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BELGIAN SOLDIERS BEHIND THE ENTRENCHMENT ON THE ROAD TO MALINES

Stories and Letters From the Trenches

COMPILED BY

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THE PUBLISHERS

PREFACE.

Letters received from soldiers in the field describe many features of the various campaigns of the war, the descriptions coming from representatives of widely differing classes of society. Unlike the rigid censorship imposed on the allied troopers by their official censors, the letters of Germans in the field show that wide liberty of expression is allowed, with only the names of places, troop divisions, and commanders, and occasionally dates, deleted.

At the front are many men of prominence in many walks of life. Some of the greatest present-day poets and novelists are in the field, and that, too, serving in humble capacities, taking their risks side by side with the men in the ranks or as non-commissioned officers and sharing the daily routine of the common soldier's life. Undemocratic as officialdom is in times of peace, and harsh as its discipline has been pictured in time of war, letters from notables at the front show a surprising spirit of democracy in the relations of high and low on the battlefield, in the trenches, and on the march.

The letters from the front include missives penned or scribbled by nobles and members of the royal families, high military officials, authors, Socialists, tradesmen, skilled workmen, and writers who, in peace times, have been more expert with the farmhand's scythe or manure fork, or with the street cleaner's broom than with the pen

that is supposedly mightier, and certainly to them more unwieldy, than the sword.

Nevertheless, even among the privates, it is extremely rare that a letter shows illiteracy to any marked degree. In the letters written by high and low alike, there is to be noted a certain theatrical consciousness of the stage on which they are now engaged in battle before the world.

WAR STORIES.

THREE MONTHS IN THE TRENCHES.

AMERICAN WHO SERVED WITH THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, NOW AN AIRMAN, GIVES VIVID ACCOUNT OF "DITCH" LIFE.

Bert Hall, who wrote the article printed herewith, is an American, and has had experience both as a racing automobile driver and an airman. At the beginning of the war he joined the French Foreign Legion, but was afterward transferred to the French Aviation Corps.

By Bert Hall.

There was no hands-across-the-sea Lafayette stuff about us Americans who joined the Foreign Legion in Paris when the war broke out. We just wanted to get right close and see some of the fun, and we didn't mind taking a few risks, as most of us had led a pretty rough sort of life as long as we could remember.

For my part, auto racing—including one peach of a smash-up in a famous race—followed by three years of flying, had taken the edge off my capacity for thrills, but I thought I'd get a new line of excitement with the legion in a big war, and I reckon most of the other boys had much the same idea.

We got a little excitement, though not much, but

as for fun—well, if I had to go through it again I'd sooner attend my own funeral. As a sporting proposition, this war game is overrated. Altogether, I spent nearly three months in the trenches near Craonne, and, believe me, I was mighty glad when they transferred me (with Thaw and Bach, two other Americans who've done some flying) to the Aviation Corps, for all they wouldn't take us when we volunteered at the start because we weren't Frenchmen, and have only done so now because they've lost such a lot of their own men, which isn't a very encouraging reason.

But anyway if the Germans do wing us, it's a decent, quick finish, and I for one prefer it to slow starvation or being frozen stiff in a stinking, muddy trench. Why, I tell you, when I got wounded and had to leave, most of the boys were so sick of life in the trenches that they used to walk about outside in the daytime almost hoping the Germans would hit them—anything to break the monotony of the ceaseless rain and cold and hunger and dirt!

It wasn't so bad when we first got there, about the beginning of October, as the weather was warmer (though it had already begun to rain and has never stopped since), but we were almost suffocated by the stench from the thousands of corpses lying between the lines—the German trenches were about four hundred yards away—where it wasn't safe for either side to go out and bury them. They were French mostly, result of the first big offensive after the Marne victory, and, believe me, that word just expresses it—they were the offensivest proposition in all my experience.

Well, as I was saying, we reached the firing line on October 4, after marching up from Toulouse,

where they'd moved us from Rouen to finish our training. We went down there in a cattle truck at the end of August in a hurry, as they expected the Germans any minute; the journey took sixty hours instead of ten, and was frightfully hot. That was our first experience of what service in the Foreign Legion really meant—just the sordidest, uncomfortablest road to glory ever trodden by American adventurers.

After we'd been at Toulouse about a month, they incorporated about two hundred of us recruits—thirty Americans and the rest mostly Britishers, all of whom had seen some sort of service before—in the Second Regiment Etranger which had just come over from Africa on its way to the front. They put us all together in one company, which was something to be thankful for, as I'd hate to leave a cur dog among some of the old-timers—you never saw such a lot of scoundrels. I'll bet a hundred dollars they have specimens of every sort of criminal in Europe, and, what's more, lots of them spoke German, though they claimed to have left seventeen hundred of the real Dutchies behind in Africa. Can you beat it? Going out to fight for France against the Kaiser among a lot of guys that looked and talked like a turn verein at St. Louis!

Why, one day Thaw and I captured a Dutchie in a wood where we were hunting squirrel—as a necessary addition to our diet—and, believe me, when we brought him into camp he must have thought he was at home, for they all began jabbering German to him as friendly as possible, and every one was quite sad when he went off in a train with a lot of other prisoners bound for some fortress in the West of France.

But that was only a detail, and now I'm telling

you about our arrival in the trenches. The last hundred miles we did in five days, which is some of a hurry; but none of the Americans fell out, though we were all mighty tired at the end of the last day's march. Worse still, that country had all been fought over, and there were no inhabitants left to give us food and drinks as we had had before at every resting place, which helped us greatly. Along the roadside lots of trees had been smashed by shell fire, and there were hundreds of graves with rough crosses or little flags to mark them, and every now and then we passed a broken auto or a dead horse lying in the gutter.

At the end of the fifth day we got our first sample of war—quite suddenly, without any warning, as we didn't know we were near the firing line. We had just entered a devastated village when there came a shrill whistling noise like when white hot iron is plunged into cold water, then a terrific bang as a shell burst about thirty yards in front of our columns, making a hole in the road about five feet deep and ten in diameter, and sending a hail of shrapnel in all directions. One big splinter hit a man in the second rank and took his head off—I think he was a Norwegian; anyway, that was our first casualty. No one else was injured.

Our boys took their baptism of fire pretty coolly, though most of us jumped at the bang and ducked involuntarily to dodge the shrapnel, which, by the way, isn't very dangerous at more than thirty yards, though it does a lot of harm at shorter range. Personally, I wasn't as scared as I expected, and most of the others said the same. At first, one is too interested to be frightened, and by the time the novelty has worn off one has got-

ten fairly used to it all—at least that seemed to be our general opinion.

There were no more shells after that one, and we continued our march till nightfall, when we camped in an abandoned village. Next morning there were 100 big auto trucks ready to take us to a point about forty miles along the lines, and we clambered aboard them and set off at a good speed—all but twenty unlucky lads, who were left to pad the hoof as a guard for our mules and baggage. My pal, William Thaw, was among the number; he marched for thirteen hours practically without a stop, and when he reached our camp he lay right down in the mud by the roadside and went straight off to sleep, though it was raining like sixty and he was drenched to the skin. But he was all right again in the morning, though it was a man's job to wake him up.

Next day we set off before dawn, having received orders to take our place in the trenches about eight miles away. It soon got light, and after marching about half an hour we were unlucky enough to be seen by a German aeroplane which signaled us to their batteries. The first shell burst near, the second nearer, the third right among us, killing nearly a dozen old-timers; and we were forced to break ranks and take cover until nightfall, as they'd got the range and it would have been suicide to try and go on. Pretty good shooting that at five or six miles' distance!

The French talk a lot about their artillery, but, believe me, the Dutchies are mighty fine gunners, especially with their cannon—even the very biggest.

No Chance to Rest.

Why, one day when my company was having its usual weekly rest from the trenches, there were a couple of hundred of us bunking in a big barn fully eight miles behind our lines. About three in the afternoon along came a German aeroplane, and half an hour later they dropped a couple of shells between the barn and a church some thirty yards farther back, just by way of showing what they could do. We thought that was all, and settled down comfortably for the night; but not a bit of it! At ten o'clock sharp a shell dropped plump onto the barn itself and killed five or six and wounded a dozen more, none of them Americans. We got out on the jump, though of course it was raining; and we were wise, for in the next half hour they hit the barn eleven times without a single miss, and at ten-thirty there weren't any big enough bits of it left to make matches of. The barn was perhaps thirty yards long by fifteen wide, but remember they were firing at a range of ten miles or so and in pitch darkness. Of course, they had got their guns trained right in the afternoon and just waited till night to give us a pleasant surprise. I did hear those were Austrian mortars, not German; anyway, they were good enough for us, I can tell you.

But to go back to my story: We broke ranks and fled to cover, and remained in hiding all that day near a ruined farm with shells falling all about, though they didn't do much damage. But our old-timers didn't like it one little bit. They had not been used to that kind of thing in Africa, and then the Germans and Austrians didn't at all fancy the idea of being fired upon by their own people. In our company all of the Sergeants and

most of the other non-coms were Austrian—not that they turned out later to be any the worse fighters for that. There was one Sergeant named Wiedmann who fought like a lion; he was the bravest man in the regiment. Poor chap, I've just heard he was killed the other day by a hand grenade, and I'm sorry. He was a real white man if ever I knew one. Our Lieutenant was a German named Bloch, and only the Captain was a Frenchman. But all this mixture of races led to some rather curious results, as the following story will show:

"The Corsican Brothers."

Among the recruits who joined us at Paris there were two young fellows from Corsica—the Corsican brothers, we called them, as they always stuck together—who said they belonged to the Corsican militia, but preferred to volunteer, as they wanted to see some fighting right away. Besides French, they spoke English fluently, and used to jabber away together in some local patois, but they were both very smart soldiers and were soon promoted Corporals and got along fine. Every one liked them, and they stood very well with the officers as well. After we had been in the trenches about ten days these two chaps disappeared one wet night and left behind a note for the Colonel, which I was lucky enough to see. It ran something like this:

Most Honored Sir:

Though we have spent a most agreeable time in your regiment—of which we have a good opinion, although the discipline is sometimes rather more lax than we are accustomed to—we feel that the moment has come for us to join our friends, which we were unable to do at the mobilization, when we

naturally preferred the Foreign Legion to a concentration camp.

We will give a good account of you to our friends and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again before long.

Otto X——
Ober-Lieutenant, Potsdam Guards.
Hermann Y——
Lieutenant, Potsdam Guards.

Wouldn't that fease you? The Colonel nearly blew up.

Well, at nightfall we resumed our march by separate companies. Our Captain didn't know the country, so of course we got lost. It was raining heavily, and the mud was frequently knee deep. Add to that incessant tumbles into numberless shell holes full of water, and you will realize that we were a pretty sad procession that finally at three A. M. scrambled into the stinking ditch where we were to spend the greater part of the next three months.

For three or four days we had nothing to do but dodge the shrapnel and try and keep warm, as the enemy maintained a constant artillery fire—with a regular interval for luncheon—starting about six A. M. and stopping toward five P. M.; and they got the range. I tell you, one lies pretty flat when there's any shrapnel about. Some of the English boys were killed the second day, but we Americans have been fine and lucky—only one killed the whole time, though we have had some very narrow shaves. For instance, Thaw had his bayonet knocked off his rifle by a "sniper" while on sentry-go, and another boy named Merlac had his pipe taken clean out of his mouth by a shrapnel ball in the trenches. It didn't hurt him at all, but

I never saw any one look so surprised in my life. Shortly afterward Jimmy Bach (who is now in the Aviation Corps with Thaw and me) had his head cut by a rifle bullet which just grazed it without doing more than make a deepish scratch. I myself had a close squeak the very day of our arrival in the trenches. A piece of shell weighing three or four pounds smashed to bits the pack on my back—including my best pipe, which I couldn't replace until I got back to Paris—without so much as bruising me, though it scared me something dreadful.

Farewell, Whiskers!

Our company had an eight days' "shift" in the trenches, followed by three days' rest at a camp four miles in the rear.

During the week's duty it was impossible to wash or take off one's clothes, and we quickly got into a horrible condition of filth. To begin with, there was a cake of mud from head to foot about half an inch thick; but what was worse was the vermin which infested our clothes almost immediately and were practically impossible to get rid of. They nearly broke the heart of Lieutenant Bloch. He had a wonderful crop of bright red whiskers, of which he was as proud as a kitten with its first mouse, because he thought they gave him a really warlike appearance, and he was always combing them and squinting at them in a little pocket mirror. Well, one day the lice got into these whiskers and fairly gave him hades. He bore it for a week, scratching away at his chin until he was tearing out chunks of hair by the roots; but at last he could stand no more, and had to have the whole lot shaved off. He was the saddest thing you ever saw after that, with a little

chinless face like a pink rabbit, and was so ashamed he hardly dared show himself in daylight.

But mud and vermin were only minor worries, really; our proper serious troubles were cold and hunger. It's pretty cool in the middle of France toward the end of November, and for some reason —I guess because they were such a lot of infernal thieves at our depot—we never got any of the clothes and warm wraps sent up from Paris for us. It was just throwing money away to try it. My wife mailed me three or four lots of woolen sweaters and underclothes, but I never received a single thing, and the rest of the boys had much the same experience.

Running the Gauntlet.

That was bad, but the hunger was something fierce. The Foreign Legion is not particularly well fed at any time—coffee and dry bread for breakfast, soup with lumps of meat in it for luncheon, with rice to follow, and the same plus coffee for dinner, and not too much of anything, either. But in our case all the grub had to be brought in buckets from the relief post, four miles away, by squads leaving the trenches at three A. M., ten A. M., and five P. M., and a tough job it was, what with the darkness and the mud and the shell holes and the German cannonade, to say nothing of occasional snipers taking pot shots at you with rifles. I got one bullet once right between my legs, which drilled a hole in the next bucket in line and wasted all our coffee.

As you can imagine, quite a lot of the stuff used to get spilt on the way, and then the boys carrying it used to scrape it up off the ground and put it back again, so that nearly everything one

ate was full of gravel and, of course, absolutely cold. More than once when the cannonade was especially violent we got nothing to eat all day but a couple of little old sardines; and, believe me, it takes a mighty strong stomach to stand that sort of treatment for any length of time. As far as we Americans were concerned, who were mostly accustomed to man-sized meals, the net result was literally slow starvation.

Repulsed With Loss.

The second night in the trenches we had an alarm of a night attack. I crept out to a "funk-hole" some thirty yards ahead of our trench with a couple of friends. It was nearly ten o'clock and there was a thin drizzle. We stared out into the darkness, breathing hard in our excitement. The usual fireworks display of searchlights and rockets over the German trenches was missing—an invariable sign of a contemplated attack, we had been told. Suddenly I glimpsed a line of dim figures advancing slowly through the darkness. "Hold your fire, boys," I gasped. "Let them get good and close before you loose off." They came nearer, stealthily, silently. We raised our rifles. Suddenly my friend on the right rolled over, shaking with noiseless laughter. For a moment we thought he was mad. Then we, too, realized the truth. The approaching column, instead of eager, bloodthirsty Germans, was a dozen harmless domestic cows, strays, doubtless, from a deserted farm. There were considerable casualties among the attacking force, and for a week at least the American section of the Foreign Legion had an ample diet.

The next night the three of us were out there again, but there was still no attack, though we had

rather a nasty experience all the same. We were crawling back to our trench about midnight when suddenly we found ourselves under a heavy fire. One bullet went through Thaw's kepi, but we soon saw that instead of coming from the Germans, the fire was directed from a section of our own trenches who thought there was an attack. We yelled, but they went on shooting. I was so mad that I shot back at them, but luckily there was no damage done anywhere.

Praise for Germans.

Two nights later there really did come an attack in considerable force. A lot of us crawled out into a hollow in front of our trench and, starting at about forty yards' distance, we let them have it hot and heavy. We had our bayonets fixed, but they didn't get near enough to charge. I think we kept up America's reputation for marksmanship; anyway, they melted away after about half an hour, and in the morning there were several hundred dead bodies in front of the trench —they had taken the wounded back with them. The bodies were still there when I left, nearly three months later. I crawled out a night or two afterward and had a look at them, and was lucky enough to get an iron cross as a souvenir off a young officer. He was lying flat on his back with a hole between the eyes, and he had the horriblest grin human face ever wore; his lips were drawn right back off the teeth so that he seemed to be snarling like a wild beast ready to bite.

We took no prisoners at all; in fact, none of them got near enough, and our Colonel didn't think it worth while risking a counter-charge. To tell the truth, we hardly took any prisoners any time, except here and there an occasional strag-

gler. I've heard stories about the Dutchies surrendering easily, but you can take it from me that's all bunk. I used to think that one Irishman could lick seventeen Dutchmen; but, believe me, when they get that old uniform on they are a very different proposition. On one occasion a company of the Legion surrounded a Lieutenant and eleven men. They called on them to surrender, but not a bit of it. They held out all day and fought to the last gasp. At last only the Lieutenant and one soldier were left alive, both wounded. Again they refused to give in, and they had to kill the Lieutenant before the last survivor finally threw down his rifle and let them carry him off. I heard he died on the way to the station, and I'm mighty sorry; he was a white man, if he was a German.

One remarkable thing about the prisoners we did get was their exceedingly thorough knowledge of everything going on, not only of the war in general, but of all that was taking place back of our trenches. Their spy system is something marvelous. Why, they knew the exact date our reinforcements were coming on one occasion nearly a week beforehand, when the majority of our fellows hadn't even an idea there were any expected!

In some cases they got information from French villagers whom they had bought before they retreated. I saw one such case myself. We were bivouacked in a ruined village, and a lot of us were sleeping in and around a cottage that hadn't been damaged. We were downstairs, while the owner of the cottage and his wife and kid had the upstairs room. One of our boys happened to go outside in the night and, by jingo! he saw the fellow coolly signaling with a lamp behind his curtain. He went along and told the Captain, who

was at the schoolhouse, and they came back with a couple of under officers and arrested them red-handed. He tried to hide under the bed, and howled for mercy when they pulled him out. His wife never turned a hair—the Sergeant told me she looked as if she was glad he'd been caught. They shot him there and then in his own yard, and his wife was around in the morning just as if nothing had happened.

"Pluckiest Thing in the War."

