

300,000 Dutch Soldiers Yearn to Strike Germany

Fate of Belgium Has Kindled the Desire to Fight in the Breasts of Holland's People—Retreat of Kaiser's Army Northward May Give Chance.

By Edwin Clapp, Express Special Correspondent.

Delfzijl, Holland, September 26. From the River Scheldt and Maasrict, on the south, to the Prussian Buns and Delfzijl, on the north, the spirit of war possesses Holland. Six weeks ago the getting ready here was tame compared with the swift mobilizing, accounts of which I had, with difficulty been able to filter through from Liege to Ostend. "It was only meant," the Dutchman said, "to keep German and Belgian deserters from crossing into Holland."

To-day it is another story, for the Dutchman has seen with his own eyes his Belgian neighbors brutally tortured, beheaded and burned alive wholesale. The horror of it has startled Holland in a manner civilized warfare could never have done. The Dutchman is brave because he is honest. His home life and business integrity are clean. He knows hard work. He can endure as much as any soldier living, and if he is forced into war he will fight all the more desperately because he feels acutely a portion of the pain that has been so inhumanly meted out to Belgium. The Dutchman has been started from his sleep, but he is not so blinded by the glare that he is afraid to battle with the fire.

300,000 Soldiers Ready. For these and other good reasons there are now 300,000 Dutch soldiers on the frontier to-day praying for the opportunity which they cannot force to strengthen the allied army. Should the Germans be driven back to the Holland frontier, or should the Russians force the enemy to the west, then the opportunity must come; but in whatever shape it comes it will find the Dutchman ready, eager and confident.

I was the last correspondent to leave Maastricht, and I did so by request. Tired of looking at the ash trail of the German army, I was escorted by a soldier to the train, which started in the darkness before dawn, and sent out of the siege lines of Limburg. Last night when I arrived at the very top of Holland I was received by a soldier and conducted to the chief of police.

After he had asked me three questions without a pause, the burmaster blustered in and ordered me to give a detailed excuse for being on earth. While I was clearing my throat, the "Kommandant" before whom all persons on a siege frontier must, out of respect, slightly tremble had me marched away to quarters which needed only an Inquisition chair to complete their makeup. Looking through me with eyes like steel points, he asked if I was crossing to Germany. If not, when was I leaving by the way I had come? Or, if I was sojourning in Delfzijl, for how long, and for what purpose?

Invited to Leave Town. A preliminary rasp was as far as I got, for the Chief of Police then entered and said that the guard of the train had just told him that I was the correspondent who had been ordered out of Maastricht at three o'clock that same morning. I was

the only one that smiled and my effort must have shown indecision. All eyes became focussed on the passport I was handling nervously. "I am a friend of Holland," I said— "I must have lost considerably in translation, as nobody seemed to believe it—and I only want to repay her good people for past favors." The "Kommandant" rather harshly asked me if I was a journalist. I answered that I represented the Daily Express. The interview ended with his request that I would not miss the early morning train, until which time I was "free to circulate."

I went immediately to the dike and saw Germany. The night was blue and as bright as day, and from the high dike path I could see, ten miles away across the River Ems, the low lights of Emden. A solitary torpedo boat or destroyer was speeding into port from Borkum Island, twenty-five miles out in the wide sea mouth of the river.

Great German Defences. It is not so many years ago since Borkum was an island of sand. Now it is one of Germany's most formidable strongholds, and is equipped with all that Krupp's can manufacture. The three great fortresses, Helgoland, Wangeroog and Borkum, guard the river entrances to Hamburg, Bremen and Emden. A fortnight ago two aeroplanes flying from Hamburg in hazy weather missed Borkum and alighted on Hovand's northern point. They are still there.

There is a small steamboat that runs daily between Delfzijl and Emden under Dutch flag with cattle, vegetables and cheese. It has a Dutch captain and a party German crew. I interviewed men of the crew and found them about as brilliant as the cargo. Everything in Delfzijl seems some part of a mystery to the stranger. The inhabitants converse in looks.

I asked an old sea captain who knows his world and England, if he could account for the mystery. He told me in a whisper that Delfzijl was the clearing house for German spies. They came through the Ems Neck from all over Europe to make their government reports, he said, and Germany sent them out again to all parts of the Continent. He added that the town they thought every stranger a spy and they were sure I was one. To make me still happier he added that I would travel south with two spies the following morning.

