

The European War Situation as Shown by Press Dispatches

STARVING BELGIANS SAVED BY THE DUTCH

Thousands of Penniless Wanderers Who Fled From Antwerp and Other Cities Are Cared For by People who Once Distrusted and Disliked Them—No Question About Repayment Has Been Raised.

(By Herbert Corey.) Amsterdam, Nov. 17.—Whenever you want to get a Dutchman angry—whenever you want him to mix his vowels in an even more soulless manner than he does by nature—repeat this little couplet to him:

"In business or pleasure the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much."

Every one who has dealings with a Dutchman does repeat that couplet, sooner or later. It is one of the favorite rhymes on the North sea. But it is apt to lose its vogue from now on. For the Dutch have not only given freely, but they haven't asked anything at all. They are today feeding and clothing and housing half a million Belgian refugees, not one of whom, broadly speaking, has any immediate prospect ahead but to be clothed and fed and housed by the Dutch. And Holland isn't even asking who will pay the bill.

There's another aspect to this "charity," too. It has been assumed that the Hollanders are something of a blood kin to the Belgians. In other countries people have looked upon the philanthropy of the Dutch as that of a rich farmer to a poor relation. But that isn't the case at all. There are blood lines common to the two nations, of course—but there are more blood lines that are not. And if the average Hollanders ever bothers to dislike any one seriously that some one is pretty sure to be a Belgian.

"You can't trust a Belgian in business," is the common complaint across the Dutch border. "Whenever you get a piece of silver money in Holland bite it. It's pretty sure to be counterfeit. Don't make love to a Belgian woman. She'll save your letters."

Which national attitude, I apprehend, makes the ungrudging national charity all the more praiseworthy. The Dutch have taken these destitute

Belgians into their homes. Tiny little towns under the eaves of a stone town hall what was designed by a medieval artist have unhesitatingly taxed themselves for the support of strangers of whom they know nothing except that—before the war—they were disliked and distrusted. The state is spending 300,000 guilder a day in caring for these refugees—and a forty cent guilder is as big in the eyes of a Dutchman as a dollar is to a Yankee. And they haven't complained.

No Time for Business. "I want to talk business with you tomorrow," I heard a banker say to a Rotterdam business man. "Not a chance," is the American rendering of the reply. "I spend every morning now in looking after the refugees."

There's a clean little home on the outskirts of Arnhem. The father is away with his company in Holland's army. The mother cares for a brood of red-cheeked children on a total income that would mean pinch-belt misery to an American housewife. She took three young Belgian girls into her home and gave them its best room. The other day she asked the committee to send her three old women instead.

"I want to help," said she. "but the girls will not get up in the morning. They make me do all the work." When Antwerp was taken by the Germans a flood of runaways poured over the Dutch border. For weeks previous other refugees had been coming by twos and threes and dozens. These early comers had almost all been cared for by private and municipal charity. When the dam broke and thousands more poured upon Holland, the state took action. But still there was an interim which must be bridged—these careful, penny-pinching, frugal Dutchmen bridged it with their gulden.

I tried to find out what this work of charity will cost this little state of Holland. But no one knows. No one—contrary to the Dutch custom—seems to be looking ahead far enough over the Dutch border. For weeks one must care for these poor folk and the Dutch seem to be elected to the job. A rough guess is that the bare necessities with which the Belgians are furnished—though they are plentifully furnished—is costing Holland the equivalent of 150,000 American dollars a day. It has been costing that much each day for more than a month past. It may continue to cost that much for an indefinite time in the future. Holland only knows that these folk must be fed and clothed and housed.

Bill Will be Paid. "Of course," said the Amsterdam banker to whom I had been referred at the supreme authority on state finance, "we are getting rid of them as fast as we can. But we can only send back to Belgium those who wish to go. A few hundred each day learn that this hamlet or that town in Belgium still has its walls standing. They prefer the uncertainties of home to the bread and soup of strangers. Now

SAVAGE CRIES OF PAIN AND ANGER

They Mingle on Battle Field, Writes German Officer to Swedish Friend.