After that we always used to be very suspicious of any house or village that wasn't devastated when everything round had been chewed up; there was nearly always a spy concealed somewhere not far off. To give you a case in point: There was a fine big château near Craonelle, where our trenches were, that hadn't been bombarded, though they had stripped most of the furniture and stuff out of it. Well, one fine day the General commanding our section thought it would be a convenient place to hold a big pow-wow. He and his staff had only been seated at the table about ten minutes when a whacking great 310-millimeter shell burst right on top of the darned place, followed by a perfect hail of others. The General and his staff ran for their lives; luckily none of them were badly hurt, though they got the deuce of a scare.

After the bombardment some of us went along to look at what was left of the château, and—will you believe me?—we found a little old Dutch sous-off half choked in the cellar, but still hanging on to the business end of a telephone. I call that the pluckiest thing I've seen at the war, and I can tell you we were mighty sorry to have to shoot

him. He never turned a hair, either, and we didn't even suggest bandaging his eyes. He knew what was coming to him from the start; that he was as good as a dead man from the moment he got into the cellar. He told us he had been there a week, just waiting for some confiding bunch of French officers to come along and hold a meeting.

It's funny how some men meet death, anyway. We had one nigger prize fighter along with us named Bob Scanlon. He was the blackest coon you ever saw, until one day there came a great big "marmite" that burst almost on top of him and buried him in the mud. We dug him out, and he wasn't even scratched, but ever afterward he has been a kind of mulatto color, he was so darned scared by the narrowness of his escape.

Good Way to Die.

Another boy, an Englishman, got out of the trench one day to stretch his legs, as he said he was tired of sitting still. Some one called to him to come down and not be a fool, as the Germans were keeping up a constant rifle fire, and after a minute or two he jumped back into the trench. "They didn't get you, did they?" called out some one. "Oh, no!" he answered, sitting down. Then all of a sudden he just keeled over slowly sideways without a sound, and, believe me, when they went to pick him up he was as dead as David—plugged clean through the heart. He never even felt the shock of it. If they do ever get me, that's the way I hope to die.

BERT HALL.

FRENCHMAN MEETS THAT STRANGE BEING, TOMMY ATKINS.

LATTER'S UN-FRENCH WAYS AMUSINGLY DEPICTED BY PARISIAN JOURNALIST FOR HIS READERS.

The thousands of English soldiers now on French soil are, to Frenchmen, strange, exotic creatures, the study of which is full of delightful surprises. Recently a French journalist traveled to the trenches, interviewed several specimens of the genus Tommy Atkins, and published the results in a Paris newspaper.

One Tommy was "of the species crane," with thin legs and arms like telegraph wires, by no means as taciturn as the Frenchman had believed Englishmen to be. He told the Frenchman some tall yarns.

"In one fight our battalion lost five hundred men," he vouchsafed. "One bullet, which just scratched my nose, killed my pal beside me."

Another Tommy dwelt on the awful fact that he had been "twenty-two days on water without any tea in it." He, too, had been in the thick of the fray and had killed several of the enemy with his own hand, which, recounts the Frenchman, filled him with "a gentle joy."

"Are the inhabitants of this part of France hospitable?" the journalist inquired of another Englishman.

"Awfully nice!" replied the soldier. These words the correspondent, after giving them in English, to show how strange they look, translates: "Terriblement aimable"—a combination which must appear perfectly incomprehensible to Frenchmen, who do not see how a thing can be "awful" and "nice" at the same time.

At a village in Northern France the newspaper man found some English soldiers instructing a lot of village boys in the rudiments of football.

"When the French team scored a point," he writes, "I said to one of the Englishmen: 'But aren't you ashamed to let them beat you at your own game?' To which the Briton replied: 'Ah, but we want to encourage the people of France to take up sports!' "

Football was being played wherever there were Englishmen. Often the games were between teams of English and French soldiers. Where a ball was not to be had, the players were quite content to kick about a bundle of clothes.

When not thus engaged, the English soldier finds time to enter the lists of Cupid. The French writer tells of one Tommy whom he saw "promenading proudly before the awe-struck glances of the villagers with three girls on his arm!"

"The English? Oh, they're good fellows!" remarked a villager in whose house a number of the allies of France were quartered. "They're in bed snoring every night at eight. They get together in my kitchen while I make their tea and sing sentimental songs. They're all musical." The journalist adds, in corroboration of this statement, that he himself heard Tommies "singing discordantly to the accompaniment of the cannon."

Also he found that Tommy had a sense of humor. On one occasion, he learned, a German officer came charging at the head of his men into an English trench. Leaping over the edge of it, he fell headlong into a sea of black mud, from which he picked himself up, black and dripping, and exclaimed:

"What a confounded nuisance this old war is, isn't it?"

Whereupon a Tommy, about to run his bayonet through the intruder, burst into roars of laughter, and made him a prisoner instead.

"And the Tommies are philosophers, too," writes the Frenchman. "I heard one of them say solemnly to a comrade: 'If you have any money, spend it all to-day. You may be dead to-morrow!' "

ONE YOUNG SOLDIER WHO PROVED A HERO.

"Jean Berger, 'simple soldat' of the Second Regiment of Infantry, should, after the war, be Jean Berger, V. C. He is a Frenchman—yes; but listen to this story:

"He, a boy of about eighteen years of age, lies in hospital here, wounded badly, but not dangerously, in the side and also in the hand.

"Jean belongs to an old Alsatian family. After the war against Prussia, his grandfather refused to submit to the rule of the conquerors, and left the province to settle in Normandy. He passed his hatred of the Prussians on to his son, and the son instilled it in the four grandchildren.

"When war broke out, two of the sons were already in the army, one as an officer, and the father, calling to him the two boys who were not yet of age to be called upon by the military authorities, said to them: 'Go and enlist! And be sure to join regiments which will operate on the Alsatian frontier.'

"Jean joined the Second Regiment of Infantry, which was soon under orders for Upper Alsace. Before it arrived at the scene of operations, however, fresh instructions were received, and the Second went to operate with the English on the

left. He went through the terrible ordeal of the battle of the Marne, and, with his regiment, now sadly diminished in numbers, but with its dash and spirit as of old, he formed one of the stupendous line drawn up to face the Germans in their tremendously strong positions on the Aisne.

"It was during one of the almost innumerable fights which, battles in themselves, are making up that Homeric struggle of the nations on the River Aisne that the Colonel leading the gallant Second was shot down. Machine guns were raking the quickly thrown-up trenches; showers of rifle bullets were falling everywhere around. With that heroism which takes account of nothing save the object in view, Jean rushed out of his shelter to carry his Colonel to safety.

"Through a rain of leaden death he passed scatheless, reached his Colonel, and carried him to safety.

Back Through Hail of Lead.

"As he was performing his glorious act, he passed an officer of the Grenadier Guards wounded severely in the leg who called out for water.

" 'All right!' cried Jean. 'I'll be back in a minute or two.'

"He put the Colonel in the shelter of a trench where the Red Cross men were at work, procured some wine from one of the doctors, and set forth again to face the bullet showers. And again he went out untouched.

"Reaching the English officer, Jean held up the flask to the wounded man's lips, but, before he could drink, a bullet struck the young Frenchman in the hand, carrying away three fingers, and the

flask fell to the ground. Quickly, as though the flask had merely slipped out of one hand by accident, Jean picked it up with the other; and, supported by the young Frenchman, the English officer drank.

"While he was doing so, a bullet drilled Jean through the side. Yet, in spite of the intense pain, he managed to take off his knapsack, and, searching in it, discovered some food, which he gave to his English comrade.

"'But what about you, yourself?' asked the officer.

"'Oh,' replied Jean brightly, 'it's not long since I had a good meal!'

"As the Guardsman was eating, he and Jean discovered that near them was a wounded German soldier, who, recovering from the delirium of wounds, was crying out for food and drink. The Englishman, taking the flask, which had still some wine in it, and also the remainder of the food from the Frenchman's knapsack, managed, though suffering great pain, to roll himself along till he reached the spot where the German soldier lay. There, however, he found he was, by himself, too weak to give the poor fellow anything.

"So he shouted to Jean to come to his assistance, and, though movement could only be at the cost of great pain, the young Frenchman managed, too, to reach the place, and together, Englishman and Frenchman, succored the dying German. One held him up while the other poured wine between his parched lips.

All Fall in a Heap.

"Then human nature could stand no more, and all three fell, utterly exhausted, in a heap together. All through the long night, a night contin-

uously broken by the roar of cannon, death watched over that strange sleeping place of the three comrades of three great warring nations.

"In the morning, shells bursting near them aroused the English officer and the French soldier. Their German neighbor was dead, and for a long time they could only wonder how the day of battle was going. When the forenoon was well advanced, they saw Germans advancing.

"Jean, who can speak German, called out: 'We are thirsty; please give us something to drink.' He was heard by some officer of Uhlans, who rode up, and, dismounting and covering them with his revolver, asked what was the matter.

" 'We are thirsty,' replied Jean.

"The German looked at the little group. He saw his countryman lying dead with an empty flask beside him, and guessed what was the scene of comradeship and bravery which the spot had witnessed. He gave instructions to an orderly, and wine was brought and given to the two wounded men. Surely that is a scene and a deed which will wipe out many a bitter thought and memory of war!

"Just then the cannonade burst forth again with tremendous fury, and the German force which had come up had to retire. Shells were soon bursting all around, and fragments struck the English officer. He became delirious with pain, and the young Frenchman—stiff, feverish, and weak himself—saw that it was necessary to do something to bring the officer to a place where he would be safe and would receive attention.

"Jean tried to lift the Englishman, but found that he had not sufficient strength left to take his comrade on his shoulder. So, half lifting him, and dragging and rolling him at times, the gal-

lant little piou-piou brought the wounded English officer nearer and nearer to safety and help. The journey was two miles long! * * * But at last it was over."

May Get Victoria Cross.

"The two men came upon some trenches occupied by the allied forces; they were recognized and taken in charge by an officer of the English Red Cross. They had both just enough strength left to shake hands and say good-by.

" 'If I live through this,' said the officer of the Guards, 'I shall do my best to get you the British Victoria Cross. I've your number and that of your regiment. God bless you, mon camarade!' And the Guardsman lost consciousness.

"Jean Berger lies in hospital here in Angers; he is expected to recover.

"That is the story; and that is why I believe that England will think that Jean Berger, 'simple soldat' of the Second Regiment of Infantry, should become Jean Berger, V. C.

"For the two nations have become one by blood shed and bravery displayed, and, in addition, a little incident which I can relate will show that there is a precedent for a union of honors as there is evidence of a complete union of hearts.

"In the British Expeditionary Force there is an English soldier, a member of a cyclist corps, who is proud to wear upon his breast the 'médaille militaire' of the French Army.

"The story of the stirring incident has been told to me by Henri Roger, a young soldier of the Fifth Infantry who saw it from the trenches and who is now lying wounded in hospital here.

"During one of the engagements last week on the River Aisne, the Fifth was holding an in-

trenched position and was faced in the distance by a strong force of the enemy. To the right and left of the opposing forces were large clumps of trees, in one of which a force of English troops had taken up a position, a fact regarding which the Germans were unaware. In the other wood, it was soon discovered, lay a considerable body of German infantry with several machine gun sections.

Cyclist Wins Decoration.

"A road ran beside the wood in which the enemy lay hidden, and along it a force of French infantry was seen to be advancing. How were they to be saved from the ambush into which they were marching? That was the problem, and it was a difficult one.

"Every time the French troops in the trenches endeavored to signal to their oncoming comrades hidden German sharpshooters picked off the signalers. Soon the position seemed to be almost desperate; every moment the intrenched French soldiers expected to hear the hideous swish of the Maxims mowing down their unsuspecting comrades.

"Suddenly, however, something happened which attracted the attention of the French and German trenches. From the wood where the English lay hidden a cyclist dashed—the English, too, had seen the danger, and a cyclist had been ordered to carry a message of warning to the advancing French column, several hundreds strong.

"The cyclist bent low in his saddle and darted forward; he had not gone a hundred yards before he fell, killed by a well-aimed German bullet. A minute later another cyclist appeared, only, in a second or two, to share his comrade's fate.

"Then a third—the thing had to be done! The bullets whizzed round him, but on he went over the fire-swept zone. The Frenchmen held their breath as they watched the gallant cyclist speeding toward the French column; puffs of smoke from the wood where the Germans were showed that the sharpshooters were redoubling their efforts. But the cyclist held on and soon passed beyond some high ground where he was sheltered from the Germans, but could still be seen by the intrenched French.

"The Frenchmen could not resist a loud 'Hurrah!' when they saw the daring cyclist dismount on reaching the officer in command of the troops which he had dared death to save.

"The officer heard the message and took in the position at a glance. He gave an order or two instantly, and turned to the Englishman.

"Then there was a fine but simple battle picture which should live.

"The deed which had saved hundreds of lives was one of those which bring glory as of old back to the horror of modern warfare. Courage, and courage alone, had triumphed, unsupported by any of the murderous machinery of the armies of to-day.

"That was what the French officer recognized. He saluted the gallant fellow standing by the cycle. Then, with a simple movement, took the 'médaille militaire'—the Victoria Cross of France—from his own tunic and pinned it on the coat of the Englishman.

" 'I am glad,' young Roger told me when he had finished relating the story, 'to have lived to see that deed. It was glorious!' "

DR. MARY CRAWFORD OF BROOKLYN TELLS OF AMERICAN AMBULANCE WORK IN A PARIS HOSPITAL.

TRAGEDY AND HUMOR MIXED.

Dr. Mary Merritt Crawford, who in 1907 became widely known as Brooklyn's first woman ambulance surgeon, and who has established for herself since that time an enviable reputation in the medical profession, served in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-Sur-Seine under Dr. du Bouchet and Dr. Joseph Blake. Her letters recounting her experiences among the wounded describe in the most graphic manner the terrible nature of the wounds inflicted in modern warfare. She writes:

"We have been getting so many men with frozen feet from the trenches. They have had much snow near Ypres, they say, and the cold is terrible. Last night one poor Frenchman, who had been in the trenches for several weeks before he was wounded, was told he would be sent away to-morrow. His regiment is still up north and he would be sent there. He went almost mad with despair and tried to kill himself. This is the only case I've come directly in contact with, although I've heard of others. I wonder there aren't more. Most of the little 'piou-pious' take it with wonderful stoicism. It is fate, and they accept it, but no one wants to go back to trench fighting. I

don't blame them for anything they do. Human flesh and blood cannot stand it beyond a certain point."

* * *

"Two days ago we had a poor wretch admitted, who had, by actual count, 150 shrapnel wounds on him. You never saw anything so ghastly as he was. The shell had burst so close that all his hair was singed, and he was literally peppered with pieces of shell. He died to-night and I couldn't help but be glad a little, for his suffering would have been so awful and long-drawn out had he lived.

"To-day I'm dismissing one of my little zouzous (Zouaves). He gave me one of his buttons as a souvenir, and when I gave him 2 francs he wouldn't take it until I told him to keep it as a souvenir, not as money. Then he did finally consent. He had to go out in the same dirty uniform, all blood-stained and with the bullet hole in his coat. The French Government is making the gray-blue clothes as fast as possible. I've seen a number when walking in Paris. They are the same cut as before, not as trim and compact as our service clothes, but the men inside are splendid, and as patients, ideal."

* * *

A Dog That Saved His Master.

"I must write you just one story that came to me at the ambulance just before Christmas, even

though it is a little late. We had a French soldier brought in frightfully wounded. He came from the region around St. Mihiel. One leg had to be amputated, and, besides that, he had half a dozen other wounds. His dog came with him—a hunting dog of some kind. This dog had saved his master's life. They were in the trenches together, when a shell burst in such a way as to collapse the whole trench. Every one in it was killed or buried in the collapse, and this dog dug and dug until he got his master's face free, so that he could breathe, and then he sat by him until some reinforcements came and dug them all out. Every one was dead but this man. We have both the dog and the man with us. The dog has a little house all to himself in the court, and he has blankets and lots of petting, and every day he is allowed to be with his master for a little while."

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"I am very tired to-night. For some time now I've had charge of the dental cases, in addition to my regular work. Just now I have nine of them. They are the men who have fractures of the upper or lower jaws besides other wounds. The American dentists here are doing wonderful work—some of the most brilliant that is done in any department. Such deformities you never saw. The whole front of one man's face is gone, and how we are going to build him a new one I don't see, but as soon as he is ready we'll begin grafting and plastic work generally. One of these men is a black boy, the saddest figure in the whole hospital to me. His identification tag was lost in transit. He doesn't read or write or speak a word of French and none of our Senegalesi, Moroccans, Algerians, or Tunisians can talk to him. He is

utterly alone and lost. In the course of time the Government will place him, but it will be a long process. His wound is ghastly. The bullet hit his front teeth, but as his lips must have been drawn back in a snarl or laugh at the time, no wound appears there. The whole of his left upper and lower teeth were blown out, upper and lower jaw fractured and literally his whole left cheek blown away. You can put your fingers right into his mouth from just in front of his ear and see the inner side of his lips. It is awful taking care of him, but he is as patient as some poor dog who knows you are trying to help him.

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"Next week I am going to have all my jaw cases photographed together. Their deformities are frightful, but they are cheery. One man whose whole front face is almost gone is now radiant. You see he couldn't smoke because he couldn't suck in the air, having no upper teeth or lip. Well, the dentists built him a kind of 'false front' of soft rubber, and now he is 'très gentil,' as he says, and can smoke nicely. My poor black boy is much better. Dr. Blake did a marvelous operation on his face and closed in most of the gap. Suddenly to-day we discovered he was talking French. Before he wouldn't say a word—couldn't, poor fellow!—and seemed not to understand. He says his name is Hramess ben something or other. Also he says that he fought for three days with that ghastly, blown-to-pieces face, and didn't give up until he got the bullet in his back. Did I tell you we got the bullet out, and he has it as a souvenir? He nearly died of mortification because we had thought he was a Senegalesi—he is so dark. He says he is an Algerian, and has told us his regiment.

Photo by International News Service

REMARKABLE GENERAL VIEW OF THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES NEAR JASIONNA, SHOWING THE COVERED SHELTERS AS WELL AS OPEN DITCHES AND THE WINDING LANES OF CIRCULATION

"I must finish this letter with an attempted account of our wonderful fête de Noël, which was held here this afternoon [this letter was written on Christmas Eve], and which will terminate at midnight with a mass in the chapel. A famous opera singer is to sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' and I'm going to prop open my weary eyes and attend it.

