

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



But Father should be thankful for small favors

The Confessions of a German Deserter

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

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(Continued from Friday.)

We ran down hill till we came to Varennes. The southern section of the town had been wrecked by shells and fire. Many chimneys were all that was left standing of whole rows of houses. Soldiers everywhere collected scraps of metal which were transported to Germany. The church bells were loaded on wagons and sent away. All the copper, tin, brass and nickel which could be found was gathered.

The next morning we went into the trenches. We had to reach our position before daybreak, for with daylight the French kept all the approaches under fire. There was not much of a trench in Vauquois. All that could be seen was a single stone pile. Literally, there was not, in this town, one stone left upon another. The ruins of this village had changed hands more than fifteen times. When we arrived one-half of Vauquois was in German hands. The French were in possession of the highest points from which they could overlook the country for many miles.

In default of a trench we sought cover behind the stones, for it was impossible to dig trenches here, as the artillery leveled everything. The soldiers concealed themselves behind stone walls and fired. Artillery of all calibers covered these ruins. Amid all this destruction lay an army of corpses, mostly German.

CHAPTER XVII.

We were of the opinion at first that this was only a temporary condition, but after a few days we saw a slaughter bordering on insanity undertaken again and again. By night and day it was always the same. Using Verdun as their base, the French constantly brought up new masses of troops. They had marshaled their heavy guns from the nearer Verdun forts by the use of field railways.

In the spring of 1915 both sides began an offensive of local, but of an incomprehensible, murderous nature. German and French artillery bombarded Vauquois so that not a square foot of land could be found which had not been torn up by shells. Thousands and thousands of shells, large and small, were hurled into the town for three days and three nights.

This continued until not a single soldier was left in the village, for both French and Germans had to retire from this fire from both sides, as it was absolutely impossible to have survived this hell. The entire hill and adjoining heights were enveloped in smoke.

Sharp daggers flew from head to head, breast to breast. Men stood on corpses in order to make new corpses.

New enemies continued to arrive. For each man who was killed three others appeared.

Each man fought frenziedly, expecting his death blow momentarily.

No life was worth a penny. Each man fought like a beast.

I stumbled and fell upon the stones and in less time than is required to relate it I saw before me a giant Frenchman with a pioneer's spade raised to strike a blow. With lightninglike speed I dodged and the spade struck a stone.

In the next moment my adversary had a dagger plunged to the hilt in his abdomen.

He went down with a terrible cry and crumpled up in agony on the

kind of greeting was unknown.

Presently I learned the reason of this modern form of salutation. The hatred within the German nation was not so great toward France and Russia.

The people quietly accepted the enormous sacrifices which the war demanded from them in course of time.

But the government, which even then, foresaw the unfavorable course the war was taking, conceived the idea of setting England up as the arch-enemy which intended to destroy Germany entirely.

The German war machine made use of the blockade which England drew around Germany to such an extent, playing upon child murder, so-called, that the people developed an ever-increasing hatred toward England.

The French language was no longer spoken anywhere. A large part of the German people formerly used the French word "adieu," as a farewell expression but that was stopped. Care had to be taken in the use of this word to avoid arrest on a charge of high treason.

I thought about these things as I neared my temporary destination. I was sufficiently acquainted with the border so that when I arrived in Kaldenkirchen I was able to reach it without asking any questions. The spot which I had selected for crossing lay in a forest. After a march of two hours I arrived near the border. It was soon dark and I decided to remain in the woods over night.

I struck an enemy between the head and shoulders. The sharp spade entered his body and buried itself half way in. I heard the bones crack under the force of the blow.

Another adversary was nearby and I dropped the spade and seized the dagger.

He struck me with his fist and the blood ran from my mouth and nose.

We clenched. My dagger was in my right hand.

Each of us held the other around the breast. He was not superior to me in strength yet he clung to me as tightly as I did to him.

We tried to reach each other with our teeth. I still held the dagger but was unable to strike.

Soon one of us would have to let go. While I was trying my best to find a way to kill him there was a terrible explosion nearby.

I saw my opponent fall and I myself felt a terrible pain in the right side of my lower jaw.

I ran as quickly as I could to the rear and after a search of several hours found a dressing station, where I was bandaged.

My face was so swollen that the doctor could not tell whether or not my jaw had been broken.

I was placed on a train for wounded men, bound for Germany, and was taken to a hospital in Dusseldorf.

I arrived at Dusseldorf August 28, 1915. My wound was not dangerous and they expected I would be cured in 14 days. Yet it required three weeks.

