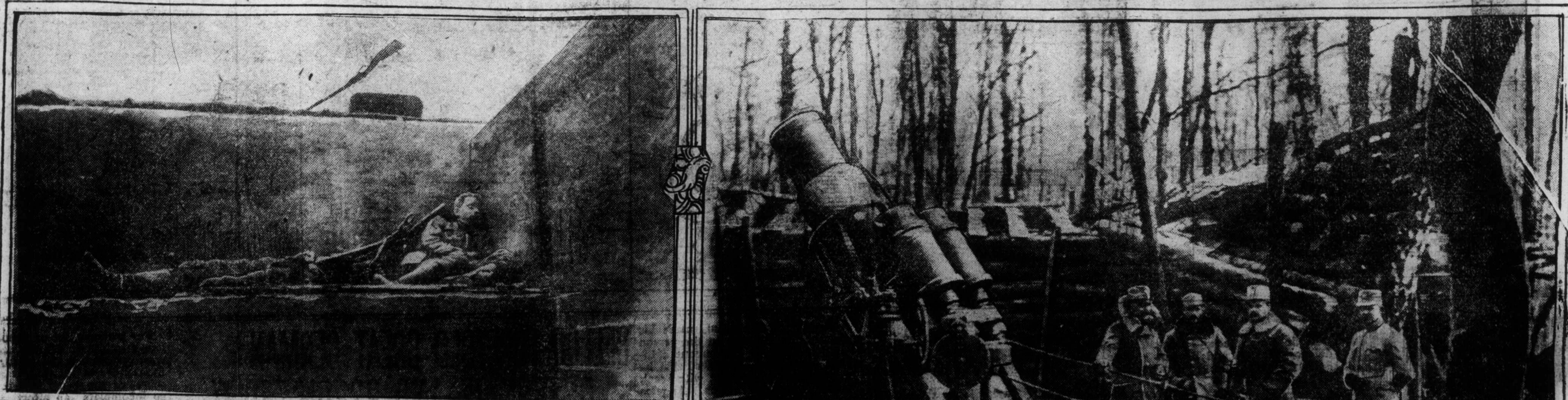


WOMEN AND CHILDREN LYING DEAD IN REFUSE OF WAR IS MOST VIVID PICTURE EXPLORER BRINGS FROM FRONT



WHAT THE VICTORIOUS GERMANS FOUND INSIDE BREST-LITOVSK,—"AN AMERICAN RIFLE ON THE PARAPET."



THE MIGHTY HOWITZERS



SO THE WIDOWS AND CHILDREN MAY KNOW WHERE HE DIED

"HE WON THE IRON CROSS"

War Managers of France as Seen at Close Range

BY GEORGE L. COOPER.

(Special Dispatch.) PARIS, March 7.—MOUNTAINS of words, mile after mile of sentences, Dickensian descriptions and Eilatian analyses ad infinitum have been written about the present war.

Acres of photographs have been taken at the front and "somewhere" in France, Russia, Italy, Austria, Turkey and the Balkans, and published abroad as well as here. The most intimate details of the trench fighting in Belgium and France have been word painted and dilated on, while the men in command and those commanded have been told of in prose, poetry, song and story.

But how about the stage managers of the war, particularly those in France on whose shoulders have fallen the greater burden of the present conflict? One of the first men met in the whirlwind tour was Mr. Henry Franklin Bouillon, member of the Chamber of Deputies from the Seine-et-Oise, who is considered by his colleagues to be one of the most brilliant of the younger statesmen in France. He has the dynamic energy of the Frenchman coupled with the aggressiveness of an Englishman, and he comes honestly by this last, as his mother was an Englishwoman. Mr. Bouillon can swear, gesticulate and articulate as volubly in English as in French. In fact, he seems to be master of the English language when it comes to making a telling point in an argument. To him is due much of the credit for the new Cabinet. And he impresses one very much as a character who if he thought France needed a new Cabinet would set it for her.

