

TEUTON BARBARIANS VENT THEIR HATE ON POOR LOUVAIN

University City Chamber of Horror

Accounts of Wanton Ruthlessness Told by Priests and Civilians Who Escaped When City Was Destroyed Sound Like Stories of Cruelties of Yaqui Indians.

By BRAND WHITLOCK

United States Minister to Belgium
Copyright, 1918, by Brand Whitlock, under the title "The Occupation of Louvain." All rights reserved. Copyrighted in Great Britain, Canada and Australia. All rights reserved for France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Russia and the Scandinavian countries. Published by special arrangement with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

ON Wednesday morning, August 26th, when Villalobar and I drove over to see General von Lutwitz, we found him at the foreign office. The Germans had established themselves in the Belgian minister's office and shut off the Park and the rue de la Loi; there were sentries everywhere and much explaining about der Spanischer Gesandter and der Gesandter der Vereinigten Staaten and we waited a long while in the ante-room where we had sat so often waiting to see M. Davignon. German officers were coming and going, very much at home. Finally we were shown into the presence of General von Lutwitz, who was most affable and courteous, and evidently a man of strength and will. We began, Villalobar and I, to talk about the question of communication and to make suggestions about Brussels; the question of food, for instance. But the general said:

"Please grant me a truce for two days until I can install a civil administration. After that has been done all will go beautifully."

As we were about to go General von Lutwitz said:

"A dreadful thing has occurred at Louvain. The general in command there was talking with the Burgomaster when the son of the Burgomaster shot the general, and the population began firing on the German troops."

We did not at once grasp the whole significance of the remark.

"And now, of course," he went on, "we have to destroy the city. The orders are given and not one stone will be left on another. I'm afraid that that beautiful Hotel de Ville, which we saw as we came through there the other day, is now no more."

When he said this he lifted up his hands in a gesture of regret.

That evening Gibson and Blount returned from Antwerp, full of news; first, and best of all, a dispatch from Washington approving my course and leaving the question of the removal of the legation entirely to my judgment. Only those who have been at the end of a telegraph wire, 3000 miles away from home, and in the midst of difficulties, can know the consolation that such words would afford.

It had been raining during the night but it cleared partly. Davis expected to leave at 1 o'clock with General Morgan and Miss Botsford on a troop train for Aix-la-Chapelle.

"I told them," he said, at parting, "that in four days the American minister would begin to inquire about me; that is the way they always do it on the stage."

He said this with his humorous mouth twitching, fumbling with the broad black ribbon of his eye-glass. I had him going and wished him to drive away in a flash. It was drawn by the sorriest pair of nags I ever saw, and yet he sat there as calm and distinguished as if he were driving on Fifth avenue. And I thought of Van Bibber, and of how the avenue looks in the late afternoon when the throngs are going up Murray hill. Ah me!

I had that gray insouciance still existing anywhere in the world? I stood and watched him out of sight, regretting his departure. And I never saw him again.

The horror of Louvain was on us like a nightmare, all the more terrible because it was vague, undefined, a kind of nameless, formless thing, that sent a shudder through Brussels, as nervous as a child. I was not alone in this. It was intended to do, where the like might happen at any hour. The city was filled with foreboding and vague apprehension; miserable refugees, with dumb expressions and eyes that looked on horror, came plodding wearily into town.

Hundreds Shot At Louvain

Late in the afternoon it was reported at the legation that at Louvain the Germans at that moment were massacring the people; that the town was burning, and the tragedy complete; hundreds had been shot down; the cathedral, the library, the Hotel de Ville were in flames. Forty priests, some of them from the American college, had been seized as hostages, and were even then being driven in carts along the road to Brussels.

What was to be done? As I was thinking Villalobar came, he too with that face of horror; there were Spanish priests in that cart; he had seen them. We decided to go at once to General von Lutwitz. Villalobar's car was at the door and we drove away. It was 7 o'clock. There was a heavy guard at

LEMONS BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

Make this lotion for very little cost and just see for yourself.

An attractive skin wins admiration. In social life and in business the girl or woman whose face and hands show evidence of constant care, enjoys a tremendous advantage over those who do not realize the value of a healthy skin and a spotless complexion.

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quart pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth or no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months.

Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothen and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. Adv.

Lack of Passion Is Noticeable

Indeed, all through that experience, then and afterwards, I was struck by the lack of passion displayed by all



Germans in Louvain



Louvain town hall after bombardment.

