BLACKEST PAGES IN ALL HISTORY

"Review of German War Practices" Just Issued.

Some of the blackest pages in all history, comprising a documentary record of "deeds that make one despair for the future of the human race,' are found in a book named "German War Practices," which has just been issued at the Government Printing office by the committee on Pubilc Information for free distribution. It is edited by Prof. D. C. Munroe, of Princeton, and other scholars.

The dumfounding evidence which this book presents to the jury of mankind is drawn mainly from German and American sources and includes official proclamations and utterances of the responsible heads of letters and diaries of German soldiers quotations from German newspapers and material drawn from the archives of the State Department which lay bare the story of inconceiveble German atrocities.

The purpose of the book is to show that the system of frightfulness, itself the greatest atrocity, is the definite policy of the German Government, so sinister that the German soldiers have themselves at times revolted. Individual acts of wanton cruelty and barbaric destruction are cited only to illustrate the operations of the remorseless system.

The book supplements the Bryce report which was the first official survey of the path of horror, ruin and death left by the German army on the lands of innocent and defenseless people. The book is supplemental also to the offical reports by the Belgian Commission and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it reveals more of the damning German war philosophy as expressed in the German White Book and various official utterances, extenuating revolting crimes on the grounds of expediency and the advancement of that "Kultur" which now mocks its own name throughout the civilized world. The humanity of German soldiers was so torn by the system of brutality that they cried out in letters to Ambassador Gerard, one expressing his protest against the slaughter of the Russians in the Masurian lakes and swamps by saying. "There is no God, there is no morality, and no ethics any more; there are no human beings any more, but only beasts."

The illuminating reports of Brand Whitlock, Minister of Belgian, tell of miseries inflected upon the Belgian people, Mr. Whitlock saying: "One is so overwhelmed with the horror of the thing itself, that it has been, and even now is, difficult to write calmly and justly about it."

Herbert Hoover, writing for this book of his experiences in Belgium, says: "The sight of the destroyed homes and cities, the widowed and fatherless, the destitute, the physical misery of the people but partially nourished at best, the deportation of men by the tens of thousands to slavery in German mines and factories, the execution of men and women for paltry effusions of their loyalty to their country, the sacking of every resource through financial robbery, the fattening of armies on the slender produce of the country, the denudation of the country of cattle, horses, and textiles; all these things we had to witness, dumb to help other than by protest and sympathy, during this long and terrible time, and still these are not the events of battle heat, but the effect of a grinding heel of a race demanding the mastership of the world. All these things are known to the world—but what can never be known is the dumb agony of the people, the expressionless faces of millions whose souls have passed the whole gamnt of emotions. And why? Because these, a free and democratic people, dared plunge their bodies before the march of autocracy."

Frederick W. Wilcott's description of devastated Poland comprehends the monstrous woes inflicted by the Prussian system upon those defenseless people.

In a statement prepared for the the book, Vernon Kellog said: "I went into Belgium and occupied France a neutral and I maintained while there a steadfastly neutral behavior, but I came out no neutral . . . . .I went in also a hater of war, but I came out a more ardent hater of war, I also came out with ineradicably conviction, again, that the only way in which Germany under its present rule and in its present state of mind can be kept from doing what it has done is by force of arms."

The book gives excerpts from the diaries of German soldiers of which these are specimens: "In the night of August 18-19 the village of Saint-Maurice was punished for having fired on German soldiers by being burnt to the ground by the German troops. . . .The village was surrounded, men posted about a yard from one another, so that no one could get out. Then the Uhlans set fire to it house by house; neither man, woman or child could escape; only the greater part of the livestock was carried off, as that could be used. Any one who ventured to come out was shot down. All the inhabitants left in the village were burnt with the houses."

"A horrible bath of blood. The whole village burnt, the French thrown into the burning houses, civilians was the rest."

