach to the stairway of the monument to Victor Emmanuel II. covered with wreaths and flowers on November 2, All Souls' Day, the day set apart by the Catholic Church in commemoration of the dead. Heavy losses have been suffered by the Italian armies, especially in the Isonzo district, and the floral tributes placed on the monument stairway are in memory of the soldiers who fell on Austrian soil during the present war.

The vast monument, which had been in process of construction since 1885, was dedicated last year. It stands on the north slope of the Capitol and comprises an equestrian statue rising in the centre of a platform surrounded by colonnades and approached by massive flights of steps. The work has a height of over 200 feet and cost nearly $5,000,000.

CALLS DOOM OF NURSE TYPICAL PRUSSIAN CRIME

Lord Robert Cecil Declares That Miss Cavell's Execution Reveals German Creed of State Idolatry and Ruthless Purpose of Its Believers.

At a recent meeting of the American Luncheon Club in London Lord Robert Cecil, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for War, made the execution of Miss Edith Cavell the theme of his speech. As addresses before this body are not intended for publication it was necessary to obtain from Lord Robert himself a digest of his remarks. His letter follows:

"PORTLAND COURT, Nov. 17, 1915.

"To the London Correspondent of THE NEW YORK SUN:

"You asked me to relate to you what I tried to say in talk to some of your fellow countrymen about the murder of Miss Cavell. Of all deeds of the Germans there is probably none which has excited more general horror and reprobation. Yet there are many of their acts which have involved greater cruelty and not less injustice. Louvain, the Lusitania, the Arcona and many other names will long be remembered for the wholesale slaughter and destruction with which they have been connected in the war. But when even they are forgotten the name of Edith Cavell will be recalled. Why?

"To the German military mind it is inexplicable. Berlin apologists do not hesitate to denounce the whole century as a specimen of British cant. To them the incident needs no defense. Here was a person convicted on her own confession of treason to the German State. She, a civilian, living in German occupied territory, had dared to help the enemies of Germany to escape. British, French, Belgians and through her assistance gone to swell the ranks of Germany's enemies. At last, think Heaven, she was caught, sentenced so to speak, in what is called her work of mercy. Pity in such a case would be thrown away. Talk about her work as a nurse is mere maudlin irrelevance. She was a traitor to Germany, and for such traitors there is but one possible fate—Deutschland über Alles.

"Now, look at the other side and perhaps we may realize that the horror of the civilized world at this crime was not only genuine, but reasonable. Think what exactly Edith Cavell did. Living in Brussels as a nurse, caring for all alike who were sick or wounded whether German or Belgian or British, one day some fugitives, men of her own nation, come to her for shelter and assistance. To refuse it means certain death for them—they are soldiers not in uniform within the enemy's lines. To grant it means danger to herself—but to her, as to most, if not all other women of British blood, that is a trifle. Of course she takes the men in, hides them and sends them across the frontier, rejoicing that she has the chance to serve her country and her fellow men.

"Then she is betrayed and arrested. For ten weeks she is left in prison thinking over her life and what she has just done. She knows that she has shown herself a patriot, that in her country's cause she has counted her life cheap. Yet when she has been tried and condemned and is taking final stock of her deserts she feels that though she has done part of her duty there is still more that is required, and in four words she sums up and crystallizes forever the real case of Christian civilization against Germany—patriotism is not enough.

"Bismarck once boasted that no other nation could parallel the Prussian lieutenant. That is so. The Prussian lieutenant is as it were the incarnation of the German creed—Deutschland über Alles! No sentiment of mercy, of pity, of chivalry, none of those virtues which Christianity has taught, nor even the old Pagan qualities of truth and good faith, are to stand in the way of the all embracing devotion to the State.

"We knew this vaguely, but we did not fully understand of what the Prussian lieutenant was capable till, with furtive deliberation and in cold blood, he determined on the death of Edith Cavell. Then our eyes were opened. We realized that patriotism was indeed not enough, that the German creed was idolatry, that it led and must lead to incalculable moral evil, that it must be fatal to all that is noblest in our civilization, and we shrank with horror from its latest and most typical crime. Yours sincerely,

ROBERT CECIL."

