

COMMERCE RAIDER PREPARES TO CONTINUE DARING CAREER

Converted German Cruiser, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, With Hastily Gathered but Undaunted Crew Soon to Resume Cruise That Is Mystery of High Seas.



Crew of the German Sea Raider, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, on Dock at Hampton Roads



American Crew Saved from American Schooner William P. Frye Sunk by German Cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich.

NEW YORK, March 20.—(Special.)—After one of the most daring and thrilling trips ever recorded for a war vessel, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is in Hampton Roads, in drydock undergoing repairs, after which she will sail out to sea and defy capture by the allied warships waiting outside of the three-mile limit. How the converted cruiser sailed the high seas, raided the enemy's shipping and eluded capture is still a mystery.

The crew of the Prinz Eitel was made up hastily at the beginning of the war from several small German war craft lying in the harbor of Tangier, from where the raider started her adventuresome cruise. Under the command of Captain Thierichens, the converted North German Lloyd merchantman sailed across the Pacific, around the Horn and up the South Atlantic, sinking 11 ships in all. Some of the plucky Germans, former members of the Luchs and the Tiger, are seen here on the deck of the cruiser, not in the least daunted by their thrilling escapades.

The 31 members of the American schooner William P. Frye, which was sunk in the South Atlantic by the German cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich, breathed freely for the first time in months when they planted their feet on terra firma before the Customs House at Newport News. Though treated with the utmost consideration by their German captors, every time they wrote the smokes from Seattle, on the horizon they fully believed their last moments had come, for had a British or an allied warship been sighted there would have been a "scrap" to the finish.

The schooner Frye was owned by Arthur Sewall & Company, of Bath, Me., and was chartered to Seattle, Wash., to Queenstown, Australia, with a cargo of wheat, when the Eitel Friedrich came across her and sent her to the bottom after taking off the cap-

tain, his wife and their two children and the crew of the ship. Captain Mousson, of the French Company's liner Florida, which was sunk on February 19 by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, was especially grateful and appreciative of the consideration shown to him, his passengers and crew by Commander Thierichens, of the German cruiser.

The captain told how his ship was sighted and how in a businesslike manner the passengers were transferred, a bomb was placed in the hold and the Florida was sent to her doom. The steamer was bound for Bahia from Dakar and had 86 passengers and a general cargo. On the left is Captain Mousson, of the Florida, and on the right is Norman R. Hamilton, Collector of Customs at Newport News, who is conducting the neutrality investigation at the latter place.

The searching inquiry instituted by the United States Government into the sinking of the American wheat-laden

schooner William P. Frye by the converted German raider Prinz Eitel Friedrich will include a personal report from Captain Kiehne, of the American ship, to officials of the Treasury and State departments. Aboard the Eitel Friedrich, from the moment Captain Kiehne was compelled to leave his vessel before she was sunk by the daring German raider, his wife and their two children received every attention from their German captors.

James Brown Scott is the head of the neutrality board at Washington, which is considering the case of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich. He is a Canadian by birth and a lawyer and educator by occupation. He taught law in Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington and Baltimore. He has been a member of various boards and was expert with the peace conference delegation at the Hague in 1907. He is a member of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.



Captain H.H. Kiehne, Mrs. Kiehne and Their Two Sons of the American Schooner William P. Frye Sunk by The Prinz Eitel Friedrich.



G.B. Scott, Head of Neutrality Board.



Captain Mousson, of the Florida.



Collector of Customs Hamilton.

all the heroes of all the warring nations have fought their last fight and Europe turns to regard the bloody work she has accomplished, you, O great Republic, must say, "We took not one life. We robbed not one mother of her son nor any woman of her lover. We saved 7,000,000 from a slow, inglorious death."

