

GERMAN PRISON CRIMES RECITED

Former Royal Dublin Fusilier Tells of Tortures Undergone by Captives.

NURSE SPITS IN COFFEE

Torments Wounded Officer Begging for Drink—Travel Five Days Without Food or Drink—Fiendish Forms of Cruelty.

Chicago.—A tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired Irish boy recently arrived here after spending two years in German prison camps and suffering from horrors such as few men survive. M. J. Prendergast is late of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He was with the Fourth division of the "contemptible little army" that fought at Mons. He took part in rear-guard actions after the retreat began, battling with what seemed to be innumerable hosts of the enemy until on August 27, 1914, he fell wounded in the head, somewhere near Etreu.

He was picked up by the enemy and piled into a cattle car along with scores of other wounded prisoners. For five days he traveled north and east on the way to Germany, without food or water, without any attention by doctor or Red Cross nurse.

Nurse Torments Officer.

In his car was an officer of the Warwicks, painfully injured. At one of the many stations where the train stopped this man begged for some re-

"It was here they had a peculiar form of torture. Two big poles were erected in the center of the camp. The officers would pick out a couple of men—for no apparent cause beyond the fact that they were hated Britishers—and have them tied tightly to the poles, with ropes around their arms and their feet about an inch from the ground. Then they would set a bowl of shadow soup—our only food—in front of them, and leave them there for 48 hours. Three times I was given this torture. Of course one's head fell forward while in this position, and one was compelled to look at the bowl of soup that could not be reached, while hunger added to the pain of the tight ropes and the terrible weariness of suspension.

"Another favorite entertainment for the officers was to compel us to run for hours with our bare feet in wooden sabots that chafed with every step. We would run until we dropped from sheer exhaustion.

"From Senne Lager I went to Limberg.

"At Limberg we were inoculated with some virus, which we were told was to make us immune from typhus. The strange thing is that soon after 75 per cent of the camp came down with what they called 'brontitis.' It developed into tuberculosis. It is to this fact I owe my freedom. They thought I was dying from consumption, and they sent me to Switzerland to be exchanged. I guess they would be disappointed if they could see me now."

MEMPHIS BOY GETS MEDAL

Horace M. Emery Decorated by King of Great Britain for Distinguished War Service.

Memphis, Tenn.—Horace M. Emery, a Memphis boy, has been decorated by King George of England for distinguished war service. He was wounded in the battle of the Somme and was sent to a hospital in London, where he has just recovered. When restored to health young Emery was summoned to the king's palace. King George met him and shook hands with him in real American fashion, and said:

"I am glad to meet you as an American citizen who came to my country as a member of our Canadian troops." Then the king pinned the medal on Emery's coat.

SERGEANT NETTIE GETS THEM

British-Canadian Recruiting Mission Has Only Woman Recruiting Officer in United States.

Chicago.—When Sergt. Nettie McPherson sounds the battle cry the men just go wild about her and fall over each other to enlist in the British-Canadian recruiting mission. In her trim Gordon Highlanders' kilts and tartan, and with her snappy black eyes and winsome smile, Sergeant Nettie gets 'em. She can also do a Highland fling and play the pipes, and when she does, the fighting blood of the Scot and Briton boils and he can't resist. Sergt. McPherson is said to be the only woman recruiting officer in the United States.

WHAT WILL YOU CALL THE GARDEN

New Idea for Boys and Girls of the United States School Garden Army.

WHO IS SOLDIER YOU KNOW?

Name the Little Plot for the One You Think of When You Hear Them Singing "The Long, Long Trail."

By WINIFRED BLACK.
(From the Department of the Interior.)
There is a new idea in the United States school garden army. It's this: What are you going to name your own little plot of ground, little sister, if you are lucky enough to have one of your own in your back yard?

What are you going to call your potato patch, brother, you with the bright eyes that weren't so bright the day you went down to the station to see big brother off with his regiment? Oh, yes, you fell in behind the soldiers and kept fine step to the music of the band and held up your head and felt big enough and strong enough to march a thousand miles and take a million German prisoners—but when he had gone and you went home and mother put her arms around you and laid her head on your shoulder and asked you to help her to be brave—something queer happened to your heart and you have never felt quite the same since, have you?

