

German Monoplane Gives Paris Bad Fright Millions Fighting Hand-to-Hand Over a Sixty-Mile Battle Line

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LAST EDITION

To mortal mind the weather was a little chill and dreary this a. m., but the w. m. said, as he always says: "Fair tonight and tomorrow."

TELLS HOW SHE ESCAPED WAR ZONE IN BOYS' CLOTHES



An escape from war-mad Paris in a man's clothes, loaned her by a chance acquaintance, a harrowing ride on a crawling train, laden with rough, boisterous soldiers, a series of long, disheartening waits before express and steamship ticket offices, and a ride across the Atlantic in a filthy steerage—all this is what befell Miss Gypsy Hayward, who, after an exciting dash across the American continent from New York, arrived in Seattle Sunday, only a few hours before "The Candy Shop," in which she was to have made her initial appearance several weeks ago, opened its week's engagement at the Metropolitan theatre. Yesterday she posed for The Star photographer in the garb in which she fled from the war zone. At the right Miss Hayward is shown as she appears as Gypsy Hayward herself.

In the following story Miss Hayward, who spent the summer touring Europe in a dancing act, tells about it:

By Gypsy Hayward

I had never wanted to be a man before. I was always satisfied to be a girl, wear pretty gowns and jewels, go each night to the theatre, and dance and sing and thrill with excitement of the nights behind the footlights. And now—I wonder if I ever shall be satisfied to be a girl again.

I had played a boy's part on the vaudeville stage, and knew I could get away with it. Otherwise I might have been afraid, for that matter, but there was nothing else to do so I did it without ever stopping to think of fear—and here I am.

But first let me tell you how it all came about:

Paris was hot, crowded, hectic, hurried, confused. The army was on the move. The war had broken like a bomb dropping from the clear sky. It had come suddenly to most of us Americans, who in our eagerness to "do" the French capital had paid little attention to the newspapers.

It was a very rude awakening. We came down stairs in our hotel one morning to find an East Indian porter, several French porters, a worried Russian proprietor and a weeping maid, all that was left of what had the night before been a complete hotel staff.

"How comes it that Americans still stay in this city?" asked the Russian. His face was very pale and his eyes looked as if he had been crying. "It would be better that you go away."

We—my companion and I—went directly to the American express office, for all the money we had between us was a coin or two, amounting in all to about 15 centimes.

Probably the majority of Americans in Paris were assembled there, on the Rue Scribe, besieging the express office, the steamship companies, or the New York Herald's office, or talking together in excited, morbid knots.

My checks were on the Mercantile Marine, so I went directly to the office of the American line for money and for reassurance about my steamer, the Philadelphia, which was to leave Cherbourg the next Wednesday on her way from Southampton to New York. The office was closed, but an English clerk came and talked to me through the gratings for a minute.

"Closed for the day," said he. "Anyway, we can't cash your checks. We can't get any money ourselves. The Philadelphia will sail, surely, but she's probably the last one will sail, and it's very doubtful if she will stop at Cherbourg. I advise you to get to Southampton at once."

Perhaps he did not know how frantic I was—for in my purse were 15 centimes and two 20 dollar checks of Mercantile Marine value.

If he could not cash them, no one could. And he could not.

The only thing left for us to do was to stay in the hotel until Monday morning, when the American express office would open again for business, get some money and take the next train and boat for England.

When we got back to our hotel, only the East Indian met us. The French porters had gone to the war. The weeping maid was serving dinner to the few remaining guests. The Russian came in from police headquarters.

"Tomorrow, at noon, I shut down," he said. "I have to leave the country at once. Stay tonight, if you will, but have all out of here tomorrow at 12."

Morning came at last, and we ate our rolls and coffee, for we were not sure of another hotel to give us meals along with a room and no money in advance.

