FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY TO THIS NEWSPAPER BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE

ARMORED TOWER IN FIRST LINE TRENCHES

IN ALSACE - DRAGOONS IN FIELD UNIFORM.

IN ALSACE - GERMAN PRISONERS FROM HARTMANSWEILERKOPF

A SENTINEL IN A FIRST LINE TRENCH.

Father Vaughan Sees Only One Way to Win---'Kill, Kill'

London's Famous Priest Renews His Attacks on Those Who Would Seek to Spare the Enemy by Stating That the Only Path to Victory Lies in Great Slaughter.

(Special Dispatch.)
LONDON, Saturday.

"Kill Germans if you would win the war" continues to be the slogan of the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, priest militant. Father Vaughan recently answered another clergyman who thought it was a pity to kill so many Germans by saying:—"In my blundering stupidity I had thought it a pity to miss so many of them."

In a late issue of Reynolds' Newspaper Father Vaughan returns to the charge with the following:—

There are two extreme schools of thought respecting this life and death struggle called warfare. The militarists and pacifists are poles apart in their teaching about war. On the one hand, while Prussian war lords make out war to be not only a "biological necessity" but also the "religion of valour" the Society of Friends, on the other hand, declares that nothing can justify the repelling of force by force. The German Bernhardi would turn ploughshares into swords, and the Russian Tolstoy would, on the contrary, crush swords into ploughshares. A plague on both your houses, say I. Between these optimistic and pessimistic views about the right to fight there is a third class made up of people like the Rev. Dr. Meyer and the Rev. Newsham Taylor, who lead one under the impression that they regard the present European war as some international football match, with the betting on our side and with the hope that none of the players in the rough game will be badly hurt. They and their followers, in their solicitude for my welfare, keep on reminding me how ill beseeming ecclesiastical lips it is to give the advice to kill Germans.

I suppose I am expected by this school of thought to exhort our troops not to kill them. Mr. Bernard Shaw has reminded me that there is another way of ending the war besides that of killing Germans, and that is to end it by killing Englishmen. My attitude toward the war may be summed up in a very simple syllogism. It is this:—

Warfare means killing the troops fighting against you.

But the troops fighting against us are German.

Therefore the war for us means killing Germans.

About the major premise Mr. Shaw and myself are in complete agreement. It is with the minor premise that we seem to be quarrelling. It is not quite clear whether he puts Englishmen where I put Germans. No doubt the pro-German puts Englishmen where I put England's enemy. So that the conclusion to be drawn from the premises depends altogether upon which side you are in the fight. As it is as clear as noonday to me that we have entered into this devastating war with a clear conscience and clean hands, I am satisfied that we must go on killing Germans until we have reached the number that will entitle us to dictate to the enemy our terms of peace, and so save Europe from the tyranny, the kultur of the superman with his super-State. We have drawn the sword to protect the neutrality, independence and autonomy of the smaller European kingdoms, and it is our rooted determination never to slip that sword into its scabbard again till Europe is rid of its menace to liberty, justice and civilization. To the militarist, then, who regards warfare as the highest expression of life, I say it is the worst expression of physical evil; and to the pacifist who contends that nothing can justify war I reply that there are occasions when you must make use of the worst physical evil—warfare—in order to support some great moral cause. In other words, a just war means making use of physical forces to secure some great moral end.

Let us get to grips with this question about the rights and wrongs of warfare, and let me again remind you that there is a far greater evil than war, and that is sin. War in its most repellant aspect can never get away from its character as a physical evil only, whereas sin is the brand called moral evil. The founder of Christianity warns us not so much to fear him who can kill the body only, as to fear him who can destroy the soul also. In the eighteen millions of casualties recorded in the present scientific slaughter of the human race not a single soul has been necessarily hurt, though that number of bodies have been hit. Shot and shell have broken or shattered the soul's vesture of clay, but it has not touched the life within. To be candid, guns and bombs have ruined or spoilt the outer casement, while the priceless pearl within the shell has been unimpaired, untouched, no matter where has been the danger zone. I like to think that our losses here below on earth have been God's gains up there beyond in heaven. Listen to this from a young cavalry officer in the trenches, where later on he was blown to pieces. He wrote to me saying:—"If I am killed, as I expect to be, tell mother not to worry, because but for this war she would never have had me with her in heaven. This hell let loose in Flanders has brought me to my senses, and I have asked God's pardon." Multiply that incident ten thousand times, and you will come to see what I am driving at. God doesn't want evil, but He permits evil because out of it He can and does draw good.

