

Interesting War Photographs Taken on the French Firing Line



FRENCH SOLDIERS IN A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH NEAR ARRAS.



A FRENCH GENERAL VISITS HIS MEN IN THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES.



A FRENCH MAXIM GUN DETACHMENT IN ACTION NEAR SOUCHEZ.



A FRENCH SENTRY ON DUTY WEARING HIS NEW STEEL HELMET.

KELLER WOULD END THE WAR BY REIGN OF TERROR

Teuton Editor Proposes That Rigorous Cruelties Be Exercised Against Civilians.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
LONDON, December 4.

General Bernhardi is eclipsed by Herr Rudolph Keller, editor of the Prager Tageblatt, who has written a pamphlet entitled "War Against Civilians," in which he proposes to bring the most drastic measures against the inhabitants of those parts of France, Belgium, Russia and Serbia now occupied by German and Austrian troops and end the war by a reign of terror. He says:—

"There are a thousand reasons why the present position of things in the different areas of war should be exploited to bring about a speedy peace. It would now be possible to adopt against our enemies repressive measures by means of which they could be forced to stop the war. Germany and Austria are in possession of such an enormous stretch of territory belonging to Russia and Rumania and Belgium, to which the greater part of Serbia is now being rapidly added, that we are in a position to practise the most rigorous cruelties on our enemies on all sides. It is urgently necessary to deprive the occupied parts of France and those regions of Belgium now in the hands of the Germans of all food supplies and to prevent any other supplies from reaching their inhabitants.

"Of course there would be a tremendous outcry in the English and French and Russian press against German barbarity, but what of that? Our German skins are sufficiently thick to bear the abuse of our enemies. After a time England and France would feel that they could not expose several millions of Belgians and French to death by starvation, and then they would reluctantly consent to enter into negotiations, in which our command over the fate of so many French and Belgian civilians would give us unquestionable leverage. Let us adopt this energetic policy without wasting more time in waging war."

THOUGHTS OF DANGER VANISH IN THE CHARGE

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
LONDON, December 4.

Now the mad intoxication of the charge makes one forgetful of danger is told by a British soldier in explaining how he was wounded.

"I was about ten yards from the enemy's trench when the butt of my rifle was blown clean away, leaving the barrel and bayonet still in my hands. How I escaped I do not know, but I did not stop to think of that. There was nothing for it but to rush on with the rest. On reaching the German rifle which lay beside a hidden figure when saw a Russian officer near by pointing a revolver at me.

"I bent down and at the same time made still in my hands. How I escaped I do not know, but I did not stop to think of that. There was nothing for it but to rush on with the rest. On reaching the German rifle which lay beside a hidden figure when saw a Russian officer near by pointing a revolver at me.

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Says Zeppelin Was Destroyed Off Dover by Bombardment on Land and Sea

Mr. H. P. Holl, of Brooklyn, Describes Dramatic Appearance of German Air Destroyer Over Port and Tells How Anti-Aircraft Shells and Guns from Naval Vessels Finally Caused It to Fall Into the Sea.

The following has been written for this newspaper by Mr. H. P. Holl, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who vouches for its accuracy:—

"Hot, hot, hot, ho-o-o!"

The signal of death and destruction had come at last to Dover—three short, shrill blasts on the harbor siren and then a long, wailing one.

"To your cellars," it meant, when translated. Not a soul in the great English seaport who did not know the grim significance of its for notices in bold type warning the populace what to do when the psychological moment arrived had been struck on the walls everywhere. "Hot, hot, hot, ho-o-o!" had long been a message discussed by parents in subdued tones so that the children should not understand. War is not a game for children. But the siren had been silent for many months and "hot" had become a joke.

On a still day the incessant roar of giant guns pounding the Belgian coast two scores of miles away on more could sometimes be heard for hours at a time, and men would put their heads on one side, listening with tense expression, for that was the real thing. Human bodies were being torn there into shapely, living fragments of pulverized flesh and blood—fragments like those which were landed by the hand of at Dover every day in the stately white hospital ships. But that was all taking place miles away, in another country. No bombardment could ever pulverize humanity in Dover.