GERMAN FARM COLONY IN BRITAIN ACQUITTED

Investigation Reveals No Gun Bases—Most Inmates Are Aged Men.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—For a long time there have been rumors that the German Farm Colony, Libury Hall, in Hertfordshire, has been a potential military centre, that the inmates have made anti-British demonstrations, such as rejoicing over the sinking of the Lusitania, and that concrete platforms, gun emplacements and hidden dynamite have been placed there.

The *Daily Mail* sent a representative to investigate this colony of ninety-four Germans living together in England, and he found that the rumors were absolutely untrue. In war time however, London loses no such an institution curiously, believing that no English farm colony would be allowed in Germany at this time.

The investigation at Libury Hall found that the colony, which was formed fifteen years ago to counteract the begging nuisance among Germans in England and to provide work for unemployed Germans, consists to-day of old or infirm men, most of whom are 60 years old or more. He found that the houses and farm buildings, though well constructed, would prove no fort, offensive or defensive military operations, though the residents of the neighborhood had pointed forcibly to the fact that the site lay in the path of the Zeppelin route to London.

It was found that the grounds are contained by surrounding hills, that the colony is walled in and guarded by armed sentries and its government supervised by a British officer. One concrete platform was found, but not a gun emplacement and no trace of dynamite, as the countryside gossip has hinted. The colony is in a lonely part of the hills and not near to any town. Moreover, the British officials stationed at the farm denied that the inmates had ever held any anti-British demonstrations, although many of them have German sympathies.

WAR BRINGS DECREASE IN PRISON NUMBERS

Enlistment, Restricted Sale of Liquor and Demand for Labor Among Causes.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—One of the effects of the war has been to decrease in an important proportion the number of inmates in the prisons of England and Wales. The fact is brought out in the annual report of the Prison Commissioners which has just been issued.

Prisoners sentenced by the ordinary courts, with persons imprisoned as debtors or on civil process, were as follows in 1914-15, compared with the corresponding period:

	1914-15.	Dec.
Penal servitude	591	108
Imprisonment	102,871	32,169
Borstal	425	49
Debtors or civil process	8,812	5,[illegible]
Sureties	825	141
Total	113,524	37,790

The Prison Commissioners ascribe the falling off throughout the country of the male prison population to

1. The enlistment of many habitual petty offenders.
2. Restricted hours for the sale of intoxicating liquors.
3. The great demand for labor.

"It has been frequently stated," the report further says, "that since the outbreak of war there has been an increase in drunkenness among women. In this matter it is not safe to rely too much on statistics. When there is more money to spend on drink there is more money to pay fines, and the number of convictions may be reduced by the police being absorbed in other duties and by the instructions issued to them in certain cases to warn offenders instead of charging them. But so far as prison statistics go they do not support the view that drunkenness among women has increased. The number of women received on conviction for the offence of drunkenness has fallen from 15,149 in 1913-14 to 14,045 in the year under report, or by 7 per cent."

CALLS GERMAN RULE A BOON TO BELGIUM

Industry Thrives, Says Munich Professor, and People Are Contented.

ARRAIGNS U. S. CHARITY

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—A defence of Germany's attitude toward Belgium was made recently in Munich by Dr. William Baron von Bissing, professor of Oriental archæology and Egyptology at the university of that city. The address was particularly interesting in view of the fact that Prof. von Bissing is the son of the German Governor-general of Belgium. The King of Bavaria attended the lecture, which, according to the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, proved a great success.

Belgium, said Prof. von Bissing, has recovered with surprising rapidity under the tactful administration of the Germans.

"Whereas the occupied territory in northern France lies fallow," he said, "trade and commerce in Belgium are again showing signs of keen activity. Work has been resumed in the factories and in the mines, the workmen are contented and now manifest no aversion to the German dominion. Plans for the future are being made, especially for the rebuilding of what has been destroyed by the war, and there is activity everywhere."

"Tempered Compulsion."

