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"Furor Teutonicus" Is Dangerous

(Contributed.)

St. John Globe.

Many times since the outbreak of the present European war I have tried, in imagination, to get inside the minds and characters of Germany's army of officers, and to form a reasonable theory that would explain, psychologically, their behavior. Are they homicidal maniacs who make a morbid pleasure in destruction for the mere sake of destruction? Or are they sincere but misguided patriots, who have become unbalanced from long brooding over what they regard as an international conspiracy to destroy their country? What were they before the war? Did they show, in time of peace, tendencies that would explain, or justify, upon the ravaging of Belgium, the bombardment of Rheims, the destruction of Louvain, and the absolutely wanton and useless slaughter of non-combatants in the "Lusitania"? In short, is the average German officer a monomaniac, a tenth century barbarian, or a desperate patriot with his back to the wall?

Two or three years ago there was published in Germany a modest little volume entitled "Recollections of My Army Life," by Captain Hans Pommers, retired, an ex-officer of the First Infantry Regiment of the Upper Rhine. In his preface Captain Pommers says that his military career has been "honorable if not brilliant," that he has no personal reasons for dissatisfaction or condemnation; and that if he criticizes German officers, it is not because he hates the German army, but because he loves it and grieves over it. His criticisms, he says, are "notes written from a sorrowful heart."

Among the episodes of his army life that he describes is a farewell banquet given (apparently in Berlin) by the officers of the Elgebom camp, to their brother officers in a cavalry division which was about to be transferred to another post. The scene of the banquet was the Officers' Club, which seems to have consisted of a suite of luxuriously furnished apartments, and a picture and statue adorned banquet hall. The officers present were the cream of the Prussian aristocracy, including a "prince of the blood royal." (Whether it was the Crown Prince or not, Captain Pommers does not say). After the dinner, the participants, excited by music, speeches and wine, were seized with the "furor Teutonicus," and proceeded to destroy everything in sight. First they broke all the dishes; then they smashed the tables and chairs; next they shattered the mirrors and destroyed the statues, and finally they reduced to fragments everything that was breakable, not only in the banquet hall, but in all the adjoining rooms. Even the stoves (massive structures of brick and tile) were not spared.

In describing this banquet, Captain Pommers says:

"More than once I have witnessed manifestation of incredible vandalism which are almost beyond description. At the farewell dinner given by the officers of the Elgebom camp to the cavalry division, I was an eyewitness of a furious orgy of destruction which extended not only to the dishes, but to tables, chairs, stoves, statues and furniture of every kind contained in the hall where the banquet was given and in all of the adjoining rooms. If we apply the saying 'in vino veritas' to the behavior of this corps of officers, we must admit the melancholy fact that the veneer of culture which covers the surface of our higher society is very thin; that it is indeed, only a superficial varnish, and yet that corps of officers was composed of representatives of our highest aristocracy, including a prince of royal blood. A few extra swallows of alcohol were enough to transform these men into actual barbarians, although they were representatives of a race which is filled to overflowing with a consciousness of its own innate superiority. And even after they became sober these barbarians recalled with pride their drunken exploits. Imagine the deep appreciation which must have

been made upon the non-commissioned orderlies who served at the banquet and who, while sober themselves saw this 'boarde of barbarians' give themselves up, without shame to such Teutonic fury. These witnesses undoubtedly described to their comrades all that they had seen. The sudden transformation of civilized human being into savages could not have been kept a secret behind the walls of the Officers' Club. Is it not really time that an end be made of drunkenness in the corps of German officers? Should not a passion for alcoholic drinks cease to be regarded as a proof of an honorable and manly spirit?

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In this description of the "furor Teutonicus" as manifested in time of peace there seems to me to be something enlightening (as well as menacing) to the whole world. It explains, in part, the savagery and ferocity of the German campaign, and shows what England has to expect if a German army, led by such officers, ever gets a foothold on her shores. These men, in a frenzy of excitement, reduced their own club to chaos of splintered debris. If they thus behaved at home, in time of peace, it is not surprising that in the "furor" of war they ravaged Belgium, destroyed Louvain, and ran amuck through all of Western Europe that was within their reach. Neither is it difficult to imagine what they would do, in the "furor Teutonicus" at London and Westminster Abbey, to Washington and Mount Vernon, if they should get the power.

The description of the banquet in the Officers' Club is not from the pen of an enemy; it is from the recollections of a loyal German officer who wrote "from a sorrowful heart." He frankly admits that the "veneer of culture" which covers the essential barbarism of militarism in Prussia "is very thin"—so thin, in fact, as to be "only a superficial varnish."