They are grateful already in Belgium. A well-known New York lawyer, who was traveling by special permission from the German authorities in order that he might see personally the work that was being done by the American Commission for Relief, speaks of many instances of appreciation accorded to him by that forlorn Belgian people. Amongst others he tells how in one village a woman, with a child on one arm and a loaf of the Commission's bread on the other, came up to his car and touched with her lips the little flag of the Stars and Stripes fluttering upon the bonnet. "For the love I bear your flag," she said. "It has saved our lives."

Whoever in America, whether he be in New York or Illinois, in Iowa or Texas or California, in Louisiana or Michigan, in Virginia or Tennessee, in Montana or Ohio or Arizona, at this moment gives a nickel, gives a loaf to a starving woman and offers the flag of his country to be saluted by the admiration and affection of the civilized world.

AID FROM AMERICA SAVED SEVEN MILLIONS OF STARVING BELGIANS

"If They Are Allowed to Die While There is Food on Earth, It Were Better the Earth Should Die Like the Moon," Says Compton Mackenzie.

BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.
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IT IS with a consciousness of deep humility that I take up my pen to write these words about Belgium. When others have pleaded her cause so much more worthily than I can ever hope to plead it and when I have seen even the most passionate eloquence turned to an idiot's tale signifying nothing in the attempt to express a nation's grief, I ask myself by what right I dare intrude with these poor words of mine.

The cities of Belgium are razed and her people are crying out for bread. Louvain is become a heap of rubbish about which women scratch aimlessly; Brussels, that once was a gay prince, has been debased to the similitude of a starving drab; in Charleroi and Dendermonde, in Maastricht and in Eindhoven, the children are white as a skull, little ghosts are peering, not the ghosts of the happier dead, but the ghosts made by that hunger which is death-in-life.

The world has read of the destruction of cathedrals and shuddered for the loss of great monuments of art; the world has uttered paeans for the heroism of a nation that esteemed honor above gain and laid down her life for an ideal; it is not too much to say that the world has actually been hypnotized again in the blood of Belgium. Now comes a paler story, and one that is horrible with all that despair can bring, the story of a woman stand shivering in the winter slush as they wait for as much bread as once upon a time they would have seen thrown away without a second glance. Children are kneeling to gnaw at the sodden roots of the fields. Rich and poor must behold themselves degraded and their humanity to lead the lives of rats. Nothing that misfortune can give of uncleanness and indignity, of age and youth humiliated, of pain and hunger has been spared to Belgium.

Seven Millions Alive in a Husk. Yet with all that they have endured and with all that, whatever the world's compassion, they must still endure, 7,000,000 Belgians are still alive in the husk of what was once a country. They may be trampled upon by the march of the conqueror; they may be hazed all through their devoted army; they may be taxed and fined and paid for their labor with bits of paper; they may be galled upon and snowed upon and frozen and thawed and frozen again; the very foundations of their shorn houses may have vanished like the foundations of Babylon and Troy, the

blackened shells of their churches; they may have lost mothers and sisters and daughters in that vile fog which follows in the wake of war; they may have lost fathers and sons and brothers, some gloriously on the field of battle, some with bandaged eyes shot against the doors of their own cottages, some less gloriously; and yet 7,000,000 Belgians are alive in Belgium.

But—and if ever that conjunction was fraught with a heavy alternative, it is fraught with it now—these people will not be alive much longer unless the sum of \$5,000,000 is found every month to pay for food and for the transport of food to Belgium. I wish that 'but' could be printed in letters of blood—in letters of blood, did I say? Nay, rather than in letters of blood, it may be better to burn the alternative into the eyesight of humanity fed so full with horrors as scarcely any more to be able to heed their reiteration.

World's Responsibility Pointed Out. The fate of these 7,000,000 people is the world's responsibility. This is not the moment to try to say who is guilty of their state; the wrangling of diplomats and the clash of arms will not drown the moans of 7,000,000 starving for bread. We have read before 1914 of earthquakes, of pestilence and shipwreck, of railway accidents and mining disasters; and yet if all the lives lost in 50 years by sudden visitation of calamity were added together, they would not nearly equal the sum of these people who are at this moment actually dependent for the breath of life upon \$5,000,000 a month. It is costing the powers of Europe more than \$50,000,000 a day and 10,000 lives a day to determine the future of the land of Belgium; let us at least, 300 times as cheaply, preserve the 7,000,000 lives to whom that country belongs. We read now in a small paragraph (such a shutoff check have we made of human life) of losses that a year ago would have occupied a four-page day with their harrowing narration.

