

# **The New York Times Current History of the European War, Vol 1, Issue 4, January 23, 1915 eBook**

## **The New York Times Current History of the European War, Vol 1, Issue 4, January 23, 1915**

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# Page 1

Produced by Juliet Sutherland, James LaTondre and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

[Transcriber: The original document contained a number of errors. Obvious spelling mistakes have been corrected and a notation included for each. There were three places with missing text that have also been annotated. In addition, there were also a number of inconsistencies in spelling (ex. Perceval Gibbon vs. Percival Gibbon; Rennekampf vs. Rennenkampf) which have not been changed or noted given the desire not to introduce unintentional errors.]

[Illustration: *Field Marshal sir John French Commanding the British Forces in France and Belgium (From Painting by John St. Helier Lander.)*]

[Illustration: *Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien One of the British Corps Commanders (From Painting by John St Helier Lander.)*]

## THE NEW YORK TIMES

### CURRENT HISTORY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

*January 23, 1915.*

## Sir John French's Own Story

The Famous Dispatches of the British Commander in Chief to Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War.

### I.

*First Report from the Front*

7th September, 1914.

My lord: I have the honor to report the proceedings of the field force under my command up to the time of rendering this dispatch.

1. The transport of the troops from England both by sea and by rail was effected in the best order and without a check. Each unit arrived at its destination in this country well within the scheduled time.

The concentration was practically complete on the evening of Friday, the 21st ultimo, and I was able to make dispositions to move the force during Saturday, the 22d, to



positions I considered most favorable from which to commence operations which the French Commander in Chief, Gen. Joffre, requested me to undertake in pursuance of his plans in prosecution of the campaign.

The line taken up extended along the line of the canal from Conde on the west, through Mons and Binche on the east. This line was taken up as follows:

From Conde to Mons inclusive was assigned to the Second Corps, and to the right of the Second Corps from Mons the First Corps was posted. The Fifth Cavalry Brigade was placed at Binche.

In the absence of my Third Army Corps I desired to keep the cavalry division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank, or move in support of any threatened part of the line. The forward reconnoissance was intrusted to Brig. Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, but I directed Gen. Allenby to send forward a few squadrons to assist in this work.

## Page 2

During the 22d and 23d these advanced squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating as far as Soignies, and several encounters took place in which our troops showed to great advantage.

2. At 6 A.M., on Aug. 23, I assembled the commanders of the First and Second Corps and cavalry division at a point close to the position and explained the general situation of the Allies, and what I understood to be Gen. Joffre's plan. I discussed with them at some length the immediate situation in front of us.

From information I received from French Headquarters I understood that little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps, with perhaps one cavalry division, were in front of my position; and I was aware of no attempted outflanking movement by the enemy. I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that my patrols encountered no undue opposition in their reconnoitring operations. The observations of my aeroplanes seemed also to bear out this estimate.

About 3 P.M. on Sunday, the 23d, reports began coming in to the effect that the enemy was commencing an attack on the Mons line, apparently in some strength, but that the right of the position from Mons and Bray was being particularly threatened.

The commander of the First Corps had pushed his flank back to some high ground south of Bray, and the Fifth Cavalry Brigade evacuated Binche, moving slightly south; the enemy thereupon occupied Binche.

The right of the Third Division, under Gen. Hamilton, was at Mons, which formed a somewhat dangerous salient; and I directed the commander of the Second Corps to be careful not to keep the troops on this salient too long, but, if threatened seriously, to draw back the centre behind *Mons*. This was done before dark. In the meantime, about 5 P.M., I received a most unexpected message from Gen. Joffre by telegraph, telling me that at least three German corps, viz., a reserve corps, the Fourth Corps and the Ninth Corps, were moving on my position in front, and that the Second Corps was engaged in a turning movement from the direction of Tournay. He also informed me that the two reserve French divisions and the Fifth French Army on my right were retiring, the Germans having on the previous day gained possession of the passages of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur.

3. In view of the possibility of my being driven from the Mons position, I had previously [Transcriber: original 'previouly'] ordered a position in rear to be reconnoitred. This position rested on the fortress of Maubeuge on the right and extended west to Jenlain, southeast of Valenciennes, on the left. The position was reported difficult to hold, because standing crops and buildings made the siting of trenches very difficult and limited the field of fire in many important localities. It nevertheless afforded a few good artillery positions.

When the news of the retirement of the French and the heavy German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavored to confirm it by aeroplane [Transcriber: original 'areoplane'] reconnoissance; and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Maubeuge position at daybreak on the 24th.

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A certain amount of fighting continued along the whole line throughout the night and at daybreak on the 24th the Second Division from the neighborhood of Harmignies made a powerful demonstration as if to retake Binche. This was supported by the artillery of both the First and Second Divisions, while the First Division took up a supporting position in the neighborhood of Peissant. Under cover of this demonstration the Second Corps retired on the line Dour-Quarouble-Frameries. The Third Division on the right of the corps suffered considerable loss in this operation from the enemy, who had retaken *Mons*.

