

FEEL NOTHING IN BATTLE

Austrian Officer Describes Effect of Armed Fighting on the Mind.

DANGER SENSATION LEAVES

When Enemies Meet the One Object is to Annihilate Each Other Without Regard for Own Safety.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) SOFTRIMM, Sept. 12.—The psychology of the battlefield gets a rather thorough and able treatment by an Austrian reserve officer, who, after having been wounded in an engagement with the Russians, gave the following interview to an Hungarian journalist. The officer in question was with General Kanik in the fighting southeast of Kranik. "You feel little or nothing while in battle," he said. "At least you forget how things affect your mind. The eyes see and the ears hear, but those are perceptions which do not result in impressions one could coordinate. They do not even affect your sentiments. But it is not cynicism for all that, merely the lack of appreciation of what takes place. My captain, a most lovable fellow whom I did not alone respect as an officer, but of whom I also thought a great deal personally, was leading his company into fire when three bullets hit him in the abdomen. I saw him fall, but thought nothing of it and marched on. "In spite of the fact that you have no ill feelings against the enemy, and may not even fear him, you destroy him as best you can. On the evening before our first battle we were sitting about the mess table—most of us officers of the line. None of us had ever killed a man," he said. "When I meet the first Russian officer tomorrow my impulse will be to shake his hand. My comrades agreed with me. But on the following day I was obliged to lay a number of Russians low.

A Plegmatic People.

"My Slovaks are the most plegmatic people in the world, but excellent soldiers. They shoot without anger, but simply because they are fired upon. One fights because one is on the battlefield and can not do any different. The terrible thing is that often you are shot at without being able to return the fire. But this is not as fear inspiring as it is discouraging. You learn to know what fear is when you begin to realize that you might be killed without killing somebody first.

"Of course, I have been scared. That was after I had been wounded.

"We had been firing a long time and when next we advanced we came into a deep, sandy road, out of which we could not get because of the enemy's terrible fire. We had to lie perfectly still while bullets simply poured over us. That was awful."

"The officer omitted to state that while in this position he was shot three times in the arm, but continued to lead his troops throughout the action.

"It is a well known fact that the soldier sees very little of the battle. On August 24, early in the morning, we received orders to occupy a low hill at the edge of a track covered with brushwood. Forming part of the reserve, we were expected to remain under cover. In front of us was a large, open battlefield. To each side of us were batteries which had thundered away since early morning. The result of this was that many of the enemy's shells dropped right in front of us. I remember noticing that while the smoke of our shells had a lilac color, that of the enemy's was white.

See Officer Killed.

"So far we had not been disquieted by the shells at all. On the edge of the brush wood had been planted a yellow-black flag, showing that somewhere in that vicinity was to be found our general staff. Our colonel left us and walked toward it, possibly to get orders, but just as he got there a shrapnel exploded a little ahead of him in the air and he saw our commanding officer, in whom we placed our confidence, go down. After that it was a terrible feeling to lie still. From that moment on, too, a veritable hail of shells began to come. Some sappers, who had been busy digging a trench for the protection of the general staff, started to run. I feared that my soldiers would follow the example, and began to make fun of the poor sappers, scolding them at the same time. Thank God, my battalion found that funny and began to laugh. They lived through a terrific shrapnel fire with not a care and even found occasion for laughter.

"A major took command of the regiment and we received orders to retake a hill which the enemy had taken under heavy fire. But of the enemy nothing at all was to be seen as we neared the position, though the hail of shells and shrapnels increased in fury. The flag bearer marched about 300 paces off my side. By accident I looked in his direction, saw the white cloud of smoke of a Russian shell and where the flag bearer had been there was nothing more to be seen.

"The enemy, meanwhile, had taken to flight and later we saw the Russians wading through a swamp. They got to the river Por, and crossed it—we after them, shooting, wading, out of breath. Of a sudden, a village behind us went up in flames, the light falling on us like the rays of a huge reflector. The sun and there was a rain of fire and saw the enemy had taken possession in good order of the other bank. We had to fall back, not because we were afraid, but because those were the orders. The sensation of being in danger of death we did not have.

Result of Circumstances.

"The phlegm of the Slovak is possibly the result of the circumstance that he has little feeling. He always goes as far as his officer goes—no further, but he follows his officers—were the goal held itself. It is different with the Hungarian and the Bosnian, whose officers find it difficult to hold them back in its firing line. They always want to break ahead to get at the enemy.