After a long conversation with this man of a dual nationality he said: "Is there any one in France whom you would like to meet? Is there any one in the capital that you would like to talk with? If so, say it."

My modesty having been taken away, confidence in the dignity of that country, by a French passport official, the wish that I have been made by the German for a moment, with the President of the pro-entente to spread throughout America the mendacious provariations that French Republic, Mr. Raymond Poincaré, who, as the world well knows, is bearing greater responsibilities these days than any one who has ever been elected President of the French Republic.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning I was hastily thrust into an automobile and frisked away to the Elysée Palace. Once inside the huge courtyard it took but a few moments to be ushered into a large reception room overlooking the gardens of the palace and after a wait of three minutes we were ushered through enormous rooms filled with secretaries and official attaches. We came to a dead stop in the office of the Secretary General of France, who, with no red tape or officialness other than the dignity of his office demanded, walked to a door and we were shown in to President Poincaré's office.

President Poincaré was most gracious in his greeting. Waving aside all formality, Mr. Hesloin and I were seated to the right and left in front of his desk and after a few pleasantries were exchanged the President, much to my delight, proceeded to do most of the talking. He speaks but very little English, but has a wide and voluble command of his own language, knows how to express himself, and what he has to say he says with an earnestness and directness that is refreshing.

Continuing he said: "In the name of France I wish to thank the American people for the defence of the French Republic, which at the time is the defence of humanity. I have the greatest admiration for the Americans and have sincerely

After fifteen months at the eastern and western battle fronts of Europe, in the crux of a meltem of death and destruction, Captain Frank E. Kleinmitch, an Arctic explorer, who was in charge of the Carnegie Museum expedition, has returned to the United States with one picture looking high above the other painted in his memory.

It is that of women and children, some of them half grown, some infants just learning to toddle, and some still pink with surprise at greeting the world, lying dead in the refuse of war about Brest-Litovsk and Tarnow. Outside this there was a deadly silence. The troops tramped heavily, and their accoutrements rattled. There were no noise commands from the officers, and sounds were detached here and there. But from the burning buildings not a sound. It seemed that they were crying tears of flame for some one to come and save them.

"I have seen great conflagrations, but always before there had been the shouts of rescuers, firemen, the clanging of bells and the spraying of water. Now, down smoke and flame shrouded streets, amid a heat so intense even in that weather that one's skin was blistered, there was a great city of 60,000 persons going up in flame. 'This,' I said, 'is war.'

They spoke very poor English, but subsequent conversations belied this remark, for with one or two exceptions all spoke excellent English and seemed rather proud of the fact.

France more than any other European country at war is making preparations to nourish her future generations and as one member of the Senate said: "France is prepared to do more by her people after war is over than can now be told."

This same member of the Senate, who has dealt for many years with economic and industrial problems, like many of his colleagues, is fully occupied with the present day facts, but is not overlooking what the future may have in store.

It is most interesting to sit down and talk to the men behind the scenes on topics of vital import to all of the nations at war, for then one realizes most forcibly that these men are just as deeply interested in the future problems as the ones that now confront them.

The hands of the huge gold clock in the centre of the Senate chamber pointed past the hour of three as we left their gathering place and motorized hastily to the Chamber of Deputies, standing majestically on the banks of the Seine, immediately facing the Pont de la Concorde. Strive after strive was met with in the lounge of the Deputies, and one of the first of these agreeable surprises was the meeting and talking with Mr. Alexandre

British Evacuation of Gallipoli Called a "Masterpiece of Retreat"

(Special Dispatch.) BELLIN, March 7.—Although the Turks in their despatches were very reluctant to give any credit to the British forces for their retreat from Gallipoli, a special writer for the Vossische Zeitung is more generous and speaks of the evacuation as an "unparalleled masterpiece" in the art of retreating. The writer, who was assigned to the Dardanelles and who took part in the events of the day, tells an interesting story.

