

## BRAVERY OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS INCENTIVE TO PRIVATES IN THE RANKS

**Men in Command in Trenches Share Dangers with the Soldiers — Letters from Firing Line Reveal Many Acts of Heroism — Getting Out of a Trench Under Fire.**

The simple acts of heroism of some officers are told in a letter from a non-commissioned officer of an Irish regiment in France. These battle-field deeds, while not unusual or unexpected, go far to explain the unbounded loyalty and enthusiasm of the troops. Other incidents of equal interest are told in other letters.

### Bravery of Officers.

(From a Sergeant Major of the Second Royal Munster Fusiliers.)

The officers share the same hardships as the men, and, in fact, a little more. They are absolutely splendid, every one of them. This will just tell you the class they are:

Col. Bent got wounded trying to save a wounded private who lay in front of his trench, and when the stretcher-bearers went for him he refused to be removed till all the wounded men were taken first.

It was the same with Major Thompson. He lay outside his trench all day wounded, and still issued orders to his men till he died from exposure. Major Day's last words were: "Write my wife and let her know I died a happy death."

Capt. O'Brien left his bit of cover and gave it to a private and was killed a few minutes afterward.

Other officers were killed and wounded during the advance; still the men went forward and took the trenches at the point of the bayonet, thanks to our brave colonel, one of the best of officers living; he is small but good.

We have a priest attached to the battalion—Fr. Gleeson, a Thurles man. He said mass for us on Christmas day, actually in the firing line. Where he had his little altar was peppered with bullets. He is a grand priest, and knows no fear. He is never finished doing all in his power for every one, even those who are not of the same religion.

### Getting Out of Trenches.

(From an officer in the North of France.)

When night fell and the regiment came up to relieve us I was just talking to one of our officers and saying we had had a quiet time save for shell fire and my platoon was being out of the trench when suddenly bullets fairly whistled over. I shouted to my platoon to get back into the trench and leaped in myself; the regiment leaped in, too.

It was pitch dark and our men started to reply. I had bayonets fixed and stopped them from firing, but still bullets were coming thick and fast. However, eventually it all subsided and quiet reigned again. It then became obvious that it wasn't an attack, but they had caught us relieving and pumped it into us from their trenches, which were only 300 yards off, and a patrol of theirs had got up to within 150 yards of us and let us have it!

Well, it was all very quick and lively, but our spell in the trenches was over and the sooner we were back in the trenches the better. So we started off again. We had two miles to go. We got about 200 yards when we passed the support trench of another regiment. The sergeant said quietly as I passed: "Get by as quick as you can; they are doing a lot of sniping."

No sooner said than ping, ping, and over they came again. We threw ourselves flat on the side of the road. I never made myself so flat in my life until it was over. Then off I went in single file.

Another 100 yards, then they let us have it again. There was a deserted trench full of water by the roadside, and shouting hokey pokey up and down I way up my thighs in water; but we were safe behind cover. When that stopped we were able to reform and got back without further incident.

### Life in a Destroyer.

(From a seaman serving in a British Destroyer.)

You ask me to give you a little insight into what we are doing. Well, I can tell you of one incident that occurred not long ago. Our job is patrolling up and down the East Coast. It was the first week in November

that we got our first experience with German submarines. It was an ideal night for an attack by these craft—dark and the water was choppy.

No man is allowed to turn in his hammock on such a night. At about half-past two in the middle watch the lookout sighted a red light on the starboard side; another was seen ahead; and shortly afterward another was reported on the port side. We steamed up within 20 yards of the first light and then threw the rays of our searchlight on it.

Instantly it was revealed as a submarine, and immediately it dived. The other two red lights disappeared at the same instant. As a matter of fact, the submarines had mistaken our ship for their own supply ship, the red lights evidently being their recognition signals.

The captain put on full speed and steered about in a semicircle in the hope of ramming one of the submarines, but without success. Every minute we expected to get a "tin fish" into the side of our ship, but fortunately they failed to torpedo us. Word was signalled to the other destroyers in our division and a careful watch was kept up until dawn; but nothing more was seen of the enemy.

### Plenty of Ammunition.

(From a Non-Commissioned Officer in France.)

Yesterday I saw one of our Territorial battalions going up to the trenches in a biting hailstorm. In spite of the greasy cobbled Belgian road, they strode along in grand style, their kilts blowing in the icy wind.

