

The Confessions of a German Deserter

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Written by a Prussian Officer Who Participated in the Ravaging and Pillaging of Belgium

KAISER'S TERRIBLE ENGINES OF WAR RAIN DEATH UPON THE CITIES OF BELGIUM

Synopsis.—The author of these confessions, an officer in the pioneers' corps of the German army, a branch of the service corresponding to the engineers' corps of the United States army, is sent into Belgium with the first German forces invading that country. Ignorant of their destination or of the reasons for their actions, the German soldiers cross the border and attack the Belgian soldiers defending their frontier.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

But there was no time to be spent in speculation. With fixed bayonets we went from house to house, door to door, and while the results were negligible because we found no soldiers we did not come out quite empty-handed. We made the inhabitants deliver all guns and munitions and so forth in their possession. The mayor, accompanying the soldiers, explained to every citizen that all found with arms after the search would be punished according to the rules of war and German rules of war in Belgium meant execution.

An hour might have passed when we were again aroused by the sound of artillery and gunfire. A new battle had begun. Whether the artillery was busy on both sides could not be judged from our village. The bombardment was tremendous. The ground shook from the growling and moaning that rolled backward and forward, always seeming to become stronger.

The ambulance columns now brought in the first wounded. Couriers sped by us. War had set in in all its phases.

Darkness came over us before we had finished our house-to-house search. We dragged all the mattresses, straw sacks and feather beds that we could lay our hands on, to the community school and church to care for the wounded. They were made as comfortable as possible. From other surrounding villages now came the first fugitives. They may have been marching, for they looked tired and utterly exhausted.

Women, old men and children were huddled together in one mass. They had saved nothing except their bare lives. In baby buggies or on wheelbarrows these unfortunates carried whatever the rude force of war had left them. In contrast to the fugitives, whom we had met before, these were extremely frightened, appearing to be in mortal terror of their enemy. Whenever they looked upon one of us German soldiers they cringed in terror.

How different these were from the inhabitants of the village where we had first stopped, who had met us in a friendly, even polite manner. We tried to learn the cause of this fright and discovered that the fugitives had witnessed in their village bitter street fighting. They had become acquainted with war—had seen their houses burning, had seen their little property destroyed and could not forget the sight of their streets filled with corpses and wounded.

It dawned upon us that not merely fear gave these people the appearance of hunted animals; there was also hatred toward the invaders who had fallen upon them and driven them from their homes by night.

In the evening we departed and tried to reach our own regiment. The Belgians had concentrated somewhere to the rear under cover of darkness. We were quite near the neighborhood of the fortified city of Liege. Many settlements through which we passed stood in flames; the inhabitants driven out, passed us in droves. Women, children and old men were buffeted about and seemed to be everywhere in the way. Without aims or plans, without a place on which to lay their heads these poor people dragged themselves by.

Again we reached a village, which to all appearances had been inhabited by contented people. Now indeed nothing but ruins could be seen. Wrecked houses and farms, dead soldiers, German and Belgian, and among them many civilians, who had been shot by military order.

Toward midnight we reached the German lines. The Germans had tried to take a village which lay within the fortified belt of Liege and was defended tenaciously by the Belgians. Here all forces had to be used in order to drive the enemy out, house by house and street by street. It was not very dark yet, so that we had to witness with all our senses the terrible fights which developed here. It was a man-to-man fight. With the butts of our guns, knives, fists, teeth we went against the enemy.

One of my best friends fought with a giant Belgian. The guns of both had fallen to the ground. They hammered one another with fists. I had just closed an account with a twenty-two-year-old Belgian and was going to assist my friend because his antagonist was of superior strength. My friend succeeded suddenly in biting the Belgian on the chin so deeply that he tore a piece of flesh out with his teeth. The Belgian's pain must have been terri-

ble. He released my comrade and ran away with an insane cry of pain.

Everything developed by seconds. The blood of the Belgian ran out of my friend's mouth; a terrible nausea and indescribable loathing seized him. The taste of warm human blood brought him almost to the verge of insanity. In the course of this night battle I came in contact for the first time with the butt of a Belgian gun. During a hand-to-hand fight with a Belgian, a second enemy soldier struck me on the back of the head with the butt of his gun so hard that my helmet was forced down over my ears. The pain was fearful and I fainted.

When I revived, I was lying in a barn, with my head bandaged, among other wounded men. My wound was not severe. I only had a feeling as if my head was twice its normal size. The other wounded soldiers and the ambulance men said the Belgians had been forced back within the forts and that hard fighting was still in progress.

Wounded men were brought in continuously and they told us that the Germans had already stormed several forts and had taken a number of main and auxiliary defenses, but could not hold them because they had not been sufficiently supported by artillery. The defenses inside the forts and their garrisons were still intact. The situation was not ripe for a storming attack, so the Germans had to retire with enormous losses.



Played the Searchlight on Them.

mous losses. The reports we received were contradictory. It was impossible to get a clear picture. In the meantime the artillery bombardment had become so intense that it horrified even the German soldiers. The heaviest artillery was brought into action against the steel and concrete defenses.