I believe that this war, a terribly physical evil though it is, has sent heavenward souls innumerable who might otherwise have lost their way thither. Meanwhile I am satisfied that God in His good time will give to the Allies a great and lasting victory against a foe who, having started out to Kaiserize Prussia and Prussianize Germany, meant to Germanize the world. "World domination or downfall" was the cry. During the last eighteen months we have learned that pan-Prussianism in theory is nothing better than pan-paganism, while in practice, as seen in Belgium and Poland and Serbia, its right name is pan-brutalism. Like our Crusade forefathers of old, who went forth to rescue the sepulchre of Christ and the overthrow of the Saracen, we, too, forgetful of the claims of home, have rallied to the fight, ready to lay down our lives for the Gospel of Christ and for the suppression of Prussianism, which leaves no room for Christ. With a cause like this before us we may exclaim with our Captain King, even Jesus Christ, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" My friends, when the shout of victory shall roll from Petrograd to Rome, from Paris to London, and Edinburgh to Dublin, we shall then add to our prayer, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

GERMANS INCREASING TRADE WITH SWISS

(Special Dispatch.)
PARIS, Saturday.

An editor of the Paris Temps who has passed some time in Switzerland tells of the increasing trade with Germany, which he fears will absorb all the external commerce of Switzerland in spite of the war.

Germany, he says, is exporting to Switzerland thousands of carloads of potatoes weekly. Of all kinds of merchandise he estimates that 900 carloads enter Switzerland from Germany every day, while only 150 enter from France.

He gives numerous instances of the business efficiency of the Germans. For instance, a Geneva newspaper bought a printing press in Germany. A mechanic arrived with the machine to set it up. Asked why he was not in the ranks, he said:—"I have just come from the front, where I have been since the beginning of the war. The house for which I work obtained for me a furlough of ten days to come and set up this machine in Geneva."

A Geneva bookseller had a call from a commercial traveller of Furth. Asked why he was not a soldier, he replied:—"I am a soldier, but the military authorities know that I am a commercial traveller. So for the second time in eighteen months they have given me permission to call on my customers in Switzerland and Holland."

Some of the writer's friends wanted to give a concert in Geneva and tried to get some French musical scores from Paris. No answer was received, and the date for the concert being near, they wrote to Leipzig. Four days later the scores arrived, enabling the rehearsals to begin.

France absolutely prohibits the exportation of rubber. A Geneva house, being unable to obtain dress shields there, applied to a German firm and got as many as were wanted.

GERMANS PUT PRICE ON DARING FRENCH AVIATOR, DEAD OR ALIVE

"Corsair of the Air" Is the Principal Leader of Bombing Expeditions Across the Frontier, and Berlin Considers His Exploits so Dangerous $6,250 Is Offered to Any Man Who Will Capture or Kill Him.

(Special Dispatch.)
PARIS, Saturday.

On the head of one man in the French army the German government has put a price. This man has caused them damage of a grievous kind and with persistency which seems to know no limit.

The sum of 25,000 marks ($6,250) will be paid for Captain X., of the French aviation service, dead or alive. The French government has been very careful to avoid giving his name, and it is believed the Germans know him only by description.

It was Captain X. who three successive times went to bombard the German powder and ammunition factory at Rottweil, in Wuertemberg. On each occasion he performed an extraordinary feat.

The sobriquet of "corsair of the air" has been given to him. Some of his exploits partake of the ruthless vigor of the true pirate.

Captain X. is the principal leader of the French bombing expositions, and he seems like a hero who has dropped out of a romantic novel. Danger is his very life, and he plays with it so that his adventures during the war have been almost fantastic.

He began by being made prisoner as a result of an injury to his motor which obliged him to descend in a neutral country, but he succeeded in obtaining his release. When he returned to France he was sent to the eastern frontier for active service.

Though he demands much from his subordinates, he sets a good example himself. When he goes out with them for a bombardment each of the machines carries a special sign. He takes his position about eight thousand feet above the object to be destroyed, while his companions are discharging their missiles.

Through his glasses he watches the results and notes the points which have been struck and the actual damage done and makes a record of it all in his notebook. When the others have completed their work the Captain descends in a spiral, aims with precision and delivers the final, and generally the most fatal, blows to the enemy property.

