

Women Martyrs to Prussian Savagery

How History and Doctrine Alike Are Shown in Today's Frightful Records of the Modern Hun's Barbarity to the Sex



Luminai's Famous Picture of the Death of Queen Brunhilda, Who Was Tied to the Heels of a Wild Horse by Men Described as the Ancestors of the Modern Prussian Barbarians.



One of Many Thousand French Cartoons That Have Aroused Relentless Anger Against the Invaders of Belgium and France.

marriage and the home and setting up promiscuous relationship. Francis Gribble, the British writer, cites a typical incident in the strange propaganda now infesting Germany. "On top of these reports we get a pamphlet, published at Cologne by a certain Herr Karl Hermann-Torges, setting the stamp of philosophic approval on these polygamous (or rather polyandrous) proceedings. The title of this remarkable work is 'The Secondary Marriage as the Only Means for the Creation of a New and Powerful Army and the Purification of Morals.' New Preaching Polygamy. "It preaches polygamy as a religion and expounds it as a programme for the rapid regeneration of an empire weakened by heavy losses in the field and impaired vitality at home. The scheme propounded—to be worked out by the women and the clergy, assisted by the state—is, broadly speaking, as follows: "It is to be 'up to' every German spinster, on attaining a certain age, to contract an alliance—to be styled a

'secondary marriage'—with some married man to whom she feels affectionately disposed. In order that unpleasantness may be avoided, it will be 'up to' every legitimate wife to give free and amiable consent to her husband's extra conjugal amours. "In order that the secondary wife may feel quite sure she is an honest woman, she must wear a secondary wedding ring of elegant and readily recognizable design. But the union will not be permanent. It will be dissoluble at any time at the wish of either party, and if neither of the parents has any love for the children resulting from it, the state will take charge of them and bring them up to some useful calling. "The immediate fortune of the infant, therefore, will be that of foundlings; and, in the end, the boys will become a caste of soldiers like the Turkish Janissaries, and the girls a caste of domestic servants in time of peace, and munition workers in time of war. All that, admittedly, in order that Germany may recover quickly from her losses and rear a fresh breed

of Huns to overrun Europe again in another 20 years' time." A Swiss newspaper, commenting on this situation, says: "We assert that if the German nation, and all German women in particular, do not repudiate with furious indignation this filthy propaganda on the part of a state which is utterly materialized and has fallen away altogether from every kind of Christian civilization, they are assuming a disgrace that can never be wiped out." The origin of propositions such as real civilization is now resting so bitterly rests not so much in a theory of expediency as in downright contempt for women, a contempt illustrated in thousands of historic cruelties and exemplified day by day in the captured areas of Belgium and France. Prussianism's individual crimes of this sort is expressed in the comment of a recently returned traveler: "The duty of the allies to punish Germany for her crimes against laws and against ordinary human decency is the greatest obstacle to peace," he asserted.

LORRAINE, OLDEST AND MOST ROMANTIC SPOT IN FRANCE, IS STILL PRIDE OF FRENCH PEOPLE

Although Thousands of Americans "Have Done" Europe in the Past, Only Hundreds Have Succeeded in Setting Foot in the Vosges, in the Department of the Meuse, or Meurthe-Toul Is Historic Town.

SOME one, the other day—some one who was speaking for publication or in spite of it—referred to the American sector in Lorraine, France, as the east coast of the United States, and rather hastened our appreciation of the fact that our bounds now extend beyond the Atlantic. Lorraine, one of the oldest and most romantic regions in France, it should be remembered, does not exist only on the German side of the international boundary. There is a French Lorraine, which is still the pride of the French, and justly, for it is a region of romance and history that seldom has been touched by the foot of a tourist, because probably it is outside the ordinary routes of the globe-trotter's line of least resistance. Thousands of Americans have "done Europe" in the past, but only hundreds have set foot in the Vosges, in the Department of the Meuse or Meurthe. It is true some of them have made a determined effort to reach the place where there still is to be shown the home of France's heroine Joan of Arc, in Domremy; but there is a great deal to be seen in this part of France if one starts out with some little idea of the past and the personages connected with this ancient and beautiful country.

Lorraine at one time far back in the historic past was a rather extensive country by itself. It extended from Italy to the North Sea, and it was peopled by those peoples that Caesar referred to as Gauls. There were numerous little duchies and principalities, whose petty chiefs were more or less constantly engaged in quarreling. The Rhine in those days formed the eastern bounds of the country and the people were not Teutonic, neither were they German, although at one time claimed for the Holy Roman Empire, which it has been pointed out had the distinction of being neither holy or Roman. In Lorraine, until part of the ancient province came under German hands after the Franco-Prussian war, German was a language that was never heard spoken and not at all understood, which seems to put aside the claim of the Germans that the people really were German and that Germany was only taking back her own. The history of the province does not bolster up any claims of that character. There is no need to rehearse that history, which is long and much involved for such a little land, but the Lorrainers know it by heart. They are proud of it, as they are of their great men and women of the past. Lorraine, including that part of it now in German hands, includes four large cities, each of them cathedral towns—Metz, now German; Toul, Nancy and Verdun. Toul is one of the most ancient cities in France. At Metz one is taken to the Roman baths, and in Metz one may see the identical arena, from which legend states the blessed St. Clement lassoed the dragons, and threw them in the river Moselle, thus ridding France of

the reptiles very much as that other hero, St. Patrick, did in Ireland of snakes. St. Clement, it should be recalled, was not the only benefactor that killed dragons, for the legends of the saints give us at least a dozen examples, including St. George, of England. At the end of one of the widest avenues in the city of Metz stands the fine bronze statue of the dashing and unfortunate Marshal Ney, the best loved of all the marshals of Napoleon, who was executed for standing by his chief when he returned from Elba on that fateful Hundred Days. Ney was the son of a poor cooper, and it is near the place where the statue stands, when the republic called in 1793, that he rushed to the colors and enlisted in the hussars.