And now they are beginning to tell you in school about Russia and what a rich country it is and how much it will mean in food if the Germans really get possession of it—and at home sometimes your grown folks look pretty serious and you wonder if it could be possible—no, it isn't, and you are going to help make it impossible. You and those strong little brown hands of yours. You and your brave heart and loyal soul. You and your war garden that you are cultivating for Uncle Sam.

What Will You Name Your Garden?
You'll have good luck with your garden or good success with it. There isn't much luck in the garden business. It all just simmers down to hard work and the right kind of care, and it is going to be hard work, too.

There will be hot days when your back aches and you want to go swimming; and cool days when your knees

ache and you want to curl up in the loft of the barn and read, or go out in the lot and play baseball, and you will have to stick to the garden and do your work for Uncle Sam.

What are you going to name that little garden of yours?

I will tell you what I am going to name mine—mine is going to be called Sam Brown—because Sam Brown is a boy who never had a chance in life till the war broke out, and then he saw his chance and took it, and he is over there in France today fighting for you and for me and for Uncle Sam, and I am going to name my little garden after him.

What are you going to name your garden? Who is the soldier you know? Who is the one you think of when you hear them singing "Over There" and "The Long, Long Trail"? Let's name the little garden in our own back yard for him.

And You, Little Sister.

Come, little sister, you are doing your part, too, and doing it faithfully whether you are tired or not or whether you wish you could go down town and have an ice cream soda and forget that there was such a thing as a rake or hoe in the world. You are the comfort of your lonely father's heart nowadays. Where's that picture of the boy in uniform? Your own particular soldier?

You wouldn't take anything in the world for it, would you? How handsome he is, and how brave. It makes your eyes fill with tears of pride even to think of his name—call your little garden after him and write to him over there in the trenches and tell him about it, and just wait till you get back his letter in reply.

"Sam Brown," that is going to be the name of my garden.

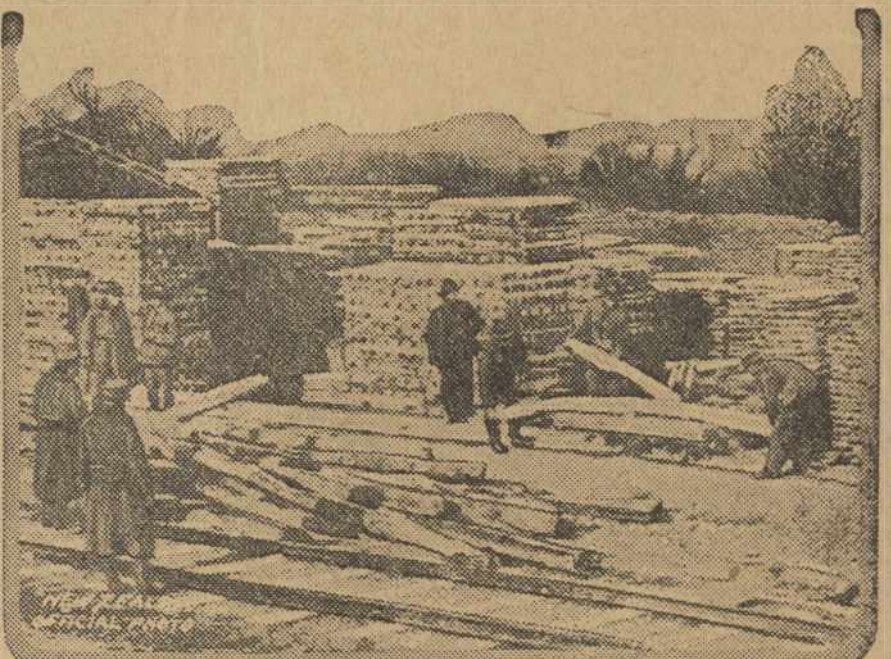
What is going to be the name of yours?

Dog Traveled to Camp.