"We decorated the wards and halls with holly and mistletoe, which grows in great abundance and richness here in France. We had the tree all lighted by electric bulbs downstairs, with a beautiful Santa Claus giving out gifts. All walking cases filed in and received small gifts. Many came in chairs, too. Meantime a trained chorus was walking through the halls from floor to floor, singing Christmas carols, and finally Santa Claus carried his gifts to all the bed patients. In the meanwhile the chapel was filled with soldiers and nurses, and many patriotic songs were sung. The singing made me so homesick that the tears came and I had to go back to my sick men. I bought each man a package of cigarettes and a box of matches, and I gave an enlargement of the group photo I sent you to each man in it. Also I lent them my big silk American flag to help decorate.

The Clown of the Hospital.

"Ahmed, the big Turco, who came to me with seven shrapnel wounds, but is now almost well, and who I told you is the proud husband of two wives and the father of six sons—he does not count the daughters—got hold of the flag somehow, and now it hangs proudly over his bed. By the way, he heard this morning that one of his wives, Fatima, has presented him with a son, so now he has seven. Such joy! While I was down

at noon buying the tobacco and a few little things for K—— I saw a little doll, chocolate in color, dressed as a baby. I bought it and put it on Ahmed's pillow when he wasn't looking. The instant he spied it he let off a yell: 'Mon fils de Tunis!' and hugged that poupée and carried on most delightfully.

"I also bought a wooden crane, whose head, neck, and feet move, for Moosa, the black Senegalesi. I told you about him a long time ago, but not by name. He is the one who said a prayer over his wound and tried to bite every one who came near him. He has become quite tame under the influence of Dr. Chauneau, who is the most charming old Frenchman imaginable. Moosa got toys exactly like a child and was just as delighted. He laughs just like a typical Southern darky does, and is altogether funny. They keep him in a red jacket and cap, and the color effect is splendid. It reminds me of chocolate and strawberry ice cream.

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"That Turco, Ahmed, whom I've spoken of several times, and who is absolutely devoted to me, keeps the ward in a perfect gale. Last night the men had a regular circus there, and it was all fomented by that old rascal. I've told you how he insists on calling me 'maman' and is jealous as a spoiled child if I show any extra attention to any of the other patients in the ward. Well, last night old Ahmed was very much excited when I came in after supper. He has learned some English, which he now mixes with his French and Arabic. When I asked him what was the trouble he said: 'Spik, maman?' meaning might he talk. I graciously gave him permission, whereupon he burst into burning speech.

"He said they were all French, both Arabs and Frenchmen, and the English were their allies, weren't they? Yes. They were all wounded? Yes. All in the same cause? Yes. Some had more than one wound; he had seven? Yes. Then why weren't they all fed alike? Why should Risbourg sit in bed, never walking, never going to the table to eat—in fact, never doing any of the things they all had to do—and yet have extra feeding? You see, Risbourg is the case I told you of that nearly died of hemorrhage from a small arm wound. He had to be transfused and he is on extra feeding to make up his blood. He does eat enormously, and I love to see him do it.

"Well, I noticed that Risbourg was the only one who wasn't laughing, so I called Ahmed to attention and told him the story of the hemorrhage, whereupon he gave me a huge wink to show that it was all a joke. Risbourg didn't regard it as such, so I went over and told him that I understood, and that I wanted him to eat as much as he wanted, and that it was all right. He is really very devoted to me, and said: 'You, doctor, you understand, but all the time Ahmed tells the nurse to tell you that I eat too much.'

"By this time they were all crowding around him trying to make up, and he added: 'I know why they say such things! It is because I am of the infantry of France, and they are zouaves and tirailleurs (artillerymen) of Africa. I am alone among them.'

"Well, this was getting serious, so I made a speech and told them they were all Frenchmen and brothers, and we all 'vived la France!' Then Old Incorrigible had to pipe up again: 'Mais, maman, Risbourg said I didn't smell good. And

he spat when I said I was a Frenchman. And also he said he was a German.'

"I said: 'Risbourg, did you tell him you were a German?' Risbourg smiled broadly (he has one tooth gone just like Dave Warfield) and said: 'Yes, doctor, but because the Irish boy told me to. Je fais une plaisance.' So then I pointed out to him that he had had his little joke, and Ahmed had had his, when he said that he ate too much. Great applause from the Arabs, who quickly got the ethical point. So we all made up and shook hands."

ROYALTY AT THE FRONT

The following letter, written by Prince Joachim of Prussia, the youngest son of the German Emperor, was addressed to a wounded comrade in arms by the Prince, himself at that time recovering from a wound suffered in battle. Prince Joachim, who is 24 years old, is a Lieutenant in the First Prussian Infantry Guards. In a tone of easy-going comradeship, not usually associated with the stern and imperious Hohenzollerns, the young Prince wrote to his friend and fellow-guardsman, Sergt. Karl Kummer, who had been sent, badly wounded, to the home of his sister at Teplitz:

My dear Kummer: How sincerely I rejoiced to receive your very solicitous letter! I was sure of Kummer for that; that no one could hold him back when the time came to do some thrashing! God grant that you may speedily recover, so that you can enter Potsdam, crowned with glory, admired, and envied. Who is nursing you?

The old proud First Guard Regiment has proved that it was ready to conquer and to die. Kummer, if I can in any way help you, I shall

gladly do so, by providing anything that will make you comfortable. You know how happy I have always been for your devotion to the service, and how we two always were for action (Schwung). I, too, am proud to have been wounded for our beloved Fatherland, and I regret only that I am not permitted to be with the regiment. Well, may God take care of you! Your devoted JOACHIM OF PRUSSIA.

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Interesting, too, is a letter written on Sept. 5 by Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, who, besides being a Lieutenant of the Prussian Guard and Chief of the Eighth Infantry Regiment of Thuringia, is Duke of Saxe-Altenburg (since 1908), of Juliers, Cleves and Berg, Engern, and Westphalia; Landgrave in Thuringia, Margrave of Misnia, Count of Henneberg, Marche, Ravensberg, and Seigneur of Ravenstein and Tonna. In 1898 the Duke married Princess Adelaide of Schaumburg-Lippe, thus uniting two great German houses. His own house was started in 1655 by Ernst, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen. His letter follows:

We have lived through a great deal and done a great deal, marching, marching, continually, without rest or respite. On Aug. 10 we reached Willdorf, near Jülich, by train, and from the 12th of August we marched without a single day of rest except Aug. 16, which we spent in a Belgian village near Liége, until to-day, when we reached ——. These have been army marches such as history has never known.

The weather was fine, except that a broiling heat blazed down upon us. The regiment can point back to several days' marches of fifty kilo-

meters ——. Everywhere our arrival created great amazement, in Louvain as well as in Brussels, into which the entire —— marched at one time. At first we were taken for Englishmen in almost every village, and we still are, because the inhabitants cannot realize that we have arrived so early. The Belgians, moreover, in the last few days almost invariably set fire to their own villages.

On Aug. 24 we first entered battle; I led a combined brigade consisting of ——. The regiment fought splendidly, and in spite of the gigantic strain put upon it, it is still in the best of spirits and full of the joy of battle. On that day I was for a long time in the sharpest rifle and artillery fire. Since that time there have been almost daily skirmishes and continual long marches; the enemy stalks ahead of us in seven-league boots.

On Aug. 26 we put behind us a march of exactly twenty-three hours, from 6:30 o'clock in the morning until 5:30 the next morning. With all that, I was supposed to lead my regiment across a bridge to take a position guarding a new bridge in course of construction; but the bridge, as we discovered in the nick of time, was mined; twenty minutes later it flew into the air.

After resting for three hours in a field of stubble, and after we had all eaten in common with the men in a field kitchen—as we usually do—we continued marching till dark.

The spirit among our men is excellent. To-night I am to have a real bed—the fourth, I believe, since the war began. To-day I undressed for the first time in eight days.

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The battle of Lyck, the victory of which has

heretofore been attributed solely to Field Marshal von Hindenburg, would appear to have been won by his subordinate, Gen. Curt E. von Morgen, according to the following letter, written by Gen. von Morgen to his friend Dr. Eschenburg, Mayor of Lübeck, the city where, in peace times, Gen. von Morgen was stationed as commander of the Eighty-first Infantry Brigade. Gen. von Morgen is 56 years old. He has been in the army since 1878, when he was appointed Lieutenant in the Sixty-third Infantry Brigade. He served in the German campaign in the Kamerun in 1894 and suppressed the rebellion there in 1896 and 1897. In the latter year he served also in the Thessaly campaign, attached to the headquarters of Edhem Pasha, and in 1898 he accompanied the German Emperor on the latter's journey to Palestine. The General wrote:

SUWALKI, Sept. 13.

Yesterday, after a short fight, I captured Suwalki, and I am now seated in the Government Palace. This morning I marched into the city with my division, and was greeted at the city limits by a priest and the Mayor, who offered me bread and salt. (The Russian officials had fled.) It was a glorious moment for me. I have appointed a General Staff officer as Governor of the Government of Suwalki.

To-morrow we continue to march against the enemy. The army of Rennenkampf is completely destroyed. Thirty thousand men captured. Rennenkampf and the Commander in Chief, Nicholas Nicholaiewitch, fled from Insterburg in civilian garb.

The plan of the Russians was to get us into a pot, but it was frustrated. The Twelfth Russian Army Corps, which was advancing from the south

to flank our army, was beaten by me on Sept. 7, at Bialla, and on Sept. 9 at Lyck and was forced back over the border.

You know that I always yearned for martial achievements. I had never expected them to be as great and glorious as these, however. I owe them in the first place to the vigorous offensive and bravery of my troops. I was probably foolhardy on Sept. 9, when I attacked a force thrice my superior in numbers, and in a fortified position; but even if I had been beaten I should have carried out the task assigned to me, for this Russian corps could no longer take part in the decisive battle. And so, in the evening, I sent in my last battalion and attacked by storm the village of Bobern, lying on the left wing. This, my last effort, must so have impressed the Russians that they began the retirement that very night. On the morning of the 10th of September the last trenches were taken.

My opponents were picked troops of the Russian Army—Finnish sharpshooters.

Health conditions with me are tolerable.

(In a later note, Gen. von Morgen added that Gen. von Hindenburg, his Commander in Chief, sent word that he would never forget the valorous deeds that had made possible these victories, and that even before the battle of Lyck the Iron Cross of the Second Class had been accorded to Gen. von Morgen. When he entered Lyck, Gen. von Morgen said, the inhabitants kissed his hands.)

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A letter containing a personal touch was sent from the front in the early part of the war by Rudolf Herzog, one of Germany's greatest living poets and novelists. The letter, as originally pub-

lished, was in rhymed verse. The poet, who visited this country about a year ago and was fêted by Germans in all the chief cities he visited, is the author of numerous novels and romances, dating from 1893 to the present. Herzog lives in a fine old castle overlooking the Rhine, mentioned in his letter, which is as follows:

It had been a wild week. The storm-wind swept with its broom of rain. It lashed us and splashed us, thrashed noses and ears, whistled through our clothing, penetrated the pores of our skin. And in the deluge—sights that made us shudder—gaunt skeleton churches, cracked walls, smoking ruins piled hillock high; cities and villages—judged, annihilated.

Of twenty bridges, there remained but beams rolled up by the waters—and yawning gaps.

Not a thought remained for the distant homeland and dear ones far away; the only thought, by day and by night: On to the enemy, come what may! No mind intent on any other goal. No time to lose! No time to lose! Haste! Haste!

And forward and backward and criss-cross through the gray Ardennes the Chief Lieutenant and I, racing day after day.

Captain of the Guard! You? From the Staff Headquarters?

He shouts my name as he approaches:

"Congratulations! Congratulations!"

And he waves a paper above a hundred heads.

"Telegram from home! Make way, there, you rascals! At the home of our poet—I've just learned it—a little war girl has arrived!"

I hold the paper in my outstretched hand. Has the sun broken suddenly into the enemy's land? Light and life on all the ruins? * * *

Springtime scatters the shuddering Autumn dreariness.

My little girl! I have a little girl in my home! * * *

You bring back my smile to me in a heavy time. * * *

I gaze up at the sky and am silent. And far and near the busy, noisy swarm of workers is silent. Every one looks up, seeking some point in the far sky. Officers and men, for a single heart-throb, listen as to a distant song from the lips of children and from a mother's lips, stand there and smile around me in blissful pensiveness, as if there were no longer an enemy. Every one seems to feel the sun, the sun of olden happiness.

And yet it had merely chanced that on the German Rhine, in an old castle lost amid trees, a dear little German girl was born.

* * *

The following is written from the front by Corp. T. Trainor:

We have had German cavalry thrown at us six times in the last four hours, and each time it has been a different body, so that they must have plenty to spare. There is no eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play with us, whatever the Germans may do.

The strain is beginning to tell on them more than on us, and you can see by the weary faces and trembling hands that they are beginning to break down.

One prisoner taken by the French near Courtrai sobbed for an hour as though his heart were broken, his nerves were so much shaken by what he had been through. The French are fighting

hard all round us with a grit and go that will carry them through.

Have you ever seen a little man fighting a great, big, hulking giant who keeps on forcing the little chap about the place until the giant tires himself out, and then the little one, who has kept his wind, knocks him over? That's how the fighting here strikes me.

We are dancing about round the big German Army, but our turn will come. Our commanders know their business, and we shall come out on top all right.

Sergt. Major McDermott does not write under ideal literary conditions, but his style is none the worse for the inspiration furnished by the shrieking shell.

I am writing to you with the enemy's shells bursting and screaming overhead; but God knows when it will be posted, if at all.

We are waiting for something to turn up to be shot at, but up to now, though their artillery has been making a fiendish row all along our front, we haven't seen as much as a mosquito's eyelash to shoot at. That's why I am able to write, and some of us are able to take a bit of rest while the others keep "dick."

There is a fine German airship hanging around like a great blue bottle up in the sky, and now and then our gunners are trying to bring it down, but they haven't done it yet.

It's the quantity, not the quality of the German shells that is having effect on us, and it's not so much the actual damage to life as the nerve-racking row that counts for so much.

Townsmen who are used to the noise and roar of streets can stand it better than the countrymen, and I think you will find that by far the fittest men

are those of regiments mainly recruited in the big cities.

A London lad near me says it's no worse than the roar of motor 'buses and other traffic in the city on a busy day.

GAELIC SPIRIT IRREPRESSIBLE.

The Gaelic spirit has not deserted Sergt. T. Cahill under fire. He writes:

The Red Cross girleens with their purty faces and their sweet ways are as good men as most of us, and better than some of us. They are not supposed to venture into the firing line at all, but they get there all the same, and devil a one of us durst turn them away.

Mike Clancy is that droll with his larking and bamboozling the Germans that he makes us nearly split our sides laughing at him and his ways.

Yesterday he got a stick and put a cap on it so that it peeped up above the trench just like a man, and then the Germans kept shooting away at it until they must have used up tons of ammunition.

But Mike Clancy was not the only practical joker in the trenches, as the following from a wounded soldier shows:

Our men have just had their papers from home, and have noted, among other things, that "Business as Usual" is the motto of patriotic shopkeepers.

In last week's hard fighting the Wiltshires, holding an exposed position, ran out of ammunition, and had to suspend firing until a party brought fresh supplies across the open under a heavy fire.

Then the wag of the regiment, a Cockney, produced a biscuit tin with "Business as Usual"

crudely printed on it, and set it up before the trenches as a hint to the Germans that the fight could now be resumed on more equal terms.

Finally the tin had to be taken in because it was proving such a good target for the German riflemen, but the joker was struck twice in rescuing it.

A wounded private of the Buffs relates how an infantryman got temporarily separated from his regiment at Mons, and lay concealed in a trench while the Germans prowled around.

Just when he thought they had left him for good ten troopers left their horses at a distance and came forward on foot to the trench.

The hidden infantryman waited until they were half way up the slope, and then sprang out of his hiding place with a cry of "Now, lads, give them hell!" Without waiting to see the "lads" the Germans took to their heels.

HIGHLAND KILT A POOR UNIFORM.

Why Highland kilts are not the ideal uniform for modern warfare is concisely summed up by Private Barry:

Most of the Highlanders are hit in the legs. * * * It is because of tartan trews and hose, which are more visible at a distance than any other part of their dress. Bare calves also show up in sunlight.

Private McGlade, writing to his aged mother in County Monaghan, bears witness to the oft-made assertion that the German soldiers object to a bayonet charge:

I am out of it with a whole skin, though we were all beat up, as you might expect after four days of the hardest soldiering you ever dreamed of. We had our share of the fighting, and I am glad

to say we accounted for our share of the German trash, who are a poor lot when it comes to a good, square ruction in the open.

We tried hard to get at them many times, but they never would wait for us when they saw the bright bits of steel at the business end of our rifles.

Some of our finest lads are now sleeping their last sleep in Belgium, but, mother dear, you can take your son's word for it that for every son of Ireland who will never come back there are at least three Germans who will never be heard of again.

Before leaving Belgium we arranged with a priest to have masses said for the souls of our dead chums, and we scraped together what odd money we had, but his Reverence wouldn't hear of it, taking our money for prayers for the relief of the brave lads who had died so far from the old land to rid Belgian soil of the unmannerly German scrubs.

Some of the Germans don't understand why Irishmen should fight so hard for England, but that just shows how little they know about us.

Seven British soldiers who after the fighting round Mons last week became detached from their regiments and got safely through the German lines arrived in Folkestone to-day from Boulogne. They belonged to the Irish Rifles, Royal Scots, Somerset Light Infantry, Middlesex and Enniskillen Fusiliers, and presented a bedraggled appearance, wearing old garments given them by the French to aid their disguise.

One of the seven, a Londoner, described the fight his regiment had with the Germans at a village near Maubeuge.

The British forces were greatly outnumbered

by the Germans, but held their ground for twenty-four hours, inflicting very heavy loss on the enemy, although suffering severely itself.

He declared that the Germans held women up in front of them when attacking. "It was worse than savage warfare."

Paddy, an Irishman, stated that the soldiers got little or no food during the fighting. "When we got our bacon cooking the Germans attacked us."

A Scotsman of the party said he saw a hospital flying the Red Cross near Mons destroyed by shrapnel. "When we were ordered to retire," he continued, "we did so very reluctantly. But we did not swear. Things are so serious there, it makes you feel religious."

FROM MEN IN THE FLEET.

