

3000 GERMANS CUT DOWN AFTER GAIN

Avalanche Sweeps Three French Positions, Only to End in Severe Reverse.

BAYONETS GLOW IN STORM

Kaiser's Men Kill Each Other in Furious Hand-to-Hand Battle in Darkness, Being Routed at Notre Dame de Lorette.

PARIS, March 8.—The manner in which a furious German attack at Notre Dame de Lorette was transformed into a defeat in which 3000 Germans fell is described in the Petit Parisien by one of the combatants.

"The Germans blew in by mines our first line of trenches," says the story. "Before the echoes of the explosion had died away a detachment of Germans forced the French into the second line after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle. The Germans raked the trenches with machine guns, forcing the defenders into the third line, from which they were forced to retire on an easily defensible position in the rear after a bayonet battle with superior numbers."

GERMANS FINALLY DEMORALIZED

"Our men spent the night preparing to win back the position. Our three inches opened in salvoes at dawn, peppering the Germans methodically. Then the heavy artillery joined in demoralizing them. "The din became appalling. After hours of this our infantry bounded forward, crouching on their hands and knees. The Germans fired volley after volley, working their quickfiring feverishly, but our men would not be denied. They took the third line, but could go no further. The second line was well sandbagged and crammed with Germans.

"Our artillery then began again to drop shells on the Germans. We could see them blown into the air, peeping the Germans methodically. Then the heavy artillery joined in demoralizing them.

GERMANS KILL OWN MEN

The Germans, who had not been killed or wounded, fled toward the holes which had been made by their mines. "The French again dashed forward. In the darkness the Germans struck frantically around them, killing their own men, whom they were unable to recognize. After a few minutes of carnage, the Germans fled, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. One hundred and fifty haggard prisoners were led to the rear.

SNOW INTERFERES IN WEST

French Report Advances Made at Several Points.

PARIS, via London, March 8.—The following official communication was issued by the French War Office tonight:

"In Champagne snow storms have interfered with our operations. This morning the enemy tried to retake a wood captured by us Sunday west of Perthes. His was repulsed and our counter offensive enabled us to gain ground to the northeast and to take some prisoners. The advance continued and increased during the afternoon.

"In the region of Perthes we won more than 500 meters (1600 feet) of trenches.

"Between Le Meauln and Beausejour, we lost some trenches we had taken yesterday, but gained 100 meters (about 330 feet) on the ridge north of Le Meauln.

"In the region of St. Mihiel and in the Bois de Brule (forest of Apremont) we gained footing in a German trench and captured there a great quantity of war materials.

"Northwest of Pont-a-Mousson, the Germans attempted to deliver an attack which, however, broke down. Our progress continued from Badonviller.

"In Alsace at Reich Ackerkopf we repulsed a counter attack."

NEUTRAL WIRELESS DUE

DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH NORWAY BEGINS SOON.

Uncensored News From Europe Will Be Possible for First Time Since Commencement of War.

CHELHAM, Mass., March 8.—Direct wireless communications between the United States and a neutral nation of Europe since will be possible for the first time since the war began through stations now virtually completed on Cape Cod and in Norway.

These stations have been established by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. It is generally reported that the plants are intended to meet the situation arising from the war.

One of the early acts of the war was the cutting of direct cable communication between Germany and this country. By means of the wireless service to Sayville, L. I., however, war news has been brought direct from Germany. There has been no direct wireless between this country and the European continent.

Accordingly, all wireless matter from Europe has been censored by one of the two belligerents.

Two stations have been built on the cape, one here and the other at Marlon, 50 miles to the westward. Work was begun here last July and is nearly completed. It is understood the stations on the American side represent an outlay of \$1,500,000.

MARIE CAHILL IS BANKRUPT

Debts for Hats, Gowns, Etc., Total \$21,400 and Assets Are \$320.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Debts for hats, gowns and furs are the principal items in the list of liabilities amounting to \$21,400 which caused Mrs. Marie Cahill Arthur, known on the stage as Marie Cahill, to file a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court today.

Miss Cahill gives her assets as \$320, which she contends is exempt.

Polignac's floating debt now reaches \$12,650,000. The population is about 4,200,000.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WOMAN WHO SPENT SIX DAYS IN GERMAN PRISON.



CAROLYN WILSON.

WOMAN HELD IN JAIL

Carolyn Wilson, American, Tells of Experience.

GERMANS DEAF TO PLAINTS

Kaiser's Officials Described as Stupid and Women Jailers as Cruel. Thousands of Questions Asked by Suspicious Captors.

(Continued From First Page.)

me some food and books—neither of which by the way I was allowed to receive, and then I was led away to my cell after depositing my valuables with the jailer.

