THE GENTLE ART OF DEFAMATION

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The codern gentleman adventurer is a literary man.

His blunderbus is a typewriter.

King of the kind is Norman Hapgood.

This energetic man raised Collier's Weekly to the nth power by dynamiting certain things—some of which certainly needed shooting up.

But Norman Hapgood having reached the point of diminishing returns, and tasted blood, goes into the employ of McClure's and assumes the editorship of Harper's Weekly.

For several years Harper's Weekly had been running on momentum. Virtue had gone out of it.

Everybody's Magazine had made an international success by publishing the confessions of that great and good man, Col. Tom Lawson.

And so Norman Hapgood takes the cue, quick as a Nipponese in imitation, and seeks to send a thrill of life along the keel of the moribund Harper's, which had gone to seed on a culture-bed of culture.

Coarse and crass are the ravings of the jaundiced journals. Loud and blatant are the tones of the demagogue. Cheap and patent are the mouthings of the side-show spieler, and the political spellbinder.

But Norman Hapgood is different! In him there is a vein of humanism and a recurring desire to be honest.

At the same time he must have readers.

Just here let me digress long enough to insert a passage from Buckle's "History of Civilization." Says Buckle: "There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power extensive, the evil has been enormous.

"If he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing calamities which this ignorant man will be sure to inflict.

"It is an undoubted fact that an overwhelming majority of persecutors have been men of the purest intentions, of the most admirable and unsullied morals.

"It is impossible that this should be otherwise.

"For they are not bad-intentioned men, who seek to enforce opinions which they believe to be good. Still less are they bad men, who are so regardless of temporal considerations as to employ all the resources of their power, not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of propagating ideas which they think necessary to the future happiness of mankind. Such men as these are not bad, they are only ignorant; ignorant of the nature of truth, ignorant of the consequences of their own acts.

"But in a moral point of view, their motives are unimpeachable.

"Indeed, it is the very ardor of their sincerity which warms them into persecutions. It is the holy zeal by which they are fired, that quickens their fanaticism unto deadly activity."

The Cheerful Innuendo.

In all the history of muckraking I do not know of anything quite so conscienceless as the articles published in Harper's Weekly by Norman Hapgood, entitled, "The Powder Trust." One of these articles was in Harper's Weekly of May 2, the other for May 9.

Now, behold, on June 27, seven weeks after the second offense, there appears in Harper's Weekly an article entitled, "Is There a Powder Plot?" by Col. E. G. Buckner, vice president of the Du Pont Powder Company.

This article occupies a full page, and there are no illustrations to cut down the text. Col. Buckner's article is a simple, flat denial of every statement made by Harper's concerning the Du Pont Powder Company, and every statement is backed up by citation to official government record!

The article is written without heat—simply, plainly, frankly, effectively. It does not use the short and ugly word, but it proves the falsity of Hapgood's statements.

Hapgood is hopelessly put in the hole, and this by an article in his own publication.

I know nothing about the particular conditions of this publication, but as a general proposition I know that publishers do not publish apologies unless they know they are in error and unless a libel suit looms large on the horizon.

In this instance the editor of Harper's Weekly does not apologize. He simply lifts his coattails and allows himself to be thoroughly kicked.

In all the history of journalism I cannot recall an instance of where a publisher gives up his space to a man whom he has defamed and allows this man to call him a double, deep-dyed liar, and prove it.

Buckner crams an umbrella down Hapgood's mouth—and raises it. And the umbrella is the property of Hapgood.

Hapgood evidently prefers that Col. Buckner should prove him a liar in his own publication, rather than that Buckner should prove the case in court, with attendant costs and damages following, all to be paid for by Harper's Weekly.

This is canny on the part of Hapgood, but if the man were the gentlemen he should be, he would have added a note of apology on his own account, acknowledging that he was in the wrong.

Instead of this, on another page, in the same issue, is an editorial item thus: "Mr. Post's series on the army raised an outrageous commotion. Harper's Weekly was boycotted in many army and navy clubs. No sensible answer was made to Mr. Post, but there was much foaming at the mouth."

Here is another bit of slippery-elm suggestion, seemingly iterating that what Mr. Post had formerly said about the Du Pont Powder Company was true.

Any publisher, no matter how careful he is, will occasionally go wrong, but there is no excuse for his stubbornly sticking to the wrong, and only saving his epidermis by graciously allowing himself to be booted.

For, however anxious a publisher may be to send Truth out to catch and choke to death Falsehood, he finds he cannot do it.

Retribution.

Once upon a time a peasant was guilty of defaming his neighbors, spreading foul scandal concerning them.