The Second Corps halted on this line, where they partially intrenched themselves, enabling Sir Douglas Haig with the First Corps gradually to withdraw to the new position; and he effected this without much further loss, reaching the line Bavai-Maubeuge about 7 P.M. Toward midday the enemy appeared to be directing his principal effort against our left.

I had previously ordered Gen. Allenby with the cavalry to act vigorously in advance of my left front and endeavor to take the pressure off.

About 7:30 A.M. Gen. Allenby received a message from Sir Charles Fergusson, commanding the Fifth Division, saying that he was very hard pressed and in urgent need of support. On receipt of this message Gen. Allenby drew in the cavalry and endeavored to bring direct support to the Fifth Division.

During the course of this operation Gen. De Lisle, of the Second Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyze the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the Ninth Lancers and the Eighteenth Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the brigade.

The Nineteenth Infantry Brigade, which had been guarding the line of communications, was brought up by rail to Valenciennes on the 22d and 23d. On the morning of the 24th they were moved out to a position south of Quarouble to support the left flank of the Second Corps.

With the assistance of the cavalry Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was enabled to effect his retreat to a new position; although, having two corps of the enemy on his front and one threatening his flank, he suffered great losses in doing so.

At nightfall the position was occupied by the Second Corps to the west of Bavai, the First Corps to the right. The right was protected by the fortress of Maubeuge, the left by the Nineteenth Brigade in position between Jenlain and Bry, and the cavalry on the outer flank.



4. The French were still retiring, and I had no support except such as was afforded by the Fortress of Maubeuge; and the determined attempts of the enemy to get round my left flank assured me that it was his intention to hem me against that place and surround me. I felt that not a moment must be lost in retiring to another position.

## Page 4

I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses. I hoped, therefore, that his pursuit would not be too vigorous to prevent me effecting my object.

The operation, however, was full of danger and difficulty, not only owing to the very superior force in my front, but also to the exhaustion of the troops.

The retirement was recommenced in the early morning of the 25th to a position in the neighborhood of Le Cateau, and rearguards were ordered to be clear of the Maubeuge-Bavai-Eth Road by 5:30 A.M.

Two cavalry brigades, with the divisional cavalry of the Second Corps, covered the movement of the Second Corps. The remainder of the cavalry division, with the Nineteenth Brigade, the whole under the command of Gen. Allenby, covered the west flank.

The Fourth Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday, the 23d, and by the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a brigade of artillery with divisional staff were available for service.

I ordered Gen. Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau Road south of La Chaprie. In this position the division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.

Although the troops had been ordered to occupy the Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landrecies position, and the ground had, during the 25th, been partially prepared and intrenched, I had grave doubts—owing to the information I had received as to the accumulating strength of the enemy against me—as to the wisdom of standing there to fight.

Having regard to the continued retirement of the French on my right, my exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps (II.) to envelop me, and, more than all, the exhausted condition of the troops, I determined to make a great effort to continue the retreat till I could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between my troops and the enemy, and afford the former some opportunity of rest and reorganization. Orders were, therefore, sent to the corps commanders to continue their retreat as soon as they possibly could toward the general line Vermand-St. Quentin-Ribemont.

The cavalry, under Gen. Allenby, were ordered to cover the retirement.

Throughout the 25th and far into the evening, the First Corps continued its march on Landrecies, following the road along the eastern border of the Foret de Mormal, and arrived at Landrecies about 10 o'clock. I had intended that the corps should come

further west so as to fill up the gap between Le Cateau and Landrecies, but the men were exhausted and could not get further in without rest.



## Page 5

The enemy, however, would not allow them this rest, and about 9:30 P.M. a report was received that the Fourth Guards Brigade in Landrecies was heavily attacked by troops of the Ninth German Army Corps, who were coming through the forest on the north of the town. This brigade fought most gallantly, and caused the enemy to suffer tremendous loss in issuing from the forest into the narrow streets of the town. This loss has been estimated from reliable sources at from 700 to 1,000. At the same time information reached me from Sir Douglas Haig that his First Division was also heavily engaged south and east of Maroilles. I sent urgent messages to the commander of the two French reserve divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which they eventually did. Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly to the skillful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able at dawn to resume their march south toward Wassigny on Guise.

By about 6 P.M. the Second Corps had got into position with their right on Le Cateau, their left in the neighborhood of Caudry, and the line of defense was continued thence by the Fourth Division toward Seranvillers, the left being thrown back.

During the fighting on the 24th and 25th the cavalry became a good deal scattered, but by the early morning of the 26th Gen. Allenby had succeeded in concentrating two brigades to the south of Cambrai.

The Fourth Division was placed under the orders of the general officer commanding the Second Army Corps.

