

McCall Refuses To Extradite Negro To West Virginia

Fears Youth Wanted for Alleged Assault Will Not Get Fair Trial

Cornwell Is Resentful

Declares Action of Massachusetts' Executive Is a Slur on State

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—Governor McCall made public to-day a letter in which he declined to grant a requisition made by Governor Cornwell of West Virginia for the return to that state of John Johnson, a negro, charged with an attack upon a fourteen-year-old white girl.

In reply Governor Cornwell wrote that the investigator Governor McCall had sent to Charleston had conducted an unfair inquiry, that the suggestion of prejudice affecting a West Virginia court was unwarranted and untrue and that the prosecuting attorney of that state had had no opportunity to present his side of the case to Governor McCall.

Reflection on State

"Your refusal to grant this requisition for the reasons as alleged constitutes a reflection upon the State of West Virginia and shows a deplorable lack of knowledge of it and its people. It also, in my opinion, tends to thwart the ends of justice, and violates the spirit of comity between the states to such an extent that I shall feel compelled to scrutinize with more than usual care any similar requisition from you."

Assistant Attorney General Nelson P. Brown, who is Governor McCall to conduct a public hearing, reported that exaggerated accounts of the crime had been circulated in Charleston, and because of their nature and Johnson's color there existed a prejudice "which would be difficult, if not impossible, of control by the most upright judge."

Johnson to Go Free It was announced at the Governor's office that Johnson, who has been held in default of \$10,000 bail on a charge of being a fugitive from justice, would be released forthwith.

The crime with which Johnson is charged is an attack on Nellie Kellenberger, a fourteen-year-old white girl, alleged to have been committed in December, 1916. Nine persons were indicted in the case, seven of whom are now serving sentences for the crime.

Fire Department Members Attend J. P. Howe's Funeral

Men from almost every rank of the Fire Department, including Commissioner Adamson, through St. Francis de Sales Church, at Ninety-sixth Street and Park Avenue, yesterday for the funeral services for John P. Howe, retired battalion chief. The Legion of Honor of the department escorted the hearse from Mr. Howe's home, 60 East Ninety-third Street.

The pallbearers were Deputy Chiefs Thomas Langford and Thomas Hayes, Battalion Chiefs George Kuss, Charles Demarest, James Henry and P. J. Graham and ex-Deputy Chiefs T. J. Ahearn and Thomas Friel.

Confession Clears Murder Mystery in Paterson

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 20.—Manuel Catalone, thirty, of 77 East Twelfth Street, who was arrested several days ago on suspicion of having been connected with the murder of Stefano Casa on October 31, confessed to the police to-day.

The police believe the murder to have been the result of a similar crime some years before, in which both men were implicated or of which they had knowledge.

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Germans Now on the Defensive Captured Officer Confesses

Bavarian Says Teutons Plan to Wear Out Aggressors Eventually and Then Make the Supreme Final Effort in Arms

By Henri Bazin

(Special Correspondence of The New York Tribune and Philadelphia Evening Ledger)

PARIS, Oct. 14.—The other day upon the French front I was permitted by my officer escort to follow close upon the heels of "les nettoyeurs des tranchées," whose grim business is a veritable clean-up; to smother a bombarded Boche position after an advance with hand grenades, that any Boche still on the premises, to put it mildly, be definitely placed hors de combat. For you can no more trust a living Boche coming out from an abri than you could a rattlesnake in the open—not as much, perhaps, because rattlesnakes give warning, and many a surrendered Boche has elected to die in treachery, as the record shows.

The trench and abris in question had been subjected to intense bombardment with others on a wider front. It was miraculous to expect finding any able-bodied living enemy within them. But the miracle was there, for just as the first trench-cleaning grenade had been thrown two figures stood up at the far end, holding high their hands and crying "Kamarade!"

They were strangely different both in type and through contrast. One was a second lieutenant, about twenty-eight, and the other a private, about forty-five. The younger was blue-eyed, beardless, with something of rose under his dirty cheeks. He stood solidly upon his pins, his blond head bare. His uniform was covered with mud and he was trembling slightly, the sweat thick about his eyes as he leaned forward with hands high.

Resistance Meant Death

His comrade was the extreme reverse. Tall, thin and sallow, with sunken cheeks hardly covered by a scraggly reddish-gray beard, he, nevertheless, breathed something of force, and something, too, of only surrendering because there was no other way of saving his hide, of realization that resistance meant instant death.

Tied to his shoulders by cords under the armpits, was a shallow oblong basket, such as are carried through the Nord or the Ardennes by French peasants. As a trench-cleaning poisoner, he had a knife on high, he reached the bagging cover from the basket and three carrier pigeons flew out, disappearing in the gray.

Heard Boche did not speak, and after searching was sent to the rear. His officer commander had French, a French full of errors, but understandable. And, contrary to the general rule, he was willing to talk.