Paris, Nov. 17.—The Aftenblatt of Stockholm publishes a letter from a German officer to a friend in Sweden giving the following impressions of an engagement near Chalons during the battle of the Marne:

"In the neighborhood of Chalons I took part in the most terrible battle that I have ever seen. I was, however, at Liege, at Namur and at Longwy. Since it was impossible for our artillery to silence the French batteries, we decided to charge, thinking the French and English would fly before the German bayonet; the experience proved that our ideas on that subject were entirely erroneous.

IRISH COMING TO THE UNITED STATES

Dublin, Nov. 17.—The sudden increase in emigration to the United States is due to a false report, that the government will draft men for the army. Rumors of this sort, together with statements published in certain Dublin newspapers that the Militia Ballot Act was to be enforced in Ireland, have spread alarm through the rural districts. Official denials are being made in an effort to check the outflow of young men from the country. The official returns of recruiting for the army show good results. Exclusive of reservists, the number of men who have joined the colors since the war began is over 25,000. Recruiting stations have been established in fifty cities and towns of Ireland, and the new Irish brigade, to be exclusively commanded and manned by Irishmen, has been half filled.

RESISTANCE OF ONE FORT GREAT

Waelhem, Belgium, Nov. 17.—No point in the outer circle of Antwerp's fortifications was as stubbornly contested as Fort Waelhem. Its resistance to the German heavy guns was due to the comparatively little masonry in its construction. It was an old-fashioned fortification, largely earth-work. It was demonstrated that shell from the German 42-centimeter guns penetrated little more than a meter into solid earth. At other fortifications shells from these same guns generated concrete and stoned to twice that distance.

The village of Waelhem lies immediately behind the fort, so directly in the line of German fire that not a building in the place, which had a thousand inhabitants, escaped destruction. A garrison of several hundred Germans is now engaged in repairing the fort and its disabled guns. The place is visited daily by thousands of Belgians who wander over the earth-works furrowed everywhere by German shells and gather about the mounds which the Germans have heaped up over their dead.

GERMAN SPY SHOT IN LONDON TOWER



Carl Hans Lody.

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"Two of our regiments were ordered to take the allies' position by storm. The French, however, were ready to receive us. They enacted such a butchery as never was seen in this or any other war. A detachment of French concealed among the trees threw themselves on us. They were mostly turcos and zouaves, strong devils against whom it is impossible to fight. A zouave, with a gun, bayonet fixed to the internal that subject was described.

"Savage cries of pain and of anger resounded through the wood. A great many men fell there and saturated the ground with blood. Soon the French artillery came into action and its projectiles completed the work of the bayonet. Our men beat a retreat at the onset of the battle of the Marne, more victims fell than were counted in the battles of Mukden and of Liao-Yang."

Another evidence of the murderous character of the fighting in the battle is furnished by a French soldier's letter published by the Depeche de Toulouse. "We have been fighting for three weeks in the region of the Tournon, Genicourt and Saint Mediel forests," he wrote. "We advance, but very slowly because the Germans are strongly entrenched. For ten days we occupied trenches only 400 yards from them, and they did all that was humanly possible to break through. They charged as many as three times a day and at night they tried to approach by creeping along the ground. But all their assaults were repelled. They were killed 3,000 German bodies were left in front of our trenches."

"After every repulse each of our men grabbed two or three mausers from the trench and went back to the dead and threw them alongside in the trenches, and when the enemy came back he was received by fire from his own men."

"To guard against surprise at night we took all the empty beer cans, tied them to a cord and piled them so that when the Germans came creeping to the line and the cord was touched, they made enough noise to give the alarm. One night when the cans rattled, we repelled with immediate effect an attack that was no more disturbance than that night. In the morning we counted five hundred dead Germans lying on the ground within a hundred yards of the trenches."

MOUTH ORGANS TO CHEER THE TROOPS

Officer Takes Them to Men in Trenches That the Time May be Made Cheerful.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—The German army is a very human institution just now. The iron discipline of the barracks and the caste spirit which divides the officer from the rank and file are not so much in evidence.

In one of the better restaurants of Berlin sat two officers of the line. The worn look of the field-gray uniform of one showed that he had seen service. That the other had been at the front was made clear of a bandage over his head.

Following an animated recital of the officer in the worn uniform picked up a band which had lain beside him on the table and proceeded to unwrap six mouthorgans.

"You see," he said to his convalescent companion, "life in the trenches—and there will be much of it, I fear—is rather slow. There are several men in my company who can play these things and the men taking these back to them. A little music helps them pass the time and keeps them in good humor."