On the 24th the French cavalry corps, consisting of three divisions under Gen. Sordet, had been in billets north of Avesnes. On my way back from Bavai, which was my "Poste de Commandement" during the fighting of the 23d and 24th, I visited Gen. Sordet, and earnestly requested his co-operation and support. He promised to obtain sanction from his army commander to act on my left flank, but said that his horses were too tired to move before the next day. Although he rendered me valuable assistance later on in the course of the retirement, he was unable for the reasons given to afford me any support on the most critical day of all, viz., the 26th.

At daybreak it became apparent that the enemy was throwing the bulk of his strength against the left of the position occupied by the Second Corps and the Fourth Division.

At this time the guns of four German army corps were in position against them, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reported to me that he judged it impossible to continue his retirement at daybreak (as ordered) in face of such an attack.

I sent him orders to use his utmost endeavors to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment, as it was impossible for me to send him any support, the First Corps being at the moment incapable of movement.



The French cavalry corps, under Gen. Sordet, was coming up on our left rear early in the morning, and I sent an urgent message to him to do his utmost to come up and support the retirement of my left flank; but owing to the fatigue of his horses he found himself unable to intervene in any way.

## Page 6

There had been no time to intrench the position properly, but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them.

The artillery, although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents.

[Illustration: Map 1.—Showing the early stages of the retreat from Mons, Aug. 22 to Sept. 1.]

At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted; and the order was given to commence it about 3:30 P.M. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation.

Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

The retreat was continued far into the night of the 26th and through the 27th and 28th, on which date the troops halted on the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fere, having then thrown off the weight of the enemy's pursuit.

On the 27th and 28th I was much indebted to Gen. Sordet and the French cavalry division which he commands for materially assisting my retirement and successfully driving back some of the enemy on Cambrai.

Gen. D'Amade also, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-second French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighborhood of Arras on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British forces.

This closes the period covering the heavy fighting which commenced at Mons on Sunday afternoon, 23d August, and which really constituted a four days' battle.

At this point, therefore, I propose to close the present dispatch.



I deeply deplore the very serious losses which the British forces have suffered in this great battle; but they were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called upon to withstand a vigorous attack of five German army corps.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two general officers commanding army corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their staffs; the direction of the troops by divisional, brigade, and regimental leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men.

## Page 7

I wish particularly to bring to your Lordship's notice the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps under Sir David Henderson. Their skill, energy, and perseverance [Transcriber: original 'perseverance'] have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly both by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout.

Further, by actually fighting in the air, they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines.

I wish to acknowledge with deep gratitude the incalculable assistance I received from the General and Personal Staffs at Headquarters during this trying period.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the General Staff; Major Gen. Wilson, Sub-Chief of the General Staff; and all under them have worked day and night unceasingly with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion; and the same acknowledgment is due by me to Brig. Gen. Hon. W. Lambton, my Military Secretary, and the personal Staff.

In such operations as I have described the work of the Quartermaster General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major Gen. Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination; and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater.

[Illustration: Map. 2.—The retreat continued. From Compiegne, Sept. 1, to the new position south of Meaux, Sept. 3 and 4.]

[Illustration: Map 3.—Commencement of the battle of the Marne, Sept. 6 (Sunday), morning. Concentration of the Germans on a central point, and the position of the British force when it resumed the offensive.]

Major Gen. Sir Nevil Macready, the Adjutant General, has also been confronted with most onerous and difficult tasks in connection with disciplinary arrangements and the preparation of casualty lists. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to meet the difficult situations which arose.

I have not yet been able to complete the list of officers whose names I desire to bring to your Lordship's notice for services rendered during the period under review; and, as I understand it is of importance that this dispatch should no longer be delayed, I propose to forward this list, separately, as soon as I can. I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,



(Signed) J.D.P. *French*,  
Field Marshal,  
Commander in Chief, British Forces in the Field.

## II.

*The Battle of the Marne.*

17th September, 1914.

My lord: In continuation of my dispatch of Sept. 7, I have the honor to report the further progress of the operations of the forces under my command from Aug. 28.



## Page 8

On that evening the retirement of the force was followed closely by two of the enemy's cavalry columns, moving southeast from St. Quentin.

The retreat in this part of the field was being covered by the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades. South of the Somme Gen. Gough, with the Third Cavalry Brigade, threw back the Uhlans of the Guard with considerable loss.

Gen. Chetwode, with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, encountered the eastern column near Cerizy, moving south. The brigade attacked and routed the column, the leading German regiment suffering very severe casualties and being almost broken up.

The Seventh French Army Corps was now in course of being railed up from the south to the east of Amiens. On the 29th it nearly completed its detrainment, and the French Sixth Army got into position on my left, its right resting on Roye.

The Fifth French Army was behind the line of the Oise, between La Fere and Guise.

