

The European War Situation as Shown by Press Dispatches

HOLOCAUST, NOT WAR, IN EUROPE, SAYS CHAMPLAIN OF ENGLISH ARMY

American Prelate, Who Accompanied British Expeditionary Army in France and Belgium, Says the Greatest Slaughter in the World's History is Going on.

New York, Sept. 25.—"It is not war; it is a holocaust. The greatest slaughter in the world's history is going on behind that censorship curtain in France. When the world learns of the price that will be paid it will be staggered, sick at heart." That was the way Rev. Father James Malloy, who landed here yesterday on the Mauretania, summed up the European war. He knows far more about it than anyone else who has so far reached these shores. For two weeks and five days Father Malloy was on the actual firing line. He acted as chaplain attached to General French's personal headquarters and he recited a story of conflict, of men slain by the hundreds that had even skeptical ship news reporters.

Father Malloy is a native of Trenton, N. J., but has recently lived in San Francisco. He was in London when the war began and August 17 was invited to accompany the British expedition to France as a Catholic chaplain, which he did.

"I was assigned to the transport that carried Sir John French, the commander of the British expedition. There were 72 transports in the expedition.

"We landed at Boulogne, where we were held for three days. Then we were sent to become the left wing of the great French army, then moving north in the effort to relieve and aid the Belgians and prevent the taking of Namur and Brussels. The British expedition comprised three army corps, with Sir John French in supreme command and actively in command of the center.

"Fighting continuous night and day. We went into action August 22. The men had been chafing for action and they were certainly glad when the orders came to move. The French left wing was made up of the crack regiments of the British service. They numbered probably 150,000 men.

"It was a terrible experience for me. For the next two days we were fighting continuously night and day. There seemed to be no respite, no countable host of the Germans. As they swept down on the British positions, they were like a moving forest—all green and heavily discernible until within rifle range.

"Bands play Germans into action. 'Imagine if you can the entire horizon filled with a swiftly moving mass that at a distance bore no resemblance to human beings. As they moved forward, the shells from the great German field artillery rained over our heads, exploding with a concussion that broke the eardrums. The air and made it almost impossible for one to breathe. Then, with their bands playing them into action, and singing 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and other stirring martial airs, the Germans would charge at top speed. Poor fellows, they never had a chance against our lines.

"Every bullet finds its mark. The British were strongly entrenched all along the front. The Germans advanced in solid masses, every company containing fully 300 men, in files five deep. As our rifles are the best in the world and our shots wonderfully expert the Germans were decimated from the outset. Steady their rifles on the tops of the trenches, the British fired at will. They could not miss. And, as the Germans were in massed formation, every bullet found not less than 200 marks and sometimes three or four.

"Fall Like Chaff Before Fire. The poor fellows would go down like chaff before a great hole. Whole companies would fall together. The wounded would squirm out of the masses of the dead and try to go on and then it became necessary again to shoot them. The sights that I there showed me conclusively that this was not war, but a terrible holocaust, and that the cost in human lives would be almost impossible of comprehension.

"Slaughter with the rifles was varied with organized killings with the cold steel. The Germans perished in attacks and the British commanders rushed their men forward with fixed bayonets. It was hand-to-hand fighting with a vengeance. The longer the longer bayonet of the British soldier prevailed and the enemy would be compelled to retreat in disorder.

"Belgium Rebel as Retreat Order. While the British were gaining a series of great successes, the French were being defeated on our right. They were ordered to hold. The Germans and their rifle fire was almost as bad as that of the Germans. And finally the British were ordered to fall back. The cost in human lives might not be enveloped by the Germans and completely cut off.

"When the orders came the men were in no mood to open rebellion. Stalwart members of the Scotch and Irish regiments wept. At several points along the line the British actually jumped from their trenches and charged the Germans to emphasize the fact that the British ought not to retreat.

"Length the officers went among the men and as the great holes it had been arranged beforehand for the British to fall back so that the Germans might be lured into a trap. This explanation repeated hundreds of times, finally sufficed.

"Trenches Become Britons' Graves. Where the British have an advantage in their wonderful rifle fire, something that the Germans seem unable to master, but the German shell fire is tremendous. It is hard to describe. There is a small hill with a company of British soldiers and a German aviator flies over their heads. He signals the range. The shells are dropped. They explode. The hill has disappeared and the place is a great hole filled with dead men. Their trenches have been their graves.