While we talked a line of torpedo boats could be seen steaming slowly up the river. We counted seven. Just as they were abreast of us a destroyer darted swiftly out of Emden Bay and sped toward them. Signals no sooner began to flash over the black waters than the fleet of seven turned about at full speed and shot away toward Borkum. Minutes before their outlines melted in the dark sea wall the Morse flashes had ceased and all the lights in Emden had disappeared. The old skipper stood as erect and still as an Indian. So he stood, looking out to sea, listening for the sound of big guns, until the moon went down, and I was once again personally conducted by a soldier to the train.

American Men and Women in Berlin Shared in War's Thrills at Outbreak



THE KAISER'S PARTING WITH HIS FAMILY BEFORE STARTING TO THE FRONT

Dr. Kubler Defied Sentry's Bullets to Forward Mail for Red Cross.

FAVORITE IN SOCIETY GETS LUCKY HORSESHOE

Mrs. Gerard Takes Charge of Relief of Needy Refugees Seeking to Return to This Country.

(Special Dispatch.)

BERLIN, September 26. M. R. GEORGE A. KUBLER, an American corporation lawyer established in Berlin, to whose initiative was due the prompt measures taken by the American Association of Commerce and Trade to express resolutions of sympathy for the German nation and to organize a relief committee to work in conjunction with the Red Cross Society, has an exciting story to tell of the difficulty with which the first lot of nine hundred circular letters containing an appeal for help from the Red Cross Society and the big German-American firms of the United States was got out of Berlin.

After the American Association of Commerce and Trade, in a special meeting, had accepted the resolution drafted by Dr. Kubler to make this appeal, he, with a staff of nine assistants, worked for sixteen days preparing the mail, which by special permission of the postmaster general was to be sent as Red Cross matter in the special train leaving Berlin August 19 for Rotterdam.

Through some misunderstanding about the hour of leaving the mail bag failed to reach the station on time and after holding the train for twenty minutes nothing remained but to relinquish the idea. As Dr. Kubler, thoroughly disheartened, left the station he was met by the belated postman and a scheme of action was speedily decided upon.

Learning that the train was scheduled to make the first stop at Wustermark, a point thirty-one kilometers from Berlin, Dr. Kubler threw the mail bag into a taxicab, placed the postman in front and a wild pursuit began.

No Time for Explanations. "We realized that we were taking our lives in our hands, as our route lay through Döberitz, the big German manoeuvring grounds, now thrice guarded on account of the fact that it is one of the chief centres of aviation operations, besides being used as barracks for Russian prisoners of war and an exercise ground for the volunteers. Every hundred yards stood a sentry, but we had no time for explanations.

"Crouched in the bottom of the car, my companion and I held on to the mail bag, while the postman followed my instructions by standing in order that his uniform might be recognized.

"Even this precaution did not suffice to allow us to pass unchallenged and more than one bullet whistled unpleasantly near our heads. But on we sped, and it was evident the chauffeur meant to fulfil his assurance that he was 'ready to smash the old car to bits if he could thereby render a service to the Vaterland.'

"We pulled into Wustermark neck and neck with the train. The bag was thrown up to the armed engineer on the locomotive, and with three cheers from the American travellers for the success of our undertaking the train proceeded on its way.

"At Beuthem, on the Dutch frontier, the mail bag was taken in charge by an American man, who conveyed it by automobile to Rotterdam.

"On the return trip we were careful to stop at every sentry stand and explain our mad chase through military territory where during the same week four persons had been shot down for attempting to pass through in automobiles."

To Start American Hospital. As soon as the expected aid arrives from America, in answer to the 250 letters already sent out by the Relief Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, a hospital longed for by various parties sent out by the Babcock Tours received unlimited credit during the opening fortnight of the war, when American letters of credit and travellers checks were not honored. From been obtained by Dr. Kubler, as chairman of the committee, and it is believed, checks of this, to her, unknown Amer-



COUNT HASELER AND COUNT ZEPPELIN DISCUSSING WAR MOVES

icans, but also advanced to them a sum of money to meet their immediate travelling expenses to Holland.