And behold there came a time when he went to the parish priest in confession. And after the peasant had confessed, the priest, being a man of wisdom, ordered the man to do penance as follows:

He was to take a live goose under his arm and walk for five miles, and every step he took he was to pluck a feather from the goose and throw it in the air. The wind was high and blowing hard, and the man started out and did as he was ordered, every step pulling a feather from the goose and throwing it in the air.

And when he came back to the home of the priest, the poor goose was robbed of every feather. And the peasant thought that this completed the transaction. But the priest said: "No! Not yet! Not yet! What you must do now is to go over the same route, pick up every feather that you plucked, and put it back in the goose exactly as it was before."

Hapgood succeeded in incorporating more falsehoods in a single article, by inference and suggestion, than any modern tyro in the Ananias art. From this time on, Hapgood goes into the professional class.

These articles are supposedly written by one "Charles Johnson Post." The opinion seems to be that Charles Johnson Post is another name for Norman Hapgood.

The literary style is the slap-dash, cocksure attitude of the sophomore who takes a dig at prexy and everybody, in "The College Crimson."

This screaming screed on the alleged powder trust was widely publicized.

The world was informed in startling blackface that there was to be an explosion.

Pictures of Uncle Sam sitting on barrels of gunpowder were shown, and while our Uncle peacefully slept, France and Germany reached out a fierce and fiendish fuse.

Nothing more sensational could be imagined than that the United States was to be blown to flinders by the triple alliance of Germany, France and Delaware.

So here then comes Norman Hapgood to warn the country—price ten cents a copy, for sale on all news-stands! Place orders early!

The Powder Trust.

And so I, like many another, wasted two dimes and read the stuff.

Occupying half the first page devoted to the literary lyddite is a picture of Senator H. A. du Pont.

No other portraits are given—just the picture of the Senator—that is all.

This picture at the top of the page is the first thing you see.

It is evidently a reproduction from an oil painting.

No other Du Pont is mentioned in the article save Henry A. du Pont. Any one who reads this article will at once come to the conclusion that Henry A. du Pont is at the head of the deadly "Powder Trust." That is the plain intent of the whole article.

Here are two falsehoods told by inference. Just as a woman's reputation may be ruined by a shrug of the shoulder, so does Norman Hapgood link two lies together and trot them into the show-ring tandem.

In the first place there is no powder trust. Possibly there was prior to 1910, when a decree was issued by a United States court dissolving a combination of powder manufacturers.

Since then the Du Pont Powder Company has gone its way alone, as directed by order of the court, obeying its mandates in letter and spirit; and if Norgood is familiar with stock quotations he knows the securities of the Du Pont company show the effect of this dissolution.

Nor is Senator du Pont at the head of the Du Pont Powder Company. In fact, he is not an officer or a director in this company—not even a stockholder—and has never in any way worked to influence the government in favor of it.

Neither does Norman Hapgood say that Henry A. du Pont is connected with the powder company. Norman is as smooth, slick, sleek and sly as a village setter at the grocery, nibbling cheese.

Hap just happened to put in the Senator's picture, because the electro was handy. There was no motive in it!

Five Windy Petards.

But no one could read this article without coming to the conclusion that the Du Pont Powder Company has succeeded in electing to the United States Senate its chief officer, and that this man has been able to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the government in a way so that he has been made a member of the Committee on Military Affairs and chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, and that he is now using all of his powerful influence in securing the sale to the government of powder manufactured by the Du Pont Powder Company, of which he is both manager and chief owner.

So here we get not only two lies, but three.

First, there is no powder trust.

Second, Senator du Pont is not connected with the Du Pont Powder Company.

Third, Senator du Pont has never used his influence in any way to further the interests of the Du Pont Powder Company, which accidentally bears the same name as himself.

If Norman Hapgood wanted to tell the truth, he should have made all of the facts in this case simple and plain. Instead of this he is dealing in a thing quite as villainous as villainous saltpeter; that is, he is dealing in high-power prismatic prevarication.

The fourth falsehood in this article is the assumed fact that because the Du Pont Powder Company sells powder to foreign nations it is guilty of treason toward the United States government.

The fact is that for fifty years and more the Du Pont Powder Company has sold powder in the markets of the world. Just as Great Britain sold us saltpeter during the War of the Rebellion, and as Bridgeport sells arms wherever there are people to buy, and as shipbuilders in America manufacture and sell battle ships to Argentine, and as recently the United States government sold two battle ships to Greece, and as the dealers in provisions sell their commodities to the nations of the world, so has the Du Pont Powder Company sold its commodities to the buyers of the world.

This is its privilege and its right.

The Du Pont Powder Company is not under any contract with the United States government to give it "exclusive."

The plain inference put out by Norman Hapgood is that the Du Pont Powder Company has violated a contract with the United States government, in selling powder to foreign nations.