During this time I made up my mind firmly that I would not murder any more people at the order of and to further the interests of Hohenzollernism, that this war would mean the end of the Hohenzollerns and of Prussian militarism. I decided to desert to Holland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I prevailed upon the authorities to grant me an eight-day furlough to visit my home and I took advantage of this to cross the Dutch border. I left my home under a pretense of intending to visit relatives, wearing civilian clothing. I bought a railroad ticket to Kaldenkirchen, a medium-sized town near the Dutch border. During my trip to Kaldenkirchen I had plenty of time to review all that had happened.

How different everything was after the first year of the war! My home town, once a lively country settlement, was now as calm as a graveyard. In this town, which had a population before the war of 3,000 souls, more than 40 had been killed and many others crippled. Food was very high with little to be had.

There was no enthusiasm for the war manifest anywhere. The people were downhearted, stunned.

It was the same in other cities. The longing for peace was universal yet no one talked of peace or expressed the desire for it.

(THE END.)

How the Battle Occurred.

"So your boy Mike has gone to the war?"

"And sure he has that."

"They've had a great battle over there, I'm hearing."

"It's the gospel truth."

"Sure and I did. Didn't Mike tell it to me on a postal?"

"What did he say?"

"Sure he said: One day General Pershing came out of his tent and says, says he, 'I'm Mike Brady here? and Mike says, 'I am,' and he says, says he, 'Let the battle go on!'"

Miss Reta C. Marks of Monmouth and Chester W. Chambers of Benton county were married at Monmouth Wednesday.

BRITISH LEARN SECRET OF DYE

Build Industry to Relieve Dependence on Germany.

MANY CHEMISTS ENGAGED

Plant Springs From Little Factory to One of Big Proportions—Master Problem of Cheap Production of "Intermediate" Products, Which Is Key to Profitable Production of Dyes—Results Savor of Magic.

In a secluded Yorkshire valley is being fought one of the grimdest and most far-reaching battles of the war. It is the preliminary bombardment of the great commercial war after the war. For here are situated the works of the British Dyes company, which is struggling with Germany for one of the most vital industries of the modern commercial world, that of the dye.

The works of the British Dyes undertaking are typical of the evolution of the new industry and the new idea, Sprawling the length of a scarred and smokestacked Yorkshire valley, the sheds, boiler plants and serried rows of retorts occupy acre after acre of ground. Sunken in the background, in a tiny cobble street, a little factory that struggled for years against swelling German competitors, has tacked on either side and behind it a phalanx of raw red brick buildings. Stretching far along the valley, absorbing green fields and coppices, fed by miles of light railway and drained by 13 miles of sewers, are the great new sheds.

Many years ago an English chemist discovered that artificial dyes could be made by submitting coal tar to various chemical processes. On that discovery a great industry responsible today for almost every atom of color in our clothes, our books, our pictures and our household goods has been built.

Germany was the first to realize the value of such an invention. Every possible inducement was put in the way of intending manufacturers and all German firms engaged in the new industry were subsidized by the government.

British Progress Rapid.

What took Germany over thirty years to accomplish with laborious research cannot of course be achieved by British chemists in a year or two, but surprising and gratifying progress has been made. The cheap production of the "intermediate" products, without which the finer products cannot be made profitably, is guaranteed. Patience and perseverance are expected to win further success.

It is essentially a key industry. The problem the British works attack is not that of providing this or that dye or discovering the secret of one or another obscure German patent, but that of establishing an industry which can stand on its own bottom and which is not to be upset by the withdrawal on the part of a foreign competitor of any essential substance used in the manufacture.

In this valley the gospel of thoroughness has not been preached in vain. In building after building there goes on a silent, almost automatic, series of operations that prepare the raw material and produce the intermediates.

Results Savor of Magic.

In the laboratories a chemist performed two or three little pieces of magic with colorless liquids from glass stoppered bottles, these seething into brilliant color before one's eyes. The magic that one meets in the factories is less visibly impressive. There is a sufficiently arresting sequence of smells to be encountered in a walk through the works, but a surprising absence of color.

There were remarkable experiments with new-found secrets in acid, basic, mordant, sulphur, union and vat colors, all of which are being marketed by British Dyes. Through three miles of works one passed to the intermediate and auxiliary service plants, to examine the costly equipment of the oleum and nitric acid installations and ascend among boiling greens; samples, it seems, of a thousand different odors varying from the hot vinegar variety to the scents of Araby, to see the new discovery, chloranthene blue, the first of a series which has been followed by chloranthene blue B D and chloranthene yellow D: and

on into the alluring delphinol factories, where acid dyestuff for wool and silk, with extraordinary properties in bright shades of fast blues, are now produced and sold under distinctive brands B and E E, and pass through mountains of crude chemicals.