Guards His Flock.

He waits to judge the effects of his work and then he starts for home, escorting his men and acting as a faithful dog does to the flock, hurrying to the assistance of those who may need it. It is not without having run the most serious kinds of risks that he has become the terror of the Germans.

During one bombardment he fought with a large German aviatik armed with two machine guns. His whole machine was seriously damaged by shots, a number of important parts of the apparatus being cut and torn, but he continued on into German territory and went direct to a railway station and factory which he had set out to bombard, carried out his mission and returned safely to his base.

The first time he went to attack the powder factory of Rottweil was on March 3, 1915. The journey lasted five hours and twenty minutes. Ten minutes after he began the attack on the plant a conflagration was noticed beneath him, and he realized that he had destroyed at least an important part of it. He had brought four large shells with him and he descended very low in order to deliver his attack so that each of the shells struck home. One of them landed in the mixing basin of nitric acid and glycerine and the others fell on the buildings. Flames at once arose and the smoke made a column fory-five hundred feet high.

His next important bombardment was at the railway station which the French authorities indicated as V. To accomplish his task here he dropped down almost to the station roof.

Then came the second bombardment at Rottweil, on April 16, 1915. Ten four-inch shells were dropped on the powder factory and caused a fire and an intense black smoke which entirely hid the building from view. Captain X. remained for a quarter of an hour above his object at an altitude of five thousand feet, tantalizing the two vertical batteries which the Germans were aiming at him and the section of 77 millimetre guns which had been placed around the factory for its defence after the first bombardment.

Damaged Two Zeppelins.

The French officer returned to his camp with eleven shrapnel fragments in his machine. In the same month he dropped six shells in the great shed which harbored two Zeppelins, both of which were seriously damaged. The three special batteries placed for the protection of the sheds fired at him constantly, but failed to injure him, though they damaged his machine to some extent.

A few months later he bombarded railway station indicated as C. He started out at four o'clock in the morning with five other machines and in the afternoon he was back at his base, took up eight more shells and returned to attack the station for the second time in the course of one day.

The flight, in which more recently and for the third time he attacked the powder factory at Rottweil, was the most tragic which he ever carried out and at the same time the most successful.

Four other machines were to have started with him on that expedition, but one of them a few days earlier had attacked a train from only fifteen feet above the ground and the pilot was still ill as a consequence of injuries he had received. Another who was to have gone had trouble with his motor at the very beginning of the flight and had to return to the lines. There remained consequently only three. Besides the captain there were Lieutenant D. Corporal P.

The three started off together and followed the Swiss frontier to the Rhine and then entered the Black Forest and penetrated in the direction of the Wurtemberg plant. All had gone well until they were within a few miles of the latter, when several German chaser machines came out of the fog and spread, then their work the Captain descends in a spiral, aims with precision and delivers the final, and generally the most fatal, blows to the enemy property.

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An Easy Target.

They offered a relatively easy target and could not defnd themselves very satisfactorily. Mr. Jacques Montane, who describes the incident, says the first to withstand the shock was the captain himself, who was attacked by a large monoplane of the type of Latham's Antoinette. Two men were on board and the machine was well known by the pilots who operated on the Alsatian side. The French officer replied with so much valor that the aggressor judged it prudent not to insist and abandoned him in order to attack the machine of Corporal P.

The captain endeavored at once to go to the aid of his subordinate, but the adversary was much more rapid and after a short fight succeeded in bringing down the unfortunate corporal. During this time the captain was turning and swerving and did not lose a single point of the painful drama of which he was a powerless witness. But he decided to avenge himself.

After the fall of P. he started off on the way to the powder factory with the determined purpose of making the Germans pay dearly for the loss of his fellow aviator. He flew calmly, scorning the enemy who had gone above him in the hope of cutting him off and of attacking him, for the first success had encouraged the occupants of the big German machine.

Lieutenant D., who had continued his way without stopping, now saw himself surrounded by enemy machines. One of them brought him down, to the northeast of the town near the factory.

This death was considered a sad loss to the French aviation service. D. had distinguished himself several times in bombarding expeditions often by night, and his death had been of a boldness worthy of his chief.

