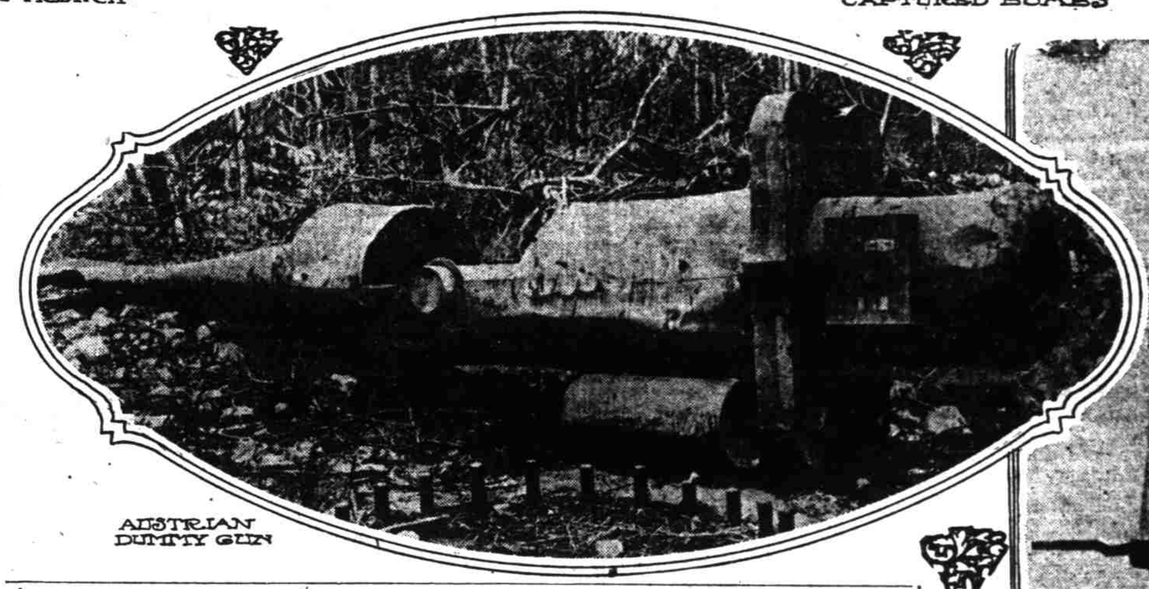
AMERICANS DIE IN ALLIES' CAUSE
DEEDS OF VALOR ARE RECALLED

WAR ZONE OBSERVATIONS

FRENCH SUFFRAGE PLAN OPPOSED
ALLIES' NEW AIRPLANE FORMIDABLE

STARTING A TRENCH

CAPTURED BOMBS



AUSTRIAN DUMMY GUN

PRINCE ALEXANDER of SERBIA

Key to the Pictures

BRITISH soldiers starting to dig a trench in preparation of expected battle in the Balkan region are shown above at the left. These trenches are temporary ones for the use of small field pieces.

The English troops shown above at the right have just captured this house, beside which the enemy has left a pile of bombs in their flight. The English Tommy is handling one very lightly.

Along the whole of their front, the Italians are exercising a steady pressure. Their army is now magnificently equipped, and the men are filled with enthusiasm. The photograph below at the left shows an Austrian dummy gun rigged up to deceive Italian air scouts.

Below at the right is seen Prince Alexander of Serbia on a visit to a hospital camp conducted by women.

AMERICANS GIVE UP LIVES ON EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELDS

Of 40,000 Americans Who Enlisted in Armies of Allies, a Goodly Number Have Been Killed in Action.

VALOROUS DEEDS ARE SUGGESTED BY MANY NAMES

From the International News Service.

OF THE 40,000 Americans (a rough estimate) fighting in the armies of the Entente Allies, several thousand have been killed or wounded. Stories of their deeds of bravery and their gallant ends trickle over to the United States from time to time, but the vast majority of their exploits will go unsung. The total of American volunteers participating in the great war will never be accurately known.

