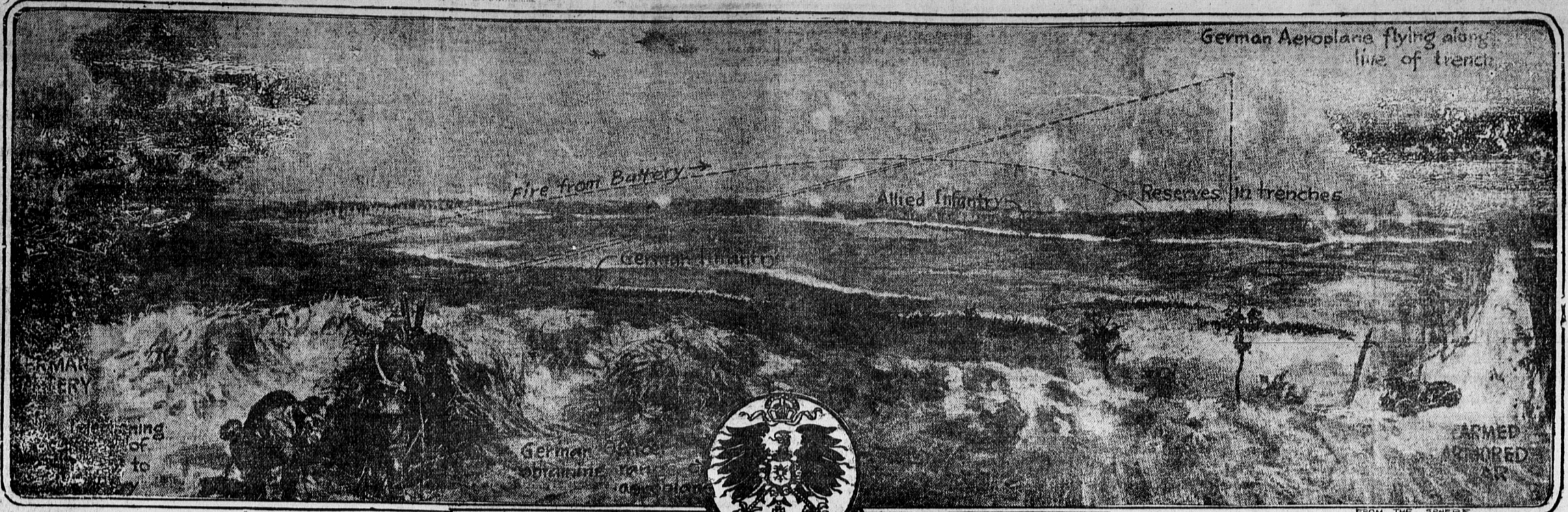


HOW GERMAN AIRSHIPS GIVE RANGE



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German officer watching the flight of an Albatross monoplane along a hitherto unsuspected trench. The German aviator has flown over the intervening firing lines and has discovered the hitherto unsuspected presence of a strong body of reserves. He turns quickly at right angles and proceeds to fly along the trench.

Belgian Corporal Avenges Murder of His Father

With Seven Companions He Makes Night Raid with Engine on Germans Near Ghent and His Foes Fall Under Volleys.

BY CHARLES FRANKLIN, Express Special Commissioner. Copyright, 1914, by the London Daily Express.

OSTEND, Oct. 16.—This story of the audacity of eight Belgians who set out from Ghent to avenge the cold blooded murder of the father and brother of one of their number was related to me by M. S., a Belgian volunteer scout.

The day before the fight at Melle, said my informant, a little corporal of Belgian volunteers who was an ironworker of Charleroi, was seated in Ghent discussing with comrades the atrocities committed by the Germans, when the news was brought to the Chat Ms father and brother, with many other civilians, had been shot in cold blood by the Germans.

He was a brave little man, but the first shock of the news sent the blood rushing to his heart. For some minutes his face worked with emotion, but not a word escaped him.

It was not until one of his comrades placed his hand sympathetically on the little corporal's shoulder that he gave any sign that he was aware of their presence. Then he arose, and in an unnaturally calm voice, but very deadly in its emphasis, he declared, "Yes; to-day I will kill some Germans."

"Comrades," he continued, with his hand raised above his head as if to strengthen the vow he had made, "there are men of courage among you. Who will join me this night in avenging my father and brother?"

One after another seven men stepped forward and clasped his hand in pledge of their willingness.

At nine o'clock that night the little corporal and his seven friends met at Ghent station. Each had a rifle and some cartridges. A station official who did not know their errand, but feared some mad adventure, asked "Where are you going? Do you not know that the Germans are all around us, and will show you no mercy if they catch you?" All attempts to dissuade them from their adventure were fruitless. "It is our business," was their only answer.

A little way out of the station an engine and tender stood. The driver was sitting at his engine, but he found time to listen to a suggestion of the little corporal, who had stolen up to him quietly along the line. He lent a favorable ear to the proposal, and soon the corporal was joined in the tender by his seven friends.

