

GERMANY NEARING CRISIS, BROUGHT BY FOOD SHORTAGE

Teutons Must Either Win a Great Victory Soon or Sue for Peace, It is Declared—People Are Tired of War.

Germany must win a great victory soon or sue for peace to prevent a revolt of the civilian population being driven desperate by hunger, according to E. F. R. Delaney, general agent for the Holland-America line in Chicago and formerly consul from the Netherlands there.

Mr. Delaney has recently arrived in New York from Holland, where he was married to the daughter of Dr. A. S. Talm, until recently Dutch Minister of Agriculture and Labor. He returned to this country with a party of 50 officials of the Dutch government and engineers sent here to study American waterways, canals and locks and to purchase immense quantities of materials.

The information which came to Mr. Delaney from a Dutch official at Dusseldorf, indicates the plight of the German government in reaching an extreme state and that their only hope of continuing the war is to win some great victory and thereby placate the growing rage of the people.

The civilian population is underfed, and the aged, ill and weak are dying by thousands because they cannot obtain the necessary sustenance. Food riots are of daily occurrence everywhere in Germany, and in Dusseldorf men and women repeatedly have rioted, to be beaten back by armed soldiers and many cases severely wounded.

"Every ounce of food which enters Germany and but little is going in, is distributed from Berlin," he said the other day, at the McAlpin Hotel.

"The most rigorous censorship is maintained to keep the true state of affairs from the world, but in Holland the general knowledge of the conditions is becoming known, and the people understand why Germany is fighting so desperately at Verdun and why the Austrians are smashing at Italy. It is essential for the continuance of the war that a great victory be won by the Central Powers so that the people may again put out their hands and the hands may play in the streets."

"It has been long since the German people rejoiced over a great triumph, but daily they are seeing the little medium of food they are permitted being diminished and the majority of the civilians are sadly underfed. The wife of the official who attended my wedding, who came from Dusseldorf with him, and who by the way, was an Englishwoman, was so weak and was suffering so from malnutrition that she could hardly walk a few hundred feet."

The civilians receive scant attention from the government so far as food is concerned and the patients in the tubercular and other disease hospitals are succumbing in large numbers because they cannot be fed. The whole attention of the government is centred on feeding its armies. All the food which comes to Germany, no matter who buys it—be it high or low—must go to the central depot in Berlin.

"From there it is distributed. The necessary food stores for the army are made up and what remains is apportioned about the country for the civilians. As an example the official of whom I speak received weekly two ounces of butter, or about the amount one eats at a meal, for the use of his wife and himself. He receives a certain small portion of meat on having his meat card presented and punched, but recently there have been times when there was no meat."

"Holland has placed an embargo on foods into Germany. When the official returned to Germany, his wife took him and spread over these buns three pounds of butter, for she wanted the butter very much. When she reached the border the customs officials, who are very strict, took away the buns and butter, and permitted her to retain but three buns—her individual food allowances for actual consumption."

"The people through Germany are depressed, and recently the lassitude which followed their first outbursts of joy over early victories has been given place to a restlessness that is alarming the government. There have been riots in many places, and though every effort is made to keep them from becoming public they are becoming so frequent that it is impossible to do it."

"The babies, the aged and the weak are suffering. There must be some definite advance on Germany's part or she must admit defeat. In Holland the general belief among those who are qualified to know is that Germany is beaten but not destroyed. About 50 per cent. of the Dutch people are pro-Ally, but the majority, while wishing to see Germany beaten, do not want her smashed. They do not want her to be brought to a realization that 'victory' is not a necessity for the world."

"All over Holland I found a certain friendliness for the United States as well as a certain criticism. It is believed over there that President Wilson has pursued a weak and vacillating course and that he has lost a magnificent opportunity to place this country in the front of the great nations of the world in not more strongly protesting against breaches of neutrality. Holland has received better treatment from Germany than the United States. She has between 400,000 and 500,000 trained soldiers under arms and this, added to her determined attitude, has been a fine lever in the discussions she has had with Germany."