"I was accompanying the commander of an Australian mortar battery," he writes. "The officer had told Marshal Liman von Sanders he would knock out of action a certain British battery which had been making it very unpleasant for the Turks. With this object in view we made a reconnaissance from the top of a trench, lying flat on it and using the bushes for a cover. It was on the very eve of the evacuation. We saw the British camp and the sea and the fleet of British ships—battleships, torpedo-boats and transports—and it was a beautiful sight. After locating the position of the British battery we climbed down and returned to our headquarters. Like children we were all rejoicing in anticipation of tomorrow's shooting. 'Alas! it was too early.'"

"The moonlight was clear but the very night seemed restless. The fire of the guns was almost as violent as I had known it on the Isonzo front. We expected an attack by the British, but it did not come. The morning, when it came, was clouded by a thick white mist. At seven o'clock we wanted to set out for the observation post, but the commander postponed the start of the firing on account of the mist. Twice during the next two hours we were going to ride away, but each time we stopped on account of the mist, which would not disperse.

"At nine o'clock the commander was called to the telephone by the subordinate officer who was to direct the firing. He received a message from headquarters. I heard the commander shouting in the telephone dugout, 'What? What? What?' He then emerged with a very smile on his face, saying, 'The British evacuated Gallipoli during the night.'"

"Five minutes later we were motoring back to headquarters. The British had fully—so much praise may be given them—their withdrawal about the middle of December. Their flight from Ari Burnas and Anafarta will, no doubt, so long as there are wars, serve to all strategists as a hitherto unparalleled masterpiece of the art of retreat."

SOFIA HOTEL FLOOR NOW AMERICAN TERRITORY

(Special Dispatch.) BELLIN, March 7.—The Vossische Zeitung comments on an amusing international complication which has arisen in Sofia because of the fact that the United States Consul there has declared his hotel room United States territory and defies the Bulgarian government to encroach thereon.

Recently, in retaliation for the arrest of the Bulgarian Consul in Salonica, the Bulgarian officials arrested the Consul of the Allies in Sofia. The British Consul, however, succeeded in hiding himself, and, under cover of the night, fled to the leading hotel, where the United States Consul sleeps and eats. The latter protected his British colleague by declaring his hotel rooms United States territory, and now all business is transacted there instead of in the pretentious Consulate Building, which the United States has occupied for some years in Sofia. As a result, Sofia is very much interested in the complication.

Mr. Ribot seemed not to be so entirely taken up in guarding the finances of France as to show his deep interest in America's thoughts of his own republic and to inquire, not guardedly but most frankly, concerning the present political situation and the coming conventions in St. Louis and Chicago.

When we left the Chamber of Deputies and stepped into the big automobile all I managed to catch of the hurried order given to the chauffeur was "Ministère de la Guerre, vite," and in what seemed but a few moments two already weary Amer-

then, but hesitated in doing so, as Bulgarian officials were waiting for him outside the door, the United States Consul at once rose to the situation and officially declared the whole floor United States territory. It is expected by the Bulgarians that the Consul soon will declare the entire hotel American territory, if not the whole city of Sofia.

"The American representative," says the Vossische Zeitung, in commenting on the situation, "is an apt and willing pupil of his master in Washington. How King Ferdinand will act in the matter remains to be seen. At all events this clever diplomat imagines that he has overcome all difficulties by simply declaring his hotel floor American territory. However, any statement which he is acquainted with Bulgarian statesmen knows that they will be more than a match for him. The American diplomat cannot move from that hotel floor, and no doubt the situation is quite satisfactory, so far as Washington is concerned, particularly as the Bulgarian government has been so patient in the matter."

of absolute manly love in their eyes at this wonderful man who saved Paris from the clutches of the Germans in rushing troops which almost superhuman efforts to Mous, when closer to the French capital than they ever will be again, executing a coup d'état which, in the minds of the present day and generation in Paris, will go down in history as one of the most remarkable moves of military strategy ever conceived by man.

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