Sutton, W. Va.—A common yellow cur owned by Hugh McQuinn of Indian Fork, near here, a soldier stationed at Camp Lee, refused to permit distance to bar his presence beside his young master. The dog mysteriously disappeared from home, and three weeks later came a letter from young McQuinn that the dog had turned up at Camp Lee. The distance is nearly 400 miles.

Fifteen women are now included in the membership of the St. Louis police department.

TIMBER SALVED FROM HUN DUGOUTS



Salvage is playing a great part in the present war. This photograph shows timber salvaged from German dugouts that has been cut up in the sawmills of the New Zealand Tunnelling company to be used in the construction of dugouts for the troops.

BAYONETS THREE HUNS, BRAINS FOURTH, SAVES DAY FOR BRITISH

"Bob" Hanna of Vancouver Wins Victoria Cross for Bravery in Action—One of the Most Thrilling Narratives of the War, if Not of All Time—Blows Up Hun Machine Gun and Fights Single Handed in Trench.

No. 7531, C. S. M. Robert Hanna, Canadian Infantry. For conspicuous bravery in attack when his company met with most severe enemy resistance and all the company officers became casualties. A strong point, heavily protected by wire and held by machine gun, had beaten off three assaults of the company, with heavy casualties. This warrant officer, under heavy machine gun and rifle fire, coolly collected a party of men, and, leading them against the strong point, rushed through the wire and personally bayoneted three of the enemy and brained the fourth, capturing the position and silencing the machine gun.

This most courageous action displayed courage and personal bravery of the highest order at this most critical moment of the attack, was responsible for the capture of a most important point, and but for his daring action and determined handling of a desperate situation the attack would not have succeeded. C. S. M.'s outstanding gallantry, personal courage and determined leading of his company is deserving of the highest possible reward.—From the British Official Gazette.

Fought Huns Single Handed.

And so Sergeant Major (Now Lieutenant) "Bob" Hanna, of Vancouver, B. C., received the Victoria cross. The reprint from the Official Gazette reads almost like a hundred other thumbnail sketches of the bravery of the boys in the trenches, but the last few lines give it more or less distinction. To Hanna it merely was a day's work. To the men of the twenty-ninth Vancouver battalion the Victoria cross, which is securely pinned to Hanna's waistcoat, is emblematic of one of the thrilling personal narratives of the entire war, if not, in fact, of all time. Stories of gallantry and self-sacrifice will be told while the world endures, but it will remain for a new race to roll up a single record to overshadow that of Hanna, who dropped in a trench all alone and single handed fought the cream of the Prussian guards—the men who never were defeated till then and who went down one after another before this medium-sized young lumberman from the forests of British Columbia. One moment Hanna's life wasn't worth a penny. A few minutes later he had saved a battalion, and a little while later he was transformed on the field from a sergeant major to a lieutenant.

The government has had Hanna sit for his portrait for the National Gallery.

Over the Top Twenty-two Times.

It all happened at the battle of Vimy Ridge. This particular incident took place at Hill 70. Hanna had been in many of the worst battles of the war. Before the valiant Canadians settled down to their part of this slaughter of Vimy Ridge Hanna had been "over the top" twenty-two times; had been at grips with the Germans on numberless occasions, and, although stumbling amid death and bursting shells for days at a time, had escaped injury.

Vimy was a bloody spot. The Canadians were there as they were at the Somme, Ypres, Lens and Passchendaele. Near Hill 70 was a stub of a trench which the Canadians had come to realize was the worst spot they had to face. It was only a link and hardly could be seen, but it was known to be a nasty point, and the twenty-ninth battalion was told to take it. For two hours, waiting for dawn, the battalion crawled out on its belly in No Man's Land, waiting to rush over and surprise the Huns, whose trench was 500 yards away. Unknown to the Canadians the Huns were crawling out from their dugout to initiate the same movement against the Canadians. At the same moment two barrages started—one from the Germans and one from the Canadians guns. The two lines of crouching men arose and plunged

toward each other. The bayonet clash was brief. The ground quickly was strewn with dead and the Germans backed up to the stub of a trench which was, to the soldiers, like the root of an aching tooth. Wire entanglements stayed the pursuit of the Canadians, who, however, hewed their way through.

He Blows Up Machine Gun.