Many thousands would also be fighting for Germany and her allies, undoubtedly, if the British blockade did not prevent them from reaching the front. A Yale undergraduate, Karl Lewellyn, who happened to be in Germany when the conflict began, accompanied a German regiment into Belgium without having any official recognition and was wounded on one of the early battlefields, near Ypres.

Then there was First Lieutenant Heinrich von Heinrichshofen, of St. Louis, killed while fighting for Germany May 13, 1915. He was in the insurance business in Missouri. During the Spanish-American war he joined the volunteer army and rose to the rank of captain.

Most of the American soldiers are in the Canadian corps. In fact, it is said in some quarters that a majority of men in the first Canadian contingent to enter the fighting were from the United States. They died by the score when the Germans used gas for the first time—in the so-called second battle of Ypres.

Americans are prominent in the celebrated French Foreign Legion, and many have died in the engagements of the hard-hitting organization.

Almost every week news comes of the death "on the field of honor" of an American. For one whose name gets in the newspapers probably a score or two die without recognition of this kind.

One of the latest to fall was H. R. Deighton Simpson, son of Henry W. Simpson, of New York, who had been flying for the last two years in England and France as a British aviator. He did not die in one of the many air battles he engaged in, however, but came through them unscathed to meet his end in a flying accident in England.

Simpson had been a schoolboy in Eton and he fought in the flying corps with many of his old schoolmates.

The American contingent in the Foreign Legion suffered exceptionally heavy losses in the Champagne battle at the beginning of October, 1915.

Lieutenant Sweeney, who had seen service at West Point; Frederick Capdeville, who already had been wounded in engagements; Edmund C. C. Genet, of New York, a great-grandson of De Witt Clinton; Paul Pavelka, of Madison, Conn.; Elov Nelson, of Milwaukee; Robert Soubrain, of New York; David King, of Providence, and Frank Musgrave, of New Orleans, fell in this awful Champagne attack.

In this same battle Dr. David Wheeler, a Boston surgeon, came to an end truly heroic. He quit the comparatively safe ranks of the ambulance corps and was wounded near the first line.

Suffering intense pain, the surgeon crept along the battlefield, refusing to give up, that he might minister to the needs of the men in the trenches groaning from their injuries.

How many he temporarily put out of agony nobody will ever know, but his hypodermic and his supply of morphine were used on all the fallen soldiers he could find in a five-mile crawl. Then he was picked up and carried to the rear, exhausted and unable to aid further.

While talking to the captain of his company, a German bullet killed the captain and wounded Dr. Wheeler a second time. But even after that he attended several wounded men.

Kiffen Rockwell, of Atlanta, Ga., came to a spectacular end in an air battle on the Alsace front.

He rose alone in an armored airplane and attacked a German machine. He emptied the magazine of his rapid firer at his adversary, but while turning to encircle his foe the German shot him in the head.

With his machine he dropped like a stone. Whether the bullet or its fall killed him was impossible to determine.

Four months before he had been wounded in the face, but recovered and returned to the front immediately, where he was credited with having brought down four German warplanes.

Last October Jack Moyet of Mobile, the youngest man in the foreign legion, brought to Paris the news of the death in a hospital of Frank Clair, a Columbus (Ohio) man and George Delbeuche of New York. They died from wounds received July 4 last when the legion stormed Belloy en Santerre.

Clair had seen flighting in Mexico, China and other lands. Delpeuche was a son of the chef in the Hotel Lorraine, in New York. He came to France and joined the legion in August, 1914, passing the first winter of the war with the Second Foreign regiment in the trenches near Craonne. He was decorated with the war cross for capturing single-handed five Germans in the Campagne battle, which cost the legion so dearly.

Deaths at Givenchy.