The fifth falsehood is that the secret of manufacturing smokeless powder was the invention or discovery of the United States government, and that the Du Pont Powder Company, having come into possession of this secret, has given it away to foreign nations.

The vice president of the Du Pont company shows that there are no secrets in the manufacture of powder, any more than there are secrets in the making of pie.

Norman is shown that the formulas of powder-making are known to the chemists of the world and can be purchased in a book that can be bought for $1.50. So if you want to try the thing out, Norman, sell fifteen copies of your magazine, raise the money, and go to it.

The vice president is something of a logician. He is certainly a congealer of industrial, historic fact. In four short paragraphs he gives the history of smokeless powder—prepares a pellet of fact to cure falsehood.

First, smokeless powder was invented in France by the chemist Vieille.

Second, a German by the name of Mendeleef invented a way to colloid it, or cover it with a coating so it could be safely handled and transported.

Third, Francis G. du Pont, of Wilmington, succeeded in manufacturing the article in comparative safety and greatly reducing the cost, thus standardizing the manufacture of the article and making it a practical success, a thing which neither the Germans nor the French were able to do. With them it was simply a successful laboratory experiment.

Fourth, Hudson Maxim, in the employ of the Du Pont Power Company, invented a way to perforate the grain of powder so as to control the firing of it and regulate its intensity.

Please note that there were four steps in the evolution of smokeless powder, and that two of these steps were the work of the Du Pont Powder Company.

So it would appear that if there are any proprietary rights about smokeless powder, they are the property of the Du Pont Powder Company.

Getting at the Truth.

In its relations with the government, the Du Pont Powder Company has done a lot of astounding things. One of these was to supply the government formulas for mixing ingredients for powder and blueprints for making buildings and machinery when the government was to become its competitor.

In fact, the Du Pont people sent their own engineers to help the government construct its plant. That is, the Du Pont Powder Company gave away all its co-called secrets and donated the services of its engineers to assist the government. I did not, could not, believe this when I read it in Buckner's "comeback" in Harper's. But it is true. Cold type, set up in the Government Printing Office at Washington, says it is true.

I do not get this information on the statement of the powder people. I get it from the testimony of Admiral Strauss, Admiral Twining, and Gen. Crozier, chiefs of the Ordnance Department of the United States government.

Most of the other information I have here given I got from the article by Col. Buckner in Harper's Weekly, but I took pains to corroborate the truth of his statements, as any one can do who wishes to read the hearings where these officials have gone on record. It is good reading, too, refreshing reading.

Hapgood got his data from these same sources, the reports of which are public property.

He cannot plead ignorance of the facts, for he had to read the truth in order to construct his lies. The data on which his lies are laid are all in these self-same reports. It took skill and ingenuity to lift them out and escape telling the truth.

Hapgood takes garbled, dissociated facts, dyes them in prejudice, and makes a literary crazy-quilt.

And even when caught with the goods on and made to apologize, he still avers, "We made 'em froth at the mouth!"

No wonder the army and navy men hate him, for he has made them out both fools and knaves. And they would be both if they allowed the Du Ponts to run their affairs as Hapgood so falsely states.

To discredit the government, and make it out a pusillanimous powder-monkey, is the seeming desire in this Stefgood diatribe.

When the army government mill was started, it made reliable powder from the very first day the wheels were turned, this through the assistance given by the Du Pont powder people. So testifies Gen. Crozier.

The Du Pont Powder Company has cooperated with the government in a great number of ways, these official records say.

It has shown the government how to save money in using powder; how to extend the life of guns by using a safer and different kind of powder; how to use alcohol over and over instead of losing it by evaporation.

To take advantage of the necessities of the government and increase prices in time of stress is a thing that the Du Pont Powder Company has never done.

And yet this is one of the lies that circulate like ammonia in an ice plant.

It is a pleasant thing for the muckraker to state, inasmuch as many ignorant people are willing to accept the libel as legal tender.

"Reasons light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

Norgood quotes Scripture for his purpose. It is a measly malamute who, occupying a high position in the literary world, will use his position to libel enterprise and belittle industry. Norman's range is shown when he goes into partnership with Lincoln Steffens, the man who argued that the McNamaras in blowing up industrial buildings and dynamiting bridges were fighting in a war for human rights.

Steffens is not only willing that certain newspaper plants should be blown up, in the interests of free speech, but he wants to hoist civilization at the same time.

Norgood has gotten himself polluted with the fallacies of Marxian Steffenism, inoculated with the political ptomains of asinine and anserine anarchy.

Hap and Stef both regard success as sinful; organization as conspiracy; and actual, simple occurrences they are quite ready to construe into treason. They believe things first, and then start out to prove them. And being convinced, any old proof is good enough.