No soldier so far knew anything of the existence of the 42-centimeter mortars. Long after Liege was in German hands these soldiers could not understand how it was possible that the defenses, which consisted of double six-meter walls of steel and concrete, were reduced after only a few hours' bombardment.

I myself could not take part in these operations, being wounded, but my comrades told me later how the capture of the several forts came about. Artillery of all caliber was trained on the forts, but it was the 21-centimeter mortars and the 42s which performed the real work.

From a distance the 42-centimeter projectiles were heard to arrive, the accompaniment of a fearful hissing that sounded like a long drawn-out screech which filled the whole atmosphere. Wherever it fell, everything was destroyed within a radius of several hundred meters. The air pressure which the bursting of the projectile produced was so terrible that it made breathing difficult for those of us who were holding the advanced positions.

To make this witches' holiday complete, the Zeppelins appeared during the night to participate in the work of destruction. The soldiers suddenly heard above their heads the whirling of propellers and the noise of the motors. The Zeppelins came nearer. They were not discovered by the enemy until they were close to the forts, which immediately played all the

searchlights at their disposal on them, hunting the firmament for the flying foe. The whirling of the propellers of the airships stopped suddenly. Instead, high in the air a brilliant light appeared, the searchlight of the Zeppelin, which, for a moment, illuminated the entire landscape.

Suddenly all became dark again. A few moments later powerful detonations revealed the fact that the Zeppelin had thrown off "ballast." That went on a long while. Explosion followed explosion. These were followed by clouds of fire. In the air, exploding shrapnel, which the Belgian artillery fired at the airships could be observed. The whirling of the propellers started up again, directly above our heads. It became quieter and quieter, until the powerful ships of the air disappeared from our vicinity.

Thus the forts were leveled. Thousands of Belgians lay behind the walls and under the fortifications, dead and buried. A general storming attack followed. Liege was in the hands of the Germans, who had paid, in dead alone in this battle, 25,000 men.

CHAPTER II.

I went to Aix-la-Chapelle to a hospital. I met many more wounded men who had fought in Belgium. All were of the opinion that the Belgian dead numbered as many civilians as soldiers. Even if the German soldiers who fought in Belgium do not admit the cruelties committed against the Belgians, it cannot be denied that at least 80 per cent of the cruelties known to the world to have been committed in Belgium were only too true.

A young soldier who lay next to me in the hospital told me that his company, during a street fight in Liege, was given orders to kill everybody without discrimination. Systematically, one house after another was set on fire. The inhabitants either fell in the flames or became the victims in the streets to the gun barrels of the German Kultur-bearers.

At the time I doubted the words of my neighbor, even though I had seen what German warfare meant. After a few days I was released from the hospital and again restored to my detachment. Partly by auto, partly by foot, I reached my detachment by ten o'clock in the evening. Our transport moved this time over Trier to Luxembourg. The little grand duchy of Luxembourg was overrun entirely by German soldiers. The Germans who had made their homes in Luxembourg had everything taken away from them, especially the farmers, all food, without thought of payment, so that in Luxembourg at this time there was a shortage of food. The people here as well as in Belgium were very friendly, yet they harbored a terrible bitterness against the German government, which had looted its troops like a band of robbers and murderers over their peaceful country.

Belgium and Luxembourg, the two first unhappy victims of the damnable German politics and its drunkenness with power! That the Luxembourg citizens detested Germany an incident showed me which happened in the village of Mar-moth. We were in a friendly conversation with a Luxembourg farmer. Two officers approached and listened. One officer, a captain, asked the Luxembourg farmer, "What do you think of the war, and of the quickness of Germany? There is only one Germany, isn't there?"

"Yes," replied the farmer. "Thank the Lord."

"For those four words the farmer was arrested at once and transported to Germany as a court prisoner. I could never learn what became of him.

Streets, sidewalks, houses in the town of Neuve Chateau are heaped with dead and wounded—civilians and soldiers—after the town is taken by the Germans in a hand-to-hand encounter. The next installment tells how the German soldiers carried out the orders of their officers to show no mercy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bright Eton Boys.

The schoolboy "howler" is quite commonly amusing, but its very frequency is apt to make it something of a bore. It is doubtful, however, if a more representative collection of the genus has ever been got together than that recently given to the public, out of his own experience, by the vice provost of Eton. First there was the exquisite, though not absolutely new one of the boy who explained that Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Then there was a dissertation on beads in the terms that "A bead is a very old man known as a venerable bead, and sometimes called Adam Bead." But the gem of the whole collection was undoubtedly the definition of a vacuum as "the place where the pope lives." After this to be told that gravity is "a limit of ten miles an hour" is the nature of an anti-climax.