"Flags and drums are useless things in warfare. What is the use of a flag, which, by its bright colors, reveals your position, which as the brown paint on my sabre shows, it has been intended to conceal? In the one case even the slightest reflection of light is guarded against, while in the other a large field of colors unfolds all that it has been wished to accomplish. The drummer, on the other hand, must beat his drum as he goes to the attack, yet he is expected to run into the enemy unarmed. He would prefer exchanging his drum for a rifle, so that he would be able to shoot down a soldier.

"One feels nothing of the presence of the enemy in battle and on the marches. To be wounded is also not such a bad experience. But you begin to think after the battle. To bear the horrors of war a sort of ideal is necessary. Once, when I took my Slovaks into an attack, we passed a cross by the wayside. Many

Grand Mufti and His Chief Aides



WILLIAM F. WAPPICH, Grand Marshal. A. W. JEFFERIS, Grand Notary. B. F. THOMAS, Grand Mufti.

of them knelt down for a moment and said a prayer. That was sincere and sublime. The ideal which makes it possible for me to bear everything is to be a good officer in the battlefield—under the circumstances of my duty toward the social aggregate to which I belong."

Blankets Can Be Made Into Overcoats

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) LONDON, Sept. 12.—The report that some 200,000 men of the British forces lack overcoats has prompted a retired naval officer to suggest an American idea. "During the civil war in America," he writes in a letter to the Times, "the confederate soldiers made good overcoats out of blankets. A slit was cut in the center just large enough to put the head through. The slit was then hemstitched to prevent its getting larger. A flat button was then sewn on one side at the center of the slit, and a tab with a button hole on the other side, so as to close the hole when not in use. Some of the southerners added a small slit or a piece of tape in which they carried a tooth brush instead of a flower."

ISLE OF MAN WOULD GIVE FIFTY THOUSAND TO WAR

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) LONDON, Sept. 20.—From the Isle of Man there comes this news: "The Manx legislative council and House of Keys met together in Tynwald recently and unanimously decided to ask the imperial government to accept £50,000 as a contribution from the Isle of Man towards expenses of war. Members supporting the resolution said that the gift was only an earnest of the readiness of the 50,000 people of the island to sacrifice all their resources in support of Great Britain at this juncture."

MOUNTAIN FOR A MONUMENT

Biggest Single Rock Formation in the World Urged as Confederate Memorial.

Hewn out of the living rock of Stone Mountain, far above the plains of DeKalb county, a temple consecrated to the men who died for the confederate cause has been proposed by the Atlanta Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who pledge the co-operation of the 50,000 members of that organization in the south in the event the state of Georgia will purchase the mountain for memorial purposes.

There are many reasons why Stone Mountain would make the finest memorial in the world to the confederate cause. Solid mountain of granite that it is, the most wonderful natural monument in the world, it would stand until the day of doom, a memorial to the brave men of all the southern states who gave their lives for the south. The mountain is of great value, and a large fund would have to be raised to purchase it. Each individual Daughter of the Confederacy would be a committee of one to contribute to this fund.

"Our plan is for the state of Georgia to make the purchase," said Mrs. Wylie. "We would aid the state in raising the money. The mountain would then belong to the state, to remain forever a monument to the Confederate dead."

The mountain, with its eternal mystery, is wonderfully suited in many ways as a confederate memorial. On the very top of the bare granite is a perfect southern cross, torn into the rock. Some have tried to say that this cross, large and deep as it is, was cut into the stone by man, but any observer can see that the jagged edges on the opposite side of the four arms of the cross would fit as if morticed into each other if the stone could be pressed together again—thus showing it was pulled apart by some natural convulsion during the passage of years. Wild on the sloping side of the mountain grow the colors of the Confederacy—blue forget-me-nots and red and white azaleas. Also there was much fighting near the mountain during the civil war.

Many attempts have been made to anchor structures on the mountain's top, but never have any succeeded. The government once wanted to place instruments in a house there—wind gauges, barometers and thermometers—for the use of the weather bureau. Twice three houses, anchored into the mountain with chains and concrete, were erected, but each time winds of apparently no great velocity blew them away. Nothing grows on the wind-swept top of the mountain—not a blade of grass. And the elements seem determined that nothing built by the

WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY ENJOYS GOOD BUSINESS

During the last week the Western Automobile Supply company has had very good business, considering that it was the last week of the month, and they were more than pleased with both the orders from their salesmen as well as the mail orders which they received. Mr. Lockwood, who has returned to them after a good, long vacation, has been very well received by his trade in the North Platte territory. The trade in general seems to be preparing for fall business, and the Western Automobile Supply company has had a very good business in robes, radiator covers, hot air connections for carburetors as well as water jackets, heaters and everything in the warm line.

A Frequent Caller.