The reign of frightfulness was the definite policy of the German government is testified to by an amazing collection of documents and utterances of German officialdom. Herewith are excerpts from documentary proof furnished by German records establishing the truth beyond question:

"As soon as you come to blows with the enemy he will be beaten. No mercy will be shown! No prisoners will be taken! As the Huns under king Attila, made a name for themselves, which is still mighty in traditions and legends today, may the name of German be so fixed in China by your deeds, that no Chinese shall ever again dare to look at a German a kance. . . .Open the way for Kulture one for all."—From the Kaiser's speech to the soldiers on the eve of their departure for China in 1900.

"Whenever a national war breaks out, terrorism becames a necessary military principle."—General Von Hartmann.

"The city of Brussels, exclusive of its suburbs, has been punished by an additional fine of 5,000,000 francs on account of the attack made upon a German soldier by Ryckere, one of its police officials."—Baron Von Luettwitz, Governor of Brussels.

"I am thirsty; bring me some beer, gin, rum, If you lie to me I will have you shot immediately."—These sentences are taken from a phrasebook supplies to German soldiers, according to Minister Brand Whitlock.

"One cannot make war in a sentimental fashion. The more pitless the conduct of the war, the more humane it is in reality, for it will run its course all the sooner."—General Von Bernhardi.

"The innocent must suffer with the guilty. . . .All this must not in our eyes weigh as much as the life of a single one of our brave soldiers—the righteous accomplishment of duty is the emanation of a high Kultur, and in that the population of the enemy countries can learn a lesson from our armies."—General Von Bissing.

How to get the book—Address Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington D. C. Request one copy of German War Practices.

The Bugle Call.

(By Charley L. Gant.)

Yes sir, all six of our boys have gone; this here's a picture of Jim, six foot, one in his stocking feet, the rest were taller than him—except Baby Bill, who was five foot ten, and we thought the runt would stay at home with us, but the little cuss he ups and marches away. This is the likeness of Bill the runt, our baby, just twenty-one. And I'll tell you stranger, he's got the grit and knows how to handle a gun. Yes, I know they may all get killed "somewhere over there," in the pit, But Martha and me are proud of the fact that the boys are doing their bit. This one is Sam, our oldest lad. Let's see, he's six feet, two, bone and sinew, and lightning quick, and trusty and brave and true. Sam started the thing when he volunteered in the city one night last fall, and when he come home in his uniform that settled the thing with all. It was mighty hard for to see them go, but we had to do our chare, so our six boys are defending the flag at the front "over there somewhere."

This picture here is four years old, it's a photograph of our Lew, he's just the likeness of me, they say, along about sixty-two when I volunteered—this one is Walt, the other one is Nick's and I'll bet no parents in all the land have given a nobler six than these boys of our hearts, boys of our lives, boys of our blood and bone who are fighting the fight in the trenches while we wait at home alone. The runt, that't Bill, we thought he'd stay, but he hard the bugle call, so he volunteered and when they went, why the runt he lead them all, and we just felt a sad sweet pain, but we did not plead nor sigh when we saw our stalwart lads march forth to the field to fight and die. We smiled and said: "God bless you boys," and as the bugle blew we waved farewell to six brave men who were willing to dare and do. And stranger, when the breezes waft to our ears the bugle's blare, our hearts are fighting with them in the trenches "out there somewhere."

Sit up strangear and have a bite; let's see this is "Hoover day" and we got no meat, but sit right up and we'll make out anyway. I'm not an advocate of war; I'd much rather peace would reign, I'd rather see the fields grow green than glow with crimson stain, but I never could see that flag hauled dawn by a war-mad kaiser's hand and the rack of his desolation spread throughout all freedom's land. I'd give six more sons if I could for Liberty and right, to see that flag forever float on Freedom's mountain height—free and untremmeled as the wind above my native hills—that's why our boys are at the front, to fight the fight that kills the tyrant hands that fain would bind the sordid chains of slaves around the limbs of Liberty. Not while Old Glory waves. Each passing moment, hour and day we breathe a fervent prayer for those who fight in honor's name "somewhere over there."