EARLIER CHAPTERS IN BRIEF REVIEW

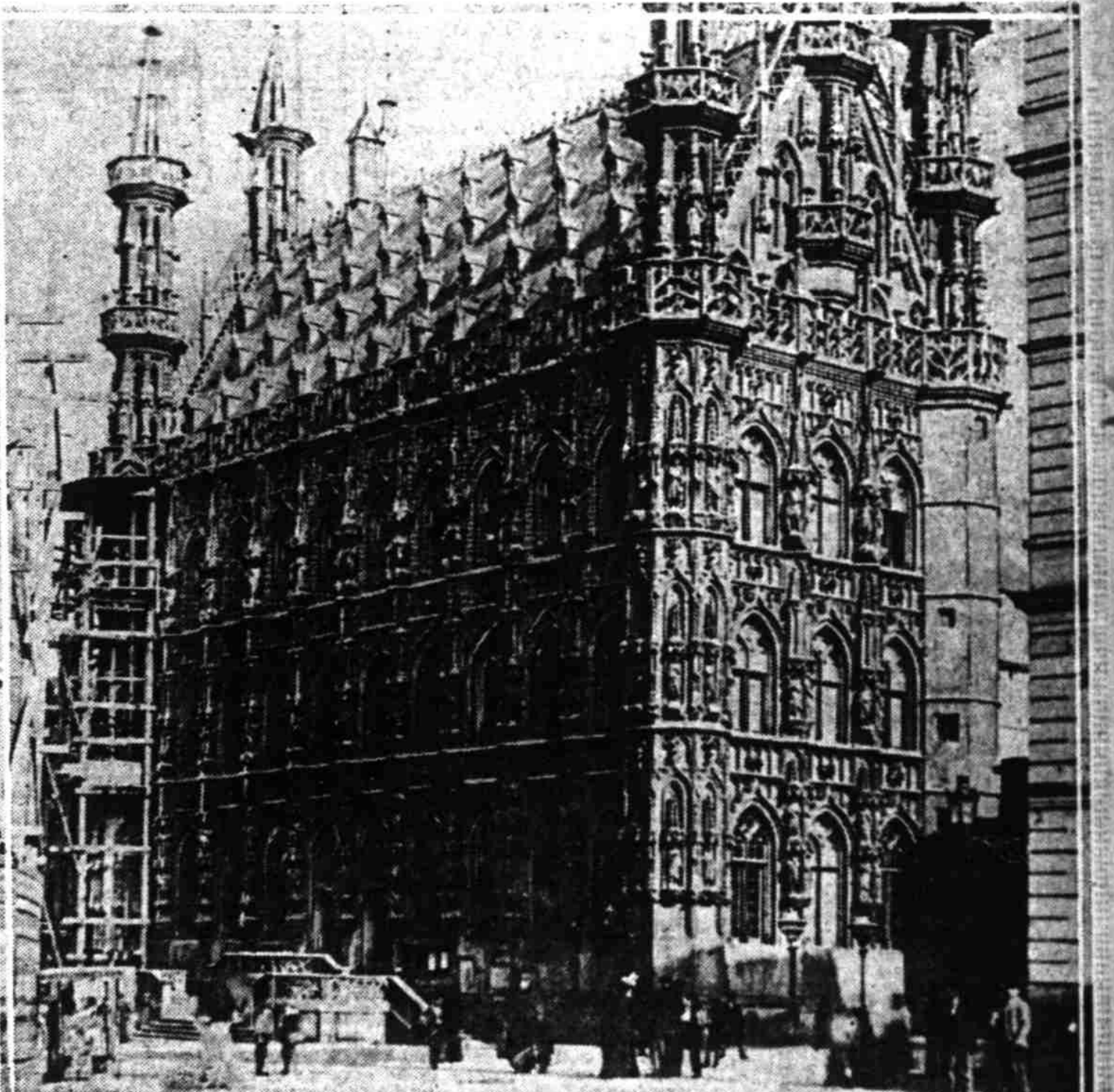
In the earlier chapters of his narration of the occupation of Belgium, Brand Whitlock, the United States minister to Belgium, has painted a graphic picture of the happy life in Belgium in the summer of 1914, stating that even after Austria's summary ultimatum to Serbia, the Belgians refused to be alarmed, relying upon the security guaranteed them by other powers. Their security was short lived, however, and with the clarity that characterizes his writing, Mr. Whitlock has told of the German demand for a free passage through Belgium, of King Albert's prompt and dignified refusal and of the advance of the little Belgian army to meet the invader and of the arrival of the Germans in Brussels. Today's installment tells the horrible story of the wanton destruction of Louvain and the mistreatment of its innocent population. Subsequent installments will relate other German atrocities in Belgium.

