

ANTWERP HAS FALLEN BEFORE GERMAN ATTACK

Complete Possession Of City Was Secured Yesterday Afternoon After Bel- gian Troops Evacuated Forts

LURID ACCOUNT

Description of a Charge on
Firing Line by Corre-
spondent Fascinating.

SOLDIERS IN TRENCH

Have Been Unable to Move
for Four Days But Are
Still Singing Songs.

Berlin, Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Complete occupation of Antwerp by the German forces was announced in the following statement issued by the war office today: Antwerp is in our possession. We have had control of the city since yesterday afternoon. A few forts still remain in possession of the Belgians but our occupation of the city itself is complete.

London, Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Confirmation of the escape of the Belgian army from Antwerp before it surrendered was announced in the official press bureau despatch today. It was stated that the army evacuated the city yesterday.

Amsterdam, Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—On the authority of a semi-official news bureau it is announced that Germany is momentarily expecting a declaration of war by Portugal.

(By Karl Von Eiegand)
On the firing line near Wirflen, Russian Poland, Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—At sundown tonight after four days' fighting the German army is holding its strategic and strongly entrenched position. As I write this in the glare of a screened automobile light, several yards back of the German trenches, I can catch the occasional high notes of the soldiers' chorus. For four days the singers had lain in their trenches unable to move or stretch except under cover of darkness, and still they sing. They believe that they are on the eve of a great victory. I reached the battle field shortly before daylight armed with a pass issued by the general staff and accompanied by three officers who were acting as chaperons and to furnish technical information. We have traveled three days in an auto and were within three miles of the German position when it broke down and we were forced to go the rest of the distance on foot. Today I saw a wave of Russian flesh and blood, shattered against a wall of German steel. The wall stood; the wave broke, was shattered and hurled back. Rivulets of blood trickled back slowly by its wake. Broken, bloody bodies, wreckage of the wave, were strewn by the breakers. Tonight I know why correspondents are not wanted on the battle field. Description and details of the bloody fighting in the year of our Lord, 1914, don't make nice reading material. We struck the firing line at a point on the extreme right of the German position shortly after daylight and breakfasted with the officers in charge of a field battery. Before the first crimsoning in the east, every man was astir. Fresh supplies of ammunition, brought up during the night, were being stored in the caissons. Empty shells were being thrown back out of the way. An artillery man with a shovel went about throwing loose soil over dark slippery spots about one of the guns. I saw several of those men similarly engaged during the day. As daylight came I saw that the guns were on the reverse side of the hill

with their muzzles apparently pointing directly up the slope.

Finally came the Russian order to advance. At the command, hundreds of yards of the Russian fighting line leaped up and forward, deployed in order and came on. One-two-three, and instantly four or five successive skirmish lines, separated by intervals of twenty to fifty yards, struck forward. Some of them came into the range of the German firing line immediately. These lines began to wilt and thin out. Others were able to make considerable advance, the smoke of several burning villages giving them protection. But on they came all along the line, rushing forward with yells, paused, fired and advanced again. From the outset of the advance, the German artillery ignoring for a moment the Russian artillery, began shelling the onrushing men with wonderfully timed shrapnel and which burst low about the advancing line, tearing sickening gaps and causing bodies to be heaped up on all sides. But the Russians never stopped. For the third time in two days they came tearing on, showing no indications of having been affected by the terrible consequences of the two previous charges. I found my heart jumping like a hammer and with no other weapon more formidable than a pair of binoculars, I was mentally fighting as hard as the men with the guns. For the first time I sensed the intoxication of battle and learned the secret of the smile found on the faces of so many of the dead soldiers on the battlefield. On came the swarm into the range of German trenches, moving like a wave, Russian battle-flags at the head of the charging lines. Unable to withstand the close range fire of the Germans and the impenetrable wall of bayonets which characterized the fight with their terrible slaughter, the Russians were again for the third time forced to fall back to their original position.