So behold, in Hapgood's fusillade entitled "The Powder Trust," he accuses the Du Pont people of selling out to Germany and giving away the secrets of explosives to a foreign country!

Why does he not state the truth, as he permitted Col. Buckner to state it, and explain the actual fact that in 1889 James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, sent Alfred I. du Pont to Europe for the purpose of gaining information about a new invention in the powder line for the use of heavy guns!

It seems this powder was the article now known as "Brown Prismatic Powder." Alfred I. du Pont discovered that the invention was that of a German chemist and that the secret belonged to the Germans. Thereupon, Du Pont made a contract with the Germans, securing this secret, and getting the privilege to manufacture this powder on a royalty. And it was at this time that the Du Ponts agreed with the Germans that any improvements in this powder made by the Du Ponts should be communicated to them. This agreement was made with the consent and written approval of the United States government and expired in 1898, and had nothing whatever to do with smokeless powder.

And yet now comes Norman Hapgood and accuses the Du Ponts of treason in having negotiated with the Germans, with the approval of our government, for the acquisition of a secret that belonged to the Germans, and would have it appear that this contract was a secret one, is now in force, covers smokeless powder, and that under it Germany is today kept informed as to every pound of powder in our government magazines!

In passing it is well to note that brown prismatic powder has become an obsolete article, having been replaced by smokeless powder.

Patriotism.

Very recently, on their own initiative, the Du Pont Powder Company have refused to sell powder to the Mexicans, either the Federalists or the Constitutionalists, as truthfully stated in debate by Senators Weeks and Warren. Certainly unusual and commendable.

But selling powder in times of peace to foreign governments has always and forever been considered an eminently right and legitimate thing to do.

The Du Ponts seem willing, from the hearings—aye, anxious—to meet the wishes of the government in every particular.

Anything the Du Ponts do and everything they do in the line of business transactions appears to be open to the inspection and knowledge of the United States government.

And the government places its own price on the products supplied to it by the Du Pont Powder Company, according to the testimony—certainly "nuts" for Uncle Sam!

But the manufacture of powder in a big way is not a matter for the amateur.

Behind the Du Pont Powder Company is a century of experience. The Du Ponts ought to know everything that will not work.

No government can afford to take chances with bum explosives. This is the reason that the best brains in Congress and officers of the army and navy favor the idea of continuing the government mills in a small way and perhaps increasing their capacity, but the bulk of explosives used by the government should be made by a concern that has every facility which ample capital, experience and science can supply and expends hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in endeavors to better the product.

France has learned a bitter lesson in the line of manufacturing powder for itself. To date it has lost three battle ships.

The Leberta was sent to the bottom with every man on board. This gave such a scare to the parlez-vous jackies that on many a French battleship if the cook dropped a plate in the galley the jackies jumped overboard as one man, ejaculating, "Mon Dieu! We are up against it!"

And so we have the peculiar spectacle of a French battle ship going out for target practice, toting behind it a barge on which its powder was stored, this because the sailors would not take any chances. The powder was then carried on board in small quantities and fired without delay. And what was left after the target practice was carefully carried back and deposited on the barge, which was pulled by a hawser of a generous length.

Imagine a battleship going into action with a powder barge in tow!

The French navy today is in vastly more danger from its own explosives than from those of the enemy.

Also, it is in evidence that its powder is costing about 20 per cent more a pound than the powder that is supplied to the United States government today by the Du Pont Powder Company.

Congress is made up of men who for the most part have no technical knowledge of the matter of explosives. Congress has a vast number of things to interest it and to pass judgment on, and moreover let it be stated that Congressmen are liable to the mistakes, the prejudices and the errors to which we are all more or less heir.

So we find a zealous Congressman caught by the bait of Col. Hapgood and reading into the Congressional Record the Harper's Weekly libels!

Even so strong and able a man as Senator Martine was swept off his feet by these accusations, until he came to dissect them and analyze them by sections, when their fallacies became apparent.

If Congress would take time to study the record of hearings of its own committees and know what the Du Pont Powder Company has done for the nation, and what it is now doing and willing to do, and able to do, it would pass out a few medals of award to the Du Pont people, instead of allowing them to be punctured by political pea-shooters and literary freebooters in the name of reform.

This country cannot afford to run the risk of repeating the Leberta performance with American ships.

Let Steffens defend the bomb-throwing anarchists, and Hapgood defend Steffens, but when Harper's Weekly concocts hydrochloric asafetida, and heaves the wordy stinkpot, it should be placed by readers and advertisers in a cosmic San Quentin, in a cell next door to the McNamaras.

Nothing is truer in the wide world than that a government of negation, hysteria and experiment shall perish from the earth.

What we want is to respect this government, and help it uphold the men and institutions that have given us our proud place among the nations of the world.—Reprinted from the Ira, September, by special permission.