The Captain remained alone to accomplish his mission, instead of turning back, as prudence might have dictated, for he still had a considerable distance to go before reaching his objective, he persevered all alone against the German machine and went and cast his eight shells slowly and with great care on the powder factory. All of them struck true.

His Sad Return.

A thick black smoke at once rose to the sky, the black smoke which this same bold pilot saw for the third time at the same place within a year. He remained, according to his custom, for ten minutes over the establishment, in order to make note of the result of his shelling, and then he started for home, along the same route by which he had come, not bothering to make a single detour to avoid enemy machines.

The alarm, however, had been given, and when he arrived over the Black Forest he perceived a veritable curtain of aeroplanes waiting for him. They all swooped toward him in the hope of bringing him down.

By clever manoeuvring he avoided half a dozen of them, and then he was obliged to engage in close combat with two, the second of which awaited him above L. The duel with the latter was particularly bitter and the Captain ended it by forcing his adversary to take to flight.

Quietly he resumed his way toward the French trenches, mourning the death of his comrades. Near the lines he perceived French chaser machines which were awaiting the return of his squadron.

One of them approached and made signs to inquire if the other aeroplanes were coming. The Captain with a gesture of desolation indicated that there was no one to wait for, as he was the sole survivor of the expedition. And a miraculous survivor he was, for when his machine was examined it was found that the top and nacelle were riddled with bullets; some of them had even passed between the Captain's legs. The supports were cut, the joints broken and the wings torn by shell fragments.

When they spoke to the Captain about these numerous injuries he replied simply:—

"Of course it was to be expected that they would wait for me on my return!"

The following day the German official communication made this announcement:—

"Under Officer B. on his first trip succeeded in bringing down two enemy aeroplanes which were on a bombarding expedition. The third succeeded in escaping."

The German under officer, it is interesting to note, soon became a lieutenant and received three decorations, one being the Iron Cross of the first class, which was given to him for the above exploit.

Recently this German officer B. was flying in upper Alsace when his motor stopped, the machine fell and the pilot was killed. Captain X. gallantly regretted the nature of the accident to the German aviator and regretted still more that it had not been left to him personally to avenge the death of Lieutenant D. and Corporal P.

NEWS ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE WAR ZONES

A disastrous fire has destroyed the prison camp, Quartier Montplaisis, Lyons, France. There were, however, no casualties among the 1,000 German prisoners.

During the Russian invasion of East Prussia every library in the villages and towns were destroyed, so that the inhabitants were left without any books. In order to restore the books, the Berliner Gotthebund has started a subscription, headed by Herr Krupp, who gave 5,000 marks ($1,250).

As the men of the Fire Department of Limbach, Germany, are all at the front, the Burgomaster has replaced them with boys, who are drilled daily to make them as efficient as possible.

German for French on Turks' Menu New "Frightfulness"

Government Decree Changing Language on Bills of Fare in Constantinople Exasperates Restaurant Keepers and Their Customers.

(Special Dispatch.)
PARIS, Saturday.

According to a recent issue of the Journal des Debats, restaurant proprietors of Constantinople are having great difficulty in readjusting their bills of fare as the result of a decree by the Turkish government that all foreign words except German shall be tabooed. As French for years literally has been the heart and soul of the restaurant menu, many of the chop house frequenters are annoyed.

Following the introduction telling of the abolition of Italian, Russian, English French and other tongues of the Allied nations, the Journal des Debats goes on to say:—

"Between Germany and Turkey, however, there is quite a difference. In Berlin they have replaced the tabooed words by national idioms. In Constantinople, however, the forbidden words have been replaced by those from the German vocabulary. This change has been easily accomplished in a city where William II. has upward of twenty thousand subjects.

"The innovation, however, has not been made without some trouble. As the language of the French has been from time immemorial the language of the diplomatist and of the kitchen, the restaurant owners are finding themselves in hot water. A correspondent of the 'Lokalanzeiger relates that he was received there with open arms and received much credit because he was able to read and translate the bills of fare.

"Thanks to him the 'soupe a la Jardiniere' that we know nothing about, but which is supposed to be a favorite French soup, has been converted into 'die suppe nach landgut,' which literally means the soup of the landed property, or of the earth, a correct version of it perhaps when the vegetables have not been thoroughly washed.

"Mayonnaise dressing is now called by this charming phrase, 'Tischgemengel mit Eiertunke,' a mixture of table sauce and eggs. German may be a beautiful language, but for the least things it has the most words. 'Poulot en Cocotte' has caused still more trouble. 'Huhn mit Gemeuse,' as it is called, is indeed very vague.