"Many to whom I talked believe the President was weak because his people would not let him interfere with their 'dollar' making long enough to take a great place in the world as the

morning. I was not to be pitied, for Paris has plenty of taxi-cabs, and I was easily on time at the station half an hour away, with my military permit duly stamped.

We were six journalists—two Americans, one Russian, one Spaniard, one Hollander, and one German—Swiss—and four members of various chambers of commerce, a Canadian, an Englishman, and one Frenchman from Barcelona, and another who is president of the French Chamber in Geneva. None of us had seen Rheims since the destruction, and each of us, perhaps, felt the need of being edited.

A few weeks before, an American millionaire had been on one of these visits, and I remembered that importance was attributed to it—"for people in America will believe what he says." So it seems that people, as this war becomes an old story, are ceasing to believe in its particular horrors. Well, I have seen and I have had the chance and the good-will, and I have taken the pains to examine for myself the state of Rheims—and I should be crazy or perverse or mentally blind not to recognize that the destruction of the cathedral is real and complete, and that it was not war. What is worse—and this seems to have escaped popular attention abroad—efforts at similar destruction have still been carried on in these past weeks—and never with any valid or pretended excuse of war.

Cherry Young Soldier

In the train sitting next me was a cherry young soldier coming back from his few days' leave in Bayonne, on the Bay of Biscay. Common acquaintance in that delightful region opened his mouth, and he said, laughing: "Our officers will not let you get near enough the fighting line to be in danger. One of our members of Parliament was down here, and he complained that the French authorities seemed to think of nothing but protecting his person, whereas the English, from whose line in the Somme he came, had simply led him to the front line and told him to look out for himself."

When I got out of the train, the young Basque soldier continued on his way to his post in Champagne, where he stands a good chance of losing his life. A captain, with his skull bound up, had got out on the way, after telling that he had been trepanned, and that Dr. Carrel's method of continuous irrigation of wounds with our American Dr. Dakin's liquid had saved his terrible wound from killing him.

When I came to Rheims, I found that the journalists' usual few minutes' visit to the first line of trenches would not take place, because the French battery of La Pompeille had opened fire the day before, and, in the nature of things, the Germans might respond. Now, the front lines are near, for the civilian dangerously near, each other. So this part of our visit was curtailed, and we had to content ourselves with a descent in, and out, up and down and around, what I should think was a fourth-line trench. I muddled my raincoat, and my feet stuck in the mud going down, but it was fairly dry below, and its details had been worked out with much ingenuity by the civilised men who have been obliged to live in it so many weary months. There was a little sitting and working place to pass the time, about the size of a sleeping-cab bunk. There were the endearments of the earth, with the sleeping apparatus of the soldiers. There was the abrupt, deep flight of steps farther down to the shelter, which is bombproof, except for the air. All this has been too often described for me to linger on it, though some of my comrades of the foreign press have extracted twenty paragraphs, not to say many chapters, from twenty minutes in these bowels of the earth. What I should like to have remembered is that Rheims, while it is not subjected now to very dry attacks, is still closing up to the firing line, and receives its dose of German rain when least expected. We were to see this in what I would call the cathedral line of German bombardment.

In fact, the city of Rheims has not been destroyed whole and entire, nor even for the greater part. The destruction is confined to a fairly narrow swath in a straight line before and behind the Cathedral. If this means anything at all, it means that the guns which wrought all this destruction were deliberately aiming at the Cathedral, and nothing else. No excuses can do away with this geometrical fact. Let us go over the excuses as they show up on the spot.

On my return to Paris an American, tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I would have an attack of this trouble with my stomach every three or four weeks, and was so bad at times that my friends thought I would surely die. Thanks to these pills, I have not had an attack for six months, and believe that the cure is thorough. My husband has had very satisfactory experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He was much run down, and very pale and weak. I persuaded him to use the Nerve Food, and after having taken five boxes he looks and feels real well."