MAKING THE CITY MUSICAL CENTER

Motet Choral Society Highly Praised for Its Work by Composers Abroad.

CREDIT DUE TO LEADER

Otto Torney Simon Responsible for Touch of Genius which Charms World's Musicians.

"Washington as a national center" has long been the cherished dream of many of the city's inhabitants. As a capital of architectural beauty, Washington is rated with Paris, Vienna and other fa- [illegible] European capitals. As a national [illegible] of interest it has its place with honeymooning couples and with every American interested in the activities of the national lawmakers. It is known as one of the most cosmopolitan if not the [illegible] cosmopolitan city in America. But air castles so laboriously built by [illegible] and women who know and love Washington include the city's pre-emi- [illegible] in a world of thinkers, poets, ar- [illegible] musicians; a Washington known to the world as a center of the country's [illegible] ectual life and perhaps—whisper [illegible] softly—some day, somehow, a center [illegible] culture and intellect of the world.

Idle dreams? Perhaps—and perhaps not. But surely any sign that the world has glanced this way with a show of interest will be welcomed and accepted as a cause for rejoicing by loyal Washingtonians. It is in the field of music that they have made themselves heard. A new school, a movement of originality on the highest plane of art in music has been initiated and is growing up here.

The Motet Choral Society is nothing new in Washington; its work is familiar to many and highly thought of by all who know it. But it is just this familiarity, this presence of the movement under ones very noses that has prevented Washingtonians from grasping the power and the importance of the work that has been carried on for nearly six years.

Europe Takes Notice.

Musical circles in Europe were beginning to hear of the Motet Choral Society when art and culture were arrested and submerged in war. America seems to be at present nearly the entire civilized world in respect to intellectual and scientific progress. And all corners of America are being penetrated by the fame of the new musical movement.

Otto Torney Simon is responsible for the touch of genius in the new chord which is charming the ears of the world's musicians. He is the true musician with whom the new school originated; the art theories of the Motet Choral Society are his theories and the fame of the organization is due to his work as its director.

The theory on which the artistic attainments of the society are based is best summed up in Director Simon's descriptive term, "the school of repressive tone." Director Simon's method is to bring the utmost beauty from a musical composition simply by control of tone and subordination of dominance and power to unusual reserve and suggestion.

Pertinent illustration of this point is best given by quoting Mr. Simon's own words. He says

"Of the solo voice the question may be asked, why sonority of tone and brilliancy of technique frequently awaken but casual interest, while the production of the mezza voce or of controlled pianissimo, especially in the upper registers, will immediately arouse the attention, and weave about the audience an unusual spell of psychological significance.

"The answer would seem to be, that the latter quality exerts a peculiar stimulus on the imagination. It has the power to quicken, to evoke a mood, and to arouse in the subconscious self of the listener certain states of latent impression and memory, of reminiscence, of a keener sense of beauty, and of ideals and hopes long dormant.

"Such conditions in the deeper strata of man's being are awakened, not by the tone of effulgence, but by the tone in shadow."

Choir of Hundred Voices.

The Motet Choir in itself is a singing society of 100 mixed voices giving two concerts each year, under the direction of Mr. Simon. He is a pupil of Sir Asgar Hamerik, the real Danish composer. Mr. Simons was an instructor at Peabody Institute in Baltimore for five years while Sir Asgar was director of that institution. On the 100th anniversary of Peabody Institute Mr. Simon brought out the great composer's Requiem Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Simon have recently returned from a visit to Mr. Simon's former master at his home in Denmark. He has also studied under Emil Behnke, of London, collaborated with Marchesi, of Paris, and several music masters in Milan, Italy.

The work of the Motet Choir and Mr. Simon taken together constitutes the movement which promises fame and prestige to Washington as the home of a definite school of musical expression.

The Musical Courier, one of the foremost musical papers of the country, has an editorial appreciation of Mr. Simon's theories which will sound his praises to readers throughout the country, and has contracted with him for a series of articles which will carry his theories to the attention of an interested world.

"To Mr. Simon beauty represents the basis of musical art," says the appreciation, "and musical art he regards as one of the greatest factors for spiritual expression. In his work with the Motet Choral Society he has introduced his method of voice training, and the artistic technic of this body of singers in Washington have been unreservedly praised by cultured professional listeners and discerning laymen alike. Reserve, suggestion, responsiveness to the finer and subtler moods, beauty of tone, absolute control of breath and certain special effects in lighting and illuminating are some of the features of the Motet Choral Society in which its performances seek to differ from other singing societies."