Yet even this dreadful induration of our senses must be softened by the prospect of 7,000,000 starving slowly to death. How forever it haunts one to meet in the swirl of a great city's tide of humanity the eyes of a starving man; but at least in a city that wretched creature, could he conquer his pride or his scruples, might obtain food by breaking the window of a baker's shop. These 7,000,000 cannot do that. Their land is empty of nourishment.

When the last scraggy cabbage stalk is devoured, when the last hen has starved, when the last rind of cheese has been raked out of the darkest corner of the desolate house, unless they

can nourish themselves upon the earth of the land to protect the violation of which they have martyred themselves, these 7,000,000 must die, and when they die, Belgium is dead.

If the World Would Let Belgium Die. What will peace bring to the world then? To what shall we ever look forward again? If these people are allowed to die while there is food on the earth, it were better that the earth should die like the moon and humanity itself become not even a name among the spheres of the universe.

For the fact that these 7,000,000 Belgians are still alive we owe an unparalleled debt of gratitude to the American Commission for Relief; and because of the amazing difficulties which that commission has already surmounted one is tempted to place for the future an even greater, an even more strenuously exacting faith in the American people. This commission was organized by American citizens living in London.

Amid the blood and tears of Europe a few gentlemen resolved that the ultimate reproach of a people's starvation should not be leveled against this time of ours. It was Bryan Whitlock, fine Mayor of Toledo, and now the American Minister in Brussels, who made the first appeal. He saw starvation and, caring nothing for the pettiness of diplomatic restraint, he appealed for help through the American Ambassador in London, Dr. Pasco, upon his own initiative, appointed a committee of American citizens resident in London in order that they might apply themselves to organize the feeding of a nation. Consider how fantastic and improbable that scheme must have looked and think of the stupendous quixotry of it.

American Hearts Are Moved. War which is resorted to for that solution of political problems offers no solution for the misery it entails upon humanity. War, with its myriad tentacles squeezing the life out of Europe and squirting forth a murky and loathsome juice to poison the tide of pity, was nevertheless impotent against the determination of these men. They were armed with the conviction that their countrymen at home would support them and with a serene faith that has already been magnificently justified they brushed aside the objections of the Chancellor and walked over the prejudices of Generals.

Nor would they listen to the croaking of financiers who spoke of the cost; and their resoluteness prevailed even against the uncertainty of shippers who pointed out the restriction upon the export and import of foodstuffs. Finally they allayed the doubts of the allies when they procured from the Germans an assurance that the relief would be allowed to be distributed; indeed, they

did more—the persuaded the Germans to facilitate the distribution.

The original chairman of the committee was H. C. Hoover, a Californian and probably the greatest mining expert in the world. This gentleman has already presided over the American Relief Committee, which financed over 10,000 Americans and sent them back to America in the early weeks of the war. Night and day for a month Mr. Hoover, Colonel Hunsiker, Captain Lucey, John B. White, Edgar Rickard, Millard Shuler and other well-known Americans living in London devoted the whole of their time to the colossal task of proving to the warring governments of Europe the feasibility, nay, more, the positive success of their scheme for the relief of Belgium.

They assimilated into one perfect organization, known as the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the Belgians' own central committee at Brussels and the various charitable activities of Italy and Spain. They did not appeal to the people of England, but they got without asking thousands of dollars; and from America, with the generous aid of Lindon W. Bates and Robert D. McCarter in New York, they have received millions already. Thirty-eight steamers, with aggregate tonnage of 150,000, are speeding at full steam across the Atlantic, bringing 125,000 tons of food, valued at over \$5,000,000 and costing in collection, shipping and delivery another \$2,000,000. But more is wanted. Five million dollars every month is wanted to keep 7,000,000 Belgians from dying of hunger amid the ruins of their homes and churches.