Equally interesting are some of the letters from men with the fleet. Tom Thorne, writing to his mother in Sussex, says:

Before we started fighting we were all very nervous, but after we joined in we were all happy and most of us laughing till it was finished. Then we all sobbed and cried.

Even if I never come back, don't think I've died a painful death. Everything yesterday was as quick as lightning.

We were in action on Friday morning off Heligoland. I had a piece of shell as big as the palm of my hand go through my trousers, and as my trouser legs were blowing in the breeze I think I was very lucky.

* * *

A gunroom officer in a battle cruiser writes:

The particular ship we were engaged with was in a pitiful plight when we had finished with her

—her funnels shot away, masts tottering, great gaps of daylight in her sides, smoke and flame belching from her everywhere. She speedily heeled over and sank like a stone, stern first. So far as is known, none of her crew was saved. She was game to the last, let it be said, her flag flying till she sank, her guns barking till they could bark no more.

Although we ourselves suffered no loss, we had some very narrow escapes. Three torpedoes were observed to pass us, one within a few feet. Four-inch shells, too, fell short or were ahead of us. The sea was alive with the enemy's submarines, which, however, did us no damage. They should not be underrated, these Germans. That cruiser did not think, apparently, of surrender.

What naval warfare seems like to the "black squad" imprisoned in the engineroom is described by an engineer of the *Laurel,* who went through the "scrap" off Heligoland. Writing to his wife he says:

It was a terribly anxious time for us, I can tell you, as we stayed down there keeping the engines going at their top speed in order to cut off the Germans from their fleet. We could hear the awful din around and the scampering of the tars on deck as they rushed about from point to point, and we knew what was to the fore when we caught odd glimpses of the stretcher bearers with their ghastly burdens.

We heard the shells crashing against the sides of the ship or shrieking overhead as they passed harmlessly into the water, and we knew that at any moment one might strike us in a vital part and send us below for good.

It is ten times harder on the men whose duty is in the engineroom than for those on deck taking

part in the fighting, for they, at least, have the excitement of the fight, and if the ship is struck they have more than a sporting chance of escape. We have none.

FROM A DYING FRENCHMAN.

The most dramatic letters come from the French. On one of the fields of battle, when the Red Cross soldiers were collecting the wounded after a heavy engagement, there was found a half sheet of notepaper, on which was written a message for a woman, of which this is the translation:

Sweetheart: Fate in this present war has treated us more cruelly than many others. If I have not lived to create for you the happiness of which both our hearts dreamed, remember that my sole wish is now that you should be happy. Forget me. Create for yourself some happy home that may restore to you some of the greater pleasures of life. For myself, I shall have died happy in the thought of your love. My last thought has been for you and for those I leave at home. Accept this, the last kiss, from him who loved you.

Writing from a fortress on the frontier, a French officer says the Colonel in command was asked to send a hundred men to stiffen some reservist artillery in the middle of France, far away from the war area. He called for volunteers. "Some of you who have got wives and children, or old mothers, fall out," he said. Not a man stirred. "Come, come," the Colonel went on. "No one will dream of saying you funked. Nothing of that kind. Fall out!" Again the ranks were unbroken. The Colonel blew his nose violently. He tried to speak severely, but his voice failed him. He tried to frown, but somehow it

turned into a smile. "Very well," he said, "you must draw lots." And that was what they did.

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Twenty-two grandsons and great-grandsons of Queen Victoria are under arms in the war, and all but five of them are fighting with the Germans.

***

The Cunard liners *Saxonia* and *Ivernia* were converted into prison ships by the British. The German prisoners were delighted with the transfer to the roomy cabins, where they could keep warm and dry in contrast to the unfavorable conditions under which they lived in the camps at the Newbury Race Course.

***

Reindeer meat and lamb, imported from Iceland, found their way into the markets of Berlin since the war began. The reindeer meat is a novelty and the supply is plentiful. The supply of game in the markets of Berlin ran short long before, since hunting had almost ceased. Poultry in the markets was still in great quantities, although eggs were not so plentiful, as the supply usually comes from Galicia, which was then overrun by the Russians.

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A sale of small Belgian flags in Paris and throughout France brought about $40,000 for the benefit of the Belgian refugees. The sale was prolonged in the outlying provinces. There was every manifestation of enthusiasm.

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Once gay Ostend is desolated. The city lives in an atmosphere of fear. The spectre of famine is

continually before the inhabitants, who subsist on wounded, emaciated horses purchased at $4 a head from the Germans. They are the only meat the people can buy. There are no vegetables, and scarcely any coffee and no tea. Many convicts from prisons in Germany, distinguished by their shorn heads, are employed in grave digging work about the city.

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The hygiene committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has won over the veto of General Joffre that a number of committeemen be allowed to inspect the hospitals at the front with a view to certain reforms. General Joffre opposed the proposal. The Minister of War, however, agreed that twelve of the committee should go on the inspection trip.

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That the battle of Crouy was one of the bloodiest engagements of the war is demonstrated by the stories told by wounded soldiers reaching Paris to-day. An officer gives this thrilling account of the affray:

"After our successful advantage the Germans counter attacked with fearful violence. How strongly they were reinforced is shown by the fact that they were 40,000 against less than 10,000 French. They first drove us from Vregny to Crouy, then, because further reinforcements were still reaching them, we were compelled to quit Crouy, Bucy, Moncel, Sainte Marguerite and Missy.

"These attacks certainly hit us hard, but our losses are not comparable with those of the Germans, for we killed an inconceivable number of them. A battery covering our retreat alone annihilated two battalions of Germans who ad-

vanced, as usual, in a mass. We could not resist, so we left a small rearguard force with the mission to hold on to the last man so that the bulk of our 10,000 men could recross the Aisne.

"This force took cover behind an old wall and belched fire on the advancing Germans until its ammunition was exhausted. The Germans managed to reach the other side of the wall, and even grasped the barrels of our rifles thrust through gaps. 'Surrender!' they cried. 'We won't harm you.' But we continued mowing them down with six mitrailleuses. The carnage was frightful, and that moment a shell splinter struck me.

"A shell fire directed on our positions in the Valley de Chivres was fearful. Those of our troops who escaped said it was a continuous rain of Jack Johnsons, which are impossible to dodge.

"Next day the Germans tried to pursue us across the Aisne, but our artillery repulsed two determined attacks, decimating several regiments, which were forced to retreat to Moncel."

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It is a curious thing that shell explosions always make hens lay. Just whether it's shock or not no one is able to say as yet, but as soon as the soldiers see a stray chicken after a fusillade they make a dash for it in hopes of finding an egg. Some of the soldiers are suggesting running a poultry farm on the explosion system.

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Petrograd reports that the German officers in command of the Turks induced the temperate Osmanlis to drink cognac before going into battle. Russian soldiers assert that many Turks fell from dizziness before reaching the Russian bayonets. So unused are many of the Turks to alcohol that

small quantities of the cognac completely befuddled them.

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Kaiser Wilhelm has presented the Turkish Government with a series of motion picture films of the Germans in battle along the Western front. These pictures will be reproduced in Constantinople in public and are hoped to be a stimulant to enthusiasm in the Turkish capital.

***

Switzerland's neutrality has thus far cost her $22,000,000. This includes the expenses of mobilization along the frontiers and other purely military expenditures. It is an enormous sacrifice for the Swiss people, but the spirit in which it is being borne is the most striking proof of the determination of the country to remain neutral.

***

Efforts are being made by the Washington Humane Society to have laws enacted prohibiting the exportation of horses and mules to the war. The life of a horse or mule at the front in Europe varies between three days and three weeks. The life of the beast depends upon the service to which it is put.

***

Eight Belgian heroes prevented the Germans from piercing a weak spot in the Allies' line near Dixmude. A patrol of eight Belgians with a machine gun saw a column of Germans advancing. The patrol took shelter in a deserted farm house. Not until the German column was one hundred yards away did the Belgians open fire. Then the machine gun shot a spray of death into the column, whose front rank just seemed to melt to

ground. The Germans pressed on bravely, their officers urging them with hoarse cries. But discipline had to bow to death, and the first rush was stayed. Behind their rough shelter the Belgians fired steadily, though outnumbered twenty to one. For two hours the unequal fight continued, and still the Belgians continued to pick off individual Germans or melted down any threatening rush with a shower of flame and death from the machine guns. When relief finally came three of the Belgians were dead and the other five desperately wounded.

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An order has been issued expelling all German and Austrian subjects between the ages of sixteen and sixty from Petrograd and its environs, and from those Russian provinces bordering on the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic, including the Gulf of Riga. Drastic measures will be taken with those who evade this order. All Germans and Austrians found in the forbidden districts will be dealt with as spies.

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The British War Office is now urging the women of the Empire to send their husbands to war. London newspapers printed the following advertisement: "To the Women: Do you realize that one word, 'Go,' from you may send another man to fight for our King and our country? When the war is over and your husband or your son is asked, 'What did you do in the great war?' is he going to hang his head because you would not let him go? Women of England, do your duty! Send your men to-day to join our glorious army. God Save the King!"

***

A brave young wife travelled from Paris to the

Belgian firing line to see her husband, but was told that such was impossible because he was in the trenches. Noticing that she wept, a Belgian officer nearby told the woman to dry her tears. He then telephoned to the trenches. In an hour the French artilleryman appeared and rushed into his wife's arms. "You must thank that Belgian officer—he has a heart of gold," said the wife to her husband, pointing to the officer who had befriended her. "Hush," whispered the soldier, "he is the King of the Belgians."

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One of Italy's best known military critics, while manifesting high esteem for the strategy of General von Hindenburg, severely criticized a certain feature of the Marshal's tactics. Some days later he received a parcel from Germany containing a fine fac-simile of the famous General's baton, accompanied by a note asking the critic to accept the baton and come and have a try at the job of beating the Russians if he thought himself more capable of doing it than Von Hindenburg.

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A British soldier made somewhat of a name for himself by refusing to allow General Joffre to enter the house used as headquarters owing to the fact that the famous French General had no permit from the English General, whose orders were to allow nobody whatever to enter without it. General Joffre was not upset, and went off with his aide, who obtained the necessary permit.

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The official aviation reports show that 135 deaths occurred in the French aero service be-

tween the beginning of the war and January 1. This number includes observers, passengers, pupils and pilots.

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Every precaution has been taken to guard against possible attack by German aeroplanes on the Palais Bourbon during the session of Parliament in Paris. Three French aeroplanes flew constantly in the vicinity of the building during the session.

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A brilliant charge by French Alpine troops on skis down the snow-covered slopes of Bonhomme, on the Alsatian frontier, is the latest thing in warfare. Under a heavy fire from the Germans the Alpine troops climbed to the summit. Then they charged down the side of the mountain with the speed of the wind, firing their rifles as they sped along. These Alpine men are so skilful on skis that they can fight as they slide along at breakneck speed. Many of them were dropped by German gunfire during the charge, but as the outrunners drew near the Germans broke and fled.

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That the Kaiser has Breton blood in his veins is the latest assertion of Paris newspapers. To prove their assertion the Kaiser's ancestry is traced back to 1547 to the head of a princely Breton family.

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Five dollars for officers and $2.50 for non-commissioned officers are the bounties placed on the heads of French leaders, according to German prisoners. The soldiers receive these amounts for every officer killed. Many bounties have been paid.

General Grossetti, whose name matches his physical proportions, has won fame by his habit of sitting in an armchair when duty calls him to the firing line. His contempt for death has become proverbial and won for him the admiration of a Japanese journalist, who compared him to the Samurai. Once he rallied a wavering regiment by taking a seat, amid a hail of shells, before the trenches the regiment was defending.

***

There are two plausible explanations of the mystery that still surrounds the deposal of General von Moltke, former Chief of Staff in the Kaiser's war council. One story is that when von Kluck was making his fierce drive to the very gates of Paris, von Moltke was for having him continue on to the coast. The Kaiser flatly decided against von Moltke's strategy—which was thoroughly justified by subsequent events. It places von Moltke, however, in the untenable position of one whose mere presence is the silent reproach of "I told you so." The other explanation is that von Moltke was too lavish in squandering the lives of his men for petty gains, paying fancy prices in blood for a few yards. The Over War Lord finally called a halt.

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The castle of the Duke de Tallyrand, husband of Miss Anna Gould, of New York, in East Prussia, has been occupied by Russians. The Duke is acting as a military chauffeur in the French army.

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The new German super-submarine has just completed successful trial runs in the Bay of Heligo-

land. This giant submarine is of the type that carries three months' supplies, which does not necessitate her putting into port or having recourse to the parent ship. There have been rumors that the Germans intended landing men on the coast of Britain by means of this sort of submarine.

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The fear of an attack by the Germans has about worn out in Paris. The gates are no longer closed and the Parisians can hereafter take their strolls along the avenues of the Bois.

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Following a mutiny in the Turkish army seventeen officers who distinguished themselves in the Balkan war have been shot.

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Through inoculation the ravages of typhoid fever among the British troops have been checked. Not a single death has occurred among those thus inoculated.

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That thousands of Russian women are rejoicing over the fact that the sale of vodka has been prohibited by the Russian Government was the news brought by Mrs. Anna Omohundro, who arrived on the Scandinavian-American liner *Oscar II.* Mrs. Omohundro, who is an American woman and a widow, has been living for the last three years in Petrograd and Moscow, where her brother is the agent for the International Harvester Company.

"For the first time," said she, "many Russian wives find their homes livable. It appears that the prohibition on vodka has worked wonderful

changes in a short time. I have heard of hundreds of cases where men became home loving and industrious because they were unable to get the fiery liquor which turned their brains.

"There was one case in my own home in Moscow. A woman servant came to me and fell on her knees and said she wished to leave our service. I asked her why she wished to go and she said: 'For the first time I am happy in my home and wish to go there. My husband is no longer made crazy by vodka. He is kind to me and I wish to keep the home for him.'

"Of course the cases of reformation that I know of personally are among the men who from one cause or another have not joined the Russian armies. I believe, however, that the benefit extends throughout the nation."

Twenty-seven Miles in Sleighs.

Mrs. Omohundro made a journey of several hundred miles to get out of Russia from Petrograd to Stockholm, part of which was a trip in sleighs of twenty-seven miles from Tornio, in Finland, to Korning, Sweden. This trip took about four hours and the ride was through the rather weird twilight of midday in the northern latitudes.

An amusing story was told of the stop at Tornio, on the border, where the members of the party were searched. Even the women did not escape inspection by the Russian soldiers and all postcards and suspicious looking papers were confiscated. In the party was an English Jew who was returning to London after selling out his business in Moscow. It was noticed by some of the travellers that the returning merchant, whose

name was Cohen, frequently bought many boxes of matches.

When the search took place at Tornio the many boxes of matches in Cohen's baggage did not seem to excite any suspicion among the Russian troopers. After the party had passed over the border Cohen opened up box after box and from the bottom of each took a compact roll of money. He had concealed about $12,000 in this way.

"You see," he explained, "I could not afford to take any chances."

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A French officer who came under heavy fire while carrying several cases of champagne across an exposed place in his lines to a hospital nearby wrote thus to a friend: "For the first time during the war I was afraid—terribly so. No one could have been more terrified. I wasn't afraid of being killed, but if I had been hit while carrying the champagne from a vacant house everyone would have said, 'Served the looter right.' Who would have believed that I was taking it to a hospital?"

***

A German living in St. Louis has twenty-three nephews in the Kaiser's army, three of whom have been decorated with the Iron Cross for bravery. Two have been wounded in action. A French Senator has given his three sons for France. One was killed in Alsace, another storming breastworks on the Aisne, and another in Africa.

A NINE DAYS' PURGATORY.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* in Flanders telegraphs the following:

"The Germans had been attacked and driven

back during a certain engagement to their trenches 400 yards from ours. Between the lines a German officer fell, wounded by a bayonet. He was nearer the British trenches than the German, but whenever our men began to go out to carry in the wounded man the German snipers got busy. They would neither succor their tortured comrade nor let the British do it.

"For nine days the wounded officer lingered. Finally a British non-commissioned officer and one or two privates crawled to the fallen man at night and brought him in. For nine days he had lain there, pierced by a bayonet from breast to back, without food or drink. He was unconscious when rescued and died soon afterward. During his purgatory the gallant man, unable even to crawl, had kept a diary, a record of physical and mental anguish borne like a noble gentleman. On him was found a photograph of his wife and two little children.

"A British officer translated the diary to our men and with a catch in his voice held up the German officer as a hero to whom they should bow their heads in reverence. The diary was sent to headquarters, and perhaps has by now found its way with the picture to the widow of this man."

"A GALLANT FOE."

The German artillery is extremely efficient and accurate and German soldiers thoroughly trained, is the statement of an English brigadier-general published in the London *Times,* in which he says:

"We are having a hard time in the trenches, for we are cannonaded day and night. The infantry fire was devastating, since our opponents are sharpshooters who aim successfully at every

moving head. The German artillery is better than I had thought possible. We are never safe from it and never know where we should conceal ourselves, our horses and other equipments. I have been attacked twice, and both times it cost me a large number of good men and officers. I am shocked about the newspaper reports which speak of the 'inferiority' of the German soldiers. Do not believe it! The German soldier is splendid in every way. His courage, his thoroughness, his organization, as well as the equipment and bearing of the troops, challenge comparison. The German soldiers always take the offensive. I have the greatest admiration for them, and so has every one who knows them."

NOT ALL HATE!

Chancellor Lloyd George has contributed a message to the London *Methodist Times,* in which he says:

"I recently visited one of the battlefields of France. I saw in a village being shelled by German guns a prisoner of war just being brought into the French line. He was in a motor car under guard. He was wounded and looked ill and in pain.

"The French General with whom I had gone to the front went up to the wounded Prussian and told him he need not worry; he would be taken straight to the hospital and looked after as if he were one of our own men. The Prussian replied, 'We treated your wounded in exactly the same way.'

"It was a curious rivalry under these conditions; for you could hear the 'wizzle' of the German shells and the shuddering crack with which

they exploded, dealing out death and destruction in the French trenches close by. We were in sight of a powerful French battery which was preparing to send its deadly messengers into the Prussian ranks.

"A little further on I marvelled that this exhibition of good will among men who were sworn foes should be possible amid such surroundings, until my eyes happened to wander down a lane where I saw a long row of wagons, each marked with a great red cross. Then I knew who had taught these brave men the lesson of humanity that will gradually, surely overthrow the reign of hate. Christ did not die in vain."

FOUGHT TO LAST MAN.