The recent receipt of letters from two of the foremost members of the school of modern English composers testifies to the growing interest in the Motet Choir outside of this country. Granville Bantock and Joseph Holbrooke have each written Mr. Simon expressing their appreciation of the excellent presentation of compositions by them which were sung at concert last season.

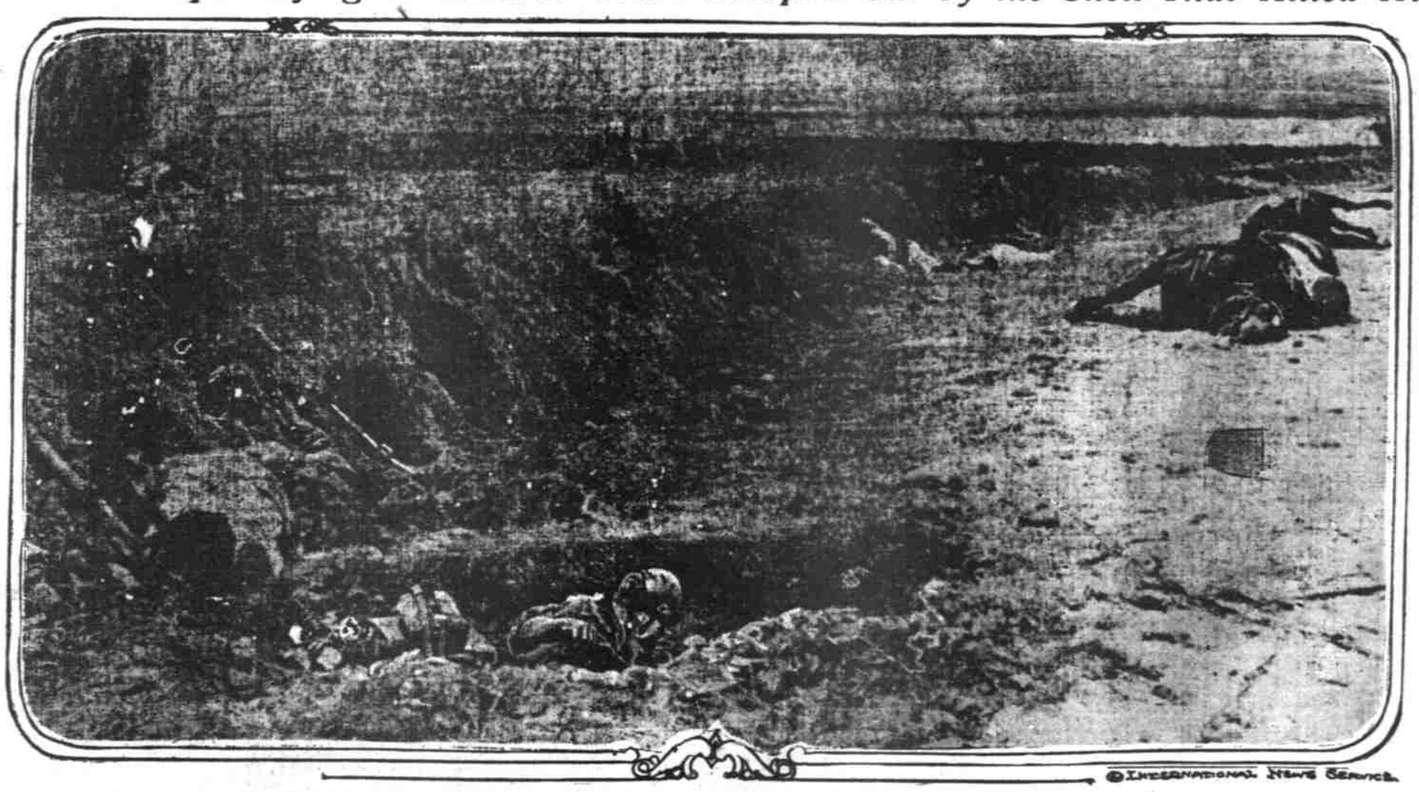
The work for the present season which has already been started will result in the first concert to be given in Continental Memorial Hall one evennig in December. A first rehearsal was held last Tuesday evening at St. John's Church, Sixteenth and H streets northwest. Mr. Simon outlined the program for the season and twenty-five new members were welcomed by Edgar R. S. Embrey, eecutive chairman of the organization. Mrs. Simon, who is an exponent o fthe method of Tobias Mathal, of London, is an active assistant to her husband both at concerts and rehearsals.

Mr. Simon during his residence in Washington has also directed the Musical Art Society, the Church Choral Society and the Polymnia Chorus which met for four years at the home of Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth.

His theories, it has been said, include special lighting effects of the hall in which the concert is given. This will be illustrated, as it was last year, at the Christmas concert when the latter half of the program will be given in the darkened auditorium the chorus grouped about a lighted and gayly decorated Christmas tree.