A swishish young man was cutting a dash at a seaside hotel. At the dinner table a quiet-looking gentleman sitting opposite him said: "How do you do, Mr. Jones?" "Oh, I am quite well," replied the young man haughtily, "but I really do not recognize you."

"Dear me," said the gentleman, "and yet I used to call very frequently at your mother's house."

"Indeed?" "Yes, I was there every week, and your mother always gave me a cordial invitation to call again."

"And who are you, may I ask?" "I am the tax collector,"—London Observer.



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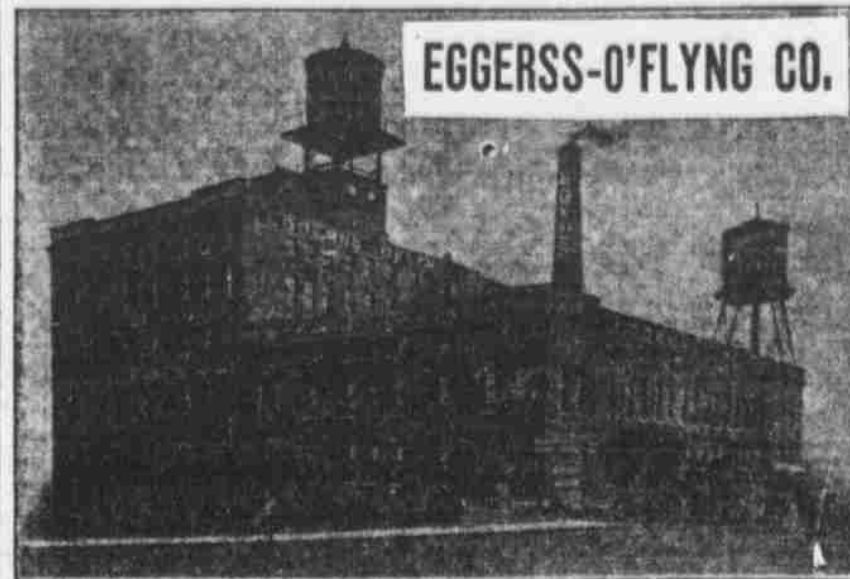
(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) BERLIN, Sept. 12.—The following descriptions of the devastation at Liege and Namur are translated from accounts in the Tageblatt:

"We reached Liege on the evening of a stormy day. We traveled through streets where the smoke of burned houses was still curling upward, streets that showed no signs of life. Patrols marched through the city. The beautiful shops across from the university were a field of ruins. I was told that two nights before, on August 21, shots came from these shops as if by prearrangement. The inhabitants of the houses were dragged out, the women were torn from the men, and whoever had a weapon in his hands was shot. In a few minutes the streets were sown with corpses. The houses were set on fire. . . .

"Eyewitnesses described for me the details of the conquest of Liege. Louvain, the strongest fort, was bombarded by the newest Krupp guns, which were stationed in the market place, in the middle of the city. Every window pane in the vicinity was broken by the concussion, and pieces of roof fell from some of the houses. The fort soon surrendered. A division of Jaeger were the first men to enter the fort. The destruction was terrible. About 400 corpses lay piled up inside the stone walls. The stench was unbearable. About 200 wounded were counted. The only man uninjured was the commandant. A wounded man, who evidently was about to be operated on, lay in the lazaret. He had been killed by a shell. Liege had altogether thirteen forts. Nine were taken by infantry storm, the others were reduced by artillery. The forts are being repaired for German use by the inhabitants of the city, who get six francs a day for their work.

"A German, who had lain in a Belgian fort as prisoner and witnessed the whole bombardment, described the course of the battle. The bombardment, he said, began at midnight on August 6. One shell after another exploded, and Liege was soon afire in many places. From every roof and window in the houses came a rain of bullets. Under this fire the Germans stormed through the village of Roncourt and deployed in a wheat field. Two hundred Germans opened a rapid fire on 2,000 Belgians, of whom 500 fell. Nineteen German prisoners were confined in a cellar when the Germans' heavy artillery began firing. They could hear the shells coming through the air, and every time they exploded gas, powder, earth and cement dust flew into the cellar until the men were nearly suffocated. Finally an explosion blew in the front door of the cellar, and shortly thereafter the Belgians surrendered, freeing the prisoners. . . .

"On the following morning I went to Namur. In Liege certain streets had been burned out, but in Namur whole blocks were destroyed. The Grand Palace, with its beautiful Rathaus, had been blotted out of existence. In its place were heaps of ruins, from which smoke was still coming. The destructive effect of grenades could be noted on many houses. The city was without bread. German patrols were guarding the bakeries, which were being stormed by the people. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon even the largest hotels had no provisions of any kind left."



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