An excellent idea of the vicious attack by the Australian cruiser *Sydney* that ended the career of the German cruiser *Emden* is gained in a letter from an officer of the Indian army in Ceylon, where the *Emden's* wounded were taken. He writes:

"The *Sydney* was warned by a wireless message from the Cocos Islands station to put on full speed; she made twenty-nine knots. When she sighted the *Emden* the latter was anchored, but came out to give battle.

"The *Emden* got in the first three shots. Only one landed, as after that the *Sydney* took care to keep out of range. The larger guns fired 600 rounds, and after one and a half hours of action, during which the ships covered fifty-six miles in manœuvring, the *Sydney* forced the *Emden* to beach herself, her steering gear having broken.

"The *Sydney* then put up a signal to surrender, but as all on deck except three had been killed this

was not done. The *Sydney* accordingly gave her two more broadsides as she lay on the beach.

"When the Germans succeeded in showing the white flag the *Sydney* went off to sink the collier. After this she returned to the *Emden* and sent parties to help the survivors. It is said the *Emden* was a perfect shambles. She had nearly 200 killed.

"The Germans had torn up their flag and threw it into the sea."

THE SMILE IS GONE.

Entrained Austrian and German troops who came from the Yser, presumably on the way east, were a sight very comforting for the people of Brussels, on account of the depressed bearing of the men. Their uniforms were soiled and tattered, and they looked worried. The spectators remembered the former haughty and ardent look of the same men.

The troops wore flowers in their helmets, and had written on the car sides "To St. Petersburg," but they could not raise a single "Hoch!" among them.

The wounded continue to pour into Ghent. The town council is so pressed for money it has imposed taxes on beer, fuel, petroleum, and yeast.

WHIPPED FOR ROBBING GIRL.

When the Cossacks raided Ropezica, according to the Cracow *Nova Reforma,* they robbed the house in which a Polish girl was housekeeper. The girl hurried to the commander of the Cossacks, who lived at a hotel.

"I told him my trouble," she said, "whereupon he asked me: 'Are you a Pole or a Jew?' I re-

plied that I was a Pole. 'Well, then, I shall go and see these fellows myself.'

"He took a nagaika (whip) and accompanied me to the house of my employer.

"Then he called to the Cossacks, who had in the meantime broken open a trunk and were just in the act of taking various things away, to come upstairs and showed every one what position he was to take, after which he whipped their faces and chests until they began to bleed. I screamed with horror. He repeated the procedure. Then he asked me:

" 'Do you want these fellows shot?' to which I naturally answered 'No.'

"Thereupon he took the Cossacks to a room, where he whipped them once more.

"In the evening he sent for me, and asked me what articles had been ruined and what stolen, whereupon he commanded the Cossacks to return all articles they had stolen. In order to prevent another theft, he gave me a Cossack, who watched the house until the next morning. What would have been the fate of the house had I been a Jewess I dare not imagine."

THE CORPORAL'S TROPHY.

Here is a little incident of the daily life of General Pau, a hero of the Franco-Prussian war, in which he lost an arm:

A dozen French infantrymen, mud-begrimed, were resting in a drizzling rain on the wayside under the dripping trees. The Corporal sits and tries in vain to light his pipe, at intervals singing lustily.

Suddenly the Corporal stands erect; his pipe is hidden behind his back, and he makes a hasty

salute. Through the fog and rain one of the three great leaders of the French army has appeared.

"Why do you not wear your cap?" asks General Pau.

"I have lost my cap, General."

"Where did you lose it?"

"When we were attacked in the woods this morning. A branch knocked it off, and I was too much in a hurry to go back and get it. It is gone."

"Take my cap."

The Corporal fears the end of things; he will be punished for losing his cap.

"Take it, I tell you, and wear it," says the General.

And the humble Corporal does as he is told and becomes resplendent, like the sun in the cap, emblazoned with the glorious, golden oak leaves. The General draws rein and canters away.

Since that day the Corporal marches along the country roads to the frontier, proudly wearing the cap of General Pau.

"The General himself told me to wear it," he says to those who protest. "I obey the General's orders, and the cap stays on my head."

The General knows his soldiers, and the world may understand why this tired, bedraggled and weary army goes on marching and fighting and dying for its commanders.

WANT MORE THAN "THREE CHEERS."

The Saxon Minister of the Interior has been obliged to direct the following warning to farmers of the south German kingdom, according to a Dresden dispatch in the *Frankfurter Zeitung:*

"The farmer has especial cause to thank the German army that he can still gather in his har-

vest and cultivate his fields, that his fields have not been laid waste, and that the walls of his farmhouse still remain standing and intact. For this reason, however, he ought all the more to show his gratitude by his acts and not grumble when sacrifices are demanded of him, as of all others.

"Thus, for instance, we hear of individual cases, such as at the time of the mustering of horses, when certain farmers demanded angrily why they were called upon to sacrifice anything, and gave expression to their anger because, in the interests of the common weal, they were asked to refrain from demanding exorbitant prices for their products. In this manner the patriotic sentiments of many farmers seem rather confusing.

"It is indeed not enough merely to belong to a military society and wear a festive black coat on the occasion of celebrating the birthday of the Kaiser and King, or to drink at comfortable ease in a cosy tavern an occasional glass of beer, pledging the health of our troops. The main thing is to give freely and gladly also of one's property and fortune."

"WILLIAM AS JOVIAL AS EVER."

"If the Emperor does not happen to be elsewhere, he is present at nearly every council without, however, showing the slightest desire of asserting his personal views," says Cabasino-Renda, an Italian newspaper correspondent in a letter in the *Giornale d'Italia*. "He takes part in the council as any other General does, without laying claim to any decisive voice even in questions in which he is specially competent.

"It is well known, for instance, that William

II. is a distinguished tactician. At a recent meeting of the Great General Staff a purely tactical problem was discussed and was solved in opposition to the Kaiser's views. His Majesty simply remarked: 'I think differently, but, after all, tactics are a matter of opinion.'

"Very frequently he goes to see the first line troops, and in such days and nights he has to suffer a great deal of privation, for he takes nothing with him and moves about like a simple General. His retinue comprises only eleven aides-de-camp and functionaries, and his physician in ordinary, Dr. von Ilberg. Small, too, is the number of his riding and carriage horses, and of his autos, which are painted gray.

"The Kaiser and his villa are under the strictest police protection, yet William II. likes to go out unattended, as if he were in Potsdam. Repeatedly I saw him having fun with the children, and he looked as jovial as ever."

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The Kaiser has published the following injunctions for economy in the use of food, especially bread: "Respect your daily bread; then you will always have it, however long the war lasts. Eat war bread known as Letter K, which is satisfying and as nourishing as other kinds. Cook potatoes in their skins. Give animals no bread or corn, but save them the scraps."

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According to a person who has the confidence of the Belgian officials, a number of the art masterpieces of Antwerp were placed in waterproof containers and sunk in the Scheldt by the Belgians before the capture of the city by the Germans.

North of Rheims the Germans have built an underground town. Ten thousand men live there and have constructed long corridors, huge halls, bedrooms, fully equipped offices, with typewriters and telephones, and a concert hall where Wagnerian music is played daily for the officers.

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At some points during the German retreat toward Strykow, the German dead were piled not less than a yard high. Polish peasants spent days burying the bodies. Most of the dead were frozen. Thousands of wounded Germans froze to death before help could reach them.

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The State of Georgia has been stripped of mules for the British army in France. Every negro who has a long-eared mule, not too antiquated, has offered the beast for sale to the agents of the British Government. Some Southerners foresee danger in the heavy draft of mules from the South.

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A French infantryman writing to a friend in this country says: "At night we crawl forward and dig ourselves in. During the day we hide behind the mounds of earth we have thrown up and we fight foot for foot any attempts they make to advance. They do not like our cold steel, and many times we must give it to them. I cannot write any longer; I must relieve a sentinel."

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The Belgians adore their brave King, and he adores them. The democratic friendship between King and the common soldiers is amazing. It is

quite customary for him to hand his cigarettes to them and take a light from them in return. He spends a portion of each day in the trenches with them.

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A cigar presented by the German Emperor and by him to a gentleman living at Hambledon, England, was sold by auction in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital. The cigar brought $72.50, and is now the property of a firm of local butchers.

***

Wounded Russian officers in the Tiflis hospitals describe the extraordinary endurance of the Turks, who march barefooted through the snow and shoot standing and kneeling, but rarely from trenches. They only dread bayonet charges. The Turks are said to have lost very heavily.

***

Great Britain is provisioning Gibraltar on a large scale. The shipments from this port of late include 141,265 bushels of wheat, 2,240 bags of refined sugar, and 1,400 bags of wheat flour. As yet, no explanation has appeared why England should make such plans.

***

A court-martial in France sentenced Louise Zach, a German woman, to serve six months in prison and pay a heavy fine, on the charge of using an American passport, which was obtained by a fraudulent declaration. The woman was a governess in the employ of an American family. She got a passport at Geneva by representing herself as the wife of an American named Appel, and on the strength of this came to Paris.

Russia has awarded the St. George cross to three boys, aged seventeen, fourteen, and thirteen. The youngest is the son of an engineer in Warsaw, who has followed the army since the fighting at Lublin and carried cartridges under fire to the men in the trenches. He finally became a wonderful scout, and his reconnoitering resulted in the capture of ten heavy guns.

***

The ledger of the national debt of France listing the names of the bondholders as distinguished from bonds payable to bearer, was brought to Paris again to-day from Bordeaux. It required ten cars to transport the ledger. The Germans had planned to seize this vast book and use it to exact indemnity.

***

The International Sunday School Association plans to send a Bible to every soldier in the warring armies in Europe. An appeal will be sent to every Sunday school in the country, each scholar being asked to contribute five cents he has earned.

***

The Prince of Wales often goes incognito among the soldiers. He likes to get among the men, and the other day he was found talking to a wounded sergeant and half a dozen privates to whom the sergeant was explaining the methods of snipers. A messenger came up and said something to the Prince, who turned round and wished the men, "Good-by and good luck!" and then went off.

A minute later the soldiers who had been standing near by came up.

"Who was the grenadier chap?" asked the sergeant of one of the new arrivals.

"Why," replied the man, with a grin, "don't you know? It's only the Prince of Wales."

***

Three of the Foreign Legion with the French Army, all Americans, were doing sentry duty in front of the trenches when some cows came along. In the darkness one of the Americans crept forward to attack the cows, thinking they were Germans. Another section began firing and almost hit the Americans, who made their way back. They were greeted with laughs.

SAVED BY AEROPLANE.

A curious story of the Kaiser's youngest son, Prince Joachim, wafted away in an aeroplane when in danger of capture is told by a wounded Russian lieutenant.

The officer says at the battle on November 24 the Prince was in command of a German force which occupied a village after driving the Russians from it. The Czar's troops, however, received reinforcements and reoccupied the place after a tough fight.

When the Prince heard of the recapture, he jumped on a horse and galloped off after the retiring troops.

Three aeroplanes were circling above to discover and rescue the Prince. Two of the aviators who attempted to descend came into the Russian fire and were disabled.

By this time the Prince was with a number of German troops completely surrounded by Russians. His position seemed very critical. Just

in the nick of time the third machine came down near him and the Prince, taking a seat thereon, was borne away to safety.

THE DEADLY AIR BOMB.

A correspondent of the Central News in northwestern France says:

"In attempting to destroy a railroad station, a Taube aeroplane dropped two bombs on Hazebrouck. The first did no harm, but, on returning, the aeroplane dropped a bomb on a curious crowd gathered about a hole made by the first missile, killing ten and wounding five civilians, including women and children."

A SUPER-BELGIAN.

A quick command from General Bertrand at Haecht turned a retreat of the Belgian forces into an attack in much the same manner as that in which General Sheridan rallied the Union forces at the battle of Winchester in the Civil War. The story is printed in the *Currier des Armes,* the official Belgian soldiers' paper.

General Bertrand, who succeeded General Leman in command of the division which withstood the Germans at Liége, suddenly found his troops in retreat.

"Friends," he shouted, "you've mistaken the road! The enemy is in the other direction!"

Electrified by their leader's words, the soldiers wheeled about and charged the German troops with renewed vigor.

On another occasion the general is declared to have stopped an attack of two Belgian companies upon each other by rushing between their lines and singing a popular ditty. Until they heard the

general's voice, the soldiers did not realize that they were firing on their own countrymen.

The general is fifty-seven years old. He was a second lieutenant at twenty years, and became a major-general last March.

RARE HONOR FOR JEWS.

While previously soldiers of the Jewish faith have never attained any rank in the German army, now promotion is given wholesale.

In the Prussian army alone, twelve Jews have just been promoted to be officers; in the Bavarian army another twelve, and one each in the Saxon and Wurttemberg armies. Seven hundred and ten Jews have received the Iron Cross, which some have refused to wear because it is the emblem of the Christian faith.

HORACE STIRS FRENCHMEN.

A remarkable incident occurred, says the Paris *Journal des Débats,* at the opening matinée of the Comedie Française, when the old-fashioned Roman tragedy, "Horace," was presented.

Written in 1639, when France was fighting Germany, it contains numerous veiled allusions to the war and prophecies of successes afterward realized by Louis XIII. One such is the Sabine heroine's appeal to Rome to spare her country and seek conquests further afield: "Hurl your battalions against the East; plant your flags on the borders of the Rhine!"

The *Journal des Débats* says:

"At these words a shiver of excitement passed over the whole dense audience, which rose, cheering frantically, and continued the applause for several minutes."

"THEY FACE A SOLID WALL!"

Paul Erco of the Paris *Journal* says in a message from Furnes:

"It looks as if the Germans were out of ammunition. Yesterday we spotted several of their batteries along the Yser, and as soon as the French and Belgian guns opened fire they withdrew in a hurry, declining combat.

"I asked one of General Joffre's ablest lieutenants if he thought the enemy meant to give up the Yser and Yperlee lines. His reply was:

" 'For obvious reasons I can't tell you what I think on that point; but I will say that even if the Germans resume the struggle on our left wing they cannot break through. From the Lys to the sea they have a solid wall in front of them, which cannot be broken down and before which they will shatter themselves to pieces if they try it.' "

***

The late King Charles of Rumania left an estate of $10,000,000, of which $750,000 is bequeathed to the army and navy. The will states that the money be set apart for the purchase of quick-firing guns for the Rumanian army.

***

A Frenchman suggests the value of protective armor against shrapnel. He says that metallic disks attached inside the cap, so as to afford almost complete protection of the neck, back, and shoulders when soldiers are firing prone, would no doubt save seven or eight per cent. of the men. He cites the cases of two infantrymen who thus utilized zinc mess tins which showed numerous scratches where shrapnel had ricochetted and thus

prevented wounds despite the feeble defensive qualities of the material.

***

The British Government stopped the circulation of the *Irish World* of New York in Ireland because of its attitude against recruiting in Ireland.

***

A Paris newspaper recently printed the following: "Now begins the twilight of the German gods. The Kaiser's expiation commences. It is not Napoleon vanquished by his own conquests; it is not the eagle bowing his crest, but a wretched vulture with the stomach ache. In his sleepless nights, he must see, like Belshazzar's writing on the wall, the words: 'The despicable little army of General French!'"

***

The tragedy of silence killed many of the women of Europe. Suicides occurred by thousands, especially in Austria. Women did not know whether their husbands and sons were alive or dead. They were given no news. Wherever they turned for light they were confronted by an impenetrable pall of silence. They were not permitted to dress in mourning, nor were the bodies of their dead brought home for burial. Insanity came to the relief of many. Thousands of others went to suicides' graves.

***

The German army aviators discovered a method of making clouds to hide them when shelled by the French. A French officer was watching some German aeroplanes under fire when they suddenly disappeared into a cloud of

brown smoke. In a few moments they became perfectly invisible. The French gunners were unable to find them again.

***

A former Edinburgh newsboy in the British army was awarded the Victoria Cross for capturing a machine gun, an officer, and six men.

DEJECTED!

A dispatch from Flanders to the London *Daily Mail,* referring to the condition of the Germans on the Yser, said:

"Nine hundred and ninety-one prisoners bagged in the fighting in the neighborhood of Ypres on December 2 came to my notice to-day. If these are a sample of the men left behind, then the German army in western Flanders is in a sorry state. They walked dejectedly and cursed the guards for hurrying them into anything more than a mile an hour. Altogether, they were as sad a crew as ever surrendered.

"I saw some with boots without heels or soles and trousers which were rotten to the knees from the constant wetness of the dikeland. Many of the men had been indifferently fed for days, and many others had been for weeks fully dressed and had not been able to bathe in the filth-sodden trenches. One has to marvel at their endurance."

"GUIDED BY HEAVEN."

Copies of a proclamation which was to have been posted throughout Servia by the Austrians were received from Vienna. "By the will of God, Who guides the destinies of peoples and the strength of his Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph," it reads, "your country had been subdued

by force of the arms of the Austro-Hungarian army. You have submitted to a rule just and wise of the Gospodar, who sent us, not to avenge and punish, but to inaugurate a reign of truth and justice. Trust in his clemency, trust in the soldiers, who love justice and are conscious of their duty. They will be a strong guard for your country which will protect you devotedly."

DARING TOMMY.

Five motor lorries of the British army Ordnance Corps conveying ammunition were cut off by the Germans, and the men in charge to escape capture made off across country after blowing up the ammunition. One, however, refused to leave, and remained hidden in a wood at the side of the road. The Germans, finding the ammunition destroyed, went off, and as soon as the coast was clear the soldier who had remained hidden came out. Seeing the wheels of the lorries were intact, he managed to get one of the motors going, and, hitching the other four behind, he succeeded in bringing his convoy into camp.

"WE ARE WELL TREATED."

A Frenchman from Normandy writes as follows to his wife:

"I must tell you that I am a prisoner of war. Chance, the great master of all things, willed it that our battalion was to be annihilated and that a few survivors, all uninjured, among them I, fall into the hands of the Germans. We were brought to P—— under guard. Don't worry about my fate, sweetheart. The Germans are treating us with extraordinary kindness; they look upon us as unfortunate enemies. We get our dinner—

bread, coffee, apples, etc.—and when we have no tobacco they give us cigarettes."

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!