The Japanese, it is said, are producing more than 20,000,000 tons of coal a year from mines in Japan and South Manchuria.

French Trooper Lying in Natural Grave Scooped Out by the Shell That Killed Him



©International News Service.

This is the scene of a battle on the Barcy road. This photograph, taken just after the fight, shows the bodies of French Zouaves and Germans st rewn over the field.

AUSTRIANS BESOUGHT TO WELCOME RUSSIANS

Grand Duke Nicholas Tells Them His Troops Are Aiding Defenseless Servians Against Tyrants.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

Petrograd, Oct. 10.—In the following proclamation Grand Duke Nicholas, Russian commander-in-chief, calls upon the peoples of Austria-Hungary to welcome the Russians as deliverers:

"The Viennese government declared war against Russia because Russia was faithful to her historical tradition and could not leave Servia defenseless and permit her to be enslaved. Entering at the head of the Russian armies within the confines of Austria-Hungary, I proclaim to you, in the name of the great Russian Czar, that Russia, who more than once has shed her blood for the liberation of peoples from foreign yoke, seeks nothing except the establishment of truth and justice.

"To you, peoples of Austria-Hungary, she also now brings freedom and the fulfillment of your national aspirations. The Austro-Hungarian government has for centuries sown among you the seeds of discord and enmity, for only on your indifferences could she establish her authority over you.

"Russia, on the contrary, strives only after one thing, that each of you may develop and prosper, enjoying the precious heritage of your fathers, your language, and your faith; and that, being united with your brethren by blood, you may live in peace and harmony with your neighbors, respecting their individual peculiarities. In the assurance that you will exert all your strength to cooperate in fulfilment of this purpose, I call upon you to meet the Russian soldiers as your true friends and as champions of your best ideals."

G. W. U. DISPUTATION MONDAY.

Charles H. T. Townsend Is Only Candidate Announced.

The twenty-seventh doctorate disputation of the College of Graduate Studies of the George Washington University will be held at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning in the assembly hall of the department of arts and sciences.

The sole candidate for degree will be Charles Henry Townsend, who received the degre of bachlor of science from the university in 1908. The subject of Mr. Townsend's thesis will be: "Contribution to a thorough knowledge of the muscoid flies: On the female-reproductive and early-stage characters as indicating phylogeny and a basis for taxonomy, together with a consideration of host relations, general bionomics and distribution."

ARMY OFFICER MUST EXPLAIN.

Secretary of War Garrison yesterday called upon Capt. Le Vert Coleman, of the Coast Artillery Corps, to explain whether he had been correctly quoted in an interview attributed to him in New York Friday, in which he stated that German atrocities had been committed by the direct order of German officials, and that the Kaiser had instructed his men not to give or take any quarter.

PANIC CAME LIKE WAVE OVER CITY OF BRUSSELS

People Ran About Screaming Before Their German Enemies Had Reached Its Streets.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

London, Oct. 10.—One of the most remarkable accounts of the occupation of Brussels is contained in the diary of an English nurse.

She describes a wild, unreasoning panic as follows:

This afternoon we were sitting in the gardens, sewing, when suddenly we heard screams, and every one began to run, mothers snatching up their children, every one livid in the face and calling on the saints. We thought the massacres had begun at last, but, do you know, it was nothing.

The panic just struck the city like a wave, without the slightest foundation, and in five minutes it was all over, and every one was rushing and screaming, and praying.

A regular mob rolled up the hill to take breath, look at the city, and prepare for death, and a fiery little man with one eye harangued them and told them they were every sort of fool, and I acted as chorus to the best of my ability. Talk of hallucinations—there they stood, looking at a little heat mist and a normal red sunset and assuring one another that they saw clouds of smoke and sheets of flame, and one man said continually:

"Listen, listen: one can hear the cannon every minute!" when all was absolutely quiet, and another, "There's an aeroplane! Look! Look!" and every one looked at space. Sister and I tore down to the town to see if there was any truth at all in it, and found every where the same panic, and houses barricaded and people flying from death for no reason at all.

FUNDS FOR BROWNE MEMORIAL.

A letter has been received by The Washington Herald from A. B. Johnson, chairman of the committee which has been collecting funds for the erection of a monument to the late Carl Browne, the "Labor Knight," who was Gen. Coxey's lieutenant during the famous march to the Capital in the early '90's. Last winter The Herald took charge of the work of collection in this city.

The letter follows:

"I desire to acknowledge the receipt of $75.60 for the Carl Browne monument. The committee authorizes me to say that we thank The Herald for its willingness to handle the fund and the courtesy shown to the committee. Arrangements have been made to place the monument in Glenwood Cemetery. No word has been received from Mr. Browne's family, except from Gen. J. S. Coxey, who has declined to assist in any way or to give any information."

