

PEOPLE OF ZEEBRUGGE WAIT FOR THE ALLIES

They Only Laugh at the Discomfiture of the Germans When Allied Airmen Drop Bombs or British Warships Shell the Town.

By S. N. Dancey.

Now that Zeebrugge is again fighting conspicuously in the despatches, it is interesting to understand the character of the seaport town along the Belgian coast, which Germany has selected and is operating as a naval base. A quaint, old-fashioned place is Zeebrugge. "Zee" means sea, and "brugge," bridge. Zeebrugge has a splendid natural harbor and man has provided a magnificent network of waterways, with substantial quays, and then a long, winding pier which extends out to the sea to receive the shipments that have been carried across in the deeper draught vessels. A fishing fleet has its base here and hundreds of fishermen live in the neighboring cottages.

In later years Zeebrugge has been but one of the many watering-places along the Belgian coast to which thousands of pleasure-seekers flock from year to year for the warm summer months. It has a splendid beach, but of course, not so extensive or so well equipped as those of Blankenburg or Ostend. The railway facilities are of the most satisfactory order. There is communication with Holland at various points, a direct line to Bruges and thence to Ghent and Brussels, along the coast line to Antwerp, and a radial line that stretches the length of the coast line from Knocks to Westende and Mariake and on as far as La-panne.

Coming of the Germans
There is that last impression of Zeebrugge before the Germans came. The writer had just come up from France and he met the members of the Belgian staff along the line of the little railway that leads to Knocks. In the harbor there were a number of boats, and the most conspicuous was a British submarine which had just come in from the open sea and was attracting the interest and curiosity of the inhabitants. The Belgian officers were anxious to learn the truth respecting operations to the south.

A few days later there was the spectacle of refugees fleeing before the terrorizing Prussian. They rested a moment at Zeebrugge before passing on to Holland and safety. Word came that the Germans had entered Ghent and that they were rushing on towards Bruges and then the coast. Already the first refugees from Ghent

had arrived and Zeebrugge echoed with tales of barbarism and cruelty. Belgian pickets along the railway leading to Ostend never slept as they guarded the last few miles of soil that remained in the possession of Belgium along its picturesque coast. The British were still landing at Ostend, but Zeebrugge saw little of military activities. Rather did it see the human side of the great war.

With Utmost Secrecy.
And then the Belgian flag was taken down from the flagstaffs and a deserted village waited for the arrival of the enemy. It was a beautiful morning of sunshine that revealed the first of the Uhlans to the wondering populace that remained behind. The light of summer had gone out for this fashionable watering-place. The story of the German occupation, the first introduction of defence works and then the heavier fortifications—it represents a reason that is clouded in obscurity. The order had been passed from headquarters that the frontier would have to be closed and the German works proceeded with the utmost secrecy. The canals, the river front, the quays, the usines, everything was employed as a part of the great machinery of war.

Submarines Destroyed.
Germany brought fifteen submarines overland by train to be placed in the water at Zeebrugge. The defences of the harbor had been so constructed as to permit this naval activity. Some of these submarines passed through Brussels in parts, which would be assembled by the workmen who had been brought from the naval yards. Of those fifteen submarines only nine reached the water. British and French airmen with well-placed bombs accounted for the other six.

From the beginning of the German occupation, Zeebrugge has been content to forget its normal self. Aeroplanes drop bombs in an effort to destroy military posts, but the inhabitants laugh as they witness the embarrassment of the enemy. They have no fear of the bombs. Warships often pass along the coast, as they did the other day, and bombard this naval base, but the people of Zeebrugge seem to find a wild joy in the confusion. They know that they are the warships of the Allies.

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UNITED STATES TAKES NOTICE

Astonished at Evidence of German Espionage—Cabinet Will Consider Subject—Sayville Suspected of Still Aiding Germany

Washington, Aug. 18.—The evidence in the possession of the government regarding the activities of alleged German spies, and the ramifications of what is claimed to be an illegal propaganda to overturn the policy of the United States, will be carefully considered at the cabinet meeting Friday.

It was learned to-day also that the president, who is conversant with some of the more important details, has called upon the heads of all departments to submit to him at once a digest of all evidence or information so far obtained.

The president already has discussed the subject with Attorney-General Gregory and Secretary of the Navy Daniels.

BRITISH ENVOY ACTIVE
This afternoon Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, had an extended conference with Secretary of State Lansing. It was given out that the topic under discussion was Mexico, but there is good reason to believe that the activity of alleged German agents was talked about at some length. The British foreign office is credited with having given much information along these lines to the state department, particularly in relation to the attempt that is claimed to have been made by German agents to foment revolution among the Filipinos.

One phase of the recent exposé that has attracted serious attention on the part of the administration is the letter addressed to an unnamed German official of high rank advising him of the efforts that had been put forth to create sentiment in congress favorable to legislation authorizing an embargo on the export of munitions of war. In this letter the names of a number of important Democratic statesmen were mentioned as being favorable to the movement.

More Military Messages
Secretary Daniels to-day revealed some of the circumstances that led to the taking over of the Sayville wireless station. He admitted also that there had been recent complaints since the government took charge that secret code messages were still being sent under the guise of harmless business communications, and said the censorship had been greatly tightened. Some of these suspected messages have been refused.

Discussing the stories printed in a Providence newspaper, Mr. Daniels said John R. Rathom, editor of that paper, wrote to President Wilson some time ago that he had reason to believe the Sayville wireless station was sending disguised code messages. At the suggestion of the president, Mr. Rathom was requested to come to Washington. He did so, and held a night conference at the navy department with Secretary Daniels, James Brown Scott and Captain Oliver, of the neutrality board.