This leads to the last point—the research and chemical laboratory. It has a hundred chemists and more and has made a great beginning in guaranteeing the cheap production of "intermediate" products.

Aged Woman's War Garden.

Mrs. Marie Crawford, age eighty-four, of Kokomo, Ind., is cultivating war garden—and that means she is doing the work herself. She began by spading up the onion beds, and, in explaining it, said that it was no special feat of strength. "I am not stiff with age yet," she says. "I walk a mile every fair Sunday to church." Mrs. Crawford is very proud of her war garden, and considers it her patriotic duty to help increase the country's food supply. Her husband was a soldier in the Civil war.

LONDON SAUSAGE SOLD OUT

State Factory Output Checked by Lack of Materials.

The state sausage factory is booming, the entire product at present finds its way to the east end of London, but at present the factory is able to supply but part of the demand for its products.

At the ministry of food it is denied that other factories will be opened shortly. Lack of raw material is given as the reason.

The trouble the Austrian drive is having in getting anywhere would indicate one of two things: Either the Austrians are trying to conduct the drive themselves, or else they have borrowed the German crown prince to lead it.

WELLS FAMILY HOLDS ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 1.)

Mrs. Sara Wells Collins of Dallas, Mrs. W. D. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wells and children, Roy, Lawrence and Genevieve of Halsey and Elbert of Imperial Valley, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Wells and sons, Perry and Marion, Mr. and Mrs. Eston Bevins and daughter Othel, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Ground and son, Ray, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wells and daughters, Anna and Etta, and son, Clifford, of Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wells and daughter, Leona, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Wells, Jr., and daughters, Marcelline and Mabel of Modesto, Calif.

Among the friends present were Mrs. Sara Claggett Young, sister-in-law of R. F. Wells, Sr., Mrs. G. W. Conkey, who has the proud distinction of being the first teacher of R. F. Wells, Jr., Mrs. L. H. Ingram, Mrs. V. A. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McLaughlin, Rev. and Mrs. Wall and three children, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Neal of Buena Vista, Misses Ula Opal Hewett.

V. S.

The Kaiser's Talk to Hell

(Published by request.)

The kaiser called the devil up.

On the telephone one day,

The girl at Central listened in

To all they had to say.

"Hello!" she heard the kaiser's voice, "Is old man Satan home?" Just tell him this is Kaiser Bill, That wants him on the phone."

The Devil said "Hello" to Bill,

And Bill said, "How are you?

I'm running here a hell on earth,

So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the Devil said, "My dear old Kaiser Bill, If there's a thing that I can do

To help you, I surely will."

Now my Devil friend please listen, And I will try to tell, The way that I am running On earth a modern hell.

"I have saved for this for many years And I've started out to kill— That it will be a modern job, You leave to Kaiser Bill.

"My army went thru Belgium Shooting women and children down We tore up all her country And blew up all her towns.

"My Zeppos dropped bombs on cities, Killing both old and young, And those the Zeppelins didn't get Were taken out and hung.

"I started out for Paris With the aid of poisonous gas; The Belgians, damn 'em, stopped us And wouldn't let us pass.

"My submarines are devils; Why, you should see them fight! They go sneaking thru the seas, And sink a ship at sight.

"I was running things to suit me Till a year or so ago, When a man named Woodrow Wilson Wrote me to go more slow.

"He said to me, 'Dear William, We don't want to make you sore, So be sure to tell your U-boats To sink our ships no more.'

"I did not listen to him, And he's coming after me With a million Yankee soldiers From their homes across the sea.

"Now, that's why I called you, Satan, For I want advice from you; I knew that you would tell me Just what I ought to do."

"My dear old Kaiser William, There's not much for me to tell, For the Yanks will make it hotter Than I can for you in hell.

"I have been a mean old devil, But not half as mean as you, And the minute that you get here I will give my job to you.

"I'll be ready for your coming, And I'll keep the fires all bright, And I'll have your room all ready When the Yanks begin to fight.

"For the Yankee boys will get you, I have nothing more to tell; Hang up the phone and get your hat And meet me here in hell."

—Author Unknown.

Max Goldman

Deals in

HIDES

PELTS