

WORLD'S GREATEST WAR DAY BY DAY

Great Battles of Two Centuries; Forces Engaged, and the Losses

Austerlitz			
December 2, 1805. Lasted one day.			
	Men Engaged.	Losses.	
French	70,000	12,000	
Austrians and Russians	84,000	26,000	
Decisive Victory for French.			
Wagram			
July 6, 1809. One day.			
French	150,000	16,000	
Austrians	140,000	23,000	
Borodino			
September 7, 1812. One day.			
French	220,000	40,000	
Russians	220,000	40,000	
Lipsic			
October 16-18, 1813. Four days			
Austrians, Russians and Prussians	240,000	35,000	
French	160,000	45,000	
"The Battle of the Nations." French defeated.			
Waterloo			
June 18, 1815. One day.			
British and Germans	67,667	23,991	
French	71,997	22,976	
French utterly defeated.			
Gravelotte			
August 18, 1870. Twelve hours.			
Germans	270,000	25,000	
French	126,000	29,000	
French defeated.			
Sedan			
September 1, 1870. One day.			
Germans	190,000	13,000	
French	124,000	14,000	
French defeated.			
Gettysburg			
July 1-3, 1863. Three days.			
Union army	82,000	17,569	
Confederates	73,000	15,301	
Union victory.			
Shaho			
October 10-18, 1904. Nine days.			
Russians	250,000	60,000	
Japanese	230,000	15,900	
Mukden			
February 24-March 10. Fifteen days.			
Russians	350,000	125,000	
Japanese	400,000	50,000	
Russian retreat forced.			

son told her the Scotland Yard detectives would search him when the train reached Boulogne and asked her if she would conceal his films on her person.

Paid in Cigar Coupons.
She consented, but asked for the danger she was incurring to be paid \$200. He had only \$50 so he paid her the balance in cigar coupons, which he explained was American war currency. She seemed quite satisfied. Thompson said he paid her almost enough coupons to get a briar pipe.

At Boulogne he was arrested, stripped and searched, but nothing was found. He was permitted to continue to London, where he went to the countess' hotel and recovered his negatives. An hour later he was on the way to the continent again.

He landed at Ostend and managed to get a train as far as Malines. Then he started to walk twenty-five miles to Brussels, carrying a huge camera, an overcoat, field glasses, a revolver and 300 films.

When he was ten miles from the highway a dozen Uhlans suddenly spurred out from a wood and covered him with their pistols. He pulled an American flag out of his pocket and shouted "Hoeh der Kaiser" and "Auf Weiderrahn," which was all the German he knew.

Upon being examined by the German officers he explained that his Canadian credentials were merely a blind to get through the lines of the allies, and that he really represented a syndicate of German newspapers in Milwaukee, whereupon he was released sent into Brussels in a motor car.

Again Taken as Spy.
Next day a German officer saw him chatting with an English girl in front of a cafe and ordered his arrest as a spy. Thompson said: "All right, I'm used to being arrested, but just wait until I get your picture."

The officer was so furious he smashed the camera with his sword. The Germans destroyed all the films and ordered him to leave the city in an hour or he shot. He left and walked fifty miles from Brussels to Ostend, where I met him in the consulate. He said he had been there over night, was tired of the quiet life and wanted some excitement. So I brought him with me in our car to Antwerp.

The last I saw of him he was wringing the hand of the chief of the general staff and asking permission to take pictures from a Belgian aeroplane. They might as well give him permission, because he will do it anyway.

EUROPEAN POWERS PAT AMERICA ON THE BACK

Keep on the Good Side of Possible Mediator.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—As the war shows from time to time symptoms of a culmination and a possible reference of certain highly important questions to an international board, people in the far off west who are unlearned in such matters are sensible of a growing tenderness on the part of European powers toward the United States. Even in our rural simplicity and our ignorance of the ways of highly developed Europeans we can see that we are of some importance.

Certain publications in Europe supposed to express the feelings of their governments are saying that, after all, the American way is the best, the European diplomacy has overreached itself and is in danger of blowing itself to pieces with the physical products of its own shrewdness. This in a time of quiet would expose these publications to ridicule, for according to the canons of international relations, profound dissimulation is the correct thing, and anyone who comes out with the truth always has been set down as a greenhorn.

But there are few nations of prominence that are not involved in the present struggle, and perhaps none except the United States that could be depended upon to render an unbiased decision on any of the questions precipitated by the war, and it is hoped, soon to come before a peace conference. Therefore, from the point of view of these nations, the United States is a mighty fine fellow and a scholar and unquestionably capable of rendering an unbiased decision on any subject brought up to him. The plain American, and particularly the unpretentious cowboy of the west, feels flattered.

BRUSSELS GARRISON INCREASED

Germans Bar Belgian Papers — Allies Victory Talked

LONDON, Sept. 21.—A dispatch to the Central News says: A trustworthy informant from Brussels says the German garrison there has again been increased and now numbers about 6000 men. Machine guns have once more been placed in position in certain of the principal thoroughfares.

The bringing of Belgian newspapers in Brussels is strictly prohibited. The invaders have endeavored to promise the sale of German newspapers but the soldiers of the occupying force are their only purchasers.