"One morning an eating house keeper approached the journalist with a very preoccupied air. He had received an order to make up a dinner. The host had invited to his table some German officers. He desired to have Turkish dishes, but he also desired that they be called by German names. The eating house owner wanted to know how in the world he was to translate 'Pilaf' (puffed rice). The journalist suggested the word, 'Reis'; but rice alone is not puffed rice and the puffed rice is not made only of rice.

"The owner of the eating house was anything but pleased. He was exasperated when he ran down his bill of fare and came to 'Hunkia bejendi.' The writer offered as a substitution, 'Dem Kaiser hat's gefallen' (the dish that pleased the Emperor). But as this version of it would only tend to make the rest of the menu more difficult the owner asked for still another translation. The next one offered was 'Brei von Zierfruchten und kleingeschnitten Hammelfleisch' (hasty pudding of whites of eggs with steak of lamb hashed fine). The journalist had beautifully explained to his friend that 'fruit d'oeuf' in German signified 'ubergine.' He immediately saw, however, that this finishing touch was the last nail hammered into the coffin."

Mr. Sven Hedin Sends Copy of a Mother's Last Letter to Soldier

Found on Body of Youth Borne to Grave, It Tells in Homely Fashion of Care for Son Whom She Was Never Again to See Alive.

(Special Dispatch.)
BERLIN, Saturday.

Mr. Sven Hedin, well known writer and war correspondent, who has been on the Prussian front, tells a very pathetic incident of the horrors of the war, which he is embodying in a book that he now has in preparation, and which is printed in the Prager Tagblatt.

"On a little hill stands a small chapel with its churchyard," writes Mr. Sven Hedin. "There were many newly made graves there and in one of them a major was buried yesterday. Four soldiers were digging a new grave. Two peasants were bringing a dead Austrian soldier on a stretcher. He had a bullet hole in his forehead. They placed the body on the ground and returned to the valley. There they picked up another body and placed it on their stretcher.

"Meanwhile the soldiers had dug the grave still deeper. Presently the peasants returned with their new load. This soldier had received a bullet in his body. His pale, handsome face, had a wonderfully peaceful expression. His body had lain for some time on the field in the valley with hundreds of other dead soldiers. In his pocket there was a letter from his mother, from Hirschberg, Bohemia. The envelope was missing. It read:—

"Dear Alex:—To-day we received another post card from you, in which you again ask that we send you underclothing. We sent all this some time ago, but I suppose it has been delayed in delivery. It certainly should not take so long to reach you. Have you received our post cards and letters? How are you? Have the soldiers not yet received their winter underclothing? We have read in the newspapers that the soldiers have been provided for the winter. In what part of the country are you?

"I am glad to know that you are with the men from Hirschberg. You can at least entertain one another. What do you mean by saying that the end may soon come? Your postcards always take two weeks to reach us. Just think what could happen in all this time!

"How is the weather where you are? Take care of your health and follow my instructions. God will take care of you; place your faith in Him. He will protect you in all danger. We pray daily for you and for all the soldiers in the field.

"We all embrace you and kiss you.

"YOUR LOVING MOTHER."

"They were simple but heartrending words. For the dead young soldier they were undoubtedly the dearest words of all in his last hours, for the letter lay near his heart when he died for his country. How they must have strengthened and encouraged him to the last! But now he is dead, and his mother will never see him again.

"There are millions of letters like this. How terrible is this war! Yet what a power and strength will such suffering and sorrow develop in a people which in future years can look back with honor to this awful time."

CAPTAIN DREYFUS NOT AT THE FRONT

(Special Dispatch.)
BERLIN, Saturday.

According to the German newspapers, Captain Dreyfus is not with the French troops at the front, as has been reported, nor is he a staff officer with the French Ministry of War. According to the Zurich correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, he is living peacefully with his family in that city.

"I see Captain Dreyfus very often," says the correspondent, "always accompanied by a son or a daughter or other member of his family. He seems to be afraid to go out alone. He no longer has the appearance of a military man. He has the appearance of a man who is tired of everything and broken hearted. How different when I knew him in Paris before he ever dreamed of going through the horrors of captivity on Devil's Island! He is bent and prematurely old and seems to have lost all ambition."