The engagement at Givenchy on June 17, 1915, also resulted in the deaths of several American legionnaires. These were Russell Kelly of New York, Herman E. Hall of Chicago, John Earle Weeks and Henry Farnsworth, both of Boston.

Weeks was 26 years old and had written five volumes of short stories and several plays. He went to Paris five years ago to study at the Beaux Arts. He was a member of the D. K. E. fraternity at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He enlisted at the outbreak of the war and spent the first winter in the trenches. He was chosen bomb-thrower for his quad and was mentioned in dispatches for bravery.

Farnsworth slipped away to Europe just after the war started without his relatives' knowledge. He was sent to the hospital on several occasions, but always returned to the front with great eagerness.

Kelly, son of a New York lawyer, had distinguished himself in many fights and written home long, breezy accounts of his experiences. He was at first reported captured by the Germans and his family had a long dreary seven months of unpertainty before they learned the sad truth concerning him.

William Lawrence Breeze, son-in-law of Hamilton Fish and formerly secretary to American Ambassador Page in London, became a naturalized British citizen after the war started and was killed by an explosion while testing a new grenade apparatus he had invented. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards.

Sergeant G. J. Price, star athlete of Brown university and former New York newspaperman, died when a shrapnel shell burst in the dugout where he was sleeping.

He need not have been in the dugout. He had beeb relieved the day before for a tour of rest miles behind the first line trenches. But a fellow sergeant who was to take his place complained of illness, and instantly Price vounteered to take his place.

Price frankly liked the modern fighting game. For four months before his death he had been throwing hand grenades and charging the Germans with the Canadians.

When he first joined the forces he was offered a commission, but he refused, saying he preferred to learn soldiering before becoming a leader and that he would rather win his shoulder straps than have them given to him. A few days before he died his captain had told him he would soon have a commission.

Fery Meets End Bravely.

Alfred Lucien Pierre Fery would have been graduated at Columbia college, New York, had he not left at the close of the academic year last summer, gone to the front after a short course in a French military academy, and been killed in the French ranks. A letter from the trench mate of the young man, writtten to Fery's mother, has been received by Dean Frederick P. Keppel of the college. It reads as follows:

"The sergeant-major requests me to reply to your letter of inquiry concerning your son. I do it with deep emotion. Pierre fell courageously by my side. It happened on September 26, in a trench taken the day before from the enemy.

"I occupied, with my section, a branch of the trench, part of which was still in the hands of the enemy. The order was given to take the entire trench by a mass attack with hand grenades.

"There was a desperate fight. After a short time reinforcements became necessary, as one section was not sufficient for the task. The section commanded by Fery was called upon. In order to reach us it was necessary to pass through an unprotected slope. The ensign (Fery) approached it with part of his men. The fight still raged fiercely. Still more men were needed. Fery went back to get the remainder of his troops. By the time he came forward again daylight was approaching, which made the crossing of the open area dangerous, as the enemy could easily detect them.

"The ensign came out of the trench. The man in front of him fell, but Fery did not go back. Without a moment's hesitation he proceeded, but fell also. A ball had passed through his temple."

Killed on the Somme.

Austin C. Kyle, a Brooklyn boy, better known here as "Daredevil Jack" Austin, a title he won by taking daring roles in the films before he became a soldier of fortune, died on November 10 in the great battle of the Somme.

The first American volunteer wearing the uniform of France to fall in battle was Fred Stone of New York. He died from a shell wound received while operating a machine gun for battalion C, of the Second regiment of the Foreign Legion, in January of 1915. He was formerly secretary of the United States Consulate af Buenos Aires.

Four Americans in graves marked "Died for France" lie in the little cemetery near the Bois Sabot, where they fell in September of 1915. Their names are Henry Farnsworth, Henry Walker of New Orleans, and Frank Surrey and Sergeant E. Duval of New York.

Normal Price, sergeant major of the Franco-American aviation corps, died on October 15 from injuries he received in an accident behind the lines. Twice the young man had been decorated for skill and valor.