I knew that it was the experience of a lifetime for which

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JOYRIDE SURVIVOR IS PUT ON TRIAL TODAY

By Robert Rounder

An automobile negotiating the double curve on the Spokane av. bridge, one night about six weeks ago, crashed through the railing and fell to earth, 12 feet below.

A young woman, Miss Bessie Holmes, and Wellwood Murray, an attorney, who occupied the rear seat of the machine, were killed.

Miss Frances Hilliwell, who sat beside the owner and driver of the car, is now insane.

And J. C. Taylor, who owned and drove the car, is in the county jail, charged with manslaughter. The case is set for preliminary hearing in Justice Brinker's court this afternoon.

The four had been at Luna park, dancing. They left the park about midnight.

Two boys sat on a fence by the road, two blocks distant from the bridge. These boys testified at the coroner's inquest. They said:

"That the machine passed them at a high rate of speed; that it slowed up and made the first curve in safety; that it disappeared from view, and when it reappeared its speed was accelerated; and that it fell off the bridge in making the second curve."

More important, the boys said the woman in the back seat was standing up when the machine passed them.

A newspaper reporter was on the scene shortly after the accident. He testified that Taylor told him he didn't know the names of the women. He also stated that Taylor seemed dazed and perhaps didn't know what he was saying.

The question of Taylor's conduct is technically nice. Taylor, possibly dazed by the accident, told an inquiring reporter he didn't know the women. Was it to save them from publicity? He said the woman beside him had her arms about his neck, which interfered with his steering.

Later, he changed this story in one detail. He knew the women. A friendship between Miss Hilliwell and himself, of perhaps six months' standing, is admitted.

He remembers, he said later, that some one's arms were about his neck and that he threw them off with a tremendous effort of his shoulders. Then the accident happened.

Whose arms? The arms of Miss Hilliwell, who sat beside

him? Or the arms of Miss Holmes, now dead, whom the boys saw standing up in the rear seat when the machine passed them? Did Miss Holmes, when the machine hit the curve, convulsively seize the nearest object—the neck of Taylor in front of her—to keep her balance?

Taylor says he doesn't know whose arms interfered with his steering. Miss Holmes might know, but she is dead. Murray might remember, but he is dead.

Miss Hilliwell might explain the true cause of the accident, but she is insane.

She is recovering slowly. But, as regards the accident, her mind is a blank. She does not know that two of her friends are dead and that Taylor is in jail.

She is at the home of her father, Sidney S. Hilliwell, 1703 Grand av., auditor of the National Bank of Commerce.

There will be no preliminary hearing, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Ellis having filed a direct information in the superior court. Will Miss Hilliwell be in a fit state, mentally, to testify when the case is called?

By such fragile threads as these are the scales of justice often hung.

WILLIAMS NEW TENNIS CHAMP

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 1.—R. Norris Williams of Philadelphia today won the national singles lawn tennis championship by defeating Maurice E. McLoughlin of San Francisco, the former title holder, in three hard-fought sets. The scores were 6-3, 8-6 and 10-8.

What I think about it
BEING JUST ONE MAN'S OPINION
BY
The Spectator

I never heard of Lord Wimborne of England until a few days ago, when his will was opened. Yet here was a nobleman who didn't need an artificial title to prove it. Lord Wimborne was a real man, whom the world ought to have known better.

With these words: "I THANK GOD THAT HE GRANTED ME A WIFE SO SWEET, SO LOVING AND SO CAPABLE," Lord Wimborne concludes a 40-word will, leaving to her all his property. Because the baron is dead and none of the property is in America and subject to an inheritance tax, a copy of the will has come to my notice.

How thoughtful of him to pen a tribute so that it would come as from a voice out of the grave.

War threatens most of the property thus willed, a war he did not live to see. But I fancy that his widow would rather lose it all than have missed the enduring memory of so touching a testimonial.

'WE SHOT 'EM IN THE BACKS'

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Express published today a thrilling story by a wounded British soldier of the battle of Mons.