As he walked back between my officer escort and myself, he said: "I am Bavarian; the 102d Grenadiers. My man and myself are all that is left of my company. I surrender with good grace, not because I am tired of war, but because I want to live. We had hell in the abri and more before getting into it with your artillery firing never want to again."

"We are through, as far as concerns making real offensives. That does not mean we won't fight still, and fight hard. But it will be a defensive fighting, a war of resistance, for which we are preparing all along the line. Our chiefs have outlined it. The tunnel in that abri is one of many all along the front. We are through massing forces in attack or even strong counter attack. Our game is to resist, to be driven only

the captured lieutenant said, he is going to fight from henceforth on the defensive to greater extent than he has this last year. We must hammer him, and then hammer him some more. We must keep right at it, and some day before so very long, as time goes on, at him in a great, wide, full Western front offensive from Dixmude to Aitkirch all at the same time—a giant combination of French, English, Australian, Canadian, Belgian and American troops, with artillery, and artillery, and artillery behind them.

Then we will go through, and through clean to Berlin. Then and then only in this war will we prevent Germany from massing troops at one point to resist at that point with greater force. Then and then only will we find not one point on this Western front, but a baker's dozen and more, that we can go through Alsace, on past Cologne and Coblenz and Darmstadt in swarms of blue-clad and khaki-clad, carrying the flags of four nations right into Unter den Linden.

It's not an easy job. But it's a sure ending job, and we know it, as we have the material, animate and inanimate, to do it. What is more, we must do it that our unborn children may live in peace, in prosperity, in happiness, for ages far into the future.

Rockefeller Refuses To Pay Taxes in Ohio

Protests an Assessment of \$5,000,000 on Property He Calls Intangible

CLEVELAND, Nov. 20.—John D. Rockefeller to-day wired County Auditor Zangerle his refusal to pay taxes on a \$5,000,000 assessment in Cuyahoga County.

Mr. Rockefeller's wire said: "Your letter of November 10 was delayed in forwarding. I am not a resident of Ohio, but of New York City. I protest against the levy of an assessment against my intangible property. Will promptly reply by mail to your letter."

This wire means a loss of \$72,000 the taxpayers hoped to add to the county revenues.

"If Rockefeller were paying taxes on a reasonable assessment in New York it would be different," Zangerle said. "Since he pays on an assessment of only \$5,000,000 there, I felt he ought to be willing to do something here."

Mr. Rockefeller pays taxes here on his Forest Hill estate and on about \$5,000 worth of automobiles and house furnishings.

Women Drive Laundry Vans In Brooklyn, Replacing Men

Two or three women will start work to-day as drivers for the Holland Laundry, of Brooklyn. As fast as others can be obtained to fill the ten vacancies caused by the draft they will be employed. Salaries will be \$15 a week, as for the men, and the same bonuses and prizes will be awarded.

"We were not satisfied," said Hugh H. Miller, president of the concern, "with the class of men who were applying, but we believe increased business will result from the employment of women. They will be more conscientious and more humane in their treatment of our horses."

Germany Certainly Beaten

Germany is certainly beaten, but the mere statement is misleading. She was half beaten when England entered the war, and she is to be fully beaten now, with Uncle Sam on the job. But she hopes to come to that green-clothed table with the arrogance of a conqueror who holds invaded territory and whose territory has never been invaded.

It is not easy to forecast this as the sum and substance of Germanic argument if an armistice were declared tomorrow? And does it not make clear that until the invaded territory of France and Belgium is free from barbarian force we have not won? Let us not forget that every Frenchman who died at Verdun and every Englishman who is dying in Flanders stands crying aloud:

"Keep at my job and drive 'em out; drive 'em out with men and guns, and more men and guns. There ain't no other way."

I am not in any pessimistic mood as I write these lines. I am only preaching the doctrine that must be religiously followed to the very end.

We must never talk to Germany except from the back end of a gun. We must never talk to Germany or to Germans except upon German soil. We must never stop hammering. We must thrust that five or six million Sammys in the line as soon as ever we can. We must not overlook that Germany has the map, but that we have the three M's—men, money and munitions, plus food—and that while we want to see Germany to give to this job.

I have written a score or more times during this last year that we had the Boche beaten. I believed it thoroughly before America discovered it was her war, as well as the war of France and England and Belgium. I believed, and am on record as so believing, that if France had had an additional million men she would have broken through the line ere this. But I also believed, and am also on record as saying, that even in this breaking the war would have ended with the defeated still the invaders—and consequently in some not entirely satisfactory peace as far as definite guarantee, enforced definitely for the future, is concerned.

We are certain of securing that now. Certain because we have the goods to bring it about, the brass or five or six or seven million young Americans with the guns, and the guns, and the guns behind them.