Prof. von Bissing admitted that "tempered compulsion must often be called in to assist common sense," but he declared that the Belgians have learned to appreciate "the honesty, the unselfishness and the orderliness of the German administration. The factories, he observed, are supplied with raw material, schools, technical schools and other institutions for the general welfare of the people are established, and Belgium as well as German interests are safeguarded everywhere.

The lecturer also discussed the question as to why Belgium "joined our enemies." France, he said, has "always made use of every opportunity to favor the Walloons and thus gradually win the country over to her side. England, 'the magnanimous protector of Belgian neutrality,' closing her eyes to these endeavors.

The main reason, however, he contended, lies deeper and is to be found in the fact that Belgium had developed from an industrial into a financial country. Before the war, he observed, Belgium occupied a position in international finance which was out of all proportion to her size. By advancing money to England and France and investing in Russian enterprises she made herself dependent on international capital, "and that," Baron von Bissing declared, "is inimical to Germany."

The professor remarked that the Walloons, "the dominating section of the population," had long been favorably inclined toward the French, and even to-day "espionage and conspiracy on the part of the French and English are the order of the day, and great difficulty is experienced in exposing this burrowing work before it has time to do harm."

Arraigns U. S. Charity.

Prof. von Bissing also made the following statement:

"The businesslike Americans take advantage of the scarcity of provisions in Belgium and endeavor to obtain control of the market, while it has become the task of the German administration to prevent the Americans from gaining an influence over the Belgians through the latters' stomachs.

"In conclusion the professor expressed his firm conviction that it would have been a blessing to Belgium, and especially to Flanders, if it had never come under French influence, but had remained during these past centuries part and parcel of the German Empire. He also expressed his firm conviction that whatever happens Belgium will never again be what she was on August 1, 1914. To-day, he said, the Flemish hope more than ever to shake off, with the assistance of German influence, the oppressive yoke of the Walloon dominion. That wish, he added, to attach themselves to Germanic Kultur, though they include the Dutch under the generic name "Germanic" in order that they may advance toward freedom and prosperity.

TURNS SWITCH TO AGE LIQUOR.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Report comes from Paris that Prof. Charles Henry of the Sorbonne has invented an electrical apparatus by which he can mature new whiskey within a few minutes. Burgundy is already being ripened by this process and successful experiments have recently been made with beer and essential oils. The cost is about two cents a hundred gallons.

TALES OF TORTURE TOLD BY ARMENIANS

Savagery of Kurds Knew No Bounds, Say Those Who Escaped Fate.

ASSASSINS IN "HOLY WAR"

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Stories of Turkish brutality are found in copies of the *Horizon*, a newspaper printed in Tiflis, which describes in great detail the massacres which have been taking place in Armenia. Translations of some of the most startling passages follow:

"The Turkish Government were determined to exterminate once and for all the entire Armenian nation in their midst on the pretext that these unarmed people were a grave menace which could only be removed by wholesale organized slaughter on a scale far surpassing any massacres that have been committed in the past.

"The Turks forced the Armenians of military age into their armies, and it is estimated that some 100,000 have been pressed into service against their fellow Christians, the Allies. The next move was to declare a Holy War and to release criminals from the prisons to take their ghoulish part in the extermination of the whole Armenian race.

"The story of an eye witness who escaped from the province of Bitlis may be taken as typical of what happened in the towns and villages before and during the massacres:

"'When the Holy War was declared by Jehad all the Mohammedan murderers and thieves were released from the prisons. Bitlis became full of them. In the mosques and squares the religious war was proclaimed with excited demonstrations. The hatred against the Christians became intensified. Special companies of the released murderers were formed. The first massacre took place at a small village some miles away. It was kept very secret and we heard very little about it. We heard that some of the younger Armenians had managed to protect themselves for several days against the Kurds (savage tribes of Mohammedans).

Six Armenians Hanged.

"'Then it was said that two soldiers had been killed in our place and six Armenians were hanged for it. It was simply a pretext for stirring up trouble. When the Russian troops reached Van orders were given for a massacre, and forty villages were wiped out. In our town of Bitlis the Governor assured us that we should come to no harm.