The pursuit of the enemy was very vigorous; some five or six German corps were on the Somme, facing the Fifth Army on the Oise. At least two corps were advancing toward my front, and were crossing the Somme east and west of Ham. Three or four more German corps were [Transcriber: original 'wree'] opposing the Sixth French Army on my left.

This was the situation at 1 o'clock on the 29th, when I received a visit from Gen. Joffre at my headquarters.

I strongly represented my position to the French Commander in Chief, who was most kind, cordial, and sympathetic, as he has always been. He told me that he had directed the Fifth French Army on the Oise to move forward and attack the Germans on the Somme, with a view to checking pursuit. He also told me of the formation of the Sixth French Army on my left flank, composed of the Seventh Army Corps, four reserve divisions, and Sordet's corps of cavalry.

I finally arranged with Gen. Joffre to effect a further short retirement toward the line Compiègne-Soissons, promising him, however, to do my utmost to keep always within a day's march of him.

In pursuance of this arrangement the British forces retired to a position a few miles north of the line Compiègne-Soissons on the 29th.

The right flank of the German Army was now reaching a point which appeared seriously to endanger my line of communications with Havre. I had already evacuated Amiens, into which place a German reserve division was reported to have moved.



[Illustration: Map 4.—Sept. 6 (Sunday), evening. First advance toward the line of the Grand Morin.]

Orders were given to change the base to St. Nazaire, and establish an advance base at Le Mans. This operation was well carried out by the Inspector General of Communications.

In spite of a severe defeat inflicted upon the Guard Tenth and Guard Reserve Corps of the German Army by the First and Third French Corps on the right of the Fifth Army, it was not part of Gen. Joffre's plan to pursue this advantage; and a general retirement to the line of the Marne was ordered, to which the French forces in the more eastern theatre were directed to conform.



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A new Army (the Ninth) had been formed from three corps in the south by Gen. Joffre, and moved into the space between the right of the Fifth and left of the Fourth Armies.

While closely adhering to his strategic conception to draw the enemy on at all points until a favorable situation was created from which to assume the offensive, Gen. Joffre found it necessary to modify from day to day the methods by which he sought to attain this object, owing to the development of the enemy's plans and changes in the general situation.

In conformity with the movements of the French forces, my retirement continued practically from day to day. Although we were not severely pressed by the enemy, rearguard actions took place continually.

On the 1st September, when retiring from the thickly wooded country to the south of Compiègne, the First Cavalry Brigade was overtaken by some German cavalry. They momentarily lost a horse artillery battery, and several officers and men were killed and wounded. With the help, however, of some detachments from the Third Corps operating on their left, they not only recovered their own guns, but succeeded in capturing twelve of the enemy's.

Similarly, to the eastward, the First Corps, retiring south, also got into some very difficult forest country, and a somewhat severe rearguard action ensued at Villers-Cotterets, in which the Fourth Guards Brigade suffered considerably.

On Sept. 3 the British forces were in position south of the Marne between Lagny and Signy-Signets. Up to this time I had been requested by Gen. Joffre to defend the passages of the river as long as possible, and to blow up the bridges in my front. After I had made the necessary dispositions, and the destruction of the bridges had been effected, I was asked by the French Commander in Chief to continue my retirement to a point some twelve miles in rear of the position I then occupied, with a view to taking up a second position behind the Seine. This retirement was duly carried out. In the meantime the enemy had thrown bridges and crossed the Marne in considerable force, and was threatening the Allies all along the line of the British forces and the Fifth and Ninth French Armies. Consequently several small outpost actions took place.

On Saturday, Sept. 5, I met the French Commander in Chief at his request, and he informed me of his intention to take the offensive forthwith, as he considered conditions very favorable to success.

Gen. Joffre announced to me his intention of wheeling up the left flank of the Sixth Army, pivoting on the Marne and directing it to move on the Ourcq; cross and attack the flank of the First German Army, which was then moving in a southeasterly direction east of that river.



He requested me to effect a change of front to my right—my left resting on the Marne and my right on the Fifth Army—to fill the gap between that army and the Sixth. I was then to advance against the enemy in my front and join in the general offensive movement.



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These combined movements practically commenced on Sunday, Sept. 6, at sunrise; and on that day it may be said that a great battle opened on a front extending from Ermenonville, which was just in front of the left flank of the Sixth French Army, through Lizy on the Marne, Mauperthuis, which was about the British centre, Courtecon, which was on the left of the Fifth French Army, to Esternay and Charleville, the left of the Ninth Army under Gen. Foch, and so along the front of the Ninth, Fourth and Third French Armies to a point north of the fortress of Verdun.

[Illustration: Map 5.—Sept. 8. Battle of the Marne. The great advance to the Petit Morin and the Marne, where important captures were made by the British.]

This battle, in so far as the Sixth French Army, the British Army, the Fifth French Army, and the Ninth French Army were concerned, may be said to have concluded on the evening of Sept. 10, by which time the Germans had been driven back to the line Soissons-Rheims, with a loss of thousands of prisoners, many guns, and enormous masses of transport.