LITTLE GIRL BADLY BURNED.

While playing in a pile of burning leaves on a vacant lot in front of her home yesterday morning, Bertha Crown, five years old, 222 1-2 Quincy place northeast, was badly burned on the back. Mrs. Kate Crown, her mother, was burned on the hands while extinguishing the fire. Medical attention was given both the child and mother by the family physician.

W. C. T. U. OFFICERS NAMED.

Chapin Union Will Outline Committee's Work Shortly.

Mrs. Helen Nelson Doocy, the newly elected president of the Chapin Union of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will name the committees for the ensuing year at a meeting to be held early in November.

The new officers of Chapin Union are: President, Mrs. Doocy; vice president, Mrs. Theresa A. Williams; recording secretary, Mrs. S. A. King; corresponding secretary, Miss Margaret Gittinger; treasurer, Miss Gussie Nichols; superintendents, auditor, Mrs. A. A. Maxin; curfew, Mrs. Rachel Tongate Beck; evangelistic, Mrs. A. N. Tyson; flower mission, Mrs. Ruth Thompson; department literature, Miss G. Nichols; mothers' club, Mrs. Philip Steele; legislation and petition, Miss L. S. Weightman; press, Mrs. Helen Nelson Doocy; scientific temperance instruction, Mrs. F. J. Crowley; social red letter day, Mrs. P. W. Keys; director of music, Mrs. Mary Sitz Parker; delegate-at-large, Mrs. A. A. Maxin; alternate, Mrs. N. J. Tully.

In anticipation of the election of the District officers, to take place in conjunction with the annual meeting of the District organization at the First Congregational Church Wednesday and Thursday, Chapin Union indorsed Mrs. Emma Sanford Shelton for re-election as president, and Mrs. Theresa A. Williams as vice president.

The future of Honduras' large deposits of magnetic iron ore will be determined only when the transportation problem is solved.

TEAMSTER PENS FAITHFUL DIARY

Recounts Bare News of Fighting, but Says He's Sick of Rabbits.

LONG MARCH TO PARIS

In Several Hot Corners, but Manage to Get Out, Though 10,000 Germans Surround Them.

London, Oct. 10.—Here is the faithful diary, penned laboriously in a washing book, of a driver in a British ammunition train:

At Campeigne we got into touch with the Germans. Very hot work. All our guns in action all round, and [illegible] people of the villages flocking in a panic toward Paris. It made us feel down-hearted, what we saw here.

We marched from Campeigne about 11 o'clock on the 31st, which was Sunday. Our way was through a pretty little village, where the people tore down the heavy-laden branches of the damson trees and sent us off munching the fruit and very cheerful.

We got within six hours of Paris when the Germans surprised us and drove us back. We scooted quick and dodged them in the dark until 1 o'clock in the morning, when we lay on the roadside, men and horses together, fagged out. Slept until 5 a. m., and then marched on again. Still retreating. Hot as ——.

We marched through Ralentir and Pierreponds. Food on the way—apples and water. Now we make our way through twenty-three miles of woods toward the ferry. We thought we should never get out—they seemed everlasting. It was night and moonshine when we at last got to Satiness Saturn(?).

At 4 a. m. next morning we got to Reary and right into the middle of it, with our tired horses and us tireder still—nothing to eat and dry as bones. The Germans were lambing in at us with their artillery.

Half the horses of L Battery, Royal Artillery, got smashed, and we had to bung in our poor old tired ones to fill up. Only a few gunners were left, but they stood by, firing on still, and singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Then the Germans charged, and our gunners did a bunk, but not before they had drove spikes into the guns.

September 2—More fighting and worser than ever. I don't believe we shall ever get to Paris. Now we come to Montagny, and fighting all the time. Rabbits and apples to eat galore.

September 3—We progressed this day four miles in twelve hours. Took the wrong road, and had to crawl about the woods on our stummoks like snakes to dodge the German snipers. We shot one blighter and took another prisoner.

At last we found the main body again. They wanted more horses, and we were just bringing them up and putting them to the guns when a German areyplane came over us and flue round pretty low. The troops tried to fetch him down, and some bullets went through the wings, but then he got too high.

Next day we started on a night march, and got to Lagny Thorigny, and camped outside the town, where the people fed us on rabbits again. I said I was sick of rabbits, and me and Bill walked acrost to a farmhouse and borrowed three chickens which we cooked. It was fine.

Outside Lagny there was more fierce fighting—twenty miles of it—and the Germans were shot down like birds. We got in another hot corner, but managed to get out just in time.

September 3 (continued)—Firing is still going on, but it is not so fierce, though scouts have come in and told us there are 10,000 Germans round us this day.