In the first paragraph of this article I asked the question whether the average officer of the regular German army "is a monomaniac, a tenth-century barbarian, or a desperate patriot with his back to the wall?" In my judgment he is a combination of all three, and a more dangerous and menacing combination the world has never seen, because mania, savagery and patriotism are joined to science and the highest technical skill.

Captain Pommers declares that even after the "furor Teutonicus" had been calmed with destruction the German officers who wrecked their own club "recalled their exploit with pride." So Dernburg and Bernstorff in this country, and a uniformed horde of tenth-century barbarians in Germany now dwell "with pride on the destruction of the 'Lusitania,' and the mangling of the helpless American women and babies. It is not the correspond-

ent of the New York Times right when he said, a day or two ago: "A wild beast is loose in the world." But from the "furor Teutonicus" even wild beasts are exempt. They never tear to pieces their own dens and shelters in relv for the pleasure of destroying something.

NOT THE ANCESTOR OF DOMESTIC FOWL

Wild Turkey in Ontario Extinct—Barnyard Fowl Came From Mexico Via England.

Sixty or seventy years ago, in the Niagara Peninsula and all up along Lake Erie's shore, wild turkeys were very plentiful. What happened to them? Shot out—trapped out—decimated; taking his size and rare flavor into consideration—once the King of Canadian game birds! For those magnificent creatures were often three and a half feet long and five feet in wing spread, and weighing over twenty pounds—almost the exact counterpart in appearance of our highest falconed barnyard fowls.

When the young wild turkeys were hatched, beside some close-hidden log or in the seclusion of the deepest thickets, ten—sometimes fifteen—went to the brood. The mother bird made them the objects of her most constant solicitude and care, the little ones following close as she crept stealthily about among the densest available growth, where the grasses, plants and fruits that they fed on most abounded. Seeds and buds, too, they loved, and could never resist such delicacies as beetles, tadpoles, and small lizards. The only audible sign of the advance would be the mother's low, tender piping. Any danger ahead, and at her instant change of tone—every toddler of them disappeared, only to emerge at the cautious parent's soft cluck.

They were very rarely caught sight of on the ground, but a dog could always flush them into the lower branches of the nearest trees, which was where the game could flame their deadly work. Oftener, however, "trapping" was resorted to, for the wild turkey was swift in addition to its wariness, and like as not ended its flight in the tallest tree instead.

The early settlers of Ontario, when they emigrated, were thoroughly well acquainted with the domestic turkey, for it was introduced into England, in 1541 and popularly given its present name from the idea that sailors trading back and forth with the land of the crescent moon had brought it hence, and, when the English farmer emigrated to Canada, naturally, he brought the bird—among other handy small live stock—with him. It is easy to picture his amazement when, roaming the woods of his section, he came across wild turkeys—and the wonderment with which he realized

that he had been "carrying coals to Newcastle."

But the domestic turkey of England had not come from Canada. Away back when Cortez effected the Spanish conquest of Mexico—and history records it—than the store of gold then found in possession of the highly civilized natives nothing struck the imagination of the Spaniards more than the extensive, most complete menageries of the Mexican emperor—special mention being made of the fact that turkeys were largely fed to the beasts of prey. The Mexicans, in fact, had domesticated the wild turkey, and habitually reared it for the table. In 1626 it had been transported in a domestic state to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, which furnishes the clue to its arrival in England fifteen years later—not from Turkey—but originally from the wild stock of Mexico.

The barnyard beauty of to-day—his every feather proves it—is the direct descendant of the Mexican turkey, and not of its cousin, the bird that was trapped, and shot to destruction in earlier Ontario days—the magnificent creature which at a pinch could fly a mile-wide river. Sometimes a well-bred specimen of the Mexican stock has been known to attain the weight of forty-five pounds.

NEW WORDS

The English Language is Enriched Daily

Four new words are added to the English language every day, if we may accept the dictionaries as a standard of measurement. During the last three centuries the rate of growth of the dictionaries has been 1,500 words a year. All tongues have been materially enriched by advances in chemistry, botany, aviation, wireless telegraphy, and other sciences. There are now in fact 600,000 English words, but about one-quarter of this number are rare scientific terms or words that are obsolete or obsolescent. Not more than 25,000 are of Anglo-Saxon origin. An American, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, is a most prolific word inventor. He has introduced some thirty terms, most of them relating to forestry and logging. Mr. Roosevelt has added a number of terms to the vocabulary of natural history, and Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, is another whose word coinage has been approved by the etymologists. English continues to be the most widely used language. There are now 160,000,000 persons who speak the tongue of Shakespeare.