"'The Turkish armies, some 50,000 men, arrived soon after, and the rich merchants were told they would be free if they paid $30,000. They paid up, and the very same day they were murdered. Soon after the police agents arrived—all the population was called out and arranged in groups. Those who resisted died fighting. A great many committed suicide by setting fire to their houses and perishing in the flames rather than undergo the tortures which they knew awaited them. Some of the families and their neighbors met in their houses and drank poison together. I saw them dying in the houses and in the streets. Some threw themselves from the top windows of their houses into the streets. The rest were taken off to a valley, tied together and then cut to pieces with swords. Other groups were burned to death. The young women and the children were brought into the market place. The pretty women were picked out and put aside. Those that were left and the old and infirm were taken four miles out of the town and slaughtered.'

"A refugee, who escaped from Manazgert and reached Tiflis, said:

"'Five of us managed to escape from our village because we were hidden in a cellar and were not seen. The Turks were enraged because a good many Armenians escaped from these parts when the Russians came. The Armenians who were left in this village were hoping that the Russians would come again in time to save them. The Armenians were all tied together and handed over to a company of Kurds who were told to do what they liked with them. The man in charge of the company said, "You are looking back for the Russians, aren't you? Very well, we will make it easier for you to look back." They selected some priests and made some holes in the backs of their heads. They took out their eyes, cut off their noses and their lips, and put them in the sacks of their heads.'

"From Trebizond, where, as Lord Bryce announced, amid exclamations of horror, in the House of Lords, 10,000 Armenians were taken in a body and drowned in the Black Sea in one afternoon, a refugee brought the story:

Tied and Thrown Into Water.

"'All the men and women were tied together in rows and thrown into the water; in other parts the population was taken to an Armenian cemetery and slaughtered there by the Kurds. Some of those who were not killed outright managed to crawl away, although they had been bayoneted. When the Turks found them they made sure of their death by smashing in their heads with the butts of their rifles.

"'When an American missionary said to the Governor of the place "Don't touch the women who are with child," the Governor replied "What is the use of allowing the child to be born? It is all the same. He will be massacred. Armenians are born to be massacred!"'

"One of the most terrible of all the ghastly narratives is in the diary kept by a Syrian doctor who was with the Turkish troops and was captured by the Russians. These are extracts from his diary:

"'There was an Armenian in prison awaiting execution. Knowing of the barbarities that were awaiting him he somehow succeeded in getting hold of some paraffin and setting fire to the prison and was burned alive with the other prisoners.

"'Another prisoner, who was promised his life if he revealed the supposed hiding place of some bombs, led his captors to the top of a high building and then deliberately threw himself at a Turkish officer who was standing in the street below, but missed him, and was killed instantly.

"'When we reached Bitlis and came to the forests we found members of bodies that had been slaughtered. The bodies of three naked women were hanging from trees by their feet. Near them was a live baby that was trying in vain to reach its mutilated mother. She was still alive and was trying to get to the baby. It seemed as if it had been purposely arranged that they should be near each other, but not near enough to touch. I was told that babies had been roasted and their mothers forced to eat the flesh.'"

Gorky's Son Loses Arm in War.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Maxim Gorky's son, Corporal Pechoff, has lost his right arm fighting in the Russian and Polish Legion in France. He was one of the first Russians who volunteered for the French army, and greatly distinguished himself in the Carency fight.

AERIAL TORPEDOES OF NEW TYPE IN USE

German Variety, Invented by Swede, Has Almost a Three Mile Range.

SECRECY PARTLY LIFTED

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Flying torpedoes of entirely new construction are now being used both by the Germans and the Allies, and while absolute secrecy regarding the structure is being observed on both sides, the following details given by an expert writing in the *Sunday Herald* are of interest:

"The Germans have endeavored to preserve absolute secrecy regarding the structure of their aerial torpedo, but it is known to be of the type invented by Col. Unge of the Swedish artillery, the rights of which were bought by Krupp.

"The calibre of this weapon is 6 inches, its length 32 inches and the weight when loaded is about thirty pounds. It is made of drawn steel a trifle over [illegible] in thickness, consisting of two portions screwed together, the head and the body.

"The head of the torpedo is provided with a blunt point fitted with a percussion fuse or time fuse and contains a charge of about four pounds of explosive or 200 shrapnel bullets, or asphyxiating gas.