those who had so terribly suffered. I seldom heard any of them express hatred of the Germans or any desire for revenge. They never even spoke of them as "Boches" and were by no means in such a fury of rage and desire for revenge as I have observed in persons safe in luxurious drawing rooms thousands of miles away. None of them, so far as I could observe or learn, even acted in the tragic manner; there were no heroics and no histrionics; they did not demean themselves as people in the cinema or in the romantic novels. I have read somewhere a psychological explanation of this phenomenon by the late Professor William James, who observed it and made interesting notes of it at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. In moments of great danger, of great strain and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not act, in the theatrical sense of the word. It was thus with the young woman who, on that Tuesday, about eight

o'clock in the evening, when German soldiers suddenly beat on the door of her home in Louvain, and her father and brother ran to open it, heard shots and had not seen her father or brother since. She took her eight weeks old baby in her arms and, climbing the garden wall, found refuge in the home of a friend for a night and a day, while on all sides the houses were in

flames, and finally, carrying her child, she dodged from street to street, holding up one arm and waving a white handkerchief, and so reached the village of Loefdael, and from there, Teruuren and at last, Brussels.

It was so with the widow of 60; German soldiers at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning turned her and her niece, a young woman about to become a mother, out of her house and drove them from place to place, half clad, the guardhouse at St. Martin's barracks, the Place du Peuple, the Hotel de Ville, and finally to the infantry barracks, rue de Tirlemont. They were forced every now and then to kneel on the ground and to raise their arms above their heads, while the Germans pressed the muzzles of guns against their breasts or kicked them or struck them; then, holding them as prisoners in the barracks until Thursday allowed them to return home to find their house burned to the ground and all that the widow had in the world—shares of the value of 135,000 francs, contained in an iron box in a



Louvain town hall, or Hotel de Ville, before bombardment.

valise; her jewelry and diamonds in a little hand satchel, which she had buried in the garden—gone.

Priests Kicked and Cuffed

It was so with a young Louvain priest I knew, one of the group in that tragic scene there in the square before the railway station. He had been seized with others, made to march in front of the troops, kicked and cuffed, and spat upon, struck with the butts of guns; his hands were tied behind him with barbed wire and there at the Place de la Station he was forced to remain standing, not even allowed to lean against the wall; and this for hours, with repeated insults and personal outrage while his townsmen one by one were led out and shot, there at the side of the square, "near the house of Mr. Hemaide."

I might go on indefinitely, recounting experiences such as these; they would fill a volume. But of all those I heard, of all those that were written out for me, there is one that remains more vivid in my memory than all the rest. There was another priest, an old white-haired ecclesiastic, a scholar and an educator, whom one addressed as Moneigneur. He was one of those priests whose liberation I had secured

on Thursday night, and in the morning he came with two others to thank me. He had left Louvain when the exodus was ordered on Thursday; he had gone to Teruuren, with other priests; there he had witnessed the murder of Father Dupierreux, who had been put into a filthy cart, as a hostage, and sent into Brussels; and seen thus, the story had been brought to our legation—"et vous m'avez sauve la vie!" ("And you have saved my life.")

He sat there at my table, a striking figure, the delicate face, dignified and sad, the silver hair, the long black soutane and the scarlet sash; in his white hand a well worn breviary. There were two other figures, dark, grave and solemn—two Jesuit fathers who had come with him, sitting by in silent sympathy. They had come to express their gratitude. Moneigneur described the events. He told it calmly, logically, connectedly, his trained mind unfolding the events in orderly sequence; the sound of firing from Herent, the sudden uprising of the German soldiers, the murder, the lust, the loot, the fires, the pillage, the evacuation and the destruction of the city, and all that.

Great Library Wantonly Burned

The home of his father had been burned, and the home of his brother;

his friends and his colleagues had been murdered before his eyes and their bodies thrown into a cistern; long lines of his townsperson, confined in the railway station, had been taken out and shot down; the church of St. Peter's was destroyed, the Hotel de Ville, the finest example of late Gothic extant, was doomed, and the Halls of the University had been consumed; and he had told it all calmly. But there in the Halls of the University was the library; its hundreds of thousands of volumes, its rare and ancient manuscripts, its unique collection of incunabula, had all been burned, deliberately, to the last scrap. Moneigneur had reached this point in his recital, he had begun to pronounce the word "bibliothèque"—he had said, "la biblio," and he stopped suddenly, and bit his quivering lip. "La biblio," he went on, and then, spreading his arms on the table before him, he bowed his head upon them and wept aloud.