FIRST WORLD SERIES WON BY HAMILTON

Baseball Tournament a Continuous Performance With Weird Rules When This Happened

The interleague struggle for supreme baseball honors, the world's games as it is known to-day, began in 1864, but the first series for the

baseball championship dates back to 1865, and James Conaty, now a collier in Kansas City, was the hero of the occasion, pitching and winning seven straight games in one week. Conaty, now old and bent, with his weight of seventy-seven years, told in his little shop at New York the story of his great record, which, however, failed to win the pennant for Detroit. Hamilton, Ont., took the pennant and the world's championship.

Conaty, then a rollicking young Irishman, just home from the war, joined the Detroit White Stockings in the spring of 1865. The baseball fever ran high in Detroit, and during the summer a committee of business men arranged for a big baseball tournament, the first world's series, to be held in the early fall. Two teams were entered from Detroit and one each from Chicago, Pittsburg, Albany, Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, Buffalo, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Hamilton and Cleveland.

"The series began the morning of Sept. 5, 1865, the White Stockings opening with the Brooklyn," Conaty said. "Because of the great number of teams entered, the games were only four innings long. The rules were vastly different then, too. We won 3 to 0 and I pitched and won the next six straight. I don't remember what teams came up in order. We didn't figure percentage in those days like they do now. My team won 80 games of I remember eight, losing 34. The tournaments lasted six days, each team playing 42 three-inning games, the tournament being a continuous performance.

"In those days three strikes were out, and one retired the side. If a batter muffed the ball, he threw it at the runner, and if he hit him the runner was out. Each inning was counted separately, the best two out of three winning the game. There were no such things as gloves, masks or pads in those days, and many fine players retired with broken hands. If a base runner was injured while making the circuit he could be tagged out unless he was on a base, for no one was allowed to run for him. A player of that kind was what nearly lost the Hamilton unknowns the championship.

"A player named Richardson came to bat in the last game of the series, in which the Unknowns and the Buffalo Reds had each taken one inning. He was a poor batsman and the crowd began to leave the field as he came up, as it was late and they believed the Reds had the game won, having scored six runs in their half. The Unknowns had scored three when Richardson came to bat. But as luck would have it he hit the ball a terrific pop that sent it over the fence into the weeds, and won the world's championship for Hamilton, Canada."

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WHAT SHELL FIRE IS LIKE

I have read many attempts to describe shell fire in a battle, but not one to equal the easy description of this young officer who does not pretend to be a stylist. Listen:

"You hear a boom miles away, hardly audible in the distance. Then a faint sigh, gradually rising to a scream as the shell whizzes toward you. Then a flash, an immense crash and the air is filled with thousands of bullets and jagged lumps of iron, each making a different sort of shrieking noise. Then phit-phit-phit everywhere as they hit the ground. 'This is shrapnel.'"—London Sketch.

BELGIAN ORPHAN FUND

Mr. Daniel Mullin, Belgian Consul for New Brunswick, has received from M. Ed. Pollet, Consul General for Belgium, London, who is the Chairman of the Belgian Orphan Fund, a letter in which he is requested to give the Fund the largest publicity, and stating further that all subscriptions in his district can be sent to the Belgian Consul for New Brunswick. Mr. Mullin is also requested to form local committees under his patronage. A similar letter has been addressed to the other Belgian Consuls in Canada.

The Belgian Orphan Fund is under the high patronage of the King and Queen of the Belgians. Mr. Mullin recognizes the splendid response which has been made all over New Brunswick for the relief of the Belgians, and on behalf of the Belgian people cordially thanks the subscribers to that fund. He now appeals for aid for the little orphan children whose fathers have died so bravely in defense of their homes and firesides, and trusts that the generous spirit which has already been manifested for Belgian relief will prompt a ready response for this worthy cause.

All subscribers to this Fund can send their remittances to Mr. Daniel Mullin, Belgian Consul for New Brunswick, who has opened a subscription list in his office in the Pugsley Building, St. John, N. B., and at drugstores in different parts of the City: North End, South End, East End and West End, also in Fairville. It is proposed by the Belgian Consul to open a special account in the Union Bank of Canada for the Belgian Orphan Fund, where all money received will be deposited until remitted, from time to time, to the Belgian Consul General in London. All subscriptions will be acknowledged promptly through the public press.

The Dispatch has received a subscription list for the Belgian Orphan Fund from Mr. Mullin, and will receive subscriptions for the Fund, acknowledge same through "The Dispatch" and remit to Mr. Mullin.

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