Our attention was called to an incident this morning that made us think that it must be true that no man is so good that he has no fault, or no man so bad that he has some good in his heart. The little four-year-old son of Manager Mount of the Indiana Lighting company was riding his tricycle across the street at the corner of Second and Madison, when he slipped off on the muddy pavement and directly in the path of passing traffic. At the same moment a tall and ready-looking individual, evidently a knight of the road, was crossing the street in an opposite direction and witnessed the accident. Like a flash that man shot across the ten or fifteen feet and rescued the lad, righted his little tricycle, stood him up and said funny things until he was laughing and had forgotten all about his fall. In another moment or two the tramp had waved a good-bye greeting and had gone, mumbling to himself about a little boy he knew, perhaps his own, in a far-distant state. It's a queer old world after all.

EXTRA

Boston0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1 7 1
Athletics0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-2 1
BATTERIES.
Boston—James Gowdy.
Athletics—Plank-Schang.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Edwin A. Gillette, seventy, employed at the Wash-bash shops for thirty-five years, bought a revolver this morning, saying he wanted to shoot a dog. At 1 o'clock this afternoon he walked into the Tri-State bank, handed his bank book containing a note to his wife and son to the cashier, went to a desk nearby and shot himself through the brain, falling dead in his tracks.

UNCLE HEZEKIAH OBSERVES

A typographical error kin make the strongest man a coward. My sun, Bud, what works on a newspaper sez he wuz afraid t' go out on his route th' next day when he writ somthin' un "Bingville's 400" an' had it come out in th' papur "Bingville's 000".

HAD SPLENDID MEETING.

The physicians' meeting at the office of Dr. Beavers last evening was a splendid one. Dr. Parrish had an excellent paper and it was interestingly discussed.

PAPAL SECRETARY DEAD

Rome, Oct. 10.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—The papal secretary of state, Cardinal, died at 1:30 this afternoon.

WILL BE A NURSE

Miss Veda Hensley Gains
the Consent of Her Par-
ents to Become Nurse.

TO HOPE HOSPITAL

Will Enter That Institution
Next Saturday for a Four
Years' Course.

Miss Veda Hensley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hensley of this city, will go to Fort Wayne a week from today, Saturday, October 17, where she will enter the Hope hospital, preparatory to taking up a four years' course in nursing. She will study to be a practical nurse and it is without doubt that at the end of four years there will not be a better nurse than Miss Hensley in the ranks of the Red Cross society, who are giving their help and aid to the poor soldiers who are fighting for their country in Europe. It has been the desire of Miss Veda to become a nurse ever since she was a little girl. After her graduation from the Decatur high school last May she approached the subject to her parents, but they did not find favor with the idea at once on the grounds that they did not like to see her leave home. Patience and determination finally won for her and one day last week she asked her father and mother about the matter again and was rewarded by the granting of their consent. Her many friends in this city hate to see her leave but are confident that she will make the kind of a nurse that the sick people demand.

UNCLE HEZEKIAH OBSERVES

A hustling merchant what keeps th' stock a-movin' won't let any mold kollect un th' oranges, especially them whut peeps out next th' winder pane.

STREET INCIDENT

Little Son of Manager Geo.
Mount of Gas Office Fell
Off Tricycle.

RESCUED BY TRAMP

Who Soon Had the Boy in
Smiles and Then Went
Whistling on His Way.

Our attention was called to an incident this morning that made us think that it must be true that no man is so good that he has no fault, or no man so bad that he has some good in his heart. The little four-year-old son of Manager Mount of the Indiana Lighting company was riding his tricycle across the street at the corner of Second and Madison, when he slipped off on the muddy pavement and directly in the path of passing traffic. At the same moment a tall and ready-looking individual, evidently a knight of the road, was crossing the street in an opposite direction and witnessed the accident. Like a flash that man shot across the ten or fifteen feet and rescued the lad, righted his little tricycle, stood him up and said funny things until he was laughing and had forgotten all about his fall. In another moment or two the tramp had waved a good-bye greeting and had gone, mumbling to himself about a little boy he knew, perhaps his own, in a far-distant state. It's a queer old world after all.