Allies Must Keep on Job So we want to keep right on the job with full respect for the enemy. He is still a dangerous proposition, even if, as

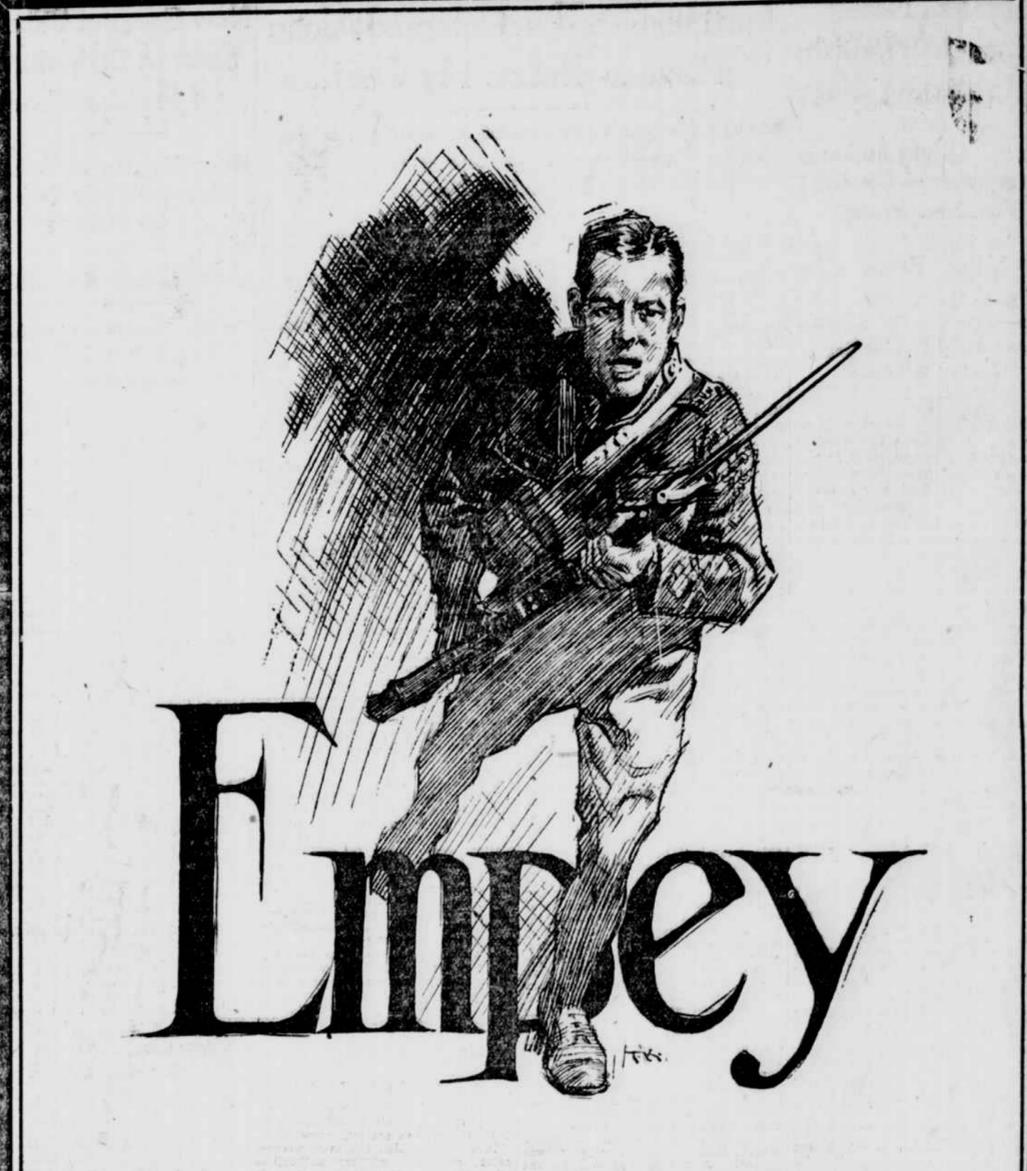
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SERGEANT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, the famous author of the equally famous book "Over the Top," has written a series of twelve smashing new stories of his own adventurous life and recent thrilling experiences on the firing line "Somewhere in France."

The TRIBUNE has secured these red-blooded articles, and will publish the first of them next Sunday, November 25th.

Empey is the American boy who, when the Lusitania went down, promptly enlisted in the British Army. He spent 17 months in active service, has been "over the top," twice severely wounded and knows from actual experience what the desperate game is that our boys are now up against in their death grapple with the Boche.

Empey as a storyteller is fascinating. If you have read "Over the Top" you know just how interesting he can be. His free and easy characteristic style in these new episodes emanates the virility and personal magnetism of the man. After you have read the first one in THE TRIBUNE next Sunday, you are going to exclaim, "Great Stuff! I'm keen for more." But—

Order your TRIBUNE for next Sunday well ahead of time. Empey is going to clear newsstands of SUNDAY TRIBUNES even earlier than usual.

Read Empey's First Article in the SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH

Tribune