As a result of the information disclosed instructions were given to Sayville to refer to the department all messages that looked suspicious. Several of this character were sent to the department, and after being scrutinized the censors were instructed to notify the senders they could not be sent in that form. As a further assurance against the violation of neutrality, several additional officers and men of the navy were sent to Sayville. A number of the messages were shown to the president. They related largely to laces and other fabrics, and were so worded that a meaning entirely different from the apparent one could be given them.

No Direct Evidence
Captain Bullard, in charge of the navy wireless service, went to Providence and examined the information in possession of the newspaper. Much of it was documentary in character. Secretary Daniels would not say whether he regarded it as absolutely reliable, but he did say it was "extremely interesting." Mr. Daniels added that the department had never obtained anything in the way of sending military information under the guise of commercial messages.

Cost of Admiralty Is Britain's Burden

During the financial year 1913-14 a sum of £33,365,604 was expended in naval shipbuilding and dockyard work, says an official publication just issued in London. Interest attaches to the cost of several ships that have been mentioned during the war.

The battleship Centurion completed in June 1913, cost £1,794,289.

The Iron Duke, completed in March 1914, cost £1,899,915.

The King George V., finished in November 1912, cost £1,778,133.

The Queen Elizabeth, unfinished in the year under review, had £1,417,566 expended on her.

The battle cruiser Lion, completed in May 1912, cost £1,970,615.

The Ajax cost £1,796,045, the Conqueror £1,749,269, the Thunderer £1,746,060, the Princess Royal £1,967,927, the Queen Mary £1,959,797, and the Tiger (then unfinished), £1,462,456.

Amongst the light cruisers, work during the year, on the saucy "Arethusa," which was completed later, cost £206,910, the Amphion, on completion, cost £242,728, and the cost of the Birmingham was £521,900.

The total cost of combatant ships on the strength is given at £174,166,488.

Among the old ships sold during the year, the Royal Oak fetched £36,430, the Royal Sovereign £40,000, and the Ramillies £42,300. Three submarines were sold, realising £410, £360 and £405.

A sum of £3,276,986 was expended on coal and oil for the Navy during the year.

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There will be shown a picture of the Newfoundland Lads and several other Regiments.
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NOTE—Jack Rossley is in New York and making arrangements for the Best Films on the Market.

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"The Riddle of the Green Umbrella"
A thrilling Detective Drama featuring Alice Joyce.
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Written by George Ade, America's greatest Humorist.
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A Vitagraph melo drama with Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams.
"Countess Sweedie"
A roaring comedy.
Harry Collins—Irish Tenor—Singing Classy Songs and Ballads
The Usual Extra Pictures at the Big SATURDAY MATINEE.
Good Music—A Cool and well ventilated Theatre.

MAKES THE HEART WORK OVERTIME

Ascending Mount Blanc is Productive of Peculiar Sensations—Stout Guides Affected—Cold is Intense and Weariness is Difficult to Endure at Summit

Washington, D.C.—"The heart thumps irregularly, the pulse goes up to 100, your knees knock together, and your poor legs seem unwilling to carry you. Your throat is parched, you feel suffocated, your chest seems loaded down with a great weight, and such a feeling of utter exhaustion!"

This is not a patent medicine advertisement. It is Walter Woodburn Hyde's description of one's condition on reaching the summit of Mt. Blanc, Switzerland, as written to the National Geographic society, Washington D.C.
"The air has now become so rare that even the stoutest guide is compelled to take breath every few steps," he continues. "If you ever saw an asthmatic man trying to walk up hill while a paroxysm was on him you can form some idea of the last part of the ascent. And what do you think is the first use made of the glorious view after all these hours of toil? Do you open your eyes wide in astonishment at the wonderful sight? By no means! You shut them as tight as you can and throw yourself down on the snow in utter weariness of mind and body, resenting the impertinence of your guides, who urge you to look about. But it is too cold to sleep, and soon you are up, trying to keep warm."

Incomparable View
"The view, if you have any desire to see it, is indeed incomparable. The panorama before you is immense, but everything is on such a grand scale, great agglomerations of plains and mountains, that all details escape you. Most of Switzerland, great por-

tions of France as far south as Lyons, and the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, in Italy, are spread out before you. The cold was so intense that five minutes after arriving at the summit we were already to begin the descent.

"Although the ascent of Mt. Blanc offers no greater dangers than that of some other Swiss mountains, it has the names of being the longest and most exhausting climb in the Alps. While such peaks as the Matterhorn and the Chamonix Aiguilles are so formed that no great quantities of snow can cling to their sides, and consequently present, for the most part, merely dangers incident to rock climbing, Mt. Blanc, with its peculiar formation, is almost wholly buried in its upper reaches in snow and glacier, so that crevasses and avalanches and all other dangers peculiar to snow climbing are a constant menace to the climber. The extreme cold and rarity of the air as you approach the summit are also serious obstacles. The equipment for the two days' journey consists of ice axes, hob-nailed boots, woolen leggings and gloves, mountain caps which cover the face and protect it from blistering, dark glasses with wire sides to protect the eyes completely from the glare of the sun, and a goodly supply of provisions—for you would be surprised at an Alpine appetite. The guide himself brings a long coil rope, almost 100 feet in length, slung over his shoulder.

An Island in the Snow
"Ten thousand feet above the sea is an island of rock projecting from the snow. A tiny chalet has been built here, where the climber can spend the night sleeping in a good bed. The little chalet is leased to a man and his wife a most woebegone couple, whose dejected looks eloquently bespeak the solitude of their lives amid these eternal snows, where the thermometer each, night stands at zero. Tri-weekly two hardy porters alternate in bringing up supplies from Chamonix, and they certainly earn their few francs a day. No wonder a glass of water costs 20 centimes, even if it is melted snow, for every billet of wood has to be brought from the Chamonix seven hours below."