About Sept. 3 the enemy appears to have changed his plans and to have determined to stop his advance south direct upon Paris, for on Sept. 4 air reconnoissances showed that his main columns were moving in a southeasterly direction generally east of a line drawn through Nanteuil and Lizy on the Ourcq.

On Sept. 5 several of these columns were observed to have crossed the Marne, while German troops, which were observed moving southeast up the left flank of the Ourcq on the 4th, were now reported to be halted and facing that river. Heads of the enemy's columns were seen crossing at Changis, La Ferte, Nogent, Chateau Thierry, and Mezy.

Considerable German columns of all arms were seen to be converging on Montmirail, while before sunset large bivouacs of the enemy were located in the neighborhood of Coulommiers, south of Rebais, La Ferte-Gaucher, and Dagny.

I should conceive it to have been about noon on Sept. 6, after the British forces had changed their front to the right and occupied the line Jouy-Le Chatel-Faremoutiers-Villeneuve Le Comte, and the advance of the Sixth French Army north of the Marne toward the Ourcq became apparent, that the enemy realized the powerful threat that was being made against the flank of his columns moving southeast, and began the great retreat which opened the battle above referred to.

On the evening of Sept. 6, therefore, the fronts and positions of the opposing armies were roughly as follows:

Allies.

*Sixth French Army.*—Right on the Marne at Meux, left toward Betz.



*British Forces.*—On the line Dagny-Coulommiers-Maison.

*Fifth French Army.*—At Courtagon, right on Esternay.

*Conneau's Cavalry Corps.*—Between the right of the British and the left of the French Fifth Army.



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Germans.

*Fourth Reserve and Second Corps.*—East of the Ourcq and facing that river.

*Ninth Cavalry Division.*—West of Crecy.

*Second Cavalry Division.*—North of Coulommiers.

*Fourth Corps.*—Rebais.

*Third and Seventh Corps.*—Southwest of Montmirail.

All these troops constituted the First German Army, which was directed against the French Sixth Army on the Ourcq, and the British forces, and the left of the Fifth French Army south of the Marne.

The Second German Army (IX., X., X.R., and Guard) was moving against the centre and right of the Fifth French Army and the Ninth French Army.

On Sept. 7 both the Fifth and Sixth French Armies were heavily engaged on our flank. The Second and Fourth Reserve German Corps on the Ourcq vigorously opposed the advance of the French toward that river, but did not prevent the Sixth Army from gaining some headway, the Germans themselves suffering serious losses. The French Fifth Army threw the enemy back to the line of the Petit Morin River after inflicting severe losses upon them, especially about Montceaux, which was carried at the point of the bayonet.

The enemy retreated before our advance, covered by his Second and Ninth and Guard Cavalry Divisions, which suffered severely.

Our cavalry acted with great vigor, especially Gen. De Lisle's brigade, with the Ninth Lancers and Eighteenth Hussars.

On Sept. 8 the enemy continued his retreat northward, and our army was successfully engaged during the day with strong rearguards of all arms on the Petit Morin River, thereby materially assisting the progress of the French armies on our right and left, against whom the enemy was making his greatest efforts. On both sides the enemy was thrown back with very heavy loss. The First Army Corps encountered stubborn resistance at La Tretoire, (north of Rebais.) The enemy occupied a strong position with infantry and guns on the northern bank of the Petit Morin River; they were dislodged with considerable loss. Several machine guns and many prisoners were captured, and upward of 200 German dead were left on the ground.



[Illustration: Map 6.—Sept. 9. Forcing the passage of the Marne. This day the German retreat degenerated into a rout, and many captures were made.]

The forcing of the Petit Morin at this point was much assisted by the cavalry and the First Division, which crossed higher up the stream.

Later in the day a counter-attack by the enemy was well repulsed by the First Army Corps, a great many prisoners and some guns again falling into our hands.

On this day (Sept. 8) the Second Army Corps encountered considerable opposition, but drove back the enemy at all points with great loss, making considerable captures.

The Third Army Corps also drove back considerable bodies of the enemy's infantry and made some captures.



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On Sept. 9 the First and Second Army Corps forced the passage of the Marne and advanced some miles to the north of it. The Third Corps encountered considerable opposition, as the bridge at La Ferte was destroyed and the enemy held the town on the opposite bank in some strength, and thence persistently obstructed the construction of a bridge; so the passage was not effected until after nightfall.

During the day's pursuit the enemy suffered heavy loss in killed and wounded, some hundreds of prisoners fell into our hands and a battery of eight machine guns was captured by the Second Division.

On this day the Sixth French Army was heavily engaged west of the River Ourcq. The enemy had largely increased his force opposing them; and very heavy fighting ensued, in which the French were successful throughout.

The left of the Fifth French Army reached the neighborhood of Chateau Thierry after the most severe fighting, having driven the enemy completely north of the river with great loss.