The official investigations conducted at Vienna with reference to the claim that the Russians at Tomaszow placed civilians in front of their troops during the engagement there disclose the following:

"A battalion of the reserves under the direction of a cavalry regiment was engaged in a rear-guard action while seeking to occupy certain positions near Tomaszow. During the encounter the Russians drove the inhabitants of Tomaszow along the highways in front of them and directly in the path of the German fire. Among these were women and children. Similar action was taken by the Russians at Kipanen and Sendrowen, in East Prussia. Since strong masses of Russian troops in this manner approached our positions as close as 400 or 500 yards, we had to open fire. It was unavoidable that many of the innocent civilians thus had to be sacrificed."

"PILE DEAD YARD HIGH."

An official Russian statement describes as ridiculous the German claims of having captured enormous numbers of prisoners, cannons, and machine guns. It says the armies have been fighting continuously, and it is impossible to estimate the losses.

"On the other hand, the German denial that they have lost a single gun is disproved by the fact that in the Brzeziny district alone (near Lodz) we took twenty-three guns and a large

amount of spoils. As to German prisoners, 10,000 have passed one point alone of our front where prisoners are registered.

"Neither do the Germans mention the supply columns which they burned, nor the cannon and ammunition which they abandoned and which we are gradually finding.

"The Germans also conceal the losses which they sustained in the November fighting, although witnesses state never has a field of battle presented such a sight as on the roads of the German retreat toward Strykow—at some points where we attacked the German flanks the German dead were piled not less than a meter (over a yard) high."

CAN'T CARE FOR WOUNDED.

A letter received from a member of one of the foreign Red Cross missions in Servia paints a gloomy picture of conditions in Nish.

The town was crowded with wounded, fresh batches were still pouring in, and here tobacco factories were being utilized for their reception. There was serious shortage of dressings and other appliances. At one hospital visited by the writer, the attendants were merely putting on bandages, the supply of proper dressings being exhausted.

The number of surgeons and other workers, despite the arrival of foreign missions, was too small to deal with the enormous number of wounded. As a consequence, the work was taxing their powers to the utmost.

The Servians were meeting their difficulties with the greatest courage and cheerfulness, but the situation was extremely grave, and further assistance in the shape of personal service, money, and stores was urgently required.

"FORWARD, MY CHILDREN!"

According to a letter received recently by the parents of Lori G. Periard, a French infantryman, when he wrote the letter on November 5, he was resting at Montrol, a village back of Tresne en Oise for two days after a twenty-four-hour shift at "advance work," the driving back of the Germans.

"It is four o'clock in the afternoon," he writes. "We are at rest for two days in Montrol, a small village a little back from Tresne, where has been fought the frightful battle of October 8, of which mayhap you have heard. I was in that battle.

"There I saw my captain killed at my side as he shouted to us, 'Forward, my children! Courage!' The poor one! He was indeed one brave! I saw my best friends killed beside me. Myself, I got but a spent bullet in my pocket.

"Now we are advancing with caution. We take the advanced post every third day. That is to say this: We advance on Tresne, where the Germans are, with short dashes.

"The Prussians are only 400 yards away from us. We sprint and fall flat, and then we work all night to make some trenches to shelter us. The charges are always made at dark. In the morning we relieve ourselves by crawling back, while other soldiers who have had sheltered positions crawl to relieve us. I say crawl, because if the Prussians should catch sight of us they would honor us with a fusillade en regle. . . .

"During the day we hide behind mounds of earth which we throw up, and we fight foot for foot any attempt they make to advance. They do not like our cold steel, and many times we must give it to them."

ANOTHER RECORD SMASHED.

The London *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says the Berlin *Tageblatt* relates that in the Belgian village of Beveren 150 Bavarian soldiers who had taken part in the siege of Antwerp drank 1,485 liters of beer within two hours.

Each Bavarian soldier thus drank in round figures nearly twenty pints within two hours.

The *Tageblatt* has no other comment than that it was satisfactory to find that Belgian beer was fit for Bavarian consumption.

YOUNG GERMANY.

Heinz Skrohn, who attends the public school at Prussian Battau, near Neukuhren, sent the following letter of congratulation, which the Berlin *Tageblatt* publishes, to General von Hindenburg on the occasion of his birthday anniversary:

"DEAR GEN. VON HINDENBURG: I read in the paper that October 2 is the anniversary of your birthday. The public school of Battau, Fischhausen county, sends its heartiest congratulations and hopes that you will continue to give the Russians a good thrashing. We very often play soldier, but nobody wants to be the Russ, saying that as such they get beaten up too much. I am also sending you a picture in this letter showing us lined up as soldiers. I am the leader, and have the Iron Cross on my chest. On another picture the girls are seen knitting socks for the soldiers. I would also like to have your picture, but a big one, please. We want to hang it up in our classroom alongside of the Kaiser's picture. When a few days ago the Russians were coming nearer

and nearer to Koenigsberg many people here became alarmed and moved away. We, however, stayed at home and went to school every day. Our teacher here tells us every day what happens in the war. We had a big celebration here after the battle of Tannenberg. We got all the flags together and marched through the village. We boys would like to go to war, too, but are too small yet. I am only twelve years old. Please write me that you got the letter. If you have no time yourself, have somebody else write. The boys here are very anxious to know whether I will get a reply.

"Now, good luck once more to you and health from all the boys of the public school of Prussian Battau, especially from the captain.

"HEINZ SKROHN."

The following reply was received by Heinz in due time:

"DEAR HEINZ: His Excellency Major General von Hindenburg wishes me to thank you very much for your letter and the pictures. His Excellency will have a picture sent to you, and hopes that you will always be industrious boys, despite the war. CAEMMERER,

"Captain and Adjutant."

THE INVISIBLE FOE.

A visit to the French trenches in Flanders, under the auspices of the French General Staff, is here described:

Standing in the shelter of a wonderfully ingenious and deep-dug trench on what undoubtedly is the bloodiest battlefield in European history, the most notable impression is one of utter sur-

prise at the absence of movement and the lack of noise.

Within one's range of vision, with a strong field glass, there are probably concealed not fewer than 100,000 men, yet except for the few French soldiers with rifles in their hands standing or kneeling in the immediate vicinity and keenly peering over the flat land toward the positions held by the Germans, no human presence was noticeable.

A staff officer said that behind a slight slope 300 yards away many German guns were hidden, but only an occasional burst of flame and a sharp whirring sound coming from an indefinite point told of this artillery.

A little forest to the left bristles with machine guns backed by infantry in rifle pits and covered trenches. The approach to these positions has been made almost impossible by barbed-wire entanglements strewn with brush and branches of trees and having the appearance of a copse of heather.

British, French, and Belgian troops are greeted with cheers by the people as they march from spells of duty in the trenches to the villages in the rear. These men are jaded and worn. They stay in the trenches for days at a time and are constantly under artillery fire as well as being subjected to infantry attacks.

As one group goes back to rest, another moves forward to take its place, and the men going into action cheer those who are retiring.

TRAITOR MAYOR SHOT.

A British officer writes home from the front remarking on the curious avoidance by the Ger-

mans, at first, of shelling the town hall at Ypres.

"Some suspicions were aroused by it," he writes, "and the place was searched. In the vaults underneath it, which are of very great extent, was found an enormous quantity of German stores and ammunition sufficient to last them a month and serve as a depot for their attack on Calais.

"It had been put there with the connivance of the Mayor at the time the Germans were in occupation. This explains their desperate efforts to capture the town again. The traitor Mayor was shot. Immediately afterward the Germans shelled the place and smashed up the building and set it on fire."

HE WON'T GET HURT.

A British prisoner of war named Lonsdale, confined in the Doeberitz Camp, has been condemned by a German court-martial to ten years' imprisonment for striking one of his custodians.

The incident is thus described by the *Lokal Anzeiger:* "When the occupants of one of the tents in the camp failed to turn out for work, a group of reservists in charge of the camp were ordered to drive them out. Lonsdale struck one of the German soldiers. A sergeant major drew his sword and hit Lonsdale several blows on the back.

"At the trial the president of the court-martial told witnesses to speak the truth and not to be influenced by hatred of the English."

REAL LUXURIES.

The way in which the Russian soldiers will risk their lives for comparatively small luxuries is evidenced by the following story:

During the fighting in East Prussia, a corporal asked permission to take a couple of his comrades and try to surprise one of the German scouting patrols. When he returned and reported that his effort had been successful, his officer asked him why he volunteered for such risky work. The corporal replied that the previous night a friend had relieved a German officer of a good supply of chocolate and a flask of brandy, and he wanted to "try his luck," too.

"And what did you get?" asked the officer.

The corporal grinned and showed two cakes of milk chocolate and five cigars.

THE GRATEFUL PRINCE.

A letter from Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son, who was recently wounded in action against the Russians in the East, to a non-commissioned officer who rendered first aid to him, was given out here by the German Information Service last night as follows:

"My Dear Corporal: You surely must have thought me ungrateful for not having thanked you ere this for your kind aid. I would have done so long ago had it not been for my removal to Berlin. To-day the Empress read me your letter, which was a source of great joy to me and her Majesty. At the time when you rushed on with your company I did not find an opportunity to thank you for your faithful aid. I shall always be grateful to you for it. That was true comradeship. I trust you are in good health when this letter reaches you. Did Private Ewe get a new package of bandages? I have reproached myself for having taken his. And now farewell and remember me to all the boys of the 83d, my Cassel

friends, and tell them that I shall be back as soon as I am able to get on my feet again. Your thankful comrade,

JOACHIM,
"Prince of Prussia."

"TOO AWFUL TO DESCRIBE!"

An eyewitness, a soldier who took part in that fearful siege, describes his impressions of the slaughter near Przemysl:

"The fury of the Russians' attack was shown by examination of the battlefield. The bodies of fallen Russians in the zone of our obstacles formed great piles many meters high. It was a terrible sight. I was one of a squad accompanying the examining officers. It was too sickening to repeat. Those masses of dead and dying wounded men. The dead were not so terrible—so sad to me!—as those wounded.

"It was the living—the writhing creatures, in that mass of humanity, causing the piles of flesh to quiver, as these helpless ones struggled feebly to escape."

BRITISH AND BELGIAN KINGS MET BY ROADSIDE.

A LONG HANDSHAKE THE FIRST GREETING; THEN THEY DROVE ACROSS THE BELGIAN FRONTIER.

The London *Daily Mail* correspondent sends the following dispatch from Dunkirk, the date being omitted:

"There was a historic incident on the roadside in Flanders to-day when King George met King Albert. The King of the Belgians, as the host, was first at the rendezvous. He was dressed in his usual quiet uniform of dark blue.

"As he alighted from his motor and walked toward some old cottages here, he waited, and exchanged kindly words with some Belgian soldiers who came out of a neighboring inn to touch their hats to their monarch.

"Noon struck from an old clock tower near at hand, and a moment later a motor cyclist flying the Union Jack was buzzing along the road toward ——. Behind were three black limousine cars, all flying Union Jacks, and behind them was a second motor cyclist.

"The cars and cyclists stopped, and from the first motor came King George and the Prince of Wales with him. He wore a khaki uniform, with a scarlet band round his hat. He looked fit and well.

"The two kings moved forward with outstretched hands to greet each other there in the muddy road with none but a few officers, a few soldiers, and simple villagers looking on.

"Upon a canal barge on the water alongside the road a woman was hanging out her washing on the mainmast and boom. All she saw was two men shaking hands, but there was quiet earnestness about that greeting. The handshake was long and firm, and the accompanying smiles like those of men who meet on serious occasions.

"Their first talk was not long. After returning the salute of a soldier, who had come up close to look on, they entered King Albert's motor car and passed on over the frontier into the little remnant of Belgium that still remains out of the enemy's clutches.

"The two kings stayed a short time to review the troops, Belgian and others, drawn up in the village square, and then the monarchs drove on together to here. They dined and talked in

friendly intimacy of the strange happenings that had befallen the kingdoms of both and of the great fights that have been fought."

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Fifteen hundred British men and officers are in the base hospital at Boulogne suffering from frozen feet. Fully one thousand of this number must have one or both feet severed, owing to the deadening of the nerves, which makes futile all attempts at treatment. Chilblains and frostbites have been depleting the ranks worse than bullets and shrapnel, and once a man's foot is frozen he is through, as far as fighting is concerned, for the rest of the war.

***

Says one British officer now in the hospital: "From the time I arrived at the front, three weeks ago, until I arrived at the hospital last night, I have not been warm for one moment."

***

While the men are away at the war, the Women's Freedom League of London has formed a corps of policewomen for duty on the streets, at railway stations and in public parks. The women have organized under the name of "Women Police Volunteers."

***

The throne of Egypt is going begging. Great Britain and the native government are finding it impossible to induce any of the native princes to accept it. It is now proposed to make the country a separate kingdom, independent of Turkey.

***

One arms and ammunition company in this

country is erecting a million-dollar building to supply the demand for its products created by the European war. This company has a contract that calls for the manufacture of fifteen hundred rifles per day.

***

Many of the Allied soldiers are in the hospitals "wounded without wounds." They have been so dazed by the shock of exploding shells that it was deemed best to invalid them for a while. In some cases the shells destroy a man's memory. One corporal was brought in who remembered his name and the events preceding the war, but has utterly forgotten anything subsequent to the mobilization. He even refused to believe a story of his own heroism.

***

The spy scare in London forced many innocent men out of the country. Adolph Boehm, who sold newspapers in Piccadilly for more than thirty years, was forced to flee unless he wished to stand trial for being a German spy.

ROUGH ON THE PRISONERS.

The Paris *Temps* correspondent describes a meeting near Soissons with a French infantry soldier who had just escaped from the Germans. They had forced him, he said, with fifty others captured at the same time, to dig trenches after shooting those refusing. The soldier said:

"Under a French cannonade which killed many, we were compelled by blows to dig in the most exposed situation the trenches the Germans now occupy, which are very wide and deep and cemented against damp at frequent intervals. We received only one meal, at 11 P. M. We had no

coverings and slept in the trenches. Finally, when my comrades were most all killed, I crept from one end of the trench and crawled 100 yards to a shell hole, where I spent the following day. Then I crawled 200 yards to the French trenches.

"The Germans received food and munitions regularly, but seemed dispirited, and suffered from rheumatism greatly. The majority are middle-aged.

"During the last fortnight the Germans have withdrawn many guns, which were replaced with trunks of trees as barrels to deceive aviators, and some were even mounted on wheels."

HANDICAPPED.

Passing a building in Glasgow where some of the Belgian refugees were housed, two young girls were overheard arguing about the language of the guests, thus:

"A wish we'd been gettin' French this year; we'd been able tae speak tae the wee Belgians."

"They widna understan' French, for A heard they speak Flemish."

"Well, A heard the Belgians speak better French than they dae in France, just the same's we speak better English than they dae in England."

PRINCE A FINE SOLDIER.

The London *Times* military correspondent, giving an account of the life led by the Prince of Wales at the front, says:

"He won golden opinions. Personally of slight physique and almost fragile looking, the Prince was but little known to the army until he joined it, and now that he is becoming known it is a revela-

tion. He is among the keenest and hardest soldiers in the army. He walks more than six miles before breakfast every morning, drives his own car and spends every moment of the working day in acquainting himself with the situation of the troops and the service of the army.

"Although nominally attached to Sir John French's staff, he is not chained there. He has been attached in turn to army corps, divisional and brigade headquarters and is undergoing an education which no books can ever give him. Only last week he occupied a house rocking and shaking day and night with the bombardment, and he has visited the trenches, including those of the Indian army. It will be difficult to keep him out of the firing line of his grenadiers.

"A more zealous and indefatigable young officer does not serve with the King's troops. He has a quiet, confident dignity which is most attractive and his character and intelligence arouse the enthusiasm of all who meet him. It was not exactly the expression of a courtier, but it was the expression of a truth, when an old soldier looked wistfully after him and muttered, half to himself: 'That's a d——d good boy!' "

"FOR YOUR LEETLE AMIE."

But for the honesty of a British "Tommy," says a Paris despatch, a famous French actress would have lost her satchel containing jewels valued at $25,000. She had dropped the satchel as she was getting into a taxi, and the soldier, who was passing along, picked it up and restored it to her.

So grateful was the actress that she took off a

valuable ring from her finger and presented it to the finder, saying:

"This ees for your leetle English amie."

***

Bone grafting to save shattered limbs is being accomplished at Bordeaux by the Russian surgeon Woronoff, who experimented with Dr. Alexis Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute in this city. Doctor Woronoff is replacing as much as seven and one-half inches of missing bone by transplanting monkey's bone to the wounded limb. He also employs the bones of other men.

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The latest charges against the British censor comes from Germany, where it is asserted that the censor deleted entirely the message sent by the Kaiser to the Queen of Spain at the death of her brother. The message, the Germans declare, never reached its destination.

***

In a raid sixty Cossacks captured three hundred German cavalrymen. The Cossacks were sent out to learn what was going on in Czenstochowa. They divided into sections and dashed into the sleeping town simultaneously. They killed a number of Germans before they had time to crawl out of their blankets. Then they drove three hundred Germans ahead of them to their lines. When the prisoners were examined forty of them were found to be women dressed in soldiers' uniforms.

***

Japan has transported two hundred big Krupp guns, together with the men and officers for hand-

ling the guns, over the Trans-Siberian Railway to the Russian front. For this service Japan is said to have been promised that half of the peninsula of Saghalien which at the present belongs to Russia. These guns were purchased by Japan from Germany last year.

***

The King of Saxony has joined the troops in Belgium. His presence greatly encourages the men. He is said to be taking the Kaiser's place while the latter is in East Prussia exhorting his warriors there.

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When a wounded Belgian soldier was examined in the hospital a leather purse was found in his pocket and in it a bent and broken Belgian one-franc piece, part of which was missing. The purse itself was badly gashed by a bullet. The man's wound did not heal readily and the surgeon, probing deeper into the man's thigh, found the missing part of the coin imbedded near the bone. It was removed and the soldier speedily recovered.

EVEN THE BUTLER!

"I have the honor to inform you that I have enlisted in the 4th Queen's," wrote a butler resigning his position with a wealthy Kent family by whom he had been employed for fifteen years. "I hope my leaving will not inconvenience you, but I feel that my obvious duty is to do my little share toward the defence of my King and country, especially as my work as an indoor servant is such as can be done—and in times like these I think should be done—by women. No single man with any patriotism can remain if he is able-

bodied and otherwise eligible to serve in the army."

"THEY ARE BRAVE MEN!"