PRICE-REFE WEDDING.

Oscar E. Price, son of James O. Price, and Miss Bessie May Reffe, daughter of Emanuel Reffe, of Hartford township, were married this morning at 10 o'clock at the Methodist parsonage by the Rev. D. T. Stephenson. The couple went to Pleasant Mills for a few days' visit and will make their home in Hartford township. They are representatives of prominent families of the county and much esteemed.

TO ATTEND FUNERAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Sprang went to Fort Wayne this morning to meet a funeral party accompanying the body of Mr. Sprang's niece, Ada, wife of Christ Hyde, whose death occurred at their home at Alliance, Ohio. They met the party at 12:30 in Ft. Wayne but this morning Mr. and Mrs. Sprang did not know anything further of the funeral arrangements. Mrs. Hyde was formerly Ada Smith and resided at Poe and Fort Wayne for a number of years.

UNCLE HEZEKIAH OBSERVES

My good friend, Mr. Murphy, sez th' reasun Slingville ez dry ez bekuz they don't want any more uv Berevidge.

AID WAR ORPHANS

Adams County Called Upon
to Contribute to Clothing
Fund for

THE POOR CHILDREN

Made Orphans or Rendered
Homeless by Terrible
European War.

Adams county is going to join in the good work of aiding the war orphans and those who are suffering terribly on account of the great war in Europe. The Chicago Herald is behind this particular movement and the Tri Kappas of this city are acting as agents for Adams county in promoting the good work and contributions here.

Boxes will be posted in the post-office, library, banks and other places in this city, Berne, Geneva and other towns of the county. These are for contributions of money and it is hoped everybody will respond. This will be used in purchasing stockings, muslins, mittens, underwear and such clothing as the poor little children, many of them orphaned and homeless, in Europe, will need to stand the chilling blasts of the winter.

The school children have also been asked for contributions and these will help swell the fund.

President Wilson has donated the use of a battleship in transporting the goods to Europe, where it will be met by a ship and it is hoped that one of the boxes sent—one of the biggest and best—will be labeled, "From the Sympathizers in Adams County."

BIRTH OF A SON.

A fine boy was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. William McCague at the home of Mrs. McCague's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Baker, west of this city. Mrs. McCague was formerly Miss Lola Baker.

FOR HALLOWE'EN

The Woman's Civic Im-
provement Society Ar-
ranges for Novel Party

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30

Will be Given to Public on
Madison and Third
Streets—Big Plans.

The Woman's Civic Improvement society met at the library room last evening and outlined their plans for the Halloween party to be given to the public. That means the entire public, not just a few. The party will be held on Madison street between Third and Fourth, and on Third street between Madison and Court. There will be plenty of entertainment and also candy and lunches suitable to the season. The society wants the help of all the men and women and young people who are interested in our home city. Do not wait to be invited to help, but call up Miss Betty Boyers and offer your services and the affair will be a success.

A SAD SAD TALE

Monroe Man Went, He Saw
---And Came Home
Without Housekeeper.

ONE LOOK ENOUGH

For Oscar Woods, Elderly
Man Who Went to See
"Intended" First Time.

Last week we published a clipping from the Monroe Reporter relative to a Monroe elderly man who had left for Ohio to claim a bride whom he had never seen, but had learned to long for as a permanent housekeeper through correspondence. This week's Reporter contains an article on the result.

Like Caesar, he "came, he saw"—but he came away again. One look was enough. The article of course contained only an interview on one side—his side—of the story, but it reads like a novel, as did the other, and it is presumed that since he did not marry, he will "live happily ever after." The Monroe Reporter says: "Oscar Woods, who on Monday of last week left for Paris, Ohio, to meet his intended bride, arrived home on Wednesday evening alone and sorely disappointed. Oscar said he met and beheld, and at once declared the proposition off, and stated that she was a dismal disappointment. She possessed all the defects that were allotted to the human race, was untidy, and in fact, was averse to his liking. But, however, he says he had the pleasure of seeing the country while enroute. The would-be groom is not in the least discouraged by any means, but is still a matrimonial candidate and, it is said, will continue his quest for a life partner, and no doubt will succeed in the future. He says that the photo sent him was a flattery and that hereafter he will not give much credit to flattering photos."