They were going to spend their Christmas in the open trenches, which were waist-deep in muddy water, but they all looked as cheery as if they were making their triumphal entry into Berlin. There are plenty of crack shots and Bisley marksmen among them, so they are eminently qualified to take on the German "Schutzen" at the sniping game.

One of them noticed with four bandoliers of cartridges slung round his neck in addition to the rest of his equipment, and we asked him the reason. "O," he said, "last time I was in the trenches I bagged six Germans, so this time the colonel said I could have as much ammunition as I liked." They don't waste their rounds these Territorials.

### Rushing a German Trench.

(From a British Officer's Diary.)

Came out of the trenches last night, Worcestershire to the fore again. During the previous night the Germans had sapped a trench to within 30 yards of an advanced trench held by us. Well, they had to be cleared out of it as soon as it was discovered that they were there.

This German sapping had taken place in front of —'s company, and it was up to that company to clear them out of it. He rushed that trench with 25 men. There were about 40 Germans in it, who were completely taken by surprise. Our fellows killed about 20 of them on the spot, and the other 10 managed to run away. The whole thing took place without hardly a sound except for the death screams of the 30 Germans, which could have been heard for miles. —'s last one missing and one man wounded out of his 25 out-throats.

He couldn't have done the job better—no man could have, in fact. We have it!

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### Ready Help

In time of physical trouble caused by indigestion, biliousness resulting from torpid liver, inactive bowels, is always given, quickly, certainly, safely by the most famous of family remedies

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

## SOME ADVICE FOR GERMAN-AMERICANS

**An end called to campaign waged to confuse minds of citizens as to their allegiance.**

Referring to the State Department's clear and generally correct statement of the American attitude toward all belligerents alike, the German-American newspaper published by Mr. Herman Ridder remarked yesterday:

"It is well that the document carries Mr. Bryan's signature; otherwise it would have had every appearance of emanating either from London or from England's embassy at Washington. But English diplomats would probably have done it with more skill than our Secretary of State exhibits. Remarkable as Mr. Bryan's painful effort to show that the complaints of violation of neutrality in favor of the Allies are exaggerated or unproved, while he remarks with satisfaction the circumstance that several German residents have been discovered in possession of American passports to which they were not entitled. That the complaints of English injury to our ocean trade are justified, the Secretary, to his sorrow, cannot deny. For justification he points to the protests raised in London, which remain unrecorded because England, as Mr. Bryan proclaims with open satisfaction, rules the seas."

This is as good a text as another for a few crude remarks on the attitude which is coming to be habitual with many—we are glad to say not with all—of our friends, and fellow citizens of German birth or recent ancestry. There is no more valuable and highly esteemed element in our composite citizenship; but we are bound to say that its continued value depends somewhat upon the continued preponderance of the American side of the hyphen.

### The Neutrality They Want.

The grievance of Mr. Herman Ridder and other "German-Americans" who think and talk like him about "neutrality" is not so much that this State Department document has "every appearance of emanating either from London or from England's Embassy at Washington" as that it has not been framed by its author and revisers to have every appearance of emanating from Berlin or from Germany's Embassy at Washington. The neutrality they really want on the part of the American Government and people is absolute acquiescence in the German point of view concerning America's relation to the present struggle in Europe. Little by little the "German-American," in many instances, is coming to forget that there is any sequel to his hyphen.

### Going Beyond Their Rights.

Now, "Deutschland ueber Alles" is a noble sentiment, a sentiment of legitimate patriotism; admirable in its place, which happens to be in the hearts of the Kaiser's subjects whether on the other side of the water or visiting this country as ambassador or official propagandist or private traveler. "Deutschland ueber Alles" is all right for Count von Bernstorff, here or elsewhere, provided that he conforms his practical activities in the interpretation of the idea to the requirements of international propriety. More than once the count has taken the benefit of the doubt. "Deutschland ueber Alles" is all right for Dr. Bernhard Dernburg. His special mission is to present the German case with a view to winning moral support for it in America. He has performed this function with considerable ability, plausibility and tact, and he has kept his temper; he would be beyond his rights, beyond what is permissible for a guest of his description, if he should attempt to persuade a single American citizen, whether calling himself German-American or not, that the proper motto for that American citizen or any other was "Deutschland ueber Alles."