Caring for Needy Americans. Mrs. James W. Gerard has relieved the Embassy staff of the onerous duty of receiving applications from needy Americans and disbursing the funds which have been collected for this purpose. In this she is assisted by Mrs. Walter P. Gherardi and Mrs. Albert B. Rudwick, of the Embassy, as well as by a group of resident American women.

The majority of cases are those of temporary impetuosity rather than chronic destitution, although a number of distressing cases have been disclosed by the present situation. In order to present herself at the Embassy to obtain a passport for herself and five children, one American woman, who had been deserted by her husband a year and a half ago, was obliged to borrow every article of clothing from her neighbors.

Many foreigners have attempted to take advantage of this relief work to obtain passage to America, one of them accosting an American standing in line with the query:—"Do you speak the English?"

"Yes, but you don't," was the answer. Miss Alice Worfolk, one of the charter members, so to say, of the American colony in Berlin, took advantage of the special train provided for Americans and left via Rotterdam via Ohio to join her sister, Mrs. Stephen Howland. Miss Worfolk does not expect to return to Berlin, where she will be greatly missed in all colony enterprises. She was one of a small group of American women who in 1894 laid the foundation of the American Woman's Club, in which institution she has ever taken an active interest, besides rendering valuable service to all the work undertaken by the Ladies' Union of the American Church.

Miss Anna Wangemann, returning from a prolonged stay with friends in Chicago and Cincinnati, on board a vessel of the Danish-American line, was a prisoner of war for a short time off the north coast of Scotland, where the steamship was detained and subjected to a close inspection by an officer from a British man of war. Miss Wangemann is now in Copenhagen awaiting further developments in the international situation before proceeding to Berlin.

The many American friends of Josef Lievigne, the Russian piano virtuoso, will be glad to learn that he has obtained a dispensation from military service and will be able to fulfil his concert engagements for the coming season. The Berlin police have in no way interfered with the movements of Mr. Lievigne, who has just established his family in a new villa near Berlin, which he has acquired at Wannee, near

Americans Fleeing from Paris Meet Many Perils

Soldiers Seize Pilot Who Disregards Command and Moon Refugees' Boat Under Bridge That Is Mined—Journey Ends Aboard the Tennessee.

(Special Dispatch)

HAVRE, September 26. When what was believed to be the last boat out of Paris by way of the Seine left for Havre—but which since proved to be far from the last—it seemed as if the enemy's enveloping right wing was still sweeping steadily on and that the communications of the capital with Havre would soon be cut. A boat service has been organized by an ingenious American to enable those persons who were anxious to leave Paris and who were burdened with much luggage to avoid some of the delays, difficulties and discomforts of the train service in time of war.

At first the trip was quite uneventful. Very few troops were visible except at Conflans, where, after we had passed the great railway bridge which is the main artery of the Paris railway system, our pilot heaved a heavy sigh of relief. Engineers were busy around its piers. It had already been mined, and his own fear was that the engineers might have blown it up earlier than they had intended. Had they done so it surely would have blocked the river, and there would have been nothing left to do but to return to Paris.

The possibility of a Uhlán raid had been discussed, and the veteran war correspondent Mr. Frederick Villiers prepared to organize a splendid zebra from bulky American luggage which would place the women and children in perfect safety.

Flight Near Peaceful Scene. The country was quiet and peaceful and was still looking splendidly green and fertile. And yet we afterward discovered that a cavalry engagement was taking place only ten miles away.

The night we spent at Mantes was exciting. Some time before we reached the town, when it was already dusk, we were challenged by a territorial sentry on the bridge beneath which we were passing and ordered to leave. The pilot did not obey. The sentry repeated his challenge, and a vigorous campaign of words began between the two men. Luckily for us this particular territorial was less excitable than many of his comrades, or he might have fired on us.

In Mantes itself we were challenged by two infantrymen, who ordered us to moor immediately beneath the bridge. The pilot when he went ashore was told to regard himself as under arrest and was removed by the soldiers.

He had disappeared for some ten minutes when two gendarmes came up in a state of wild excitement.

"What on earth do you mean by anchoring under the bridge?" they shouted. "Are you mad? The slightest imprudence would be fatal to you."

From their obvious consternation we learned the fact that the bridge was mined, and though it was not apparent how our presence could have caused an explosion, we moved on with great alacrity to another mooring place.

