

IRON CROSS GOES TO SOLDIERS WHO SAY 'LET'S DIE FIGHTING'

Friedrich Was a Grocer's Boy, But He Went Into a Cellar and Killed Three Frenchmen—Top-Sergeant Clemens Led a Charge of Eight Against 300 of the Enemy.

(By Herbert Corey.)
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London, Dec. 11.—War heroes do not look up to the frontispiece. They are quite as apt to be scrubby little rumps as to be tall, thin-banked Adonises wearing \$28 suits. Heroism does not seem to comport with an aquiline beak and more certainly than with a nose marked by depression and uncertainty. Men with the fighting jaws of fiction are very often heroes. So are men with little round chins like butter knobs.

There is the case of Friedrich, for example. Friedrich is at this moment sitting in a bed in the Templehof hospital in Berlin, wearing a light, little white nightgown. On the breast of that nightgown is an Iron Cross. Friedrich keeps feeling it as if he feared it were not real. He grins in the most shameless way when he catches your eye. Friedrich is different, all right, but he isn't modest. He stutters when he talks to you, because he is a grocer's boy and you are a Herr of some sort. But he talks, all right. If he could get out of his little white bed he'd hold you by the coat until he told you all about it.

So would you, by the way, if you were in Friedrich's place. Because he killed three men with the bayonet in a dark cellar—he being all alone. And he knows that the Iron Cross only goes to men who deserve it. A good deal of mud has been thrown at the Iron Cross since this war began. But

that sort of mud will not stick. The plan is to scatter about one cross to every twenty men, if the cross is deserved. Dead men do not count. So the proportion is not indelicately high. The Germans were in a little village on the Aisne. Every time they got into it they were shelled right out of it. The streets were positively heaped with dead Germans. It became apparent that the spies were informing the French batteries of the precise disposition of the German troops. So that the next time they got in all the men who could be spared were told off to hunt for spies. Friedrich happened to be one of them. He thinks he was lucky.

"I got into a cellar," said Friedrich, "and there were three Frankoises using the telephone. So I killed them. Then I got the Iron Cross."

Friedrich is a Round Little Man. The point is that Friedrich is a round little man—one of the little men who could never be starved into bankruptcy—and has the most good-natured, kindly, likable faces you ever saw. He is perhaps twenty years old and works in a grocery. If you had to pick a hero out of the whole German army Friedrich is the last man you would select. He looks mostly like a butler. But he has the Iron Cross. Also, he has a bullet through his innocent bowels.

Top-Sergeant Clemens the Thirty-fifth Brandenburg Fusiliers is another disappointment on physical form. He even lacks a stolidity which passes for calm in Friedrich. Top-Sergeant Clemens is nervous. Truth compels the admission that Clemens is distinctly gabby. There is too much altitude between his eyebrows and the peak of his head to make for beauty. His eyes are very pale blue, and his eyelashes are straw-colored. When one shakes hands his palms are sticky.

Nevertheless, Sergeant Clemens has the Iron Cross. He has the added distinction of having been mentioned in general orders. That one may assume his story is considered something out of the common run. Clemens is the only man left alive of ninety-three who marched out of the village of Archis, near Lille, on Sept. 21. Twenty-three made up the first squad. They were Red Cross men—sanitary soldiers the practical Germans call them.

"Mind you," says the nervous Clemens, rising in bed and waving his arms, "they went out to give aid to the French wounded as well as to the German wounded."

That view of the case happens not to have appealed to the French peasants about Archis. Their town had been destroyed and their houses burned and their goods taken and their women insulted. They are a grim lot about Archis, Clemens says. He says the old peasants muttered at the German army. They cast black looks.

"They attacked our sanitary soldiers," says Clemens. "Our men were unarmed. They had not been allowed to carry rifles. These peasants attacked them with axes and scythes and stoned them."

There is nothing inherently improbable in that. Peasants have done such things. They have a way of eluding the phrase "military necessity" in their talk and using such words as murder and arson. They killed the twenty-three sanitary soldiers.

"The women," shouts Clemens, waving his arms, "suffocated the men

AMBASSADOR TO SANTO DOMINGO



"Big Jim" Sullivan.

Ambassador "Big Jim" Sullivan, the New York city lawyer, who was named yesterday to Santo Domingo by Secretary Bryan some months ago and who came to the United States after Walker W. Wick had criticized his administration, has been sent back to his post by Secretary of State Bryan.

Now newspapers have begun an attack on him, alleging that he might aid financial interests, which wish to exploit the island.

Mr. Wick was commissioner of customs on the island, having been appointed by the president. He returned and offered his resignation because he did not care to work with Sullivan.

who were only wounded. They pined and ashes on their faces, so that they died."

No seventy soldiers were told off as a punitive force. They went out to make these rebellious peasants of Archis remember forever the day on which they raised their hands against the Kaiser's soldiers. One gathers that they went rather bravely. What they did not know was that a force of 300 French soldiers had come up. Somehow, the French were quite deservingly enraged against the Germans.