It is such experiences as these that have made a place for Dr. Chase's medicines in the great majority of homes. They do not fail, even in the most complicated cases. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cents a box, 6 for \$3.50. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Mrs. Rebecca Elliott, Magnetawan, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write you in regard to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I had gastritis of the stomach for three years, and could get nothing to stop it until I

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who thinks he has an obligation to be neutral and so dispenses with logic, repeated the explanation given when the Germans were first astonished by the explosion of the cathedral. They were: "The Germans fired, not on the Cathedral as such, but on the Cathedral towers, which the French were using as observation posts." The cathedral clergy have taken oath that they could not have helped knowing it, and that to their positive knowledge, no such use of the towers had been made. A little spying out of the land as they come into Rheims shows the uselessness of such observation posts to find out batteries on the other side of near hills higher than the towers.

First Thrill of Danger

Our auto ran the fifteen miles from the railway station to Rheims along one of these hill roads which are exposed to present German observation. The usual way of hiding movement along the road as one passes gave the first thrill of danger of war. "If they located us, they might aim a shot or two at us," the soldier who was our chauffeur remarked soothingly. On our side it was easy to see where French batteries might be, but the Germans would have had to fire over the crest of the hill, for their batteries occupy similar vantage ground on the other side. Now the Cathedral towers give no proper point of observation for either army line; they are high, but they begin low down in the valley where the city is built. This is a topographical fact which the Germans, who could know nothing of what was really going on in Rheims, which they

Ruined Beyond Repair

To such questions no response can be given that will satisfy. Competent architects like Mr. Whitney Warren, who visited the cathedral in detail shortly after the destruction had been wrought, have pronounced the sentence. To the unskilled observer, it is plain that the cathedral of Rheims can never be repaired so that it may be again the same glorious church. The walls indeed stand, but architecture is not mere walls. The greater part of the sculpture, the decoration that carved and fashioned space and

gave the play of light and shadow in graceful recognizable outlines, has been burned to nothingness for the most part. There are only here and there spaces where we can see what Rheims cathedral in its flower must have been. The destruction of the window-traceries and stained glass is even more complete.

Restoration, that is, the copying in new structure what has been destroyed, might be possible; but haste must at once be made to protect the stone vaulted roof from falling in and that very soon—and war is not ending soon. For the shells which still fall intermittently break arches and vaults and the rain filters in and completes the work of artillery until, some day, all that is left may come tumbling down. If something is not done, even the preservation of the cathedral of Rheims as a ruin will become difficult.

S. D.

In August last, the firing seems to have aimed at cutting another swath through the city—in the straight line, fore and aft, with the old abbey church of St. Remi. This is more ancient than the cathedral and of equal historic interest. Ferguson, who is an authority and quoted by the German Redefker, said that "it retains the outlines of a fine and noble relic of the eleventh century." If it should escape, American tourists will be able to see for themselves that its light square towers can offer no possibilities for observation posts. For that matter, all those who, like myself, have visited the spot in these days when this swarth firing on the cathedral and abbey churches has been renewed, could see for ourselves that no such observation posts can ever have existed.

So far, St. Remi has not been hit; but the Hotel Dieu, the adjoining hospital, in which the imposing cloisters of the ancient abbey were still to be seen, has been smashed and bared within these few months. I do not think civilised men will endure patiently to see such monuments of their past replaced by the Munich "new art." This brings me to question anxiously repeated by all who love the beauty of temples raised by human hands—what really remains of the wonderful cathedral of Rheims? Can it be repaired? Can it be restored? Shall it be left in ruins, as a sign of that French men could do and what Germans have undone?

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Notice is hereby given that the "Lurcher" Shoal automatic whistling buoy has been reported adrift. It will be replaced as soon as possible.

J. C. CHESLEY.

Agent, Marine & Fisheries Dept. St. John, N. B., Dec. 9, 1916.

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