"Wounded Back in Battle in Week. One note that is the large proportion of wounded over the dead. The modern rifles are humane. I have seen many men wounded in what have ordinarily been considered vital spots taken to hospitals and returned to the firing line in a week.

"After we reached the line of the Marne we began to advance. And we moved so fast the Germans were

unable to cover their tracks. As a result we were able to get a line on the terrible slaughter. The ground was covered with dead. British, French and Germans. There had not been time to bury them. And, in all of the houses that had escaped the wrecking shell fire, we found hundreds of wounded.

"Denies Stories of German Atrocities. 'Now I want emphatically to deny the stories of German atrocities. They took better care of our own wounded than they did of their own. We found the German wounded on coils, on great piles of soft goods and their wounds carefully bandaged and clearly cared for. Yet at these same places many of the hundreds that had escaped to lie on piles of straw arranged for them in the stables and outbuildings.

"No wounded were mutilated, as has been charged. The peasants admitted the German commanders, while terribly strict, were kindly. Of course, where there was suspicion the peasants were aiding the enemy, there was immediate execution and a military trial. But you must remember this was war, not peace, and many things must be expected in war.

"Aeroplanes 'Eyes of Army.' 'There has been much fighting and, strange as it may seem, the aeroplanes have been of almost as much use at night as they have in the daytime. They are the eyes of the army. One night I saw 35 aeroplanes in the air at the same time. They carried colored lights and when they located a masked battery they dropped the lights and our guns had the range.

"One reason the Germans are hampered at present is because they have lost the most of their aeroplanes. Their Zeppelin fleet is intact. On the march on Paris, which ended at the Marne, the Germans were absolutely able to get into the rear of our positions through their airmen. When one was killed, there was always another to take his place. But they lost many of their aeroplanes and are having trouble constructing new ones.

"Aeroplanes Greatest Factor in War. Without doubt the aeroplane is the greatest single factor in this war. 'General French, no matter how hard he had to fight during the day, always tried to spend a little time in the field hospitals at night with the wounded. He would stroll in, sometimes accompanied by an aid or orderly, but many times alone. He would ask the wounded how they were getting on and in the case of the wounded he would cheerfully slip them on the back and cheerfully say, 'Be business, old boy. You'll hit him next time. How soon will you be out and back with us?'

"And sometimes the general would stay too long and realize that he could not get back to headquarters that night. Then he would curl up on a vacant cot or on the floor alongside the wounded. I tell you, every British soldier is strong for Sir John French—a man as well as a soldier."

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"George was driving me through the older city one day. George is that Devonshire coacher who for thirty years has driven English speaking residents through Paris streets. He says he has seen a horsehead of wood had been nailed. Some of them were yellow and dingy and spotted. More—distressingly more—were of a new and gilded brilliancy.

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BRIDGE WRECKED BY BELGIANS AND PONTOON BUILT BY GERMANS TO ENTER LIEGE

In the foreground is seen the ruined Pont des Arches, the stately stone bridge across the Meuse river at Liege, destroyed by the Belgians to prevent the advance of the Germans. Beyond it is the pontoon bridge of boats constructed by the Germans as a means of entering the city.



Paris Was Fully Prepared for Seige; Horse Flesh Shops Open Even Before Germans Were Close

(By Herbert Corey.)

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being slaughtered by the hundreds on the firing line. Not as many horses as men are being killed, of course. That would be quite impossible and inadvisable. But enough are being killed to more than supply Paris. And so the horse-meat butchers, being, after all, men of scrupulous and honest and scrupulous service direct from the front. I am assured the meat is treated.

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came to eight of these horse-meat shops. Over the doors of six the gilded heads were obviously brand, splinter new. It is a police regulation, by the way, that where horse-meat is sold there must be a yellow horse-head over the door. One man of the eight spoke first-rate English. I wanted to know why he had opened a horse-meat shop at this particular time.

"M'sieu, comprehends," said he wearily, "there is the demand, which will grow greater. And as for horse-meat—name of a pig! There is a great plenty of horse-meat in the city who has not surreptitiously in and defiance of police orders laid in many cases and hidden in the attics of houses.