"The Germans came on," he said, "despite our artillery fire, which moved them down the heaps. Their cavalry failed to break our line. Finally their machine guns assailed us. At this we charged, yelling. The Germans broke and fled. We followed, shooting them in their backs and bayoneting the survivors."

"Some of our artillery had reserved its fire, and when the German attack was renewed the enemy, believing our guns had been silenced, charged in mass formation. When they had almost reached the cannons' muzzles we opened fire and the German force was almost annihilated. British riflemen easily picked off the few survivors."

All accounts published here agreed the Germans outnumbered the British.

HANSON TALKS HERE FRIDAY

Following a triumphal march through the state, the progressive candidate for the United States senate, will hold a downtown rally in Seattle Friday noon at the Grand Opera House.

Hanson has been given most enthusiastic receptions in every town and county he has visited. He intends to wind up the primary campaign in his home city.

He speaks at Bremerton Thursday night.

Hanson is probably the most powerful orator in the state. In his speech at the Grand Opera House Friday noon he intends saying a few things that will count.

LIFE LOST IN LODGING HOUSE FIRE

An early morning fire, which completely gutted the Miller house, a frame structure at 500 1/2 Sixth av., caused the death of Guro Jokelich, 26, and imperiled the lives of a score of others. To the heroic work of Patrolman Hans Aasland, who discovered the flames at 4:40 a. m., while walking his beat, many of the roomers owe their lives.

Discerning smoke pouring forth from one of the windows, Aasland turned in the alarm, and then rushed into the house. Fighting his way up and down the smoke-filled corridors, the officer aroused the sleeping inmates by vigorously pounding on each of their doors.

All but Jokelich awakened. His room was situated toward the middle of the house, and the flames spread with such rapidity his escape was quickly cut off. Some of the guests were forced to flee into the street clad only in night clothes.

When the flames subsided, firemen went into the building to search for Jokelich. His body was buried little, and death is attributed to asphyxiation. Jokelich was a Montenegrin.

The Miller house is a total loss.

Paris Prepares for Siege as Four German Armies Pound Away at French Defending Forces.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—A German monoplane appeared over Paris at 6 p. m. today. Soldiers sighted the aviator and gave the alarm.

The Eiffel tower aeroguns were manned and a volley was fired at the aviator. Wheeling, he disappeared to the northward, unhit.

VIENNA (via Rome), Sept. 1.—"The greatest battle in the history of the world" was the war office's description in a statement today of the conflict raging on the Russo-German and Russo-Austrian frontiers.

Upwards of 3,000,000 men, the war office said, are engaged in actual fighting. Every branch of all three countries' services is represented.

The tide of battle ebbs and flows. No decisive result is yet in sight.

Whole Army Corps Is Annihilated

As a result of a concentration of forces between Lublin and Grubies zow, 60 MILES, the struggle is said to be almost HAND-TO-HAND.

Having split the Austrian army in Galicia in two, the Russians have practically annihilated its 10th corps, it is asserted in a dispatch from St. Petersburg to London.

The issue of the fighting in Galicia, it is admitted, however, is still in doubt.

Germans Try to Cut Off Allies

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Germans were concentrating today in an effort to crush the Franco-British allies' left and center. Developments in the fighting make it evident that German maneuvering in the past 10 days has been with a view to surrounding the allies and cutting them off from their base of supplies.

News from the continent is more delayed than ever, but the war office hints at important information to be made public soon.

One report is that strong British reinforcements have landed in Belgium and that an offensive movement by a combined British and Belgian force is contemplated against the Germans.

Many stories are current to the effect that the German lines are breaking down and that there is a scarcity of provisions at the front.

Pounding Away at French Left

Four German armies, under Grand Duke Albrecht and Gens. von Klug, von Below and von Hausen, are pounding the French left today. The allies' line, though intact, is nevertheless retreating. Having mounted heavy artillery, the Germans are murderously shelling the French entrenchments from Sedan to the south.