Dennis Dowd, a Brooklyn boy, fainted while flying at the aviation school at Buc, near Paris, and fell 300 feet to death. He was qualifying at the time for an army flier's license.

Second Lieutenant W. M. Nichols of Spartanburg, S. C., who was with the Royal Field artillery, was killed in action of September 27, 1915. The young man was wounded in the early stages of the war, but recovered and returned again to the battlefield. He was a son of Judge George W. Nichols of Spartanburg.

Julian A. Lathrop, a Harvard undergraduate, was killed last April.

SUFFRAGE FOR DEAD WITH PROXIES OF FRENCH WOMEN

But if Heroic French Slain Should Be Represented, Why Not the Living Heroines of the War.

By Anna Howard Shaw.

Honorary President for Life of National American Woman Suffrage Association.
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SUFFRAGE for the dead by giving the vote to the nearest female relative, as proposed by Maurice Barres, a member of the Academy and famous in French letters, is so novel that it almost refutes the statement that there is nothing new under the sun.

Coming at this time, it will undoubtedly carry much weight; especially as it appeals to sentiment at the moment when grief and bereavement are apt to blind the mind to common sense and justice.

Many expedients have been suggested whereby the intelligence, ability and patriotism of women might be utilized by governments which continue to ignore the fundamental principles of justice in its application to women as human beings, possessed of hopes, ambitions, aspirations and all the sensibilites of human beings who think and suffer and serve, as do men, under all the various trials and calamities of life.

In introducing his "new idea," M. Barres says, "Let me explain its justice and the true reason for its worthiness in being incorporated into the laws of France."

From the standpoint of the Republican ideal there is neither justice, reason nor worthiness in the proposition, in the face of the conditions which prevail in France, and in all the other nations engaged in this holocaust of destruction, in which all are sufferers alike, and in which women, more than men, have learned the horrors of war in a most unthinkable and utterly unspeakable degree; so unutterable that the ominous silence of the press is more potent than words in regard to the character and conditions of their sufferings, from which death is hailed as a merciful deliverer.

In the presence of the utter failure of governments under the guidance of men alone to protect or defend women, we are told by this French writer that his "new idea is not a plea for or entering wedge toward general suffrage for women." For this consideration of justice, he adds, "The time is not yet ripe in the broad sense in France."

In consideration of all that the women of France have endured, of the burdens they are carrying, the labor necessary to the conduct of the war, which must be performed if the war is to be continued and the men in the field are to be provided with the equipment necessary to save either their country or its people from destruction, and, in addition, the increasing burdens women will be called upon to carry, when women must take up the tools of peace laid down by men who will never use them again, how can M. Barres, or any other thinking man, with a drop of human blood in his veins or a spark of justice in his soul, declare that the time is not ripe for France to be just to her women? Especially as M. Barres declares, "These women of France are as brave and devoted to sacrifice in their several ways as their brave and devoted and sacrificed dead." Yet he can utterly forget the women, their service and their sacrifice, their right to recognition and reward, and thinks of them only as "sacred proxies," through whom the dead may be honored.

This naive manner of forgetfulness, of utterly ignoring the human in women, save as media through which men may be honored, is pitifully absurd. Still it is the natural result of the manner in which the world has considered women and their service for humanity from the beginning of time, an attitude which ought to be greatly modified, when the impotency and utter inabilty of men to cope with government and preserve the civilization which men and women together have builded through the centuries begins to drawn upon their minds.

The desire to reward the dead, to think of them as still alive and participating in the affairs of their country is doubtless commendable, but if to accomplish this it is necessary to continue a cruel injustice to the living, who have alike suffered, and who in addition have the misfortune to live and continue to endure—then the sentiment is quixotic and neither just nor reasonable.

If M. Barres thinks the dead should still be represented in the government, why not reward all women for their services with the ballot, and then add to those nearest in kin to the dead an extra ballot, by which the dead may be represented?

