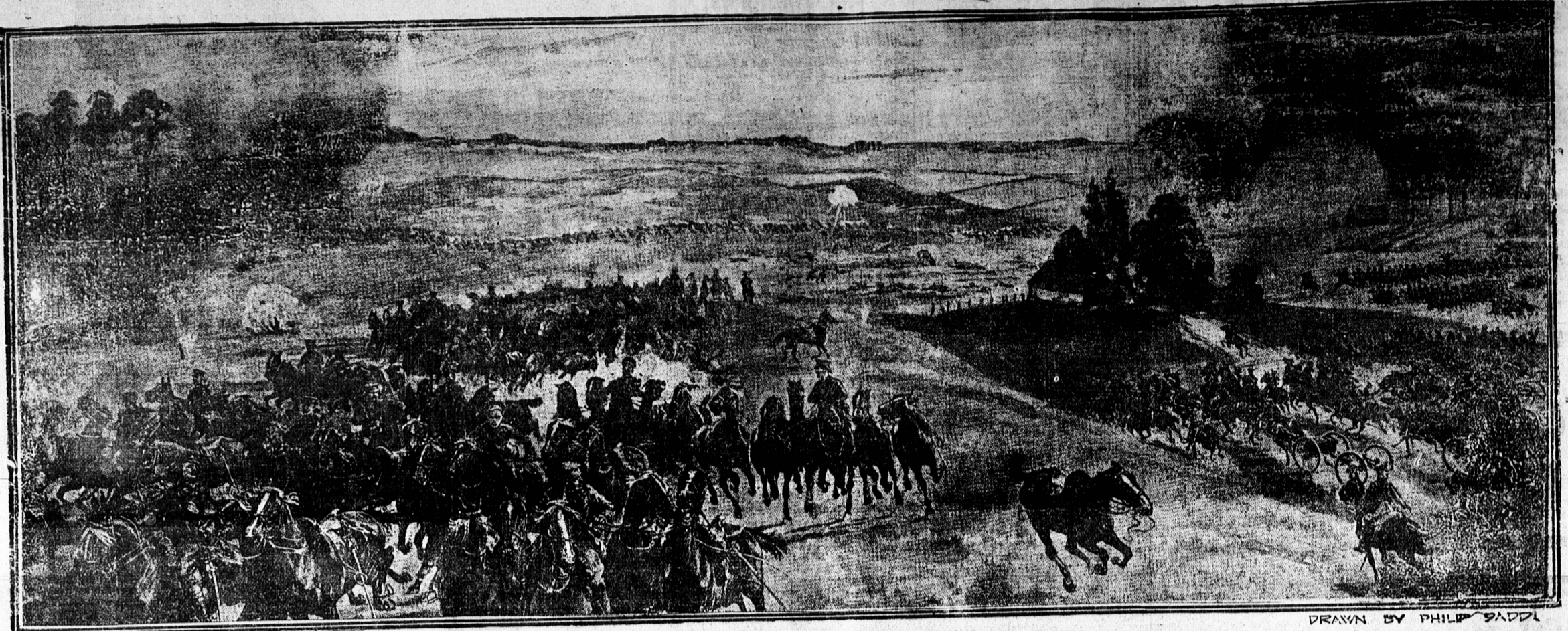


HOW FOLKS AT HOME AID SOLDIERS



DRAWN BY PHILIP SADDI

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'The Women Are Splendid!' Is the Cry from Bordeaux

Both French and British Join in "Scrubbing Floors and Men" in Hospitals of Temporary Capital, Where 25,000 Wounded Have Been Taken.

By CHARLES T. KING.

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BORDEAUX, October 17.

It is about women. There was a common official phrase in the days of the South African War—"The men are splendid! These they were mentioned in despatches." Travelling about for the Daily Express in Bordeaux and down here in the lush valleys of the Garonne I have seen what leads me to exclaim, "The women are splendid!"

Not that the war intoxication of the charge, the women are doing full duty at rows of the casualty, of "scrubbing the gunnery there" or of swinging personal lance to the Kaiser's fine uniforms and stem the tide of oppression and win glory or death in a race nerve-wrecked wife joy.

Tender, young, matured women, French and British, down here in the valley of the Garonne are scrubbing the anguish of the twenty-five thousand wounded French and German soldiers, privates and officers, who have been brought to the region of a new capital of France.

There is a notable British colony here in Bordeaux. It was founded a century or two ago. Some of its members have been busy in the wine industry in this mellow valley, where the red juice ripens into a variety of prices and where a place called "Gare" gives spirit to the world. Some of the women are rich, of culture and leisure. Now that wounded are being gathered, a harvest of pain from the terrific battlefields of the Marne and the Aisne and from districts hard by, where "Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass," these cultured women have set themselves to work, scrubbing floors and scrubbing men.