"We thought the peasants were unarmed," confesses Clemens, "until these regulars disclosed themselves. Retreat had been cut off, and the French killed the Germans. He isn't less. Some of them threw down their arms. But Clemens says he heard a French officer order his men to give a French officer left his men to give but eight Germans left alive. Clemens had succeeded to the command."

Eight Against 300. "Let us die fighting," he shouted to his men. "Eight charged—eight of them against 300. Clemens had previously been shot in the head, and shot in the arm, and bayoneted in the stomach. In this charge a bayonet was driven into his right lung. That put him down. He believes that at some time some one hit him on the head with a gun butt. However, he isn't sure. He only knows that there was a bruise there when the sanitary soldiers picked him up. Then ninety-two other men were dead. Clemens is getting along pretty well. He is now on the beer and sausage diet in a Berlin hospital. That is a sure sign of convalescence."

His Iron Cross came not because he was lucky enough to live through but because he had ordered his men to die fighting. That's the spirit that both sides are encouraging in this war. Sergeant Clemens's case is rather well known in the German army. Officers point out the reward Clemens got for his bravery. Surgeons like to visit him and wonder how he managed to pull through. The moral is that while he is undoubtedly a hero he doesn't look it. He never did look it—not at his very best.

There were scores of Iron Cross men on the streets of Berlin, and I saw but one who looked the part. He was a tall, slim, dark-eyed boy who would be a prize for any magazine illustrator. He had done as well as he looked, too. The Germans were throwing a pontoon bridge across the River Ligne and the Belgians had mounted machine guns on the other side. When the Germans finally made good their footing they could almost have walked across on corpses. This young fellow was the first to reach the guns.

"Later on I flew over the Ligne at low tide," said an aviator. "The bridge was gone, but there was a dike of corpses visible in the mud."

TURNED INTO MILITARY HOSPITAL. Paris, Dec. 12.—The chateau du Soupir, near Vailly sur Aisne, transformed into a military hospital and sheltering a number of wounded of both armies, has been bombarded and destroyed by the Germans. The chateau belonged to Madame Bourain, who was the principal heiress to the great fortune left by Chauchard, the department store magnate, and it contained a considerable number of rare works of art that have been lost. Madame Bourain's name was frequently mentioned by Callaux in the Calmette affair. Calmette and Chauchard were close friends.

DECLARES OWNERS COULD HAVE PUT STOP TO STRIKE

Secretary Wilson Doesn't Acquit Local Management of Blame.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Secretary Wilson of the department of labor, in his annual report submitted today, expresses the conviction that had the owners of the mine properties in the Calumet copper region and the Colorado coal fields dealt with the strike situation in their own way, "and they been on the ground and personally in charge, there is reason to believe that no strike would have occurred."

Whoever may have been the responsibility of the workers for the strike and its incidents, said Secretary Wilson, "the local management cannot be wholly acquitted, and upon the elementary principle of agency, as sound in morals as in law, ultimate responsibility must rest upon the owners."

Principally, Secretary Wilson's report is devoted to a review of the labor disputes the department has successfully mediated during the last year and it defines, at some length, the principles upon which the department acts in such cases.

Of the mediation and conciliation work the report says: "Of all labor which it is yet possible to administer, this one may be reasonably regarded as the most important of state with reference to international disputes, it points to a federal administrative system for promoting and fostering industrial peace; not a peace of the Warsaw order, but one of mutual benefit and good will."

Primarily the department of labor must conserve in industrial disputes the interests of the wage earners of the United States. Such is its duty under the law of its creation, the first section of which charges it with responsibility for their general welfare while the eighth makes this responsibility specific as to labor disputes. And those interests are exceptional in their magnitude. Not only do wage earners constitute in number more than a third of our total population, but in financial respects also their aggregate interests are vast. It is doubtful if any vocational interests represented in our governmental system exceed in volume or public importance those of the wage earners of the United States.

But though the department of labor represents primarily the wage-earning interests in labor disputes, its ideal is to make its representation similar in character to that of the department of state, which, while representing the interests of this country in disputes between the wage earners of this country and other countries, does so with fairness toward all countries. Accordingly the policy of the department of labor, though it respects the interests of the wage earners, is to do so without partisanship or prejudice, but with fairness to every interest concerned.

It should be understood, therefore, that mediation does not mean arbitration, compulsory or otherwise. Nor is it in any other sense a judicial function. The function is one of negotiation. Neither the secretary nor commissioner of conciliation whom he appoints as arbitrators. Though they may propose arbitration when circumstances seem to call for it, they do not themselves act as arbitrators, and it is contrary to the policy of the department of labor for them to do so.

Reminding Him. (Detroit Free Press.) "You told me that if I would marry you I should never want for anything."

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