DICK REITER DEAD

Only Son of Mr. and Mrs.
John Reiter of Bluffton
Died Early

TODAY OF DIABETES

Body Will be Brought Here
Monday for Burial—For-
merly Lived Here.

Richard Reiter, only son and child of Mr. and Mrs. John Reiter, formerly of this city, but now of Bluffton, died this morning at about 1:30 o'clock after a several years' illness from diabetes and other complications. The sad news of Richard's death was received in this city by a telephone message from Mr. Reiter to D. M. Hensley. Richard had been in poor health for a number of years and the parents were seeking the aid of doctors in this city, as well as those in Bluffton and other places with the hope that they might save the life of their son.

Richard W. Reiter was born September 27, 1900, in this city and made his home here until a year ago in August when he moved with his parents to Bluffton. Dick was a popular boy among his host of young companions and friends as well as among the older residents. He was taken ill with sugar diabetes a year ago, and although every thing possible was done to restore his health, it was to no avail. He was forced to take to his bed last Monday and from that time on his condition gradually grew worse until death relieved him of his suffering at 6:30 o'clock this morning. Rev. W. T. Arnold, pastor of the Bluffton Methodist church will have charge of the short funeral services at the home, after which the body will be removed to this city for interment.

The funeral services will be held in Bluffton at 10 o'clock Monday morning. The funeral party will then motor to this city where burial will be made in the Maplewood cemetery.

AGAIN TONIGHT.

A very unique vaudeville act presented by Davis and Ray at the Lyric theater last evening proved to be one of the best and highest class acts which has appeared in Decatur for some time. Miss Ray and Mr. Davis, who are recognized artists, more than pleased their audiences with the good voices, up-to-date songs and perfect harmony. Their musical numbers were interlarded by a clever presentation of the way they proposed fifty years ago and the way they do it now, closing their act with a novelty dance. They were accompanied by their own pianist, Mr. Raubush, who is one of the best ever heard in this city. Davis and Ray are appearing in an entire change of act today, which was written for laughing purposes only. So if you want to laugh, don't miss it. The pictures for today are "The Golden Dross," an excellent one-reel; "The Princess in Her Sleep."

TRIP CUT SHORT

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schafer
return from Europe--
There Two Months.

SAW VERY LITTLE

Of the War, Directly or Indi-
rectly, But Felt Its In-
fluences.

Having their contemplated European trip cut short ten months, and spending but two months in England and Scotland—a very small part of their outlined itinerary—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schafer, who are enroute to their home at Dallas, Texas, arrived here yesterday afternoon. They are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schafer, and other relatives. They will remain here a week or so before proceeding to South Bend and Elkhart, and then to their southern home. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Britton, who were with them abroad, are visiting in Washington, D. C., and other eastern cities. They will probably stop off here Mr. Britton certainly through the countries they passed but saw very little of the war, even indirectly, except the large number of drilling soldiers. More than 200,000 were sent out while they were there. A great many Belgian refugees also came into England while they were there and were made most welcome. Other than this, they saw and heard no more of the war than we do and that through the newspapers.

London is kept darkened as much as possible so that it may not become a target for any bombs that might be dropped as a surprise from air ship by the enemy.

The party sailed on the steamship "Cedric," and at dusk, every light was darkened and everything closed that it might not become a target for any ships of the enemy.

It was not until their arrival here that they learned that the Misses Fannie Frisinger and Frances Dugan were in London at the same time they were. They would have called on them with the utmost pleasure, had they known of their being there, and much regret was expressed by them.

REPUTATION IS KNOWN.