### The Effect of the Propaganda.

Yet the whole effect of the "German-American" propaganda, instigated by the zealous representative of the German emperor, carried on by various "German-American" organizations, various named, promoted by Dr. Dernburg and an intemperate staff of volunteer correspondents of the American newspapers, and stimulated by more or less disinterested journalists like Mr. Herman Ridder and the clever people of Fatherland, has been to confuse the minds of multitudes of American citizens as to the whereabouts of their

### Politics Barred in Trenches.

(From a Berlin Subaltern Serving in France.)

We are here only 20 feet from the French. Yesterday I was on duty at one of the points of closest contact. A non-commissioned officer asked me to scribble a few French words on a slip of paper which he would toss over to the Frenchmen. I did so, and was curious to see what would happen. Presently we could hear quite clearly that the fellows across the way were reading messages aloud.

Then I called across and asked a couple of questions in French. Somebody answered and inquired, whether we were freezing at night, etc. Thereupon a voice suddenly called out to me in absolutely perfect German and asked where I was from.

In the course of further conversation he said he was a teacher and had for many years taught French at the Stiglitz Suburban Berlin High School. He said I should ask if people in Stiglitz remembered the teacher Perigard. Then he threw us over some tobacco, together with a packet of chocolate for me.

During our conversation, which lasted about an hour, I began to talk about our Kaiser. The Frenchman made some remarks which I could not quite understand, and then added that we had better not discuss politics.

—Boston Globe.

## RUSSIAN CAVALRY PUT AUSTRINIANS TO FLIGHT ACROSS UZSOK PASS.



In this picture, F. Matania, special artist for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, illustrates the victorious advance of the Russians in Hungary and the precipitate retreat of the Austrians which was mentioned in an official Russian message, which stated that in the Uzso Pass the Austrians in retreat were attacked by Russian cavalry, who fell upon their flank and rear, making their way by mountain paths in snow while a violent snowstorm was raging. In this attack the Russians took prisoners some ten officers, including the commander of the Austrian detachment, and more than 450 men.

allegiance. The natural sympathy of race and of association and of cherished memories has been inflamed into a fierce partisanship, in some cases even to the exclusion of the notion of primary obligations to the adopted country and flag. The Sun has actually received letters from "German-Americans" avowing American citizenship and yet declaring that American action fatally unfavorable to Germany's cause would result in civil war in this country. These are extreme cases, but they illustrate the disposition of so many worthy people to ignore the fact that there is no place for "Deutschland ueber Alles" on this side of the water and in American bosoms.

"Deutschland ueber Alles," we repeat has no place in the lexicon of any American citizen, whatever his racial sympathy and family tree. As a substitute for that sentiment, so respectable in its own proper quarter, we beg leave to offer to Mr. Herman Ridder and the rest of our "German-American" fellow citizens the variant displayed at the head of this article. It fits the situation much better.

—New York Sun.

TO MAKE THINGS MORE CONGENIAL FOR CANADIANS  
London, Feb. 2.—Mr. E. T. Scammell, late of the Military and Naval Immigration League, is busy here on a hospitality scheme in relation to the second contingent. The idea of his work is to do something to help along Canadian soldiers who have no relatives on this side and therefore no helpful influences when they are on leave.

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**GENT TO RUSSIAN PRISON FOR RAISING FUNDS FOR GERMANS**

Riga, Russia, Feb. 2.—Via Petrograd.—A local tribunal today rendered a verdict in the case of six German subjects and two Russians who were accused of having solicited and collected funds for the German navy, both before and after the outbreak of hostilities. The Germans were given one year in prison, while the Russians were sentenced to eight months.

**PILES**

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you in a few days, and as certainly cure you. See a post, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 10c stamp to pay postage.

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Not a Useless Intoxicant, but a WHOLESOME BEVERAGE with dietetical and medicinal uses — MADE AS GOOD AS WE CAN MAKE IT — If not sold by nearest wine and spirit merchant, write JOHN LABATT, LIMITED LONDON - CANADA

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## "Mutt and Jeff," By Bud Fisher



## Finan

**HOW AN AMERICAN CITY SOLVED FINANCIAL DISTRESS**

Through the investment of thrifty citizens in the City of St. Paul, found a new solution for financial troubles experienced by the average American city. The city being able to discharge obligations as well as meet the needs of the city.

Early in the summer of 1914, the City of St. Paul, Minn., found itself in a financial straits. The city had a debt of \$2,283,500, which was due to the City of St. Paul, Minn., and the City of St. Paul, Minn., was in a financial straits. The city had a debt of \$2,283,500, which was due to the City of St. Paul, Minn., and the City of St. Paul, Minn., was in a financial straits.

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