"A Hindu belonging to a Lancer regiment today rebuked in my presence a man who spoke slightingly of the German people," cables a correspondent. "With amazing dignity he said:

"'Do not talk like that of the Germans. It is a great country which can make war on five Powers. They are brave men who can fight and die as the Germans do. The pity for them is that they are not so well trained as we.'"

THOUGHT KIPLING SPY.

How Rudyard Kipling narrowly escaped arrest on a charge of espionage is told in the following letter written by Cycle Sergeant Callis of the Fifth (Loyal North Lancashire) Territorials, now training at Sevenoaks:

"Our battalion turned out in full marching order and proceeded to our usual practice ground, Knole Park. The cycle section marched in the rear of the column and an ordinary looking man came to me and asked me a lot of particulars about the battalion. He told me he had seen a lot of soldiering in his time and said he must confess our men struck him as being about the smartest on the march he had ever seen outside the regulars.

"He asked me for so many particulars about them, and also about their billets, that I thought I should detain him as a sort of spy.

"I excused myself and rode off to the head of the column and informed one of our majors as to the nature of the conversation, etc., and later took the man to said major.

"The officer stopped me to-day and laughingly asked me if I knew whom I had tried to put under arrest. I answered in the negative and he told me it was no less than Rudyard Kipling."

KAISER'S CONSCIENCE CLEAR.

The Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* publishes the following description of the Kaiser by Sven Hedin:

"I had the happiness of speaking to the Kaiser in former years, and he has not altered. Latterly I have met him frequently, and I can only say that he has lost nothing of his freshness and elasticity. His appearance has not altered in the least, and yet every day he puts in twenty-four hours of work. Everything must be reported to him and he takes part in everything.

"I am often asked: 'How is the Kaiser able to bear this physical and mental strain?' I think the correct answer is that he is able to bear it because his conscience is clear; that he feels himself innocent before God and man of having caused this war and that he knows he has done everything in his power to prevent it. The Germanic cause cannot wish for any better representative than the Kaiser, and it would almost appear that he had been born for this crisis. For, just as he did all in his power to keep the peace, he feels now that he is responsible for the development of German destiny, and with this in view he devotes to the cause all his feelings, thoughts and acts."

"A FRIGHTFUL HECATOMB."

The disadvantage of having a sovereign who insists upon being his own generalissimo must have weighed heavily of late upon the German armies in the west. A French soldier engaged in the dis-

trict just south of the Somme gives particulars, gathered from German prisoners, of the Kaiser's recent visit to his lines in this region. He says:

"To prove their zeal in his presence the German officers increased their daily quota of about 100 shells for firing at the French to 3,000 in twenty-four hours. The next day the imperial traveller was five miles south of Lihous, where the same ceremonial was organized for his reception. There was a regular debauch of shells from cannon, guns and mortars. There, again, the infantry showed little eagerness to attack us, but some blows and threats improved their sense of duty.

"There was a frightful hecatomb. They again tried to capture the villages of Dilrens and Quesnayen Santerre on the following day, but, although encouraged by the presence of Emperor William, they failed ingloriously. One officer says 500 German bodies already have been buried and many still are on the ground."

WILL AVENGE BELGIUM.

"Day and night the agony of Antwerp is present with me," said the Bishop of London, preaching at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, "but if there be a God in heaven the wrongs of Belgium—absolutely innocent in this war—will one day be avenged.

"For myself, when I have boys whom I love as my own sons killed every day, and my rooms filled daily with their sisters and their young widows, I feel that I should go mad but for my religion.

"It is hardly to be expected that Great Britain can feel charitably toward Germany, which has perpetrated diabolical acts of cruelty, but, never-

theless, we must fight this war with Christian faith."

HIDE DEAD FROM WOUNDED.

A correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rooterdamsche Courant* tells an amazing story of how the German dead are disposed of at Quatricht, a little village in the neighborhood of Ghent. Every day people see huge pits dug, and every night they hear the rumble of wagons, but they must not even peep from their houses.

Each morning, however, shows fresh mounds of earth, and the people have come to the conclusion that bodies must be brought to the place of burial in tip wagons.

The wounded are transported during the day so that they may not see the procession of the dead.

CLOSE CALL IN THE CLOUDS.

The story of a thrilling airship raid by French officers comes from Arras.

The captain in command of the airship had received orders to try to destroy a railway junction where the Germans were conveying troops. The line was well guarded, and it was necessary to cross the enemy's position for a considerable distance.

The airship started at dusk, without lights, and succeeded in crossing the German lines without being perceived. It soon located the junction and dropped in rapid succession three dynamite charges upon the station, with considerable damage to the tracks.

The airship by that time had been discovered by the Germans' searchlights, and all the field

guns and mortars in the neighborhood were aimed at it. The sky was ablaze with bursting shells, some coming dangerously near.

By throwing over all the available ballast, the airship's crew was enabled to rise rapidly. As a departing salute it attempted to drop a fourth charge of dynamite.

Just then something went wrong which threatened the airship with instant destruction. The dynamite charge got stuck in the tube.

The automatic detonator already had been set in motion. The captain seized a hatchet and climbed over the rigging. He struck a few desperate blows at the tube, at the risk of his life, and released the charge, saving the airship. The dynamite exploded with a terrific detonation long before it reached the ground, with a burst of flames.

CAPT. VON MULLER'S GALLANTRY.

Another tribute to the gallantry of Capt. Von Muller of the German cruiser *Emden* is contained in a letter received by a Glasgow woman from her son, a member of the crew of the steamship *Kabinga*. The letter says:

"The *Emden* captured the *Kabinga* in the Bay of Bengal, but when Capt. Von Muller learned that our skipper's wife and children were aboard he presented the ship to the lady, remarking to the skipper, 'You can inform your owners that as far as they are concerned the *Kabinga* has been seized and sunk.' "

"BOMBARDMENT TERRIBLE!"

An officer in the pay department of the French army, writing from Ypres, says:

"The town is being sprinkled with shells. In the earlier days of the attack only bombs from aeroplanes fell, but during the last forty-eight hours the town suffered from the attentions of big howitzers.

"Night before last a regular bombardment destroyed a score of houses and killed eight persons, of whom two were women. Up to now the shells have spared the wonderful city hall, but will this delightful Flemish city suffer after the manner of Arras?

"My letter has been interrupted by the bombardment, which is terrible. For two hours yesterday evening nearly all the houses in our neighborhood were struck. Many are smashed. We sought refuge in the cellars of the Hotel de Ville, the only place capable of resisting the great shells.

"Profiting by a lull we went out in search of another shelter and found a vault under the ramparts of the town. There we spent the night, huddled up with a hundred men, women and children."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

A mile and a half crawl with five bullets in his body under artillery and rifle fire was the experience of Private Dan Hurst of the Coldstream Guards. Writing to his wife, Hurst says:

"Don't fret over me. I have five wounds, but I am a lucky chap to be here to tell the tale, for if the shell which hit me in the chest had exploded a bit lower I should have been killed outright. Our ambulance men tried to get us away, but the Germans fired upon them, so they had to leave us to take our chances. It rained in torrents all that night and the Germans put sentries with bayonets over us. They took all our food and water away,

and on Tuesday afternoon some of them tried to make out that we had been firing upon them. We asked how that was possible when they had taken everything from us, but they were going to shoot us when an officer came up and stopped them.

"On Wednesday they removed us to the far side of a haystack out of their line of fire so we could not get hit, but one of the British shells exploded near us, and of course I got hit. We thought it best to make a dash for it. I could not walk and had to crawl on my hands and knees with my wounds bleeding, and while I was crawling away they started to fire on us. There were six of us who started but only two of us finished. Our trenches were only a mile and a half away, but it took us four hours and a half to crawl there."

THE NEW WAR WEAPON.

A French doctor, who has just returned from Flanders, describing the effect of the "Fleche d'aero," as the steel darts with which the French airmen are supplied are generally called, said:

"Among the 2,000 wounded whom we treated in forty-eight hours was a German who had been struck by an aeroplane dart. He was evidently bending over when hit, for the dart had entered the right thigh and traversed the whole leg, so that the point emerged just above the boot. The man was conscious when he was brought in, and said he felt no pain, only a heavy blow. He died soon afterward from shock and loss of blood."

The darts resemble steel pencils. They are about five inches long with the unpointed end half-fluted to insure their falling head first. It is calculated that they strike with a hundred pounds force if thrown from an elevation of 1,000 metres.

CENSORING THE CENSOR.

As threats and entreaties have proved equally vain against censorship the Paris *Temps* attacks it with ridicule. Pierre Mille, one of the best known contributors, writes a column article, beginning:

"Regarding the origin of the convulsion which is shaking Europe, together with the least known diplomatic secrets and the most concealed strategic projects, I am going to make some most important revelations."

Before he can reveal anything here, however, the censor intervenes with a four-line cut. He continues:

"It will be remembered that Napoleon once cried before the Pyramids——" (Here is another slash.)

The writer goes on:

"But we do not need the support of history or the remembrance of the victories won by Jeanne d'Arc at (name excised) or at Valmy by (another obliteration). One fact I will add——" (Here follows a ten-line cut.)

He continues:

"His undaunted attitude at——" (This time ten lines more disappear.)

The article proceeds:

"She cried in a trembling voice, 'Oh daughter, cruel——'(the woman's speech is all excised save the words 'the devourers fight among themselves,' although the passage appears to be taken from nothing more modern or harmful than a famous tragedy).

The writer makes a last effort:

"The adversary's position was now very serious. Throwing himself upon his knees, he cried,

'Our Father, which art——' (Even of the Lord's Prayer the censor allows only this beginning and the final 'Amen.' '')

"HOCH DER CZAR!"

During a fortnight's sojourn with his armies in the field the Czar spoke to thousands of wounded, according to a Petrograd correspondent. His Majesty visited the Germans and Austrians in field hospitals, addressing kindly words to them. In one ward, entirely occupied by wounded Germans, the men, who were unable to rise, spontaneously greeted the Czar with a three-fold Hoch!

The Czar inquired about the identity and direction of a column passing the imperial train. He was told they were officers and men recovered from wounds returning to their respective regiments. His Majesty alighted and asked where and how they had been wounded. It appeared they all had participated in the early battles of the war. They were anxious again to go to the firing line.

A HOLOCAUST.

A wounded English officer describes the following incident of the German attack between Dixmude and Ypres:

"A German regiment with the flag flying approached our trenches to about 300 yards. It was met by a heavy discharge of our machine guns and rifle fire, and fell back in disorder. Immediately it reassembled some distance away. Once more we saw it advance, with the ranks already thinner. It came to within 100 yards of us, when it was received as before and again beaten back.

"This time the order was sent through our

trenches to let them come on to twenty yards. We did so; then the order to fire at will was given. Two-thirds of the regiment had already fallen in the first two attacks, and now the remainder was wiped out. Not one of the assailants got to our trenches."

FIGHT WITH SHOVELS.

Soldiers who have been fighting near Roye say that the hostile trenches there are only fifteen yards apart at some points, so that the enemies can hear each other talking. Last week a company of sappers were misled by the darkness right into a German trench, where a squad of Teuton sappers were at work. The men fought in the dark with picks and shovels until rifles also began to crack, whereupon each side drew back.

French cemeteries, with their strong stone tombs, sometimes play an important part in the hostilities. Thus the Germans have intrenched themselves on a cemetery height near Roye and have made it a strong position. The vaults offer a safe shelter against rain and shrapnel, while metallic coffins have been placed along the edge of the trenches as a protection against rifle fire.

"OUR LUCK WAS IN."

A thrilling incident in the wonderful retreat of the British from Mons is described by Sapper Wells of the Royal Engineers, who passes lightly over his own part in an extraordinary act of heroism.

"One of our officers asked for a man to go with him to blow up a bridge, so that the Germans could not follow us, and I went with him," says Wells.

"Well, to blow a bridge up we use guncotton and a wire fuse. It is safe enough if you take your wire well away, but this time it would not work. Our men in running back had stepped on the wire, so we had to go nearer to the bridge and try again. Even then it would not act, so the officer said to me, 'Get out of the way, Wells.' I said, 'No, I'll go with you.' We were the only two on the bridge and the Germans were shooting at us, but our luck was in. Well, we both lay down and I fired ten rounds at the guncotton with my rifle, and he did the same with a pistol, but it wouldn't work. If it had we should have gone with it, so you see what a shave we had. We made a dive back and got some more guncotton, and were making to have another go when an officer ordered us back, saying it was no use trying."

"IN HONOR BOUND."

A photographer in Southampton row showed outside his studio an apt comment on the war. Last September the Duke of Westminster and other British sportsmen sent round a circular letter asking for subscriptions to the Olympic games to be held in Berlin, and in the request were the following words: "In honor bound, Great Britain must send a team to Berlin, and . . . this object can only be accomplished by efficient organization and adequate financial support."

The photographer has written below by way of comment: "The response to the above appeal has been most successful. The money has been found and the team, most thoroughly equipped, is now on its way to Berlin. Very little doubt exists that all the prizes will fall into its arms."

A HEROIC SACRIFICE.

Correspondents of Finnish newspapers report the heroic sacrifice of the crew of a picket boat in order to save a Russian cruiser, which was unwittingly approaching a mine in the Gulf of Finland.

Realizing that it was too late to signal the danger, the boat deliberately rushed at the mine at full speed. A terrific explosion followed. Six of the crew of seven perished. To the survivor, who was severely wounded, was awarded the decoration of St. George.

A TERRIBLE BAYONET CHARGE.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Dunkirk, France, said:

"It may be admitted that the position at Ypres two days ago was serious. The town itself was bombarded by the Germans with great violence and under the fierce cannonading the Allies had to withdraw from the town, which became a 'No Man's Land,' shells from both sides bursting across it.

"The Germans made a final effort under cover of a fierce bombardment of the British positions. They had prepared a determined onslaught. Masses of men were launched in succession at chosen points on the allied front. The assault was met in a supreme way.

"Two regiments, one Scottish and one of the Guards, went down with bayonets to stem the advance. It was the most terrible bayonet charge of the whole war. It succeeded, the break in the line was repaired and the German attack was once more driven back.

"That was their last effort. The Germans are now assailing the allied line at Arras, forty miles

further to the south, but not with the same fury as they exhibited in the onslaught of the past week.

"So fierce has been the fighting around Ypres that the casualties of the Germans are believed to have reached 100,000, though these figures may prove to have been exaggerated."

COLONEL AVENGED INSULT.

"At one time in Berlin I saw two British officers guarded by twenty-four soldiers with fixed bayonets," writes a correspondent. "One of the officers was an officer of some importance, I think a colonel, a tremendous man about 6 feet 4 inches in height, with iron-gray hair and mustache. His companion was a younger man, with a red band around his cap, denoting, I believe, he belonged to the General Staff.

"The prisoners were surrounded by the usual hooting, jeering crowd. Suddenly one of the guards deliberately prodded the big colonel in the back with the butt end of his rifle. It was a brutal act. The next moment the gray-haired officer turned around and struck his tormentor full in the face with his fist. It was a fine blow.

"I saw no more, for the crowd in a paroxysm of rage closed in on the group, surging here and there. I heard afterward both prisoners were handcuffed and led away. Their fate I do not know."

WORK OF NEW AERIAL BOMB.

The London *Daily Mail's* Paris correspondent reports an interview with a French airman on the new French air bomb.

"I have used both the dynamite bomb and the

new bomb," said the aviator. "The two are very similar in size and weight, but the effect as seen from above is very different.

"When a dynamite bomb falls upon a body of men you can see the bodies leap up in air. It is like a small volcano in action. When the new bomb bursts it simply lays everything out flat within the area of its explosion. It seems to exert the whole of its force in waves like the ripples made when a large stone is thrown into a pond. The men go down like ninepins; buildings collapse like houses of playing cards; guns are turned over as if by some unseen hand.

"The explosion raises practically no dust or smoke. Even the earth disturbed by the case of the bomb striking the ground is instantly flattened out by the same extraordinary waves of force. Extreme cold is produced at the moment of the explosion. It is so intense that I felt it myself when I dropped my first bomb at a height of about 800 feet.

"I was taking great chances in flying so low, but I wished to see the effect of the bomb. It fell on a section of Germans bivouacking in a field. I estimate that at least thirty men were killed within the area of the explosion. Death from these bombs comes instantly from intense cold and concussion."

BRITON PRAISES GERMANS.

The Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M. P. for South Somerset, a lieutenant in the Irish Guards, describing his experience in North France, says:

"I was shot and was found by some German privates after about an hour and a half.

"With other wounded men and officers I was

taken away to a house that had been converted into a temporary hospital after nightfall. We remained prisoners in the hands of the Germans for eleven days, until the French occupied the village where we lay and set us at liberty.

"It is only fair to say that both on the battlefield and subsequently we were all shown courtesy and great kindness by the Germans, from all ranks, from Prussians and Bavarians alike."

He adds that from the general behavior of the British troops "one might have supposed that they were engaged in autumn manœuvres."

NEARLY PUT ONE OVER.

"The Germans are full of resources," writes an English correspondent, "and it is one of their favorite plans to lure the allied troops on to attack them by various devices, of which an indicated intention of surrendering is the most common. If this deception is successful, a skilfully concealed machine gun turns a murderous fire upon those who have advanced either to attack or to accept surrender.

"The audacity of the enemy cannot better be illustrated than by a well-authenticated statement of what took place last night in a trench held by a Gurkha regiment. A figure, silhouetted by the moonlight and wearing a complete Gurkha uniform, approached the end of the trench and delivered the message.

" 'The Gurkhas are to move further up the trench; another Gurkha contingent is advancing in support.'

"Puzzled by this announcement, the officer in command replied, 'Who are you? Where do you come from?' to which the only answer was, 'You

are to move up and make room for other Gurkhas.'

"The English was good, but something excited the officer's suspicions.

"'Answer, and answer quickly,' he said; 'if you are a Gurkha, by what boat did you cross?'

"This question, under the circumstances, was no easy one to answer, and the German (for such he was) turned and fled, but he had not gone five yards before he fell, riddled with bullets.

"If the officer had been deceived the trench, of course, would have swarmed with Germans almost before the Gurkhas had made room for them."

CLOSE CALL FOR AIRMAN.

"Roland Garros had a narrow escape from death while engaged in an aerial duel with a German near Amiens," cables a correspondent. "His motor broke down and Garros made a corkscrew descent and feigned death, whereupon the German landed and approached.

"The Frenchman arose and shot the German dead with his revolver. He regained the French lines in the German aeroplane."

FASTIDIOUS SANDY.