WOMEN ATTENDANTS CRUEL

First I was stripped and searched while the women attendants stood around and made remarks about the disgrace of being a spy and wasn't I ashamed to be hidden under a false flag—this when my American flag was taken from my handbag. This was the first I got angry at that and told them what I thought of them. They then locked me in a cell so cold that even in the almost complete darkness I could see my breath—and since I could hardly speak as a result of the cold which I already had I begged for a warmer cell and got it. This was the first request the women keepers granted me. On the whole, they were cruel, telling me tales of three months' imprisonment and always refusing to take any of my petitions to the director. The men, on the contrary, were uniformly courteous.

In my cell—the warmer one to which I was transferred—it was impossible to see anything. One could feel a bed and one stumbled over a stool. Quickly all idea of a comfortable room with a student lamp was banished from the mind.

Cell Clean but Desolate.

All night long I lay dreading to touch the coverlet of the bed, still entirely dressed, for fear I might come in contact with a straw mattress which had been there since time immemorial and fearing lest rats and cockroaches and worse were all about the cell. But that would be a libel on German thoroughness. Nothing like an animal or insect was inside the cell, it was tolerably clean, and if the straw-filled mattress and cover had been there forever, at least there was a clean sheet in which I pinned myself carefully each night after the first, as the do children in the nursery. Indeed, on the third night I got permission to have an extra sheet and I was so comforted, comparatively, that I would have slept that night if it had been otherwise possible.

However, the beds there aren't built for sleep. They rather resemble the Alps, with deep hollows and high crests, the pillow leaks straw all over the place. My bed stood immediately under the window, so that when it is open the steam comes in and trains rush and roar and rumble past continually through the night.

I felt as if I were taking a trip across Siberia. My cold was made more severe by the awful draft from the window. I felt like Job.

Prison Quarters Described.

Possibly you are wondering what the cell was like. Well, it was a tough cell, four walls of the bed. That gives you some idea of its dimensions. The only other article of furniture was a little table in shape and size like a milking stool. The rules on the wall said that you were to sit on this table between meal times and not lie on the bed, otherwise you would be punished.

Sunday dinner came, a formless, unrecognizable mess, in the same wash pail, and I refrained after a glance, though I was really hungry by that time. The day passed somehow, and I lay through the 12 dark hours thinking, "Surely in the morning."

On Monday, at noon, and again nothing happened until I was taken downstairs and asked another thousand or so questions, all of which were faithfully entered in a ledger built extra large for the purpose. By this time I was eating sparingly at times of the food they brought me. Well, it was on Monday, at noon, they gave me permission to write to the consulate, where I had many good friends, and I sent that letter off by special messenger, and it was delayed until the next day at 5.

The Consul-General's reply was likewise delayed 18 hours.

Questions Asked Daily. Each day at 3, with irritating punctuality, they would call me downstairs to contribute another ten pages to the book. They asked me so many irrelevant, ridiculous questions that I used to sit through the séance with one silly idea in my head: "In a minute they are going to ask me if I have ever heard Anna Held."

I told them my every amusement since I had arrived in Germany, every question I had ever directed to anyone, how much my salary was and how I received it, what my sentiments were toward the allies, if I played poker; had my paper sent me there to deny Mr. Bennett's stories?—and a thousand more.

But all this time people were not idle in Berlin. For some time the charge against me had been lodged at the marine Amt, and every one who knew me was trying to find some way to release me. Our ambassador, Mr. Gerard, applied repeatedly for my release and vainly for permission to see me, only being granted that permission on the fifth day. The Foreign Office was occupied with the affair, but I continued to languish in jail—I think that is the way the "lady reporter" is supposed to express herself.

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"Cleverness" is Charge. Then on the wall was a sort of shelf with unesthetic tinware—a wash basin, a wash basin, small—this to eat out of—and, as I had no eating utensils, I suppose one ate as nature intended. There was a tin mug for coffee, and that was all.

They took away every smallest thing from me. I had absolutely nothing to do all day long. I simply lay there, listening to the shuffle of the slovenly staff—one of the prisoners—in the hall, the tantalizing clatter of keys near by, the faintly distant ring of the phone—perhaps it could be to say I was free.

And every once in so often, silently, creepingly, some one would come unheeded to the cell and the covering would be lifted from the peephole, and the only warning I would have that some one was near was the peering eye, which would be immediately withdrawn if I observed it.

Days Spent in Idleness.

Think of what it means to have nothing to do all day; to lie there without communication with the outside world; not to be able to see out the window; to see no one the livelong day. And none of this floor-pacing stuff you read about in novels. There wasn't enough floor for that.