When you have been fighting like fury, driving or being driven, day after day, you have had no time for baths and rose water. Some of the soldiers—Kaiser's men and freedom's men—have been brought here covered with blood, sweat, dust and dirt. I have been watching them to-day coming in on the floors of trains on beds of straw, friend and foe. Tender women, seeing that the great thing needed was scrubbing, scrubbed.

The Daily Express nurses have learned in the practical London nursing classes that the nurse's duty does not begin and end with the holding of a man's hand, the cooling of soft wounds in his languid ear, the holding of a cool cup to his parched, grateful lips. It includes this—and more. So women of the British colony—in the French capital, and women of France, are scrubbing floors and men.

Women Are Ready and Calm.

Bordeaux, truly French, has glorified woman for generations in her big public squares, streets and gardens, in bronze and stone. In this lavish, exultant, stately woman is clothed only in beauty. In the countless hospitals where she is tending the wounded and nursing men back to strength and the battlefield, she is clothed sweetly in white, with the small red cross on breast or arm. There is nothing volatile, excitable, mercurial about her. She is ready and calm.

The French women hereabouts are thinking of copying the British example of not wearing the "customary black" of mourning for their husbands, brothers, cousins, killed in the war. Some are in favor of the pendant of white, small,

England, in Flood Tide of War Fever, One Vast Drill Ground

Lord Kitchener, with Bit in His Teeth, Dominates Great Britain, and King George Is Using Influence to Prevent Interference by Cabinet in 'K. of K.'s' Work—The Newspapers of England Publish Nothing But War News.

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, October 17.

How difficult it is to write of the war without dealing in superlatives! The greatest war the world has ever known! The vastest armies ever assembled! The most terrible battles ever fought! The most shocking atrocities ever committed on a battlefield! The most splendid valor known since the days of Thermopylae!

It is common to record operations along a battle front extending a hundred miles. It astonishes no one to read of an Austrian army of 600,000 opposing a Russian army of 800,000. One declaration of war on July 28 by Austria against Serbia has set the sawing of dragon's teeth until to-day the sun never sets on the sound of guns. This is literally true. The British boast for years has been that the sun never sets on the British empire. So, too, the sun never sets on British strife.

They have been at it in South Africa, in East Africa, in West Africa, on the land. They have been at it in Zululand, the Bay of Bengal, in New Guinea, and in countless places in the Pacific. "Way over in Tsingtau Britain's allies, the Japanese, are closing in on the German colonies, and on the fighting line in France are the regular troops from India, supplemented by the native troops, a gallant, swartly array, 70,000 in all.

Battles are raging along the Adriatic and in the Western Balkans, where the Serbians and Montenegrins are forcing the fighting on Austria, doing their best to pierce what Mr. Lloyd George the other day described as a "transhackle empire." In Galicia a great Russian army is preparing to give what the Russian General Staff declares will be the finishing stroke to Austrian military strength. Further north, along the easternmost shores of the Baltic another great Russian army is at work in sufficient force to occupy the attention of eight or ten German army corps. Nearer home little Belgium, devastated but not prostrate, is the scene of a dozen battles a day. Nearer home still the great English fleet waits night and day in the North Sea eager to give battle and test the Kaiser's naval strength.

London Lives in War Atmosphere.

The most extravagant imagination never depicted such a world wide war. Just as one turns sick from the horrors of the battlefield one is prone to turn dismayed from consideration of the problem of bringing about peace and settling the bill. The greatest of wars has made the saddest and dullest of cities. Berlin has felt the shock hardest and Paris next. Here in London it has been felt hard enough. Trains bearing the wounded arrive daily. The hospitals of England, Scotland and Ireland are crowded with the maimed in battle. Memorial services are held almost daily for some gallant officer who was smiling to the front only a few weeks ago. London is living in an atmosphere of war. You take up a London newspaper. It is war from the first page to the last. The very advertisements reflect the all pervading, all consuming conflict.

I am reading the personal column of the Times. The first notice is:—"Pictorial history of the war. Part five. Price 7 pence. Now on sale."

Human nature in war time is here reflected. I will quote a few of the notices:—"Brussels.—Will any one returning to Brussels deliver a message from a Belgian girl to mother?"

"Any information regarding Captain R. Y. Skelbottom, Second Lieutenant, Fusiliers, reported wounded, would be most gratefully received by his brother, Mr. P. Skelbottom."

"Belgian refugee escaped from German captivity, ruined, is open to give stirring lectures on war, French or English."