News has come back to England of how the British soldiers taken prisoners are faring in Germany. There are 6,000 in a caserne at Daboritz.

Among them are some Highlanders. It's getting to be cold weather in Daboritz and a German officer, with the kindest of intentions, offered to provide them with trousers.

The Scots were indignant and rejected the gift.

"But why do you prefer petticoats?" the German asked of one of the Highlanders.

"Because they never bag at the knees," replied Sandy.

"IS THIS THE KAISER?"

According to a despatch from Petrograd to the London *Daily News,* the Russian soldiers pursuing the Germans in western Galicia are bringing "captured Kaisers" into camp two or three times each day.

It is the belief of the Czar's force that the war can be easily terminated by making a prisoner of Emperor William. For that reason nearly every German officer who wears a "Kaiser" mustache and is caught by the Russians is taken to headquarters. "Is this he?" is the oft repeated query. The fact that the Kaiser is still at liberty has not dampened the enthusiasm of the Russians.

"SEND ON SOME MORE DISHES!"

Appended to the French official communique recently was the following note:

"The example of the German chiefs has influenced all the German troops to plunder systematically everywhere in Belgium and France. A special train service is now admirably established to carry the chateau booty taken by the princes and lesser lords of the army back to Germany. The whole plunder service is well organized.

"A letter from Gettenau, Hesse, dated Oct. 8, to a landwehr trooper at Ste. Croix-aux-Mines shows the high development of the frenzy of plunder. It says:

" 'The shoes did not fit little Hermann. All the other things pleased us very much. We have no need to hide them or be secret about what you

send us because others at the front have sent much more stuff than you. Among other things the French pots are very much appreciated. If you find more French dishes or ware send them along.' ''

A NEW FOE ENTERS.

Winter begins officially in Russia with the closing of navigation on the Neva, but already snow is lying on the ground on the western frontier, and in Poland there are severe frosts at night.

A new touch of horror is introduced by the freezing of the ground, which makes it practically impossible to dig graves for the great number of dead in the woods, where recent floods washed the bodies from the shallow graves in which they had been hastily buried.

The villagers report the presence of an unparalleled number of wolves, and have petitioned the army authorities to detach soldiers to shoot them.

The Germans are suffering intensely from the cold. In every town which they occupied they carried off all the available winter clothing, furs, sheepskins and leather coats. At Lodi and Shiradow, where there are great cloth factories, they commandeered the whole of the stocks and kept the plants working day and night providing materials for export to Germany. They failed, however, to bring away much of this owing to the destruction of the railway bridges by Polish guerillas, whose activities are acknowledged to have contributed to the Russian success.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Life in the trenches appears by no means to be the irksome and dreadful thing it is reported to

be. According to soldiers just back in Paris from the firing line troops that are supposed to face each other grimly across a fire-swept space only a few hundred yards wide are not the bloodthirsty fellows we all took them for.

They carry chivalry into their work, and certain conventions, all making for comfort, have been tacitly established between them. For example, toward midday both sides suspend fire in order that they may eat luncheon in peace. They would undoubtedly oblige each other when the evening meal is due but for the unhappy fact that the dinner hours of the contending armies do not tally.

Obviously, says a facetious Frenchman, it is somebody's duty to see that the meal hours of the opposing forces synchronize exactly. The soldiers entertain each other with music, the trenches on either side furnishing items turn and turn about.

HOW THE RUSSIANS PAY.

"Oh, yes, the Russians pay for what they take," exclaims the Koenigsberger *Zeitung,* and adds:

"The inspector of a great farm, who was riding a fine horse, his saddle and bridle ornamented with silver, encountered a troop of Russians.

" 'We need that horse; dismount,' ordered the Russian commander. 'But to prove to you that we Russians are not so black as we are painted, I now pay you for the horse.'

"So saying he handed a ruble (51.5 cents) to the inspector, who discovered later that the piece was coined in the eighteenth century and is not current now."

KAISER'S CLOSE CALL.

Further details are now at hand of the Kaiser's narrow escape from death from bombs thrown by an airman attached to the allied army occupying the line from Nieuport to Ypres for five days. The Emperor was present at the operations on that front, and it was because of his presence that the enemy made such persistent and vigorous attacks on the Allies, regardless of the enormous sacrifice of life.

The Kaiser, with some of his aides, arrived by motor car at a tavern at Thielt about 5 p. m. Apartments had been reserved for the Emperor. Dinner was ready and his personal baggage had already been deposited in the bedroom prepared for him. He was in a hurry and did not dress for dinner, but immediately sat down to dine.

After the meal, instead of going to his room, he hurriedly left the tavern with two of his aides. He motored to the other end of the town, where fresh rooms were engaged. Twenty minutes after the Kaiser left the first tavern six bombs fell upon the building and the room where his baggage lay was destroyed. Two of his aides, who had remained in the tavern, were killed and the motor car in the yard wrecked.

EXTRA! RUSSIA GOES DRY!

The official bulletin of the Prefect of Petrograd published another addition to the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks. Up to that date restaurants of the first class had the privilege of selling vodka and all other spirituous liquors in unlimited quantities. It was thought these establishments would only provide for the wealthier classes, and there was no danger of the common

people being able to secure strong drink. It seems, however, that habitual topers even of the lower classes arrayed themselves in clothes finer than they had ever worn before in their lives and, putting up a bold front, have entered first class restaurants and got what they wanted.

The story goes that hatters and milliners had been doing a rushing business selling bowler hats to men and women who hitherto had worn caps and shawls. A bowler on a man and a hat on a woman being in Russia a mark of superiority, if not of intelligence, there was no ban on champagne for the wearers.

This reached the ears of the commander-in-chief of the army, who has absolute powers. He accordingly instructed prefects of police throughout Russia to prohibit the sale of vodka and strong drink of every description, even in first-class restaurants.

"HE IS NOT A PRIEST!"

The following story illustrates the versatility of German spies: A French battalion had just entered a village which for some time previously had been occupied by the Germans. The place had been pillaged and devastated, the inhabitants had fled, but the church and priest's house were still intact. The aged curé came forth to greet the soldiers with open arms.

That evening officers invited the venerable cleric to dinner, and, as a matter of course, they invited him to say grace.

As he murmured a Latin prayer one officer, a lieutenant, became strangely interested. He became absolutely astonished as the priest went on. The lieutenant whispered to the colonel, and be-

fore the company had quite realized what was happening, four men with fixed bayonets had ranged themselves behind the curé.

"That man has never been a priest," exclaimed the officer.

Forthwith the man was searched. He was a German spy and had disguised himself as a priest in the deserted village. The real pastor was a hostage.

THOUGHT SHELLS FIREWORKS.

The London *Morning Post* prints an extract from a letter of a cavalry officer, giving an account of how the Indian troops behaved in their first encounter with shell fire. Although a cavalry officer, the writer was serving in the trenches. In his letter, written from Belgium, he says:

"Night before last we were told that the regiment was going to be relieved by the Indians. I was delighted till I heard that my troops were to stay out to give them moral support, as it was their first go—a compliment, I suppose, although I didn't think so at the time. It was the most weird sight I've ever seen.

"There were six farms and a windmill blazing, all set alight by shell fire, when these fellows with turbans and with flashing eyes and teeth came up out of the darkness. The undefeated dragoons, of course, became firm friends with them at once. French, Belgians, Indians—they make pals with them all.

"Well, these natives had hardly got into the trenches on either side of me when the Germans opened fire. It was the worst half hour I've ever spent. As, of course, I couldn't make them understand and as they had never seen shells before I

didn't know what they would do. They behaved splendidly, and I think they thought the shells were fireworks let off for their benefit.

"The officer in charge of them told me that morning that he was most frightfully anxious as to how they'd do, but they shouted with glee when they saw a German and let him know what good shots they are. In the middle of the attack one native hurled himself into my trench and spoke excitedly to me. Of course, I couldn't make out what he wanted, but thought he wanted a doctor for some one, as he kept pointing at a cartridge, so I sent down for him, but when he arrived I discovered it was more ammunition they wanted and not the doctor."

"YOU ARE AN ANGEL!"

A vivacious English woman, the wife of a very well known officer bearing a famous name, returned over the border into Holland, after an adventurous day's tour behind the German lines.

"I made up my mind to see for myself what was going on," she said, "so I disguised myself as a Flemish peasant woman, with the assistance of the national costume—earrings, headdress, and everything complete, down to the very shoes—stained my face brown with a concoction of strong coffee, borrowed a pair of spectacles and a market basket and set off across country on foot.

"On my way out of town I met a German soldier with his arm and hand dreadfully shattered. His bandages had slipped and he was trying vainly to replace them. I helped him redress his nasty wounds and rebandaged them with a pocket bandage I happened to have with me. The soldier fumbled in his pocket, and at last produced a

crumpled five-franc note which he offered me. I refused it.

"'Why do you refuse good money for a good action, madame?' he said.

"'Because I am an English woman,' I replied, 'and English women do not take payment for good deeds, however great or small they may be.'

"'I cannot believe you are English,' he said, 'but you are an angel, and angels have no nationality. May I kiss your hand?'

"I held out my hand. He bent low and kissed it. There were tears in his eyes, and I rather wish now I had accepted the five-franc note to keep as a souvenir of Prussian gratitude."

KILLS 40 FOR SINGING.

"Among the wounded was a young Frenchman with a gold medal about which he refused to speak, and a slight wound in the foot about which he made considerable fuss," cables a correspondent. "Disgusted by these complaints among so much suffering silently borne, my informant elicited from the youth's comrades the following story, which subsequently was verified:

"At a point where the French trenches were barely fifty yards from the enemy's a party of Germans sang songs during the night which infuriated the French—'They wouldn't let us sleep with their howling,' as one of the French soldiers put it. Finally one little chasseur, crying, 'I will silence them,' seized a rifle and disappeared before any one could detain him.

"After a moment's silence came the crackle of rapid firing, followed by German shrieks and wild volleys. The firing continued, accompanied by shouts in French as from an officer directing an

attack; then in guttural tones: 'Stop! Stop! We surrender.' A few minutes later the little chasseur reappeared escorting several unarmed Germans. He said: 'You can occupy the trench; there's nothing but corpses left to defend it.'

"Advancing, the French discovered forty dead Germans in the trench, killed by the little chasseur, firing from the end, whither he had crawled unnoticed. In some cases the same bullet pierced several Germans."

RUSSIAN AIRMAN'S RUSE.

The story of the strategy of a Russian aviator which got him out of a tight corner, is cabled from Petrograd:

A Russian airman accompanied by an observation officer was flying over the enemy's territory when he was obliged to descend owing to engine trouble. The pilot and the officer were wearing leather clothes without any distinctive mark.

They were working on the motor when suddenly seven Austrian soldiers in charge of an under officer appeared over the crest of a little hill and approached them.

Resistance was impossible, for the Russians had no weapons but revolvers. Fortunately the officer knew German. Calling loudly to the Austrian officer he ordered him in a peremptory manner to come and help him mend the motor. The Austrian, believing he was in the presence of a superior officer, hastened with his men to obey, and soon the engine had been put right.

The aeroplane started off, and as it ascended in spirals to the clouds a paper fell at the feet of the gaping Austrians. It contained a short mes-

sage of thanks to the officer and his men for giving such timely aid to Russian aviators.

"IT IS LOVELY HERE!"

The Earl of Kingston, who is an officer in the Irish Guards, in a letter to his wife at Kildonin Castle, County Roscommon, from France, says:

"We had a bad night last night in the trenches, as we are only 800 yards from the Germans, and both sides are as jumpy as fleas, loosing off at any moment, and the guns are keeping up a terrific fire on us, but doing little damage. We had two killed and two wounded yesterday.

"They have a large gun here that was meant for the siege of Paris. It throws a shell thirty-two inches long and makes a hole big enough to bury eighteen men in. This battle has been on for ten days and we hope for the best.

"We have a farm here that has been taken and retaken, but we have it again at present. It is lovely at night, with hundreds of shells bursting all around, and if it were not for the death they bring they might be fireworks on a large scale.

"I have lost my servant and all my kit. Please send me out some cigarettes, tobacco and matches."

THEY TOOK HIS SHOE.

One of the British flying corps, Lieut. Rainey, crossed the Channel from France in a much damaged machine, thus completing in a fitting manner a series of thrilling adventures which have befallen him since he last left English soil.

Lieut. Rainey had been engaged for three weeks in reconnoitring at the front, and so little leisure had he been able to snatch that, as he told his

friends here, in the whole of that time he could not remove his clothes, or even get a wash.

He had two machines disabled by rifle and shell fire, while a third caught fire in midair. On each of these occasions he very narrowly escaped losing his life.

Once when he came down he was so exhausted that he lay with his head on his aeroplane and fell fast asleep. On waking he was astonished to find that the puttee, boot and sock of one leg had been removed by some one who, as the lieutenant himself suggested, took the opportunity of his slumber to get them as mementoes.

Lieut. Rainey brought home with him a German helmet belonging to a man he shot, and he proudly asserted it was the first trophy of the kind taken by a British airman.

"SOLDIERS BECOMING RARE."

An official communication issued by the French War Office said:

"The following are extracts from a letter found on a German prisoner, dated Dusseldorf, Oct. 4:

" 'With us officers and soldiers are becoming rare. We have no more men than are adequate. Volunteers and men of the Landwehr are all we have to-day. If you saw these soldiers you would turn your head.

" 'Everybody is being taken. It is Germany's last hope. All the aged men are becoming soldiers.

" 'Have you bread? Many complain they have none.' "

985 SHELLS KILL 2 HORSES.

The Paris *La Liberte's* war correspondent says 60 per cent. of the German shells fail to explode;

985 shells fell on a single battery, killing only two horses.

The extent of invisible fighting in the war is shown by the revelation of an artilleryman now resting with his regiment. He entered the battle line at the beginning of the war and after ten weeks of continuous fighting has not seen a single German.

KILLED FOR INSULT TO WOMAN.

Proof that high German officers will not tolerate insults to women by their men is furnished in the following cable from a correspondent in Antwerp:

"Gen. von Beseler is a pleasant-looking old gentleman with a white mustache. He conducted himself most correctly toward every one in the hotel. On the other hand, one of his junior officers immediately asked for a hot bath and made exacting demands, culminating in a gross insult to the chambermaid. For this he was severely reprimanded by Von Beseler, who told the girl, patting her kindly on the shoulder, to report to him at once any further annoyance.

"A drunken soldier grossly insulted a poor woman on the street. She complained to an officer, who at once emptied a revolver into the offender's body, killing him. This had a salutary effect on the attitude of the troops toward the female population, for I heard of no similar outrage."

SOME FEE!

A fee of $35,000 was paid to a French surgeon of Epernay for operating on the wounded German Crown Prince. There was a certain retributive justice on the size of the fee, for $35,000 was the

precise amount the Germans demanded as a war contribution from Epernay.

During the battling on the Marne the Crown Prince was seriously wounded. No German surgeon was in Epernay, so the Germans asked a well-known Paris surgeon, Dr. Veron, to operate, telling him they would pay any fee. Dr. Veron fixed the fee at an amount equal to the enforced war contribution, and that sum the German army treasurer paid in gold.

CALLS FOE TREACHEROUS.

In a letter written to relatives in London Corporal N. Hastings of the Guards accuses the Germans of treachery. He writes:

"If the papers were permitted to send their correspondents to the front they would have something to say which would open the eyes of the world about the Germans. It is an insult to Zulus to compare these squareheads to them for treachery. Some of them fight fair and square, but there are thousands of them who are devoid of all human feeling. Near the banks of the River Aisne they had been attacked and driven down by rifles and machine guns. A small number of the Northamptons were in a trench when 400 or 500 of the Germans held their hands up. The 'Cobblers' were ordered not to fire, and an officer asked in French and English if they surrendered.

"They came on in skulking manner and some of them threw down their rifles. In every way they showed they were giving themselves up as prisoners. The 'Cobblers' were priding themselves on the capture and the officer said, 'We have a haul here,' as they got near the trench. When they were three or four yards away they

poured a murderous fire at the poor fellows. They had not a dog's chance and nearly all were knocked over. The devils then tried to get back and ran for their lives, but our battalion was soon after them. Before they got many yards a machine gun ripped them up and scores of them rolled over. Some of them got away, but our battalion got them in the rear. Our lads were simply furious at such treachery.

"I had a narrow shave as I fell over one of their wounded, and before I could get up again a bullet whizzed through the sleeve of my coat, but he who fired was shot through the head the next second. Some of the German officers are low bred. They are not like ours—gentlemen—and when they get a chance they gorge themselves and get mad drunk, so what can you expect from their men? I have spoken to several prisoners—one seemed a decent chap and spoke English well, having worked in London—and they admit it. The one who spoke English was a sergeant and he said his officers were perfectly mad because they were unable to get into Paris."

HOW HE WON THE V. C.

The story of how the first recommendation for the Victoria Cross was won in the present war is told in two letters. The first is from the hero himself, an English soldier named Dobson, to his wife in North Shields. He says very modestly:

"You will know by the time you receive this letter that I have been recommended for the Victoria Cross, an honor I never thought would come my way. I only took my chance and did my duty to save my comrades. It was really nothing."

The second letter is by Lady Mildred Follet,

whose husband commands the company to which Dobson belongs, and is addressed to Mrs. Dobson. It reads:

"You will be glad to know that your husband is very well and has behaved with very great gallantry. Capt. Follet says: 'A thick fog came down, so I sent three men out 100 yards to our front to give warning of an attack by the enemy. After they had been there an hour the fog suddenly lifted and they were fired on at close range. One man was killed, one badly wounded and one crawled back. I didn't know how to get the wounded man back, so I called for a volunteer, and Reservist Dobson at once responded and went out to fetch him. He was heavily fired at but not hit.' "

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE WAR

By ERNEST LUDWIG

I. & R. Consul for Austria-Hungary, in Cleveland, Ohio,
with preface by his excellency

DR. KONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA

Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States

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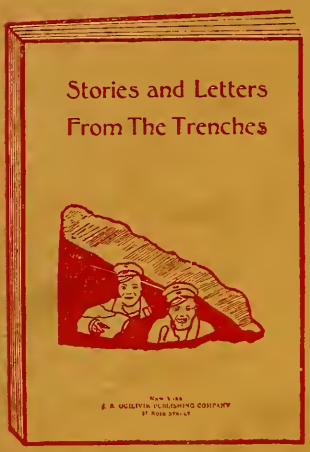

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