The posting of placards containing news of the allies' victory has been forbidden, but word of the German retreat was spread by word of mouth.

GERMANS LEAVE BELGIUM.

Evacuate Telegraph Towns for First Time Since Invasion.

[By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.]
ANTWERP, via London, Sept. 21.—The telegraph towns of Dendermonde and Londercel have been evacuated by the Germans for the first time since the removal of the Belgian capital from Brussels to Antwerp.

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A REMARKABLE BATTLE PICTURE

KANSAS WITH "UNMITIGATED NERVE," GETS BATTLE PICTURE WHERE OTHERS FAIL—KIDS 'EM ALL, THEY LIKE IT

(By E. Alexander Powell)

ANTWERP, Sept. 21.—Yesterday morning a little man wearing an American army shirt, a pair of British officer's breeches, French puttees and a Seaforth Highlander's helmet, and carrying a camera the size of a parlor phonograph, blew into the American consulate in Ostend.

He announced that his name was Donald C. Thompson, photographer, from Topeka, Kansas. Europe is chockablock with war photographers, but Thompson is the only one I have come across who has seen war and actually photographed it.

No one but an American could have accomplished what he has done, and no American but a Kansan.

The little man is built like Harry Lauder. He is hard as nails, tough as rawhide and his face is colored to the shade of a well-smoked meerschaum. His face is perpetually wreathed in what he calls his "sunflower smile."

Arrives on Tramp Steamer

Thompson reached Europe on a tramp steamer with an overcoat, a toothbrush, two clean handkerchiefs and three of the largest sized cameras made. He expected to have some of them smashed, he explained, so he brought along three as a matter of precaution.

"By using a big camera, no one can possibly accuse me of being a spy," he said.

His papers consist of an American passport, a certificate of membership in the Elks, and a letter from Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia, authorizing him to take pictures of the Canadian troops. These and his unmitigated nerve have taken him where no other civilian has been.

Arrested Nine Times.

Thompson made nine attempts to get from Paris to the front, was arrested nine times, and spent nine nights in prison. Each time he was taken before a military tribunal. Utterly ignoring subordinate officers he would demand to see the officer commanding. He would grasp the astonished official by the hand and nearly wring it off, meanwhile inquiring solicitously after the general's health and that of his family.

"How many languages do you speak?" I asked.

"Three," said he. "English, American and Kansas."

On one occasion he commandeered a motorcycle standing outside a cafe and rode it until the gasoline gave out. On another occasion he explained to a French officer who arrested him that he was in search of his wife and daughter, who were dying somewhere on the Belgian frontier.

The officer was so affected by the pathos of the story that he wept on Thompson's neck and sent him forward in a Red Cross automobile. Whenever he was stopped by patrol he would flourish his letter from the Canadian Minister of Militia and say he was trying to overtake the Canadian troops.

Threatened With Death

When he was within sound of the German guns he was arrested for the ninth time, tried by a military tribunal, and told he would be shot if he were not out of France in twenty-four hours. He was sent back to Paris in a motor guarded by two gendarmes who accompanied him to the station and saw him buy a ticket to London. He dropped off the train, however, at Amiens.

Shortly after midnight, a train of flat cars loaded with wounded pulled into the station. Thompson climbed on the top of an American refugee train standing on the next track and made a flashlight picture. A panic ensued in the station, as everyone thought a German bomb had exploded.

Thompson was pulled down and roughly handled, but the British soldiers interferred and said he belonged to their regiment, so he was released.

Shortly afterwards a train loaded with artillery being rushed to the front pulled into the station. Thompson crawled under the tarpaulin, covering of a field gun and fell asleep. When he awoke next morning he was at Mons.

Goes Into Trenches

A regiment of Highlanders was pressing. He borrowed a helmet and fell in with them. He marched four hours under a scorching sun and then went into the trenches with the soldiers.

All through that terrible day Thompson piled his trade as the soldiers did theirs. Men were shot dead on either side of him. The British were so hard pressed he was disregarded, so he dashed forward and lay down immediately in the rear of the British guns. He said that the German fire was wonderfully accurate and rapid. The Teutons would concentrate their entire fire on one battery and when that was out of action, would turn to another.

When the British retired before the German onset he remained in the trenches so as to get pictures of the charging Germans at close quarters. He snapped pictures until the Germans were within 100 yards of the abandoned trenches, and then ran for life. He said the storm of bullets were so thick he was afraid the Kansas undertaker would never get the job of burying him. He said the British behaved with the greatest gallantry and retired in perfect order, but they would have been wiped out if they had remained.

Fed by the French

That night he bivouacked with a French line regiment, the men giving him food and a blanket. The next morning he was arrested for the tenth time and taken before the general commanding the division and stripped and searched and sent to Amiens under guard with orders to leave instantly for England.

As the train for Boulogne was pulling out, packed to the doors with refugees, he noticed a first-class compartment marked "reserved" and occupied only by a young woman.

The train was moving but Thompson took a running jump and dived through an open window into the lap of the astonished woman. She was considerably startled until he explained he was an American.

The woman, who was young and good looking, proved to be a Russian of high family, leaving Paris for Petrograd.

The government had given her the compartment, but she had lost her maid and all her money. Thompson told her the Scotland Yard

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