The fact that D. M. Hensley's reputation as a taxidermist and collector of various animals and birds is spread through a good many miles of the country was proven yesterday when he received a letter from Mr. M. C. Miller of Cando, N. D., asking him to send prices on the mounting of a pelican bird which he had caught. Mr. Miller also stated that the pelican was quite a well known bird in that part of the country and if Mr. Hensley desired one of them he would send him one to add to his already fine collection of birds.

REV. GRINNELL COMING.

Rev. W. E. Grinnell of Royal Center, Ind., will preach Sunday morning and evening at the Baptist church. There will be special music in the morning and also in the evening. There will be solos and the male quartet, comprising Messrs. O. P. Mills, Harve Shroll, Ray Collins and V. E. Beach, will sing.

BRIGHT AND BUSY

Is Mrs. Art Smith---Decatur
People Were Surprised to
Find

THE BUSY ASSISTANT

At Robison & Kirsch's Cafe
Last Week Was Noted
Aviator's Wife.

No one in the city, perhaps, is more interested in Art Smith, the Fort Wayne "bird boy," and his wife, than are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robison, of the Kirsch & Robison confectionary store. Mr. and Mrs. Robison were former residents of Fort Wayne and were chums of Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

In a postcard rack in the Robison store are several pictures of the bird boy and his wife, and a new one received yesterday shows both Art Smith and his wife, with their flying machine, taken while in Cincinnati, since he was here at the fair. This is similar to the one of Smith, himself, published last Friday in the Democrat, except that Mrs. Smith is also on the photo.

"It seems to me that I have seen Mrs. Smith somewhere before, haven't I?" asked the representative of this paper in looking at the card yesterday.

Then a sudden enlightenment came. "Why she was the young lady who was in here last Friday noon and helped you serve the lunches. I remember now that I came here for lunch and saw a strange young lady helping, but I supposed that she came to assist you during your fair rush."

And such was the case. While here, Mr. and Mrs. Smith spent much of their time with Mr. and Mrs. Robison, but diners in the cafe would not have known that the busy, quiet, capable waitress was Mrs. Smith, wife of the youngest and most skillful aviator in the world.

Seeing the need of help, she donned an apron, took the diners' orders, helped with the serving and removal of the dishes, made changes on the menu slips where required and even waited on the candy customers. At 12 o'clock an automobile drove up, a young, boyish looking man, known now to be her husband, Art Smith, came in and she removed her apron and got into the automobile and they drove away for a brief while, having been invited out to dinner. As soon as possible, however, she came back—"to help you wash the dishes," she told Mrs. Robison. Then a short time before Smith was to fly they all went out together to the fair grounds, and he made his world's record-breaking flight.

Jolly, laughing, bright, Mrs. Smith is her husband's most enthusiastic cheerer.

More than one woman who saw her laughing and clapping her hands as he arose in his airship wondered how she could do so, and some pessimistic ones, even thought because she was so, that she was indifferent to his fate. "Why, if it were I," they said, "I would be crying and worrying for fear he would be killed." And they would, too; and as there is nothing that puts a damper on a man's ardor more than "the weeps" it is doubtful if Art Smith would ever have the success he has if it were not for his cheerful, brave wife.

Of course where there is love there is the utmost confidence. She has the utmost belief in him and his ability, and there can be nothing else for him, but success. This is any wife's point of view of the husband she loves and therefore has confidence in. Mrs. Smith had enough confidence in her husband and his genius and ability to elope with him in his airship to Hillsdale, Mich., where they were married, and it would be a great come-down if she had not enough belief in his ability to make a flight alone, without her stewing and worrying about him.

Moreover, she is always on hand to "lend a hand" as well as good cheer. Mary Heaton Vorse in the Woman's Home Companion recently said that the greatest anguish a woman can have is when she is forced "to simply sit and fold her hands and smile and wait." For Mrs. Smith there is no folding of the hands. She is up and doing, bright and busy, and therefore loses the anguish of the "mournful

(Continued on Page Two)