In Mantes the hotels were filled with troops, and it was only possible to get a room for the women and children of our party of forty-five; the chief hotel of the town, however, provided a quite passable dinner—indeed, a remarkable one, considering the time and circumstances.

Just before we reached Rouen, at one of the locks we heard that an important engagement had been fought by an English force at Compiègne, and we thought that this success had played an important part in allowing us to get through unmolested.

Stranded at Rouen. We reached Rouen in a very cheerful frame of mind, feeling that the danger zone was past, and that all our troubles were over. We had missed the tide, so we should go to a hotel and start the next morning.

Hardly had we arrived, however, before we received a rude awakening. The military authorities to convey soldiers to Havre. Then we learned that the boat which was to have carried us down the sea had also been commandeered, and that we had a struggle before us of a description to be had.

This was depressing news, and the condition of Rouen was itself depressing. People were asking themselves, "When are the Germans coming?" A general exodus of such of the population as were able to get away was taking place in the direction of Havre. To all appearances it was being made unopen, unattended town. It had been proposed that our party should return next morning to Paris, but eventually, owing to the good offices of the British Vice Consul, it was arranged after great difficulty, that accommodations should be reserved for a train for Havre.

Again we could find no hotel accommodations, and after two sleepless nights at Havre we were taken off on board the American warship Tennessee. But I must say this for Havre, it was very tranquil as compared with Rouen, and Belgian, French, and English soldiers were fraternizing in every café, giving an almost fanciful touch of "Brussels before Waterloo" to the scene.

Fear of Germany May Keep Italy in Neutral Position

Statesmen Will Not Be Swayed by Sentiment, but Will Be Guided by What They Consider Their Best Interest for the Future.

(Special Dispatch.)

ROME, September 23. It is certain that the Italian government neither will nor can make the people take up arms on behalf of Austria-Hungary, the oppressor of the Italian race, the only question that now remains to be considered in regard to Italy's attitude is whether she will continue to remain neutral or will sooner or later intervene on behalf of the Triple Entente, or, rather, against Austria-Hungary.

Italy's action will not be guided by sentiment or by any form of ideal consideration, but by what her statesmen consider their country's interest—for no people are more practical on such questions, although to foreign observers they may, as in the question of the Serbian port, sometimes seem to mistake their interests. Now, while Italians probably prefer Great Britain to any of the other belligerents, or, as an Italian statesman says, "it is the best of all belligerents," the British is the least bad," they naturally fear the vengeance of Germany.

Hitherto the Austrian and German press has refrained, evidently in obedience to orders, from abusing Italy for her non-intervention; but whereas the intervention on the side of the Allies, the event of a German victory, and as the Italians would fight men, women, and children, against Austria, Germany's ally, it might happen that the Milan Cathedral or St. Mark's might share the fate of Louvain.

Was it not a German gunner in Morocco's army who fired into the Pantheon in 1857? The Italians can, therefore, be scarcely expected to intervene on the side of the Allies, especially as the so-called "slav perils" in the Adriatic and the old anti-French feeling, revived by the Carthage and Manruha incidents, still prevail in some sections of the population, until there is at least a strong probability of a victory of the Triple Entente. Those who realize Italy's geographical difficulties will appreciate her delicate position.

But there is another motive impelling Italy to take part in the war, the same motive which in 1858 made Cavour take part in the war in the Crimea, which did not directly concern Piedmontese interests—namely, the wish to participate in the congress which will follow the peace, especially as it is bound to deal with Adriatic questions.

There are, of course, historical precedents for the admission to European congresses of non-belligerent Powers, Prussia, for example, though a neutral, "anticipating" the peace, and a neutral, "anticipating" the peace, and a neutral, "anticipating" the peace.

chambered," as Bismarck said in 1858, in order to be admitted to the Congress of Paris in 1856. But this, as he added, was not a very dignified attitude; and Italy will do nothing undignified, for Italians are great respecters of good form. Besides, when the spoils come to be divided at the great table of the congress, they will naturally fall to the victors, not to the neutrals.