But stranger, why are you at home, and you so young in years? Beg your pardon a thousand times. So you're one of the volunteers and on your way to the training camp to fight for Freedom's sake? Have some more o' the chicken son; give me your hand to shake. That's right let Martha shake your hand—go on, fill up your plate— no, you'll not go on tonight for it's getting dark and late. You're made of the real American stuff—Martha, lets give three cheers to the stranger whose on his way to France, he's one of the volunteers. I wish that every American lad would act like you and mine, and go to the flag and not be a drag on them in the battle line. And I think they will—say, if you see Bill, or Jim, or Sam, or Lew, tell them Martha and Si said to fight and die for old Red, White and Blue. Good bye, boy, good luck attend, our blessing and our prayer, and a message of love to the stalwart six in the big 'out there somewhere."

THE GUNNER'S STORY

A Fighting Soldier's Plea for the Suffering War Horse.

By Lient. L. Fleming, British Army.

When the shells are bursting round
Making creaters in the ground
And the rifle fire's something awful cruel,
When you 'ear them in the night
(My Gaud it makes you fight!)
And yer thinks of them poor souls agoing 'ome,
When you 'ear the Sergean' shout
"Get y'r respirators out,"
Then you looks and sees a cloud of something white.

The gas is coming on
An yer knows before it's gone
That the 'orse wots with you now won't be by then;
Yer loves him like yer wife
An yer wants to save 'is life
But they aint no respirators, not for them.
I was standing by 'is side
On the night my old 'orse died
An I shant forget 'is looks toward the last.
'E was choking mighty bad,
An 'is eyes was looking mad
An I seed that—'e—was dying—dying fast.

An I want to tell yer 'ow
It's the 'orses wots gets us through,
For they strain their blooming hearts out when they're pressed.
We was galloping like 'ell,
When a bullet 'its old Nell
I c'd see the blood a streaming down her face
It 'ad got her in the 'ead,
But she stuck to it and led
Till we comes to action righ,
And then she fell.
I 'adent time to choose
I 'ad to cut her loose

For she'd done all she c'd afore a gun
When I looks at 'er again
She was out of all her pain
An I 'opes her soul will rest for wot she done.
If it 'adent been for Nell
We would all have been in 'ell
For we only got in action just in time
Aint it once occurred to you
Wot the 'orses there go through?
They 'elps to win our fight and does it fine.

When 'is blood is flowing 'ot
From a wound that 'e's just got
An 'is breath is coming'ard and short and thin,
'E can see the men about
Getting water dealed out
But not a drop is brought to comfort him;
Tho 'is tongue is parched and dry
'E can see the water by
But'is wounds are left to bleed
An 'e can't tell us 'is need
So 'e's just got to bear 'is pain—an think.

There are 'eros big and small
But the biggest one of them all
Is the 'orse wot lays adying on the ground
'E doesn't cause no wars
And 'e's only fighting yours
An "e gives 'is life for you without a sound.
'E doesn't get no pay
Just some oats and perhaps some hay
If 'e's killed no-one thinks a bit of im
'E's just as brave and good
As any man wot ever stood
But there's mighty little thought or 'elp for 'im.

Note: Since the above poem was received from the trenches in France by the American Red Star Animal Relief, Lieutenant Fleming has given his life to the cause of human liberty. The voice which comes to us as it were from a sphere where dumb brutes do not suffer is a call to civilization to do his duty by the silent heroes of war.

AND HOW ABOUT YOU?

What HapPens When We Try toSing "Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say, can you sing from the start to the end, what so proudly you stand for when orchestras play it; when the whole congregation, in voices that blend, strike up the grand hymn, and then torture and slay it? How they bellow and shout when they're first starting out, but "the dawn's early light finds them floundering about, tis "The Star-Spangled Banner" they're trying to sing, but they don't know the words of the precious old thing.

Hark! The 'twilight's last gleaming' has some of them stopped, but the valiant survivors press forward serenely to "the ramparts we watched", where some others are dropped and the loss of the leaders is manifest keenly. Then 'the rocket's red glare" gives the bravest a scare, and there's few left to face the "bombs bursting in the air"—'tis a thin line of heroes that manage to save the last of the verse and "the home of the brave."—Ladies Home Journal.

Announcement.

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