We sat there silent, the two priests and I—le coeur gros, as the French say—and our own eyes something more than moist.

They did not remain long after that, and when they went away Moneigneur forgot his breviary and left it lying on my table. And I let it lie there.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Army Marched While It Slept

George W. Crile Tells of Nine-Day Retreat of Allied Armies 180 Miles From Mons to Marne After Being Overpowered by the Enemy.

"PERHAPS one of the greatest retreats in history," writes George W. Crile in his recent book, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," "was that of the Allied armies from Mons to the Marne. . . . After a sustained and heavy action at Mons, being overpowered by the enemy, the allied armies began a retreat which continued for nine days and nights—180 miles of marching without making camp in the story of that great retreat in which the pace was set by the enemy. Only rarely were they sufficiently long halts made for the men to catch a few moments of rest. Food and water were scarce and irregularly supplied."

But "the paramount interest in that retreat in Belgium is always of battle—never of home and of quiet scenes in his past life. Sometimes a sleeper will spring up with a cry and reach for his rifle."

How then did these men endure for nine days, in addition to the lack of sleep, the privations of war—the scant supply of food and water, the rough ground, when suffering the pangs of hunger and of thirst, and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death if they could only sleep."

They marched through towns and villages asleep, soldier reeling against his companion in arms as they tramped with rifles across their shoulders. Artillerymen slept on horseback. Now and then a less sleepy man awakened and aroused to further effort a companion whose limbs were becoming so heavy with sleep that he was in danger of dropping by the wayside. Of those who lagged behind the ranks and were

captured by the enemy all were found asleep.

When the wounded of this sleeping army were taken to the hospital they continued to sleep on their sleep of utter exhaustion. In one hospital containing more than 500 men there was not a sound. "Not a groan, not a motion, not a complaint." Nothing would rouse these men—food, nor water of which they were sorely in need, nor the prospect of being comfortably cared for. They slept even while their wounds were being dressed, a process which in many cases would ordinarily have been extremely painful. Yet the men were too exhausted even to feel pain.

During this sleep of exhaustion the dream of the soldier is always of battle—never of home and of quiet scenes in his past life. Sometimes a sleeper will spring up with a cry and reach for his rifle.

Dreams of soldiers under the influence of anesthetics are the same. "One day a French soldier in the first stage of anesthesia broke the stillness of the operating room, transfixing every one, while in low, beautiful tones, and with intense feeling he sang the Marseillaise."

TAKARA ANTISEPTIC POWDER

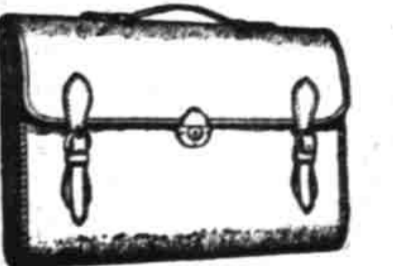


A soothing cleansing wash; thoroughly antiseptic. Essential to personal hygiene in catarrhal conditions and female disorders. Indorsed by physicians.

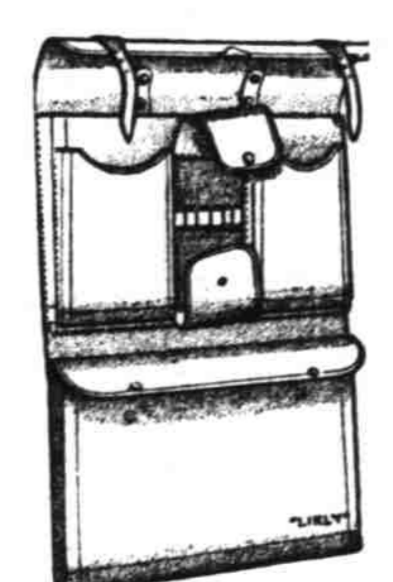
Excellent for catarrhal conditions and female disorders. Indorsed by physicians.

Portland Hotel Pharmacy
Sixth and Morrison Sts.

The "Likly" ATTORNEY'S PORTFOLIO



provides for carrying your briefs and other important papers safely and returning them to your office in perfect condition, ready for filing.



Designed by an attorney, specially for Professional men—these portfolios are practical as well as handsome. Made from best quality leather, in brown, russet and black.

"Yes," we have a wide variety of styles, enabling you to select one to fill your needs in every way

"PRICES REASONABLE"

Woodard, Clarke & Co.

Alder at West Park
Portland, Oregon



Engraved and Printed **WEDDING INVITATIONS** COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT VISITING BUSINESS CARDS STEEL DIE AND SOCIETY STATIONERY Kitham's