The fighting of this army in the neighborhood of Montmirail was very severe.

The advance was resumed at daybreak on the 10th up to the line of the Ourcq, opposed by strong rearguards of all arms. The First and Second Corps, assisted by the cavalry divisions on the right, the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades on the left, drove the enemy northward. Thirteen guns, seven machine guns, about 2,000 prisoners, and quantities of transport fell into our hands. The enemy left many dead on the field. On this day the French Fifth and Sixth Armies had little opposition.

As the First and Second German Armies were now in full retreat, this evening marks the end of the battle which practically commenced on the morning of the 6th inst.; and it is at this point in the operations that I am concluding the present dispatch.

Although I deeply regret [Transcriber: original 'regreat'] to have had to report heavy losses in killed and wounded throughout these operations, I do not think they have been excessive in view of the magnitude of the great fight, the outlines of which I have only been able very briefly to describe, and the demoralization and loss in killed and wounded which are known to have been caused to the enemy by the vigor and severity of the pursuit.

In concluding this dispatch I must call your Lordship's special attention to the fact that from Sunday, Aug. 23, up to the present date, (Sept. 17,) from Mons back almost to the Seine, and from the Seine to the Aisne, the army under my command has been ceaselessly engaged without one single day's halt or rest of any kind.



Since the date to which in this dispatch I have limited my report of the operations, a great battle on the Aisne has been proceeding. A full report of this battle will be made in an early further dispatch.

[Illustration: Map 7—Sept. 10 (evening). End of the battle of the Marne. The Germans were driven over the Ourcq and retreated to the Aisne.]



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[Illustration: LIEUT. GEN. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG Commanding one of Gen. French's Corps (*From Painting by John St. Helier Lander.*)]

[Illustration: CROWN PRINCE WILHELM (*Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., N.Y.*)]

It will, however, be of interest to say here that, in spite of a very determined resistance on the part of the enemy, who is holding in strength and great tenacity a position peculiarly favorable to defense, the battle which commenced on the evening of the 12th inst. has, so far, forced the enemy back from his first position, secured the passage of the river, and inflicted great loss upon him, including the capture of over 2,000 prisoners and several guns. I have the honor to be your Lordship's most obedient servant,

(Signed.) J.D.P. FRENCH,  
Field Marshal,  
Commanding in Chief, the British forces in the field.

### III.

*The Battle of the Aisne.*

8th October, 1914.

My Lord: I have the honor to report the operations in which the British forces in France have been engaged since the evening of Sept. 10:

1. In the early morning of the 11th the further pursuit of the enemy was commenced, and the three corps crossed the Ourcq practically unopposed, the cavalry reaching the line of the Aisne River, the Third and Fifth Brigades south of Soissons, the First, Second and the Fourth on the high ground at Couvrelles and Cerseuil.

On the afternoon of the 12th, from the opposition encountered by the Sixth French Army to the west of Soissons, by the Third Corps southeast of that place, by the Second Corps south of Missy and Vailly, and certain indications all along the line, I formed the opinion that the enemy had, for the moment at any rate, arrested his retreat and was preparing to dispute the passage of the Aisne with some vigor.

South of Soissons the Germans were holding Mont de Paris against the attack of the right of the French Sixth Army when the Third Corps reached the neighborhood of Buzancy, southeast of that place. With the assistance of the artillery of the Third Corps the French drove them back across the river at Soissons, where they destroyed the bridges.



The heavy artillery fire which was visible for several miles in a westerly direction in the valley of the Aisne showed that the Sixth French Army was meeting with strong opposition all along the line.

On this day the cavalry under Gen. Allenby reached the neighborhood of Braine and did good work in clearing the town and the high ground beyond it of strong hostile detachments. The Queen's Bays are particularly mentioned by the General as having assisted greatly in the success of this operation. They were well supported by the Third Division, which on this night bivouacked at Brenelle, south of the river.

The Fifth Division approached Missy, but were unable to make headway.



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The First Army Corps reached the neighborhood of Vauxcere without much opposition.

In this manner the battle of the Aisne commenced.

2. The Aisne Valley runs generally east and west, and consists of a flat-bottomed depression of width varying from half a mile to two miles, down which the river follows a winding course to the west, at some points near the southern slopes of the valley and at others near the northern. The high ground both on the north and south of the river is approximately 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, and is very similar in character, as are both slopes of the valley itself, which are broken into numerous rounded spurs and re-entrants. The most prominent of the former are the Chivre spur on the right bank and Sermoise spur on the left. Near the latter place the general plateau, on the south is divided by a subsidiary valley of much the same character, down which the small River Vesle flows to the main stream near Sermoise. The slopes of the plateau overlooking the Aisne on the north and south are of varying steepness, and are covered with numerous patches of wood, which also stretch upward and backward over the edge on to the top of the high ground. There are several villages and small towns dotted about in the valley itself and along its sides, the chief of which is the town of Soissons.