The driver started his engine very slowly as if about to perform a shunting operation, but when deception would no longer serve him he increased his speed, and only reduced it when the lights of the next station came into view. Between two and three hundred yards from the station he stopped the engine.

A sentry on guard at the end of the platform, which was half full of German soldiers, eating, drinking, or sleeping,

showed interest in the driver's movements. There could be no danger, of course, from a mere railway engine, but perhaps it would be better to report the matter to an officer. The sentry had not seen eight figures descend stealthily from the engine and disappear in a ditch running parallel with the railway.

If he had, his life would probably have been saved. At it turned out, no sooner did the officer and sentry reach the end of the platform than eight Belgian rifles spoke, and several German soldiers fell dead, including the officer and the sentry.

Then into the midst of the disorder and panic created on the platform the Belgians fired another volley. More bodies fell, and a rush to escape took place among the terrified Germans, who feared an attack in force.

Under cover of this mad confusion the little corporal and his friends climbed into the tender. The driver needed no exhortation to make for Ghent at full speed, and the rain of bullets that was poured on the daring nine by the disillusioned enemy fortunately missed its mark.

Thus did the ex-ironworker of Charleroi, with the help of his daring friends, avenge the murder of his father and brother and keep his vow "to kill some Germans to-day."

FOG AIDED GERMANS TO TAKE NAMUR

[By Charles Franklin, Express Special Correspondent.]

OSTEND, Oct. 16.—An explanation of the fall of Namur—the only dark spot in the history of Belgium's glorious resistance to Germany—was given to me to-day by an officer of the Belgium Fourth division.

The commander of Namur, he said, was chiefly to blame for remaining on the defensive, thus permitting the enemy to place their siege guns in position without interruption. Fog also assisted the German operations.

During the terrific bombardment of Namur, which lasted forty-eight hours, the defenders in the trenches never saw a German.

Many plucky deeds were performed before the order for the Belgian retreat was given. A Belgian brigadier, well acquainted with the country about Namur, wishing to discover the position of the German howitzers, dressed himself in civilian clothes and ventured into the German lines with a cart filled with bottles of beer.

The Germans stopped him, and while they were drinking the beer he noted the position of one of their howitzers. When they had finished the beer they turned him back, but he possessed information that enabled the Belgian gunners in one of the forts to demolish the howitzer in three shots.



Armored Car Suspended from a Zeppelin

The London Sphere illustrates the manner in which, to obtain safety while bomb dropping, the huge German air ship hides behind low-lying clouds and at the same time approaches more nearly the object which it is intended to destroy. The men in the suspended car throw out bombs attached to streamers, which steady them in their fall.

upon no man in the empire can they have borne more heavily than upon Mr. Redmond. For, besides the general anxiety shared with us all, Ireland has been overcast, on her own behalf, with doubt, misgiving, suspicion, and that sickening of the heart which the proverb of experience tells us is produced by hope deferred.

The argument that you hear used in Dublin now is this. Suppose that some weeks ago, immediately after Mr. Redmond's speech, that evening, or that week while the country, without distinction of party, was still in its glow of gratitude toward the man who had uttered it, Mr. Asquith had felt himself able to say in clear terms something to this effect—

"We mean to keep our faith with Mr. Redmond and the Irish people whom he represents as we keep our faith, at such mighty cost, with Belgium and with France. We shall use every endeavor to meet the fears, however chimerical, and even the prejudices of the representatives of Unionist Ulster. We have put every reasonable safeguard into the bill, so that we are quite satisfied that, as it stands, they have complete protection from every possible hurt in their interests that they can fear or imagine. We are prepared to go further, and so is Mr. Redmond, if thereby can be obtained a settlement with their consent. But I wish it to be clear beyond any mistake that we mean to keep our

pledged word, and, under the operation of the Parliament act, to place the bill on the statute book, and we mean to procure Parliament with as little delay as the crisis will permit."

After many weeks the Prime Minister placed the bill on the statute book, but it is not to become operative until after the war; and it is not yet clear to the Irish people and their kinsmen in the United States that their cause, after all, is not going to be betrayed.

Further, the Irish volunteers have been allowed to acquire the quite mistaken feeling that they are not wanted.

Petrograd Sobered by the War, Night Life No Longer a Carouse

(Special Dispatch.)

PETROGRAD, Oct. 16.—Not in name only but in its life the change that has come over this city during the last few weeks is one of the most remarkable features of the war. Petrograd is a very different city from the St. Petersburg that was.

at the response to his appeals in Ireland. But it is as well to remember, when making what might be construed as a public approach, what the record of the race to whom it is addressed has been in the annals of British recruiting and what it is at this hour. The Irish people have always, from the days of the Peninsula and Waterloo, right up to last year, furnished a larger quota by far in proportion to their population than the people of England or Scotland. In 1913 the number per thousand of the Irish male population who joined the army was 42.3, to 22.6 British born; in 1912, 29.8 Irish to 44.7; in 1911, 47.5, and in older days the proportion was even greater.

man is an object of wonder. There is no vodka. There must be large quantities of it stored up somewhere, but there is none to be bought. And no drinking has stopped, crime has ceased and the police have little else to do but mark passports, look after the street traffic and collect Germans and Austrians for deportation.