"Seaforth Highlanders.—Major General R. H. Murray, Colonel Seaforth Highlanders, invites all friends of the regiment to contribute gifts for the two battalions now on service with the expeditionary force. Shirts, socks, Balacava caps, mittens, cardigans, tobacco, cigars or money will be gratefully received by the secretary."

"Forty-ninth Battery Royal Field Artillery.—Will any one who is able to give any information about Major J. F. Maidlow (wounded before September 14) kindly communicate with Mrs. J. F. Maidlow?"

"H. M. S. London.—Mrs. Armstrong, No. 57 Redington road, N. W., would be glad of woolen cuffs, gloves, Balacava helmets, magazines (new and old), for ship's company."

"Enlist in the Sportsman's Battalion. A special battalion for active service, sanctioned by Lord Kitchener, is now being recruited from sportsmen up to forty-five years of age. Only those used to shooting, hunting and outdoor sport, who are thoroughly sound and fit, need apply."

There is a story of absorbing interest in each of these small paid notices. An irate Englishman paid six shillings to have this inserted:—"The conscienceless depollers of Rheims and Louvain—Vengeance is mine! I will repay with the Lord.—Romans, xii, 19."

This is from the "personal" column of the Times of September 22:—"Gentlemen unable to go to the front himself has a service revolver which he will give to any officer who will promise to send him in exchange a German helmet."

And this is from the same column, September 24:—"Proprietor of service revolver who advertised it in this column on Tuesday in exchange for a German helmet regrets that overwhelming number of offers renders it impossible for him to reply individually."

"German helmet kindly promised in exchange for revolver offered in this column last Tuesday—X, officers' mess, Sixth London Brigade, R. F. A., Hemel, Hempstead."

I turn to the Morning Post.

"Where is Major W. R. Chichester, Third Worcestershire regiment, reported by War Office seriously wounded? Can any officer or soldier give information to Miss Chichester, Calderfield Court, Tiverton, N. Devon?"

"Lady Esker will be glad to hear by letter from any relations of the London County Territorials who, owing to change of circumstances, may be in any difficulty. All letters will be read by Lady Esker personally."

"Lady Wolsey will be very glad to receive any wolf sticks, crutches, invalid chairs, easy chairs or air cushions for the unvalued and discharged from the hospitals."

"Mrs. Robins' nursery would be glad to receive scarves, handkerchiefs, pipes (new), tobacco, chocolate, or money to buy same, for Royal Engineers."

"For Sale, in aid of Belgian Relief Fund, Brussels Griffon dog puppy (black) price 15. Also younger puppies. Apply by letter Mrs. Charters, Grosvenor Hotel, London."

New York Crowds Out War News.

Here is a copy of the Evening Star. In its four pages it has but one item that does not deal with war. This is a Reuters' despatch from New York which says that Miss Nell Kenny, an Australian swimmer, swam from New York to London in 120 hours and twenty-five minutes and "she is the first lady to accomplish the feat." I very much doubt if Miss Nell Kenny would have had her name in the newspaper were she not an Australian.

The Pall Mall Gazette has on one of its back pages a heading "General News," but I have yet to discover a paragraph under that heading that does not in some way relate to the war. Starting at you from the centre of the main news page of any London daily you will find a notice something like this:—"The — will be glad to receive and acknowledge gifts of blankets for the army and to forward them to the proper quarter."

There are tobacco funds, blanket funds, the Red Cross fund, the Belgian Relief fund, the Nurses' fund, the cologne fund, and, of course, towering above all, the Prince of Wales fund, which now reaches the enormous total of nearly fifteen million dollars.

In the columns of display advertisements you read about Bacon's war maps, the Weverly history of the great war, Jell's in War Time (Jell's being a dealer in high grade second hand furniture), while all the shoe dealers, tailors and haberdashers offer special rates to soldiers going to the front.

The theatres have the war spirit and patriotic, catchy songs are given in all the music halls. The motion picture theatres have no attraction for the masses unless they can produce some drama on the film that will satisfy the patriotic ardor. In short, all England, like the rest of Europe, is literally given up to war. War is their business, war is their life. We think war, we see war, we smell war, we taste war, we dream war, we LIVE war.

King George Puts on Khaki.

Even the King to-day appeared in khaki. In a field uniform he proceeded in a special train to his daily review of the troops who are getting ready to move toward France. The King has been behaving with great dignity. Many have criticised George V. for not amounting to much. The King has really shown considerable greatness. He has realized that the right man has been found for the War Office in Lord Kitchener and he is using his influence to prevent any Cabinet interfering with Lord Kitchener's arrangements.