Six hundred and fifty men went "over the top" with Hanna. Perhaps two-thirds of this number went on toward the trench, but this remnant was decimated by a machine gun which the Huns had set up on the parapet. The crew of this gun played it on the Canadians like a hose and all the officers were killed or injured. Hanna plugged on in the face of the dreadful fire. He had a Mills bomb and this he hurled at the machine gun and smashed it, killing or injuring the men who were feeding in the bullets.

It had done its deadly work. Hanna was standing alone. All about him were lying his comrades, either dead or badly wounded. Part of the battalion had spread and, he assumed, would come around back of the trench and enter it from the other end. He jumped into the trench and in a second saw a row of stalwart Prussians coming single file—this was necessary because of the narrowness of the excavation—toward him. They rushed him. As the first one was about five yards away he pulled the trigger on the only cartridge he had in his rifle. The cartridge was well aimed and No. 1 of the Fifty-fifth Prussian guards was out of the war forever.

The second one charged over his fallen comrade, but met the bayonet held in the viselike grip of the young lumberman from Vancouver. A third Prussian—also of the Fifty-fifth—dropped down in the trench as if he had collapsed, but as this was no time for taking chances Hanna, now realizing that he was alone in a nest of the enemy, used his bayonet with effective results. A fourth Prussian appeared almost from nowhere. He had the stock of his rifle in both hands on a level with his shoulder and was preparing to drive the other end home in the form of the Canadian. But Hanna was too quick for him. There was a momentary grinding of teeth, a clash and the fourth Prussian measured his length on the earthen floor.

Blows Up Two Dugouts.

Hanna then tells of what happened during the next few minutes.

"I then discovered that I was alone in the trench and I was wondering where the other men were. I moved along, and at the entrance to a dugout, which was, of course, dark, I heard the buzzing of voices. I, of course, knew that I was in a dangerous position. I had no bombs. I had used my last one on the gun. I looked around and discovered a German bomb. About that time I heard the Prussians coming out of the entrance to the dugout and I waited till they were about on top of me when I let the bomb fly. It went off right in their faces. It was quiet then.

"I moved on a few feet further and saw another dugout entrance. It was the other end of a U. There I heard more voices. It didn't look very promising for me. I hunted around quickly and found two more German bombs. I threw the two into the dugout, holding them just long enough so they exploded a second after they left my hand. There was no more noise in this dugout."

Hanna's story stops here when he

A LUCKY TROOPER



This Canadian soldier who was decorated for bravery was saved by a revolver which he had taken from a German prisoner. During a fierce battle on the West front a bullet from the enemy struck the captured gun which he carried, smashing it. He is here seen wearing his gas mask and a big, broad smile shortly after he received the medal for gallantry.

TECHNICAL AIEN ENEMY NATIONAL GUARD OFFICER

Denver, Colo.—Although he is said to have an even dozen brothers serving as officers in the Austro-Hungarian army, George A. Stadler drills four nights a week as ranking sergeant of Company F, Third regiment, Colorado National Guard. Technically, Sergeant Stadler is an alien enemy. He had not completed his citizenship at the beginning of the war with Germany. Before coming to America Stadler served four years as an officer of the Austrian army. His first two years as a military student were under the direction of German officers.

tells it. He was the only man of his company to be left by the withering fire of the machine gun he had stilled with a lucky throw of a bomb. There were no officers anywhere about. Some soldiers of another battalion appeared presently, and he took command of them and led a charge through the entire trench, "cleaning it up," as the saying goes.

He Saves Two Battalions.

The whole maneuver was quickly understood. A battalion which had been despatched to join the Twenty-ninth had gone by the trench. Some of the Twenty-ninth also had gone by. Hanna alone had stopped at the objective. Those who had not gone too far had not been able to get far enough. The Prussians had figured on the Canadians passing the trench. Their program undoubtedly had been to rise from their dugouts and with the machine gun, which they did not expect to lose, wipe out the men of the two battalions. It all might easily enough have been done but for the pluck and the quickness of Hanna.