The French continued on the offensive along the Lorraine frontier. Paris is quiet, in anticipation of a siege, however, the exodus of non-combatants continues. All trains are packed with them.

Fifty troop trains are provided by the government to facilitate departures. Even these are inadequate, and the jams at all stations are so great that the police have all they can do to prevent serious accidents.

The authorities are encouraging all but soldiers to quit the city.

No steps have been taken toward moving the seat of government to Bordeaux, though the subject has been considered by the cabinet.

Gen. Joffre predicts the Germans will not get closer than within 50 miles of Paris.

Declares Germans Are Weakening

Both Gens. Joffre and French, the French and British field commanders, agree the German troops' attack is weakening, War Minister Millerand announced today.

"We are making many sacrifices," said Minister of the Interior Malvy, supplementing Millerand's announcement, "and we may have to make more, but France will win in the end."

"The nation is passing the supreme crisis. Everything is ready for a long war. The people's spirit is unconquerable."

The alarm over Sunday's bombing exploit by the German aviator who flew over Paris, hurling explosives into the streets of the northwest section of the city, subsided quickly.

Anniversary of Battle of Sedan

Chief reliance is placed, however, on the capital's own corps of flying men, who, it is hoped, can guard the place against any formidable attack from the air.

Denying reports of a disaster to France's British allies, the war office admitted this evening the Germans had again pushed the Anglo-French line back.

At latest accounts the Germans are still furiously pressing their attack.

It is the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, and it is said they are anxious to signalize it by a notable triumph.

The cabinet considered the prospects that Paris will have to withstand a siege, and agreed there is no immediate danger of one.

Preparations for such a contingency are still to be taken, however.

REPORT BIG RUSSIAN DEFEAT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—An overwhelming Russian defeat was reported in a wireless message received from Berlin at the German embassy here today.

"In one battle," said the message, "three Russian corps were annihilated and 70,000 Russians taken prisoners."

SPEND FIVE MINUTES HERE EVERY DAY AND YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT THE WAR

TAKE YOUR MAP OF FRANCE.
With Paris as its center and with a diameter of 80 miles draw the arc of a circle to the northeast of the French capital, 45 miles from tip to tip.

This arc represents the La Fere-Leon-Rheims line of fortresses, against which the Franco-British allies now have their backs, trying to stem the German rush toward the Seine.

About 25 miles further to the northeast of Paris, in the general direction of Liege, draw another arc 50 miles from tip to tip. This arc, passing through St. Quentin, Vervins and Bethel, represents the German frontal line.

Besides this frontal attack, the Germans are engaged in two flanking movements. The line of one army extends west from St. Quentin, passing through Perronne to Amleps. The army which has crossed the Meuse from Longwy through Stenway gap is advancing east toward Bethel.

The purpose of these three movements—one frontal and two flanking—undoubtedly is to bottle the allies in the La Fere-Leon-Rheims fortresses, after which the Germans could proceed to Paris without serious opposition.

AT LIEGE, NAMUR, MAUBEUGE AND LILLE THE ALLIES avoided, however, the Kaiser's efforts to entice them into their own fortresses, where they could be surrounded, but retreated, keeping their field forces intact and in the open.

The allies have evaded encircling traps hitherto by desperate

fighting and skillful retreats; now they are backing into the most alarming one of all.

Time, however, is working for them.

It seems impossible that the Germans can continue much longer to deliver their terrific mass attacks without rest.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE IN EAST PRUSSIA IS NOT PROGRESSING as rapidly as early indications suggested. For more than a week fighting has been in progress in the marshy lake district about Allenstein. The Germans are giving way slowly, apparently fighting as tenacious a defensive battle as are the allies in France.

WAR ATLAS COUPON
This coupon, with 20 cents, if presented to The Star office, 1327 Seventh Avenue, entitles the bearer to a 20-page War Atlas. (25 cents by mail.)
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