"Hot, hot, hot, ho-o-o!"

The incredible had been achieved. A super-Zeppelin was at our gates, if indeed he had not actually within them, and he was twenty minutes past midnight. To your cellars," was the authorized programme, but the official programme went awry that night, and the inhabitants of Dover were to see the sight of their lives—the first of the kind in the history of the world.

It was a flying trip from the blood-soaked fields of Flanders. War pursues one everywhere in Europe. After one day in the sensation of feeling without its choking influence. But that midnight shriek brought in its train to Dover all the hideous memories of the previous months. The black, vast above, shimmering up and down, in eight seconds all the bedroom windows for miles around were flung wide open.

"Hot, hot, hot, ho-o-o!"

"It's a Zep! It's a Zep!" one heard on every hand. The curtain was being rung up on the long expected phenomenon at last. Nobody even remembered there were any cellars. There was an ear-splitting boom, that shattered the glass, and then two more flashes out, and a brilliant ship of silver cracked across the darkened sky, the first of the kind in the history of the world.

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FRENCH SOLDIERS TAKING THEIR EASE IN A WELL-CONSTRUCTED DUG-OUT.

FRENCH HELMETED SOLDIERS WAITING FOR A FINAL ATTACK

War Prisoners Remove a Hill

British and Scotch in Camp Near Berlin Engaged in Un-usual Task.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
BERLIN, December 4.

A few miles east of Berlin are the Mullberg hills, near the village of Spiesenhagen, where British and Scotch prisoners are engaged in a gigantic task. Up to twenty years ago this hill was built up from the waste material of Berlin, and its soil now is so rich that the German government recently decided to remove the entire hill and distribute its rich fertilizing soil over a large area of sterile land in its vicinity. The British and Scotch prisoners have been put at this task, and the Berlin Tageblatt reports that they are doing it with a will and enthusiasm that is highly gratifying.

A correspondent of the newspaper who recently made a trip to the Mullberg gives his observations. From six in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, he says, the prisoners are engaged with pick and shovel in dismantling the immense mound of rich soil. Other prisoners load the soil on wagons and cart it to a stretch of meadows near by, where it is evenly distributed preliminary to making this sterile region fruitful.

"The prisoners," says the correspondent, "are doing great work here. They are a fine looking lot of men—tall, athletic and with pleasing faces. They laugh and joke with one another while working and respond quickly to orders. They are well taken care of. At noon they are served with a thick, nourishing soup, followed by meat and potatoes prepared in real Scotch style. Any one who still is hungry after this meal may go to the good natured cook and receive many dainties from home—their favorite puddings, for instance, and tobacco, which they smoke in their short pipes.

"I noticed one prisoner—a giant in stature—who was a policeman in London, helping the cook. He washed and dried the dishes and made himself useful in every way; another was peeling potatoes.

"On Sundays the prisoners are relieved from all work. They play football, cards and enjoy themselves generally. They are all in excellent health and are well treated. It is to be hoped that the German prisoners in England are receiving the same good treatment that the English and Scotch prisoners receive in Germany."

BATTLE CHARGE SEEMED LIKE PART IN PLAY TO LONDON THEATRE BOY

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
LONDON, December 4.

Although admittedly scared in the first charge, a British soldier tells in the London Times how his chum's death roused him to action and sent him rushing into the charge which resulted in his being wounded.

The soldier before enlistment was a call boy in a London theatre.

"It was all right once the curtain was up," says the soldier. "It was the first night's wait for the advance which I found most trying, with the incessant thumping of the guns and the shrieking of the shells over our heads. It was a most impressive overture to the great drama to come. This was my first appearance in a big battle.

"Although I knew the part I was to play well enough, after the many months of rehearsals in England, I must own that I was shaky, like an actor on the first night. I suppose.

"My chum and I had agreed that we could stick together as long as we could, but our plans were soon upset. No sooner had we clambered out of our trench than we were hit by a shell which burst and I seemed to go mad with rage and barely knew what I did. The most extraordinary thing was that I seemed then to have no fear of the hail of bullets which rained down upon us. They all seemed part of the charge.