Kitchener takes the bit in his teeth. He is actually making over war as it has been known in England and on the Continent for a hundred years. He sped a little army of 110,000 on its way to France and so infused it with his spirit that it has constantly kept a German force of 200,000 at bay every time the German force of 200,000 has been opposed to it, and that has been nearly every hour of the twenty-four for many days.

Kitchener in his own self-assertion is magnificent. A great and daring thing is necessary to be done in connection with the War Department or in connection with our co-operation with France. Perhaps a great personage is to be taught his place or a great and friendly nation is to be told the plain, blunt truth. Kitchener walks into the Cabinet meeting and says:—"Gentlemen, I have written and sent this letter." The Cabinet gasps, but the room does not suddenly become darkened nor does the ceiling fall. Everybody realizes that something exceedingly extreme and audacious has been done. It is too late to protest, it is too late for opposition, it is too late even for comment. It is done, and that ends it.

How Declaration of War Affected Koenigsberg

American Woman in Northern Germany at Outbreak of Hostilities, Describes Quiet Abandonment of Commercial Pursuits at Call to Arms.

(Special Dispatch.)

BERLIN, October 17.

Mrs. Putnam, Griswold has returned to Berlin from Königsberg, she and her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Powers, being among the last women to leave this historic old stronghold when by order of the Governor the city was cleared for military action.

Mrs. Griswold, who was persuaded to give your reporter an account of her experience, says that notwithstanding the danger there would have been in remaining she left Königsberg with the greatest reluctance.

"Nothing will ever eradicate the impression of the thrilling historic moments in which I was permitted to participate," she said. "At sunset on August 1, while the sky was aglow with the almost supernatural light of the northern Aurora Borealis, the pealing of all the church bells in the city broke on the expectant silence and announced that the decisive moment had arrived! Although the population for days had been longing for this news, there was no impetuous outbreak, but rather a solemn silence fell over the crowds far more eloquent than articulate speech.

"As the bells pealed forth their message every able-bodied man in the city quietly laid down the symbols of everyday occupation and repaired to the appointed military rendezvous. No uncertainty, no hesitation, only a calm faith in the arbiters of a nation's destiny—God and the Vaterland! The amazing spontaneous effect, the iron clanging of the bells, the stern set faces of the men, all combined to create a never to be forgotten picture!

Women Took Men's Places.

"By the next day Germany's remarkable system of mobilization was working to the smallest detail; and no foreigner can escape from a feeling of awe and admiration at the stupendous organization, the manifold parts of which dovetail into each other with the precision and regularity of clock-work.

"Königsberg was bereft of its male population, but the women offered themselves heroically for the meanest task. I saw wives and daughters of officers engaged in sweeping the streets, and bands of these tireless workers met every train which throughout the nights that followed rolled into Königsberg, bringing fresh detachments of troops to hurl against the eastern frontier. Searchlights swept the horizon for signs of an approaching foe, and at midnight a strange whirring and buzzing told us that a Zeppelin was starting out on a nocturnal scouting expedition."

This interesting recital was continued by Mrs. Samuel Powers, manager of the International Harvester Company for East Prussia.

"At the first call to arms twenty-four men walked into my office to bid me goodbye. It was a supremely touching moment," she said. "The next day I received notice that a shed outside the walls in which we kept our reserve supply was to be ready for occupancy within twelve hours. With the assistance of only one office boy I repaired to the place, and luckily found sufficient petrol in one of our traction engines to draw the train of motor ploughs and other machines out into the open yards."

Postal System at Work.

As an instance of the striking manner in which Germany controlled the situation Mrs. Powers further said that previous to

ENGLAND IS FORCED TO RELY ON OWN PRODUCTS

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, October 17.

Uniforms are needed for a million men. These uniforms are being turned out now at the rate of more than 20,000 a day. Shoes are needed, and heavy, well constructed shoes at that. The government is about to place an order for 1,500,000 pairs.

All the resources of the empire are being taxed to get for the soldiers warm underclothing and other heavy garments, because the fighting is going to continue all winter long, possibly in the upland country of France, Germany, Austria and Russia. These men have also all got to be armed. They must not only have rifles, but horses, artillery, automobile transport, motorcycle machine guns, aeroplanes, and the thousand and one things that go to make up a complete army must be provided for each brigade before it is ready to go to the front.

England has never before made a complete automobile engine. Most of the parts have heretofore come from Germany. But England has got to make them now. England is one great armory as

Germany is a huge gun. The Kaiser's army is a vast machine, and England is being forced to supply it with the tools of war. The government is about to place an order for 1,500,000 pairs of shoes. The government is about to place an order for 1,500,000 pairs of shoes. The government is about to place an order for 1,500,000 pairs of shoes.