HOME DAMAGED BY FLAMES

Mrs. Ogden Mills Routed From Her Bed by Fire.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Mrs. Ogden Mills, society leader of Washington and New York, was routed from her bed by a fire originating from a defective fireplace in her residence here, 1841 Sixteenth street Northwest. A low fire has been kept burning in Mrs. Mills' bedroom for several days and extra wood was thrown on when she went upstairs to retire. The blaze soon was roaring up the chimney. The intense heat caught fire to the woodwork under the tile in front of the fireplace and shortly after Mrs. Mills retired the room was filled with smoke. An alarm was sent in and engine company No. 9 responded. The blaze had burned through the floor and damaged the ceiling of the drawing-room when the firemen arrived. The blaze was extinguished with an estimated loss of \$200.

To Stop a Persistent, Hacking Cough

The best remedy is one you can easily make at home. Cheap, but very effective. Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hacking or bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly. Get from any druggist "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" (80 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BY CLIVE MARSHALL. VERY fresh record of the barbarous treatment of women growing out of the tragedy of war has aroused anew the anger of the civilized world. It may have been an accepted fact of history that women pay a frightful price in war, but the world had come complacently to believe that the worst martyrdom belonged to the past—in days of pagan war. Prussia's war has revealed the survival of the instincts believed to have been eradicated by time. When the first stories of atrocities in Belgium came to the consciousness of mankind there was incredulity. It was unbelievable that in the 20th century deliberate and aerial cruelty should run amuck in a helpless land. But testimony has so often been brought from the very scenes in which they were enacted that incredulity was forced to waver. Belief at last became inevitable. Moreover, the Prussian himself felt no chagrin. To a type of man capable

of making a joke of the most horrible crimes such crimes were no matter for concealment, a baby crucified on a barn door being an immense amusement, murdered mothers and outraged young girls became a commonplace incident. The shoulders of a world outside aroared laughter and ridicule. Everything not Prussian was called inefficiency and sentimentality. The savagery of the Prussian, once that savagery is challenged, certainly has historic precedent. The history of Goth and Hun and of every breed mingled in the blood of the modern slave drivers of those unfortunate people labeled under the title of "central powers" have a black record, a record whistly not only for things done, but for things preached. With the ancient Prussian cruelty was a creed—especially cruelty toward women. Not even the races recognized as the most barbarous in the world have equaled Prussia in a contemptuous attitude toward women. The Prussian's best theory of civilization left women but a servile position, and once given occasion or excuse, he was from the

earliest days ready to inflict the coarsest and most insulting indignities upon the sex. Luminai's picture of the fate of Queen Brunhilda—he calls it "The Death of Brun Haat"—vividly symbolizes the cruelty of which the modern world is seeing but a slightly different version. Poor Brunhilda was dragged at the heels of a wild stallion until death mercifully ended her torture. That master of Huns, Attila, makes all other human beasts of history look tame. His treatment of women is pictured as transcending in ingenuous horror anything recorded elsewhere. The Modern Hun. But anger against the modern Prussian is not based on history. In the confusion of races it is easy for the Prussian to detach himself from the Hun or even from the Goths. Men are to be judged by what they are rather than by theories of descent. And it is by his own record that the Prussian is pilloried before mankind. Today's

growing list of disasters to womanhood is enough to convict. Miss Bursleigh, a war correspondent, as was her famous father before her, says: "When you hear of a batch of 16 or 20 Belgian civilians being shot down, it is because their women are wanted." In describing an eye-witness story she adds: "He went to investigate screams and through a window saw a woman stripped and bound, with 16 German officers standing about her." Thousands of such narratives may only represent one side of a story. It may be claimed that the most circumstantial accounts are biased, that they may be invented or distorted. But the number is very great and the testimony is very explicit. Also the strong supporting factor is the Prussian declaration of principles, the Prussian contempt for what the rest of the world calls decency, the Prussian rituals of pledges, and, above all, positively known and frequently exemplified Prussian attitude toward women. Only a recognition of this attitude is needed to explain the treatment of women by Prussians in the captured cities and villages of Belgium and France. A Carnival of Crimes. War loosens the bonds that hold men, no matter of what race, but there is a line beyond which ordinary human creatures do not go. These are purely individual restraints that are supposed to prevent the extremes of atrocity. Unless the testimony so familiar to those who have studied the calamities of the war are unanimously untrusting the Prussian has made a carnival of crime against women. That his philosophy makes this easy is shown by the latest reports of the Prussian attitude toward the women of his own land and the lands of the allies he dominates. These reports suggest, and more than suggest, a desire to gain "cannon fodder" for the future by smashing the traditions of