On Monday some of my things came from the club, a brush and a nail file, which they promptly took away from me—I might say my way out with it—my soap box, a buffer—O, yes, and my tooth brush.

It was dark when they came. I was already in bed. One is punished if one is not in bed by 6 P. M., even as one is punished if one is not up at 6 A. M. Do you know, I felt those things over in the dark, and I cried over them. As simple a thing as a toothbrush, on which I traced with caressing fingers the familiar inscribed monogram would arouse that much emotion in me. They seemed like friends.

Meals Served in Wash Pail.

However, to return to the business side of the matter, one thing I didn't eat any breakfast, nor had I touched supper Saturday night. Black bread and coffee out of a wash pail were served at both these meals. I didn't eat for I said to myself, "O, I shall be out by 10 in the morning." No one came, and finally they said: "Today is a holiday; be patient until tomorrow."

I asked to send word to the Embassy, but they wouldn't let me and so I repeated the formula: "Bleiben sie ganz ruhig, bis morgen."

I was told I was a clever spy, and that these very things which appeared so harmless in my life in Germany—the concerts I went to and the quiet dinners at the homes of my friends—would be the things a clever spy would do to avert suspicion.

But at last it was settled, on the day after Mr. Gerard had sent the cable to the Tribune telling them to get Ambassador von Bernstorff to advise his government of my integrity, and my release was arranged for before my answer could come back, and in spite of the fact that an officer from the Marine Amt had told me, as per schedule, "to be patient; that it would take another three days."

I think they were finally convinced that they had made a stupid mistake. But did they apologize to me? Jamais de la vie, as they say in the good old town I am going back to as quickly as a train will take me. They were positively abject to the Embassy, but I merely got a soothing and a warning.

I suppose you are wondering how the thing ever started and why it ever was investigated by the marine department. So am I, and I fancy I always shall. Only the German government and a certain stupidly malicious woman would make a complaint against me know the why and wherefore.

I've forgiven the German government, even if I haven't entirely forgiven the experience. But if I could manage to have that phrase twisting, truth distorting, gently smiling lady go through my moral and physical suffering, I certainly should.

AUSTRIANS REPORT SCATTERED GAINS

Twenty-Three Hundred Prisoners Are Captured, Says Vienna War Office.

FOES' ATTACKS SHATTERED

Gains Made in Carpathians, Galicia and Russian Poland—Petrograd Communication Says Enemy's Offensive Is Checked.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—An Austrian victory in the heights of the Carpathians, repulse of repeated Russian attacks near Lupkow and the capture of several advance troops in Russian Poland and West Galicia, resulting in the capture of some 2300 Russian prisoners, were announced in Vienna Foreign Office dispatches to the Austro-Hungarian embassy here today.

The dispatches said: "In Russian Poland and West Galicia several advance troops in the trenches and near Gorlice were taken after violent fighting. Several officers and more than 500 men were made prisoners. "In the Carpathians there has been tenacious fighting at Lupkow. The Russians attacked with continuous reinforcements. Their troops, driven forward three times, failed and the enemy suffered great losses. Several hundred men now lie before our position.

Russian Cavalry Repulsed. "In other sections of this front our troops repulsed the enemy's advances. Our troops attacked and conquered well-defended heights, where 10 officers and 700 men were made prisoners. On the neighboring heights an additional 1000 Russians were made prisoners.

"In Southeast Galicia strong cavalry detachments, which advanced isolated against a wing of our position, received a severe beating.

"On the right bank of the Narew there has been no essential change. "On the left bank of the Vistula, in the Pilchitz region, a German offensive has been checked and our troops have commenced a souter attack.

Teuton Battalion Surrenders. "In the Carpathians the Austrians have ceased their attacks in the Svidnik region, but continue vainly the assaults on our positions in the direction of Balinograd. New enemy attacks in the Kozmwhka-Toukka region met with repulse. Our troops, supported by Klaussegermann, a whole battalion of the enemy's enveloping columns surrendered."

The following official Austrian statement was received here tonight: "In Russian Poland we have obtained several successes in battles which still continue. The enemy was dislodged from several trenches, sustaining heavy losses.

"On the West Galicia front we have gained similar successes in a brief attack made by our troops.

Russian Attack Shattered. "In the district near Lupkow Pass (in the Carpathians) the Russians, whose thinning ranks had been strongly reinforced, made desperate attacks yesterday, three pushing forward to the vicinity of our positions, only to be shattered in the last rush.

"In another sector of the battlefield our troops after repelling Russian attacks, surprised them by a counter-attack, capturing a strongly fortified height and taking prisoner 10 officers and 700 men. On a neighboring height 1000 men were captured.