The women of France are indebted to M. Barres, for, in making his demand that women be granted the vote at all, he has removed the old objection—that women are not competent to govern. Admit women to the ballot box, either to represent themselves or others, and you have granted the whole case as to their intelligence and character and patriotism as citizens. But in cramping their energies and their political outlook and grasp, by the memory of the opinions and views of the dead husband or son upon the problems of the past, is to block all progressive legislation, dwarf all initiative and prevent the introduction into government of such ideals as would make the present unhappy conditions impossible in the future.

Are the men of France, or of any other nation, so sure that the past methods of government are the most desirable; that if women vote, influenced by the memories of the past only, the nations will ever rise from the dead ashes of their desolation to hope and courage and life again? No, the votes of both men and women in France, and in the remaking of the whole world, will have to be guided by different ideals of justice toward their own people, different theries of the mission of government and different views of the rights of other nations from those which have plunged us into our present abyss of despair.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.

ALLIES' NEW AIRPLANE CAN MAKE 138 MILES AN HOUR

Flight Lieutenant Faulkner of British Army Tells of New Machine That Is Formidable Foe to the Zeppelin.

From the International News Service.

THE swift German Fokker, less than a year ago king of the air on the western front, is now obsolete.

This is the news brought to this country by Flight Lieutenant Lloyd Faulkner, of the British army, recently injured in an airplane when shot down near Ypres.

In the desperate competition to build the most efficient hawk of the air, the Germans themselves have undoubtedly improved over the Fokker type, but a new allied airplane has just arrived on the front which exceeds by far anything the world has ever seen, according to the lieutenant's story.

"The new machine, the name of which may not be mentioned, makes 138 miles an hour," he said. "It is a great surprise and is only arriving on the front now.

"The most wonderful feature is its ability to climb. It can ascend straight up, without banking, and has reached 15,000 feet in seven and a half minutes.

"This makes it the ideal machine for Zeppelin work, as it can get height quickly enough to catch the dirigible.

"Our new machine is the greatest fighting machine in the world and will guarantee that we maintain the supremacy in the air."

Lieutenant Faulkner received his preliminary training as an aviator in the Wright school at Dayton, Ohio. He said the machines used in the United States were way behind those possessed by the belligerent nations.

"Our battleplanes weigh two and a half tons," he said, "and are driven by two Rolls Royce motors of 250-horsepower each. They have twin propellers, and can make more than 100 miles an hour. Other big planes have 300-horsepower motors driving one propeller.

"The smaller machines, which carry only a pilot, are much faster. The Sopwith 'pup' makes 138 miles an hour; the Nieuport 'bullet' 135 miles; the Spat 140 miles, but all these are surpassed by the new wonder.

"At the front our work is divided into four classes. The first is the reconnoissance, during which we sometimes fly from 100 to 150 miles back of the German trenches. This work is done by regularly organized squadrons, in which the most important machine is the one carrying the camera. The reconnoissance unit is composed of five battleplanes and 16 or 12 Nieuport scouts or Sopwith 'pups,' little fast machines, carrying only one pilot and machine gun. These little machines are the destroyers or guards, for the big battleplanes. The big machines each carry at least two men and two guns.

"When in flying and working formation, the reconnoissance squadron is arranged in this way: The camera battleplane flies at about 5500 feet, with a fighting battleplane on either side, flying at about 6000. To the rear, directly behind each of the fighting battleplanes, are two more battleplanes, flying at 7000 feet. These five machines fly 100 to 110 miles an hour. The little destroyers with their faster speed fly all about them, always ready to attack an enemy squadron.

"If the little fellows happen to be off on a bit of their own and the battleplane squadron sees enemy machines the pilots fire their alarm pistols and call the destroyers, who drive off the enemy, unless he is in much superior force, and then there is a fight."

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Limber up! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic and sciatica pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! "St. Jacobs Oil" has relieved millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains and swellings. (Adv.)