The Aisne is a sluggish stream of some 170 feet in breadth, but, being 15 feet deep in the centre, it is unfordable. Between Soissons on the west and Villiers on the east (the part of the river attacked and secured by the British forces) there are eleven road bridges across it. On the north bank a narrow-gauge railway runs from Soissons to Vailly, where it crosses the river and continues eastward along the south bank. From Soissons to Sermoise a double line of railway runs along the south bank, turning at the latter place up the Vesle Valley toward Bazoches.

The position held by the enemy is a very strong one, either for delaying action or for a defensive battle. One of its chief military characteristics is that from the high ground on neither side can the top of the plateau on the other side be seen, except for small stretches. This is chiefly due to the woods on the edges of the slopes. Another important point is that all the bridges are under direct or high-angle artillery fire.

The tract of country above described, which lies north of the Aisne, is well adapted to concealment, and was so skillfully turned to account by the enemy as to render it impossible to judge the real nature of his opposition to our passage of the river or accurately to gauge his strength; but I have every reason to conclude that strong rearguards of at least three army corps were holding the passages on the early morning of the 13th.

3. On that morning I ordered the British forces to advance and make good the Aisne.



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The First Corps and the cavalry advanced on the river. The First Division was directed on Chamouille via the canal bridge at Bourg, and the Second Division on Courtecon and Presles via Pont-Arcy, and on the canal to the north of Braye via Chavonne. On the right the cavalry and First Division met with slight opposition and found a passage by means of the canal, which crosses the river by an aqueduct. The division was therefore able to press on, supported by the cavalry division on its outer flank, driving back the enemy in front of it.

On the left the leading troops of the Second Division reached the river by 9 o'clock. The Fifth Infantry Brigade were only enabled to cross, in single file and under considerable shell fire, by means of the broken girder of the bridge, which was not entirely submerged in the river. The construction of a pontoon bridge was at once undertaken, and was completed by 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

On the extreme left the Fourth Guards Brigade met with severe opposition at Chavonne, and it was only late in the afternoon that it was able to establish a foothold on the northern bank of the river by ferrying one battalion across in boats.

By nightfall the First Division occupied the area of Moulins-Paissy-Geny, with posts at the village of Vendresse.

The Second Division bivouacked as a whole on the southern bank of the river, leaving only the Fifth Brigade on the north bank to establish a bridge-head.

The Second Corps found all the bridges in front of them destroyed except that of Conde, which was in possession of the enemy, and remained so until the end of the battle.

In the approach to Missy, where the Fifth Division eventually crossed, there is some open ground which was swept by a heavy fire from the opposite bank. The Thirteenth Brigade was therefore unable to advance; but the Fourteenth, which was directed to the east of Venizel at a less exposed point, was rafted across, and by night established itself with its left at St. Marguerite. They were followed by the Fifteenth Brigade; and later on both the Fourteenth and Fifteenth supported the Fourth Division on their left in repelling a heavy counter-attack on the Third Corps.

On the morning of the 13th the Third Corps found the enemy had established himself in strength on the Vregny plateau. The road bridge at Venizel was repaired during the morning, and a reconnoissance was made with a view to throwing a pontoon bridge at Soissons.

The Twelfth Infantry Brigade crossed at Venizel, and was assembled at Bucy le Long by 1 P.M., but the bridge was so far damaged that artillery could only be man-handled

across it. Meanwhile the construction of a bridge was commenced close to the road bridge at Venizel.

At 2 P.M. the Twelfth Infantry Brigade attacked in the direction of Chivres and Vregny with the object of securing the high ground east of Chivres, as a necessary preliminary to a further advance northward. This attack made good progress, but at 5:30 P.M. the enemy's artillery and machine gun fire from the direction of Vregny became so severe that no further advance could be made. The positions reached were held till dark.

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The pontoon bridge at Venizel was completed at 5:30 P.M., when the Tenth Infantry Brigade crossed the river and moved to Bucy le Long.

The Nineteenth Infantry Brigade moved to Billy-sur-Aisne, and before dark all the artillery of the division had crossed the river, with the exception of the heavy battery and one brigade of field artillery.

During the night the positions gained by the Twelfth Infantry Brigade to the east of the stream running through Chivres were handed over to the Fifth Division.

The section of the bridging train allotted to the Third Corps began to arrive in the neighborhood of Soissons late in the afternoon, when an attempt to throw a heavy pontoon bridge at Soissons had to be abandoned, owing to the fire of the enemy's heavy howitzers.

In the evening the enemy retired at all points and intrenched himself on the high ground about two miles north of the river, along which runs the Chemin-des-Dames. Detachments of infantry, however, strongly intrenched in commanding points down slopes of the various spurs, were left in front of all three corps with powerful artillery in support of them.