"In Southeast Galicia a strong hostile cavalry force, which was making an isolated advance against the wing of our positions, suffered a serious reverse."

LITTLE ALLIES ARE AIDED

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND RUSSIA GIVE FUND OF \$270,000,000.

Big Powers Bear Expense Equally in Advance to Serbia, Belgium, Greece and Montenegro.

PARIS, March 8.—The Temps gives today the details of the advances already made or which are to be made by France, Great Britain and Russia to the small allied countries, as agreed upon by the finance ministers of the three powers during their recent conference in Paris.

The total advances for the present, according to the newspaper, amount to 1,350,000,000 francs (\$270,000,000), which amount is to be borne equally by the three powers. These powers already have advanced to Belgium \$50,000,000 francs (\$50,000,000), to Serbia 155,000,000 francs (\$31,000,000), to Greece 20,000,000 francs (\$4,000,000) and to Montenegro 300,000 francs (\$60,000).

There remains to be advanced \$94,500,000 francs (\$18,900,000), which will be divided between Serbia and Belgium.

France, the Temps says, will take care of Russia's share for the present by placing sums against grain to be bought in Russia for French account. A bill now before the French Parliament authorizes this arrangement.

DISEASE SWEEPS PRISON

Austrians in Serbian Camps Have Typhoid and Smallpox.

GENEVA, via Paris, March 8.—Advices from Serbia set forth that typhoid fever prevails among the Austrian prisoners to the number of 70,000, who are in the hands of the Serbians. The Swiss government has been notified by the Serbian military authorities that a Swiss doctor by the name of Lachieder, who has been serving with the Serbian medic corps, was dead of this disease. The Serbians are asking for more doctors.

Smallpox also is said to be raging among these Austrian prisoners.

HOMESTEAD COST 1 DIME

Patent Is Issued on Tiniest Filing in United States.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Serena Helen Blue has the distinction of owning the smallest homestead in the United States. Moreover, it only cost



About Booze and "Rule G"

To the Committee of One Hundred Women's Christian Temperance Union Temperance Societies Anti-Saloon League Prohibition Party

We believe every worker interested in "dry" propaganda will want to see "RULE G," the great railroad play at the

Peoples Theater Next Thursday

This film is far, far greater than "John Barleycorn." It tells why the railroads put on "Rule G"—the liquor rule. Locomotives meet head-on—an engineer had been drinking.

There are accidents in the shops, a train wreck, a wild locomotive. Sensations abound. And the moral of the play is this—BOOZE DID IT.

By all odds: "Rule G," which will be at the Peoples Theater next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, is the greatest sensational photo-play ever filmed.

TODAY AND TOMORROW ONLY "A Gentleman of Leisure" The Story of a Society Man Who Turned Crook. A Delightful Comedy.

10c PEOPLES THEATER 11:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M.

To Our Patrons-- It has been decided that we will be permitted to show this picture THIS WEEK

Majestic THEATER

Today and all week presents Three Great Broadway Stars THEDA BARA—WILLIAM SHAY—NANCE O'NEIL



Famous Beauty Known as the "Vampire Woman" America's Most Eminent Emotional Actress

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI'S DARING DRAMA "KREUTZER SONATA"

The Compelling Story You Will Always Remember Will Create More Discussion Than "A Fool There Was." Show Starts Today at 10:30 A. M. Come Early.

10c—ADMISSION—10c

10c Any Seat

BRICK HURLED AT "FRAT" Painter Ousted by Students Takes Revenge by Breaking Glass.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—Clark McGregor, a painter, was discharged by Judge Trude recently when he was arraigned on a charge of causing a disturbance in the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house at the University of Chicago, 5555 Woodlawn avenue, where his wife is employed as housekeeper. Students testified McGregor appeared under the influence of liquor to visit

his wife. She refused to see him and they forced him to leave, whereupon he hurled a brick through a window.

None the less, Miss Blue has a house there and grows tomatoes, cabbage and clover. The Interior Department liked Miss Blue's homestead so well that today it issued a description and a picture of it.

With the use of Poslam the process of healing any skin trouble is simple. No guesswork, for you can see improvement after every application. Itching stops and burning skin is comforted at once.

You take no chances in using Poslam, for it cannot possibly harm. It is antiseptic, kills germ life and is unequalled for the eradication of Eczema, Acne, Itch, Pimples, etc. Your druggist sells Poslam. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 32 West Twenty-fifth street, New York.

Poslam Soap is non-irritating, absolutely pure, luxurious and beneficial for daily use, toilet and bath. 25 cents and 15 cents.