ADVANCEMENT IN WESTERN CANADA FARM LAND PRICES

Stories of phenomenal advancement and prosperity in Western Canada have been told the reading public for some years past. The stories were told when there were hundreds of thousands of acres of splendid land adjacent to railways and projected lines, which could be had on the payment of a mere \$10 entry fee, and under cultivation and living conditions. As was prophesied then, the day has come when these are few. There are still available thousands of these; they are some distance now from the railways. The land is as good as ever, but pioneering conditions will have changed. A great many are still taking advantage of this free offer from the government. The story was told when good lands near lines of railway could be bought for from \$3 to \$10 per acre and the prophecy made that these prices would double in a few years, for the intrinsic value was far more than that. That day has come more quickly than expected. The immense crops of grain that could be raised has brought about the change, and the demand for low priced lands with maximum returns has prompted the keen purchaser as well as the owner of higher priced land from which no greater return could be looked for. Prices of land in Western Canada are still advancing, and will continue to advance until, of course, the limit is reached—when returns will warrant no further increase. That day is not far distant. But, in the meantime, there are large tracts of land owned by land companies and private individuals that have not felt the advance that has been shown in other districts. The opportunity to purchase these should not be lost sight of, and if there are those amongst the readers of this article, which is authorized by the Canadian government, who wish cheap land, such lands as produce from 25 to 40 bushels per acre, and will pay for themselves out of one year's crop, advantage should be taken of the present opportunity.

Coming to Alberta with his family thirteen years ago, his assets consisting of a small outfit and \$20 in cash. Mr. O. F. Malmberg has accumulated by farming and live stock raising assets to the value of more than \$300,000, and has a personal credit, worth on demand, \$100,000. He has not speculated in land, but bought only to farm. Near Blackie, Alberta, he operates 3,100 acres of wheat land. He has just purchased an additional 11,500 acres near Cardston, in Southern Alberta. His personal credit enabled him to finance this deal in Calgary in a little over three hours. The ranch just purchased is a fully equipped stock and grain ranch. At the present time it carries a thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses, and is fully equipped with buildings, machinery, corrals, sheep sheds, dipping vats, etc. That is a story from one district. Let us select one from a district some hundred or more miles from that.

"Peter A. Klassen, who recently moved to Herbert, Sask., from Kansas, has purchased a section of prairie land in the Hillsboro district, about 24 miles northwest of Herbert, for which he paid \$12,000 cash. He is erecting temporary buildings to live in while putting the place in cultivation, and this summer plans to erect good buildings on the farm and equip it for a home. Mr. Klassen recently sold his 50-acre farm in Kansas for \$15,000 and is investing the proceeds in Canada."

With the proceeds of the sale of his land in Kansas, this farmer purchased in Saskatchewan a piece eight times as large as he had previously been farming, and had a balance with which to purchase equipment, stock, etc., of \$3,000. Moreover as land in Saskatchewan may be expected to yield twice as much grain per acre, he will be able to produce sixteen times as much as formerly.

The average value of farm land for the whole of Canada, including land improved and unimproved, together with dwelling houses, barns, stables and other farm buildings, is approximately \$44 per acre as compared with \$41 in 1916, according to the latest report of the Census and Statistics branch at Ottawa. The average value of land in the Prairie Provinces is as follows:

Manitoba\$31.00
Saskatchewan 26.00
Alberta 26.70

It is the low prices at which land can be obtained in Western Canada which is rendering this country such an important factor in the production of foodstuffs at the present time. It is enabling men who have been farming small areas in older districts to take up and farm with the same capital areas not only many times as great, but which are also capable of producing considerably larger crops to the acre.—Advertisement.

To Some Extent.
"Mrs. Gaddy claims that she made her husband." "So she did; she made a fool of him."

Doubtful.
"How's your war garden, old man?"
"There's a cutworm drive on at present."

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation, so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The first self-moving gun carriage was invented in France in 1769.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

He is well paid that is satisfied.

Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Hot Weather Hits Us Hardest in Stomach

Keep a close watch on your stomach this summer. We need all our fighting strength. War work—change of diet—will make us all easier prey to stomach and bowel trouble than ever before. It is so easy to become overheated on a blazing hot day, especially after eating a hearty meal. And then the excessive heat makes us flood our stomachs with all kinds of cold drinks. That's bad at any time; much worse—even dangerous—when there is the slightest feeling of stomach trouble.

Keep the stomach sweet and cool and free from too much acid—that's about all that is necessary. It's not so much the diet as to keep the poison from starting trouble. You can easily do this if you will just take a tablet or two of EATONIC after your meals.

EATONIC is the wonderful new compound that absorbs the harmful gases and juices and almost instantly drives away stomach misery.

Instead of sudden and painful attacks of indigestion, after you begin using EATONIC you'll forget you have a stomach. And there will be no more heartburn, food repeating, sour stomach, gas pains, or that lumpy, bloated feeling you have so often experienced after eating. Then your appetite—you know how hard it is to satisfy in hot weather—eat one or two EATONIC Tablets a half hour before meals—and you will enjoy the results and feel better in every way.

These are a few reasons why you should start using EATONIC today and fortify your stomach against the chance trouble this summer. It costs only 50c for a big package. Your druggist whom you know and can trust, will promptly refund your money if you are not more than satisfied.

Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin
All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tubes 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. 5, Boston.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE
Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Rest, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Kills all seasons. Made of metal, can't melt or burn; never will rust or corrode anything. Guaranteed effective. Ask for Daisy Fly Killer. Sold by druggists, or 6c each by express, prepaid, 30c. **HAROLD SPOONER, 180 DE KALE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my housework."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.