These considerations may weigh sufficiently with Italian statesmen to make them intervene against Austria-Hungary, later on, as a case will not be hard to find, and if the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom the Austrians have treated with courtesy, and whom the present German Foreign Minister, when Ambassador here, never predicted, feels that, nevertheless, he cannot go against his former allies, he can make ill health a pretext for retirement, and give way to Signor Tittori or Signor Martini. But it will be well for us to forget that in international relations "nothing succeeds like success." After all, few nations can afford the expensive luxury of what the Italians call bel gesto. In any case, Italy, by doing nothing, has rendered the Allies a continuous service.

Meanwhile the Germans and Austrians are working hard against the Allies here. Even in normal times Austria-Hungary has an elaborate secret service in Italy, which makes up for some of the errors of her ostentatious and informal, because too exclusive and too bureaucratic, embassy to the Quirinal.

A certain member of the German Embassy here is now said to be actively intriguing against the Allies, and Prince Bollow, when he is at the Villa Malta, is generally supposed to do what he can and through his Italian wife he has great influence in Italian society to further what he considers to be German interests. A daily fly sheet in German is being issued to create a prejudice against the Allies. But the Italians are so shrewd that they take little notice of the fly sheets.

Definition. Boston Transcript—"Pa, whar's a sleepin'?" "It's a mechanical device used for altering stamps, my son."

Interrupted Communication. Boston Transcript—"You'd own't mean to say that this is the first you've heard of it?" "Absolutely."

Why it's the talk of the neighborhood. "Why, it's the talk of the neighborhood?" "It's about my dear, my dear, my dear."

King George Hears War Tales from His Wounded Soldiers

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, September 26. Casually at this period of the year the King and Queen and all the court are at Balmoral enjoying the Highland sports of grouse shooting, deer stalking and fishing. But, like the majority of their subjects, there is no holiday for their Majesties this year. Every day they are to be seen driving through the city with but a small escort, their mission inspecting one or other of the hospitals where lie their wounded soldiers, the Queen passing down one line of beds in a ward, the King another, sitting by and chatting to the stricken men, asking them their experiences and listening to the replies.

Some of the stories are sorry enough, but while the Queen is sweet and sympathetic, the King does his best to cheer up his men, so that even amid these touching scenes some of the incidents are not devoid of a humorous aspect.

"Another gentleman a souvenir," said the King, pointing to a soldier looking the regimental badge, and the little scene was repeated several times. Some of the men were rather dazed, but the King's smile quickly reassured them. All said that they were eager to get back to the fighting line. The King spoke to the men about the work they had been doing on the Continent. He inquired how the regimental boots stood the strain of heavy marching, and asked about the equipment generally. His Majesty was keen to know what the Royal Scots thought of their headgear as a protection against the hot sun, and smiled when the men thought to be glad if the bonnets, said they would have been glad if something had kept more sun off."

The King was compelled to laugh at the strongly expressed wishes in which the enemy was described. One man said that he had not been wounded in the "ordinary way," but that while he was lying down on a grassy slope, a well removed, as he thought, from the passing conveyance, he was accidentally driven over his foot, bounding it. "Oh, that luck!" exclaimed the King.

In another case of peculiarly hard luck that of a soldier who took advantage of the absence of his boots, and

WIVES FOLLOW FRENCH RESERVES

(Special Dispatch.)

ROUEN, September 26. Travelling on the provincial railways of France these days may be slow, but a journey I have taken from here to Le Havre, Honfleur and Caen throws an interesting light on the attitude of the French toward the war.

The most interesting incident on the journey between Honfleur and Caen, when we travelled on a Belgian rolling stock, was the sudden intrusion of a French woman whose husband had been mobilized. She had followed by "ordinary trains" had got to Honfleur near the lines to hear the news of her husband's mobilization, and a few minutes later we had to get out at the first junction had the satisfaction of rejoining her husband for half an hour. From what I have seen, her case is far from being unique, as in several instances the men in the troop trains were accompanied by their wives.

Everywhere I went I found the young recruits full of enthusiasm, singing "The Marseillaise," and cheering as they passed through the stations.

At the Pension von Heuchelium, one of the oldest and best established hotels in America, in answer to the 250 letters already sent out by the Relief Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, a hospital longed for by various parties sent out by the Babcock Tours received unlimited credit during the opening fortnight of the war, when American letters of credit and travellers checks were not honored. From been obtained by Dr. Kubler, as chairman of the committee, and it is believed, checks of this, to her, unknown Amer-