In first class restaurants wines and certain liquors are sold up until eleven

Reserves in trenches discovered by a German aeroplane flying at two thousand feet above the line of a trench full of reserves. The officer watching through the rangefinder perceives by the movements of the aeroplane that men are below it. He telephones to the adjacent battery, and soon shells are bursting over the trenches.

o'clock at night, but there is no heart in the little drinking that goes on. The all night carouse of the young bloods of St. Petersburg is a thing of the past, and the café chantants of Petrograd are languishing. The Tsar has said that the brandy shops shall remain closed until the war is over, and there never has been a murmur. It is a heavy blow to the distillers, but one never hears a word of complaint from them. The \$600,000,000 drawn from the brandy revenue was the mainstay of the Russian budget. None can say how that is to be made up, but the Russian does not care. He is so keen on the war, that he is determined that it shall end happily for his country, that he merely passes over the prospective difficulty by saying "It will come all right somehow."

War Spirit Calls Berlin Musicians to the Colors

American Students Still Found in City, Although the Opera is Closed—Americans Aid Families That Have Lost Their Breadwinners.

(Special Dispatch.)

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Women's Club called recently by the president, Mrs. James W. Gerard, it was resolved to keep the club pension open for the present and for as long a period as seemed feasible and expedient under existing conditions.

Mrs. Gerard is urging all young American girls who have come to Berlin to study to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the Relief Committee from the battle ship Tennessee of returning to their homes. While the majority of the students will follow this sound advice, there are others who persist in remaining, thereby incurring the risk, in many cases the certainty, of finding themselves later in financial difficulties, from which, it is argued, they have no right to expect to be extricated by the members of the resident American community.

The heavy demands made upon their savings and pocketbooks.

It is the spirit of adventure which prompts many music students thus to disregard all friendly warnings, the same spirit which in the first instance and under normal international relations led them to come to Europe, ignorant as to existing conditions and inadequately provided with funds necessary for the proper utilization of the facilities offered by a course of European study.

Incident to Students Gone.

Such music students as are generously provided with money are perfectly safe in remaining in Berlin, although the fact must be taken into consideration that the most valuable adjunct to music study here will be eliminated this winter, namely, the big orchestral and choral concerts.

The Royal Opera House will be closed except for sporadic events of a patriotic nature. Already fervid enthusiasm has been aroused by the production of Paul Oskar Höcker's "A Nation in Arms," which reaches its climax with "Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles," sung in unison from the stage and the auditorium.

The Deutsches Opernhaus, on the other hand, will resume its activity, presenting among other military works Dr. Engelbert Humperdinck's new one act opera "The vandière," the central figure of which is a doughty old Blücher.

Several of the leading theatres have announced a repertoire of historical and patriotic plays appealing to the German spirit. I am told that during the Franco-Prussian War the Berlin theatres did a flourishing business by following the above policy and by employing the clever device of having the performances interpolated with the latest war despatches.

This is already being done at the Admirals Palais, the home of Berlin's world famous ice ballet. The rink has been flowed over, and here assemblies every evening a large audience to listen to patriotic music and read the despatches that

over the prospective difficulty by saying "It will come all right somehow." In the squares one sees reservists marching, and at the stations are ambulances and reinforcements for the army, with soldiers sitting on the roofs of the cars, so eager are they to get away to the fighting line. Petrograd lives with but one thought—the thought of war and the unanimous desire for victory. How different it is from the time of the Russo-Japanese war! The radicals and socialists hoped to see Russia well beaten. Now the hatred of tyranny is turned full on Germany. Rudin and socialists, Jews and Armenians—all classes—are determined that at any cost Russia and her allies must win.

was flashed upon the canvas. Many of the best known American artists have been called to the colors, among them Herr Rudolph Berger, of the Berlin Royal Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, who left on Monday to join his regiment of Austrian reserves. Mr. Ernst Kreischer is already at the front, and it is understood that Mme. Kreischer, who is an American, has allied herself to the cause of the Red Cross in order that she may be near her husband, Mr. Jacques Thibaud, of the French music world, and Herr Walter Kirchhoff, the Berlin and Bayreuth "Parsifal," have buckled on their swords and will follow this sound advice, there are others who persist in remaining, thereby incurring the risk, in many cases the certainty, of finding themselves later in financial difficulties, from which, it is argued, they have no right to expect to be extricated by the members of the resident American community.

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At the close of the programme, on the bracketing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" brought the entire audience into participation, renewed proof was given of the singular unfamiliarity Americans have with the words of their own national hymns. They were obliged to resort to a great deal of "tum, tum, tumming" in endeavoring to follow the strophes of "The Star Spangled Banner," but came out strong on the spirited measures of the German hymn.

"A Symphony by General von Moltke" is the way in which Dr. Ernest Kommand, the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, characterizes the operation of the seven German armies in the war and Belgium.