During the night of the 13th and on the 14th and following days the field companies were incessantly at work night and day. Eight pontoon bridges and one foot bridge were thrown across the river under generally very heavy artillery fire, which was incessantly kept up on to most of the crossings after completion. Three of the road bridges, *i.e.*, Venizel, Missy, and Vailly, and the railway bridge east of Vailly, were temporarily repaired so as to take foot traffic, and the Villiers Bridge made fit to carry weights up to six tons.

Preparations were also made for the repair of the Missy, Vailly and Bourg bridges so as to take mechanical transport.

The weather was very wet and added to the difficulties by cutting up the already indifferent approaches, entailing a large amount of work to repair and improve.

The operations of the field companies during this most trying time are worthy of the best traditions of the Royal Engineers.

4. On the evening of the 14th it was still impossible to decide whether the enemy was only making a temporary halt, covered by rearguards, or whether he intended to stand and defend the position.

With a view to clearing up the situation I ordered a general advance.



The action of the First Corps on this day under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig was of so skillful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river.

The corps was directed to cross the line Moulins-Moussy by 7 A.M.



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On the right the General Officer commanding the First Division directed the Second Infantry Brigade (which was in billets and bivouacked about Moulins), and the Twenty-fifth Artillery Brigade (less one battery), under Gen. Bulfin, to move forward before daybreak, in order to protect the advance of the division sent up the valley to Vendresse. An officer's patrol sent out by this brigade reported a considerable force of the enemy near the factory north of Troyon, and the Brigadier accordingly directed two regiments (the King's Royal Rifles and the Royal Sussex Regiment) to move at 3 A.M. The Northamptonshire Regiment was ordered to move at 4 A.M. to occupy the spur east of Troyon. The remaining regiment of the brigade (the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment) moved at 5:30 A.M. to the village of Vendresse. The factory was found to be held in considerable strength by the enemy, and the Brigadier ordered the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment to support the King's Royal Rifles and the Sussex Regiment. Even with this support the force was unable to make headway, and on the arrival of the First Brigade the Coldstream Guards were moved up to support the right of the leading brigade (the Second), while the remainder of the First Brigade supported its left.

[Illustration: Map 8.—Sept. 10 to 12. Showing the Germans' headlong retreat to their intrenched positions beyond the Aisne.]

About noon the situation was, roughly, that the whole of these two brigades were extended along a line running east and west, north of the line Troyon and south of the Chemin-des-Dames. A party of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment had seized and were holding the factory. The enemy had a line of intrenchments north and east of the factory in considerable strength, and every effort to advance against this line was driven back by heavy shell and machine-gun fire. The morning was wet and a heavy mist hung over the hills, so that the Twenty-fifth Artillery Brigade and the divisional artillery were unable to render effective support to the advanced troops until about 9 o'clock.

By 10 o'clock the Third Infantry Brigade had reached a point one mile south of Vendresse, and from there it was ordered to continue the line of the First Brigade and to connect with and help the right of the Second Division. A strong hostile column was found to be advancing, and by a vigorous counterstroke with two of his battalions the Brigadier checked the advance of this column and relieved the pressure on the Second Division. From this period until late in the afternoon the fighting consisted of a series of attacks and counter-attacks. The counter-strokes by the enemy were delivered at first with great vigor, but later on they decreased in strength, and all were driven off with heavy loss.

On the left the Sixth Infantry Brigade had been ordered to cross the river and to pass through the line held during the preceding night by the Fifth Infantry Brigade and occupy the Courtecon Ridge, while a detached force, consisting of the Fourth Guards Brigade and the Thirty-sixth Brigade Royal Field Artillery, under Brig. Gen. Perceval, were ordered to proceed to a point east of the village of Ostel.

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The Sixth Infantry Brigade crossed the river at Pont-Arcy, moved up the valley toward Braye, and at 9 A.M. had reached the line Tilleul-La-Buvelle. On the line they came under heavy artillery and rifle fire, and were unable to advance until supported by the Thirty-fourth Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, and the Forty-fourth Howitzer Brigade and the Heavy Artillery.

The Fourth Guards Brigade crossed the river at 10 A.M. and met with very heavy opposition. It had to pass through dense woods; field artillery support was difficult to obtain; but one section of a field battery pushed up to and within the firing line. At 1 P.M. the left of the brigade was south of the Ostel Ridge.

At this period of the action the enemy obtained a footing between the First and Second Corps, and threatened to cut the communications of the latter.

Sir Douglas Haig was very hardly pressed and had no reserve in hand. I placed the cavalry division at his disposal, part of which he skillfully used to prolong and secure the left flank of the Guards Brigade. Some heavy fighting ensued, which resulted in the enemy being driven back with heavy loss.

About 4 o'clock the weakening of the counter-attacks by the enemy and other indications tended to show that his resistance was decreasing, and a general advance was ordered by the army corps commander. Although meeting with considerable opposition and coming under very heavy artillery and rifle fire, the position of