"In the body of the torpedo is a composition of about nine pounds of highly compressed black powder, and this is fired by a small primer placed in a hole in the base of the turbine, the primer being fired electrically.

"The propelling charge consists of ignition a gas, which finds its way through the turbine, and the torpedo is projected forward. It thus travels in the air by means of its own propelling force.

"The launching apparatus from which the torpedo is fired is like an ordinary rifle, and is simply for guiding the projectile in its proper direction.

"As no external propelling force is used there is no recoil when the torpedo is discharged.

"The maximum range is nearly three miles, but by reducing the propelling charge any shorter range may be obtained. The weapon has been used by the Germans principally for firing from trench to trench.

"In some instances the Germans have for very short distance operations used a rope similar to those for life saving rockets, which will make the torpedo fall where desired. A life saving device is thus utilized for life destroying.

"The torpedo causes great havoc on explosion, and there have been cases where men have been blown out of trenches and landed some distance away. The torpedo will destroy wire entanglements, &c.

"When the torpedo is in flight the propelling charge develops a great quantity of smoke. When it is used in sidewalls along the enemies' trenches the clouds of smoke will act as a signal to men told off to clear away wire entanglements and save them from being injured.

"Col. Unge devoted more than two years study to the perfection of the weapon, and Krupps bought the patents for $50,000. Its advantages are compared with a gun of the same bore are:

"It can be fired from the trench.

"The launching apparatus is light, it can easily be moved.

"The torpedo can be fired from small motor cars, as the recoil is slight.

"The launching apparatus costs even one-twentieth part of a gun.

"There is no wear and tear on the launching apparatus, the rifling being through without the application.

"The torpedo has its uses apart from war. A smaller mechanism of [illegible] inches in length, with the same [illegible] of propelling powder, [illegible] life saving at sea."

PAPER PUNISHED FOR HATE

German Commander Rebukes Criticism of Honor to Prisoner's Grave.

BERLIN, via Amsterdam, [illegible] Attacks on the German Government are not the only causes for which newspapers have been suppressed or otherwise punished, as the following illustrates:

By order of the Military Governor of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg the *Oldenburger Zeitung* has been [illegible] Special police censorship was established a "letter to the editor" signed "Dr. S." in which the writer, in vehement language that [illegible] decorating with a wreath the British Major Nicholson who committed suicide.

In his letter to the *Oldenburger Zeitung* the Major is stated that Major Nicholson, a highly respected officer, [illegible] imprisonment with dignity [illegible] death had nothing to do with it. The statement he received in [illegible] pressed regret that the writer used one of the bitterest hatred which have been [illegible] enemy's land." Imprisoned prisoners, he said, who died have been buried with honors, he ordered the grave [illegible] placed under special control of the police, and inserted the English the full text of his [illegible] at the top of the first page.

GIFT FROM KAISER WORTH $1

Italian Actress Who Sells [illegible] Help Red Cross Gets a Shock.

ROME, Nov. 17.—[illegible] actress Irma Grammatica [illegible] ited Germany a couple [illegible] was summoned to give a performance in the presence [illegible] and the royal family. [illegible] cently she spoke with [illegible] the Kaiser's affability [illegible] still looks back with [illegible] cordial reception.

Until war was declared [illegible] and Austria and [illegible] many Signora Grammatica [illegible] and wore a gorgeous [illegible] the imperial monogram [illegible] which the Kaiser had [illegible] by an aide-de-camp [illegible] ing the command to [illegible] lian worthy of the [illegible] a gift from the Kaiser [illegible] and Signora Grammatica [illegible] gave the imperial [illegible] Cross in order that [illegible] and the proceeds [illegible] the relief of wounded [illegible]

The Red Cross [illegible] her thanking [illegible] her contribution [illegible] her, amounted exactly [illegible] the imperial [illegible] discovered that [illegible] and that the [illegible] born Grammatica [illegible] who her the Kaiser [illegible] is so blame for [illegible] played on her, which [illegible] cher who bought [illegible] at a profit owing [illegible] torical" value.