"I gave my captain five boiled potatoes and the rest of the salt herring the other day and he told me he appreciated it," said a private when asked to explain to what extent life in the barracks resembled life in the firing line.

To the remark that hunger comes to all men regardless of station in life, the private commented: "This is so, of course. But the officer did not have to thank me for it." It would have served no purpose to argue this point with the man so another question was asked.

"This is the time when everybody must do his duty," replied the man, and then added slowly and with emphasis, "and that duty right now seems to be the same for all alike—everybody within his place, of course. The officer is as likely to be shot as we are, and sometimes more so, and that, I believe, evens things up considerably."

"A sort of democracy of death," suggested the interviewer. "It is the word 'democracy' is in Germany principally associated with the 'social democrats'—the German socialist party. For that reason the private had nothing more to say."

It is as difficult to interview a German private as it is to get information from one of the few officers who inhabit the large rambling general staff building across the half of salt herring barracks. One reads almost daily of men carrying their officers to the dressing station behind the trench of firing line, and of officers who after the fighting is over make frantic effort to succor their wounded men. Letters which speak of officers dividing their parcels from home with their men have ceased to be a novelty.

On the whole it is a rare thing for a German private to get the iron cross of the second and first classes together. So far there are three cases: infantryman Maurer Silber of Querfurth, Reserve Corporal Mueller of Geestemunde, the latter also earning promotion to sergeant.

Mueller serves with a machine gun section. In a recent engagement the crew of the section was shot down, Mueller alone escaping. Instead of seeking cover, Mueller carried his wounded corporal into a safe place behind the firing line, and then returned to the machine gun, which he began to work with such efficiency that with a few moments he had killed and wounded nearly all the men in two of the enemy's trenches.

REPORT PARIS IS SHORT OF COAL

Claimed That French Capital May Suffer Inconvenience in Winter.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—The following has been given to the press from official sources:

"The French papers report Paris in want of coal, the French northern coal districts being in part occupied by Germans."

"The German press is highly indignant over reports of the treatment of the ambulance corps of the German hospital ship Opella, which was captured by the British. Soldiers escorting the ambulance prisoners did not

protect the latter from the insults of a mob. "German authorities captured an English ambulance soldier who had in his possession 23 purses which had been stolen from wounded Germans. "The French governor-general of Algeria, General Charles F. Lutaud, has openly declared his intention of sending German prisoners of war to southern Algeria, although the climate in the south of Algeria is most dangerous for Europeans engaged in labor."

"The Dutch surgeon Dr. Leeuwen denies the British allegation that British wounded are treated cruelly by Germans. He states from his own observations that the wounded of the enemy received the same treatment in the German field hospitals as is given to Germans."

"The commander of a German landwehr regiment states officially that the Russians in advancing on October 29, near Tomoscow drove women and children before them in order to afford the soldiers protection from the German fire. In this way many innocent civilians were killed."

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HAVE NO RIGHT TO RESIST INVADERS

London, Nov. 17.—The fate which befell Belgian civilians who attacked invading Germans has raised a question concerning the right of the population of an invaded country to rise against the invader.

An analysis of laws on this subject adopted at the conventions at The Hague leads the Law Journal to the conclusion that there is nothing in these regulations which would give to the Belgians the right to resist, unless their resistance were the work of men who could be recognized by the invaders as organized.

One section of these rules stipulates that "the population of an unoccupied country which, on the approach of an enemy, rises up in arms in order to resist the invading force, without having had time to organize itself conformably to the articles about the organization of volunteer and militia corps, will be treated as belligerents if it carries arms openly and respects the laws and customs of war." This means, says the Law Journal, that those who resist an invader will not be protected if they make attacks from the shelter of houses and buildings when once a town has been occupied, they may meet the foe in the open with whatever arms they can muster.

The British delegate at The Hague conference of 1899 proposed that the rules be modified to give larger rights of resistance to unorganized masses, but the plan failed of adoption.

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GRAND FORKS, N. D.

AGED PIONEER IS DEAD.

Femina, N. D., Nov. 17.—Catherine, widow of Hazzard W. Purdy, died at Victoria, B. C. of old age, and her body was brought to Emerson and laid to rest beside that of her deceased husband in the cemetery on

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