"I was carried along by an overwhelming impulse to get at the enemy and avenge my chum. I, like the rest of us, scampered as fast as my legs would carry me, slipping and sliding in the mud, until at length I went sprawling in the slush which had been churned up by the rain and shells. I had just scrambled to my feet again when I heard the order to renew the charge.

"My first experience at battle was short and sweet, for I was bowled over at the first rush. I remember plunging my bayonet into a huge German who confronted me with a leveled rifle. Then I was hit on the head by something or other which made me see more stars than I had ever seen before. The writer finally declared his agreement, and he is the last act of all, but I have at least avenged my chum."

TEUTONIC TALES ABOUT THE HERO OF THE EAST

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
BERLIN, December 4.

Herr Geza Herczeg writes to the Pester Lloyd that Field Marshal von Hindenburg is almost as popular with the Russians as with the Germans. This may seem strange, he admits, but says that the Russians are almost as great admirers of the Russian hero as is a clever and fair fighter.

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BERLIN-BAGDAD LINE TO PROVIDE 'A PLAGE IN SUN'

Berliner Tageblatt Sees Great Significance in Opening of Orient Railway.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH.]
BERLIN, December 4.

In an article that has all the earmarks of being inspired the Berliner Tageblatt hints at what Germany has in mind in developing the resources of Turkey, Anatolia, Mesopotamia and the countries of the Near East. According to this article, which is prominently displayed under the head "Berlin-Bagdad," Germany will build extensive railroad systems to extend her trade and commerce to the very doors of India.

"The union of the German and Austro-Hungarian troops with the army of King Ferdinand in Serbia," says the Tageblatt, "establishes a military connection of great importance between the Central Powers and Turkey. It is possible now, without danger of any interference from our enemies, to send troops and ammunition direct from Berlin to Constantinople. The political significance of this will soon become apparent to Great Britain. But, aside from its military and political importance, it is one of the greatest things commercially for Germany. As Leopold von Ranke said many years ago:—

"The future of the German Empire lies in a strong commercial union with Constantinople.

"With the opening of the railway direct to Turkey it means also that Germany can tap Anatolia and Mesopotamia for food and supplies of all kinds. The dream of German statesmen of running a railroad from Berlin to Bagdad is soon to be realized. But the scheme now is to go even further than Bagdad; in fact, to extend the railway to the Persian Gulf and to the very borders of India. And in this great work it is Germany's intention to revive the glories of Nineveh and Babylon and with German brains and energy make these old cities foremost again in culture and civilization in that part of Asia. Furthermore, the soil of these Near East countries, which has lain dormant for several centuries, again is to be tilled and cultivated and the rich earth made to bear food for the nations. All this has been the dream of Georg von Siemens, who as long as twenty-five years ago saw the importance of a commercial, if not political, union with Islam.

"The route of the railroad extending beyond Constantinople would be from the Marmora sea through Anatolia to Coniah and to the Mediterranean by way of Alexandrette; then to the Tigris by way of Mosul and from there to Bagdad. This completed, an extension to Nineveh and Babylon via Nadjet to the Persian Gulf has been mentioned. This railroad, which is to have a double track and bring the products of the Near East to Central Europe, also will run to Damascus and connect with the present Hedjaz Railway, which carries the devout Mohammedans to Mecca and which has an important strategic position in this war.

"For some years Germany has been building the Bagdad railway, and regarded as one of the greatest pieces of work that Germany is doing on foreign soil. Even during the storm and stress of the present war and the bombardment of the Dardanelles the work on this railway has continued uninteruptedly. Hand in hand with the construction of the road, East are being slowly but surely carried the plans for the amelioration of the Near East.

"Following the completion of this road the construction of gigantic waterworks and reservoirs in Mesopotamia are contemplated. These water works will be used to irrigate the soil and insure regularity in crops in the region between the Euphrates and the Tigris. German capital and industry will carry out this great work.

"As it is the intention of Germany to build the direct railway connection between Berlin and Bagdad, it must be remembered that Turkey primarily will benefit greatly.

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