It was some time later when the young man from British Columbia was called to brigade quarters. The commander had learned all about his daring exploit. The young sergeant major, who twice before this had been recommended for honorable mention, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant and now he is back in France waiting for another opportunity to add to the glory of Canada, and, as he proudly says, to do what an Irishman should.

BROKEN HEARTS PRICED \$2.93

Jury at Dawson, Ill., Fixes That Price in Breach of Promise Suit.

Dawson, Ill.—A "broken heart" is worth only \$2.93 here. Such was the verdict of a jury trying the breach of promise suit brought by Miss Myrtal Cooper against Thomas Peddie. Miss Cooper asked \$35,000 heart balm.

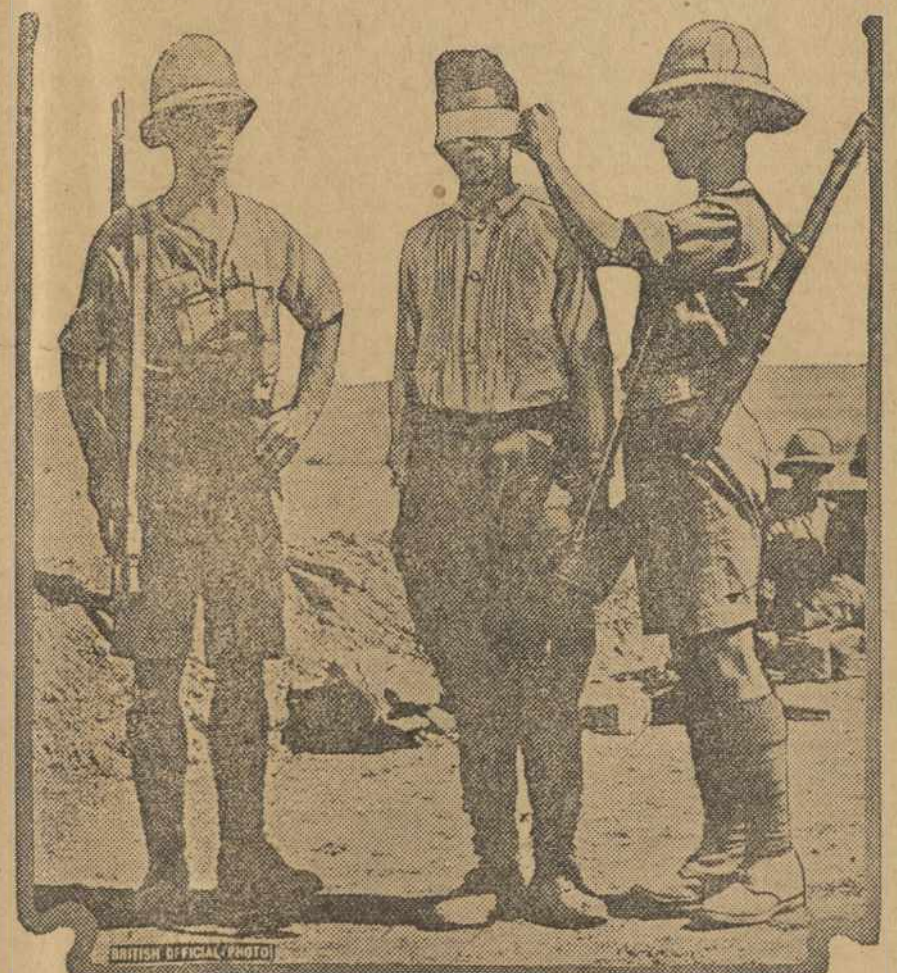
It took the jury five minutes to decide the case after the defendant proved he "wasn't always" mentally responsible.

The Red Cross benefited by the trial to the extent of \$70.50. The court permitted them to charge an admission fee from the public.

Answers Questionnaire at Front. Paterson, N. J.—A questionnaire, duly answered, was returned to the draft officials here from the firing line in France.

William Donlevy of this city, enlisted before receiving his questionnaire. It followed him to camp, across the Atlantic, and to the firing line, a distance of approximately 11,000 miles.

BEYOND BAGDAD WITH THE BRITISH FORCES



Blindfolding a Turkish prisoner before he is taken through the British trenches at Jebel Hamarin, in Mesopotamia.