America's Opportunity First in History. The opportunity of America at this moment is one that has surely never been offered to any nation before in the history of the world. The task of preserving from the lingering death of hunger 7,000,000 human beings demands self-sacrifice, determination and magnanimity. Great victories on the field of battle have been won by these virtues, but every victory in war carries with it also the horror and the misery of war. A victory is afforded to the American people that will not cloud one star or smirch one stripe upon her banner. A victory is offered that will indeed add to her banner a star which may seem ever more bright than any star there positioned.

There is no one in that mighty republic who can afford not to give; there is no one who can afford to know that a nickel given now will keep a child alive for two days and not act upon his knowledge. This is not an appeal that calls for money about the spending of which effusive there can be any doubt or delay. The need is instant; merely a nickel given now is to save a child drowning in shallow water before your eyes. No

TEACHING MANLINESS IS HELD TO BE BIG JOB

Barbara Boyd Asks What Characteristics of True Manliness Are and Suggests Purity, Gentleness and Love of Fellowman.

BY BARBARA BOYD.

HE was a guard at the San Diego Exposition and in his light blue uniform, with its yellow strapings and white cap, he made a picturesque note of color against the white background of "Old Spain" that has been dropped down on the Pacific Coast for a brief while.

He was a rather good looking young fellow with blue eyes, ruddy skin and square jaw; and his bearing as he marched up and down his "beat" bore out the best traditions of military training. Our little party stopped to ask directions and fell into a few moments' chat with him. We found he had been a student at West Point but had been expelled for hazing. He was still bitter at his chastisement, though it had occurred 15 years ago.

"We didn't do anything," he explained scornfully. "A mamma's darling came up there and we thought we'd teach him to be a man."

They undertook rather a big job, didn't they, especially if they expected to accomplish it over night.

Short Cuts Discouraged. They may have been perfectly sincere in their belief that they were going to do their victim good. But if they really went to their task in good faith, wouldn't it have been well for them to have considered a bit the magnitude and importance of the work ahead of them.

It is no easy matter to teach a fellow being to be a man. Dipping him in a river and tossing him in a blanket and otherwise shocking his nervous system doesn't seem just the best process. But that is the way some of us go about it. Is it not, and is not this guard's remark rather a good illustration of our shortsightedness in this tremendous matter? We want a short cut. We want to vaccinate with

charitable people the violent need for haste in giving.

People are dying now who can be saved; those who have been kept alive have been only kept alive by America in defiance of the inexorable results of war.

Belgians Are Grateful. When the history of this time is written to the last stroke; when the last bugle has sounded and the last widow is left to her mourning; when

one would allow that to happen without calling himself a coward for the rest of his life; surely no one will think a nickel too much to give.

But I do not write these words because I least doubt that America will give again and again as generously as she has already given. The thought is indeed unimaginable. These words of mine are intended to try, however inadequately, to bring before the notice of an immense and

possessed this power that he would heal without money and without price. Some I know will not agree with this. They will contend that any one who had this power would charge all the victim could stand. But I think love of manliness would like to see all the present generations of boys grow into.

At any rate, the guard in his picturesque uniform patrolling the grounds of "Old Spain" has given up a thought, has he not? which it has done no harm to turn over and look at from all sides.

How He Broke the News. (Puck.) "A relative of mine that I never saw before came to the house last night." "Never saw before, eh? What's his name?" "He hasn't got any yet, but we intend to christen him William."

Your Freckles

Need Attention in February and March or Face May Stay Covered.

Now is the time to take special care of the complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. The February and March winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles that may stay all Summer unless removed. Now is the time to use ethine—double strength.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful that it is sold by druggists under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Get an ounce of ethine—double strength—and even a few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the smaller freckles even vanishing entirely.—Adv.