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Inspired By Belief They Are Saviors of France

"One of These Days We Shall Have the Enemy on the Run," is Spirit Behind Big New Army Advance Inexpensive in Lives.

(Special Staff Correspondence of New York World.)

On The Somme, Sept. 11 (via London, Sept. 12.) — The most impressive thing about the big new British army on the Somme is the universal belief that nothing can stop it from driving the Germans completely out of France.

It is impossible, even in this open country, to see more than a fraction of the regained ground from any one spot. Each new division coming up to the trenches must pass over miles of captured German trenches before reaching the battle line. Long before they are under shell-fire they are already on ground held by the Germans two months ago.

The inspiring effect of this is such that the fresh troops can hardly be held back in reserve, but

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want to push on in emulation of the troops already gone before.

I have asked many soldiers of all ranks if they want to quit.

"What, quit when he have them out of the deep redoubts and on the move? Never! We will not quit while there is a German soldier on French soil. Now they are steadily losing something every day. One of these days we shall have them on the run."

If there is anything in numbers, equipment and determination the British will succeed. For the new British troops are as serious as French poilus. When I asked about peace, they said what every one says in France:

"Time enough to talk about peace when the Germans are back in Germany."

If the censor will permit me to

say so, I believe Great Britain has enough troops in France to advance on the whole 100-mile front as much as on the Somme. Von Wiegand said in a cable to The World that he had seen the German reserves in France and was greatly impressed. I have seen the British reserves in France, and whatever the Germans may be the British are vastly superior.

Von Wiegand also said the Germans jealously guarded theirs. The British do not. They have so many they do not care who sees them. They could hardly hide them if they wanted to. I saw a small village grown into one of the biggest cities in France, all under tents. Another was nearly as big.

To get even a glimpse of the British military organization in France took four hard days of motoring. Everywhere were British soldiers and British bases. Touching the firing line at several points between Loos and the Somme, a distance of ninety miles, I found the British better off everywhere in ammunition and aircraft. The British are firing five shells to the Germans' one, except on the Somme.

The Germans were shelling a point near Ypres and the British were counting the shells. When fifty fell the officer with me said:

"That will be all for that battery this week. It has used up its allowance."

Here on the Somme the Germans are unlimited, and they are using enormous contact shells, but they cannot gauge their fire because the aircraft dare not go up to watch. A German observation balloon has just tried to go up, but was frightened down by a fleet of British aeroplanes. Meanwhile, I can count eight British observation balloons that have been up all afternoon. The Germans are obviously handicapped seriously in the air.

Nothing proves the steadiness of the British gain more than the weariness of the men by whom I am surrounded here, just back of the firing line. They are sappers, who reorganize and connect the captured German trenches with their own. Every night they have hundreds of yards of trenches made by the Germans to make ready for British occupancy. They pushed through Delville Wood trench by trench.

"The Germans don't stay in the trenches any more," said one. "They fight from shell holes in front and behind them. The trenches are so badly blown up we have to dig them anew."

Though the new methods of trench fighting are more deadly than formerly, the small gains from day to day made by the British on the Somme are astonishingly inexpensive in lives. Even under steady drumfire, British troops are advancing on new German trenches every day without serious loss. It is frequently less expensive to go on.

The Germans cannot prevent them from making sorties anywhere, and from this side of the line it looks as if the Germans, in spite of their undeniable courage, were weakening before the steady British assault. The French at Verdun, under a similar attack, never gave up trenches as the Germans do.

The feature of this period of the Somme fighting is the steady daily gains inexpensively attained. Considering that the British are steadily on the offensive, their losses are not commensurate with the German losses at Verdun. An actual assault on the German trenches on the Somme is much less expensive than similar German assaults at Verdun. The Germans on the Somme are evidently not fighting as desperately as the French at Verdun, and in the battle at its height individual morale is all important. So the allied success is increasing daily on the Somme.

The battlefield on the Somme looks as if it were painted by a cubist. Across the long irregular lines of captured German trenches tens of thousands of British soldiers are constantly trailing, accompanied by ammunition wagons and cannon all splashed with gobs of red and green paint, so they will be inconspicuous to the rare German aviators who brave the British lines at a great height. The big motor lorries which go to the front lines also are splashed with paint in this strange manner, and go twisting their way among camps, the tents of which are more bizarre in coloring than the tepees of American Indians.

The whole battlefield is slimy with mud and marked with twisted sticks where forests have been and a few heaps of bricks to mark the towns. To complete the effect white, yellow, green and black shells are bursting all about, and as they burst send up streaks of mud.

The peaceful Valley of the Somme is now as unnatural as a modernist picture. Everything is unexpected. Just now it was bright and sunny and I was struck by the seriousness of the faces. Then a cold rain came and everyone began to smile.

We are going toward the Germans to avoid the shells. We are passing a long string of mine craters, which cut the German front lines and made them a part of the British lines. The graves of French soldiers killed here defending their country are marked merely with their names. The German invaders killed are all labelled "Hercules."

North of Thiépval the British are cleaning out a captured German trench. As they advance from day to day they kill the occupants with hand grenades, meanwhile cutting off retreat and assistance with arrows shot from rifle

barrels, which explode far down the trench. The Germans sniping from shelters rush up one stairway to surrender when burning kerosene is poured down the other. The German communicating trenches are filled with reserves waiting for a counter attack, but each is blown up by a mine, scattering a lump of remnants.

The Australians, who looked invincible to me in Egypt, are merged here into a mass of London clerks and Cornish miners. They all go forward interminably and monotonously, and are but smudges on the enormous canvas.

It is too big to appreciate the individual. It leaves a bewildered though vivid impression. The British seem to be always pushing on, bringing up more troops, more pointed cannon, more cubist tents; all to bursts of shellfire as uneven as a modern symphony.

Britain's Heavily Armored Motor Car

London, Sept. 15.—The reference in the official communication issued by the War Office yesterday evening to a new type of armored car, is the first official mention of a development which has been much whispered about recently in army circles. Those who have seen the new vehicles refer to them as "tanks," while the soldiers who have been handling them have given them the nickname of "Willies."

The object which the designers sought to obtain was to render a heavily armored motor car capable of being operated in the shell torn and roadless wilderness of trenches, where it is evident a vehicle mounted on ordinary wheels could not be used.

Although no details of the car's construction have been published, the Times says: "Our inventors have not hesitated boldly to tread unbeaten paths. We may imagine the feelings of German infantry in shell battered trenches when in the uncertain light of dawn they saw advancing upon them an array of unearthly monsters cased in steel, spitting fire and crawling laboriously but ceaselessly over trenches, barbed wire and shell craters."

New Type of Ship Built of Concrete

Christiania, Sept. 13.—A new type of ship has arrived here from the shipyards of Christianiafjord. The ship, which resembles a huge barge, is constructed entirely of concrete, except for the ribs, which are steel, and is the first stone vessel ever floated. It is said the hull will resist damage better than steel or wood, and that the ship is therefore safer.

Germans of Somme Are Eager For Peace

With the British armies in the field. Tuesday, Sept. 12.—It is extraordinarily difficult to know whether all the British shell fire and all the dead have yet begun to shake the confidence of the Germans in the strength of their war machine.

Some of the officers who have come in as prisoners still keep their pride. They have seen the losses inflicted on them in and behind their lines but say "You can't beat us. We can't be beat en."

That is different from the old phrases. "We are winning. Victory is certain for Germany," but it is a long way from the acknowledgement of defeat or possible defeat. There are times when the pessimists among us are tempted to think the Germans have mysterious reserves of strength from which they can heal their wounds, and that the success gained is only local and has not yet injured the German war machine in any vital part or struck a blow which has reached the heart of the German people.

The cure for such pessimism is found in letters captured in the German dug outs and on German prisoners. They draw the veil aside and tell the naked



truth. Through all these letters, writes by men whose sons are fighting or dead, and by comrades in arms, not hiding their thoughts from each other, there is a cry against the bloodshed and misery of this war, and for peace at all costs.

"By now the town of Offerbach has 5,000 widows, and besides that there are the unmarried men who have fallen."

"Our company lost all its officers and the men, but that is the same with every company and every regiment on the Somme. I, alas! could not get the much desired wound to send me home."

There have been riots in Hamburg and other places, according to letters found in the trenches, and in the spirit of civilian Germany there is rising anger against those who made the war and caused all this misery and who keep it lasting for political and dynastic reasons. The German Socialists at last, it seems, are beginning to find their voice again, if one may judge from such letters as the following, written by an educated hand:

"You ask how far the peace movement has advanced. It is impossible to say anything definite, but we Socialists are now going to present to the Imperial Chancellor a great peace memorial, containing the signatures of those citizens who want a speedy peace without annexations and without violence to other nations. Those will put their names on the lists and those lists will be collected from the whole empire and handed to the Chancellor. God grant that their names may be put down in millions, that the Government may see that the great mass of the people want an early peace."

One may hope this accursed murdering of peoples may come to an end soon, but unfortunately, the obstinate ones have no wish for peace. They are working in all countries against it with all their power, for the international capitalists can do no better business than they are doing now, and their purses appear not full yet.

"With us the distress gets greater from day to day and already many poor people are suffering from under-feeding. We will, however, hope and act, for surely the good sense of the peoples may conquer in the end."

Germans May Lose Combles Soon

London, Sept. 14.—Beset by the British on the west and the French on the east, the village of Combles in the Somme region of France, apparently is on the verge of capture by the Entente forces. With the British firmly established in the Lauze Wood, less than a mile from the western outskirts of the village, the French a mile to the east of it have driven their wedge in farther and captured Lepriez Farm, through which runs the road to Rancourt. The farm, which had been held by the Germans as a point of support against French encroachments upon Combles, was taken by assault. Along the Peronne-Bathune road to the north and south of Bouchavesnes the Germans, according to Paris, have vainly attacked the newly won French positions in the hope of regaining their transport lines to the north, but all their efforts have been without success and they have maintained all their gains.

Except for reciprocal bombardments and a slight advance by the French by means of a bombing attack near Balloy-en-Santerre, south of the Somme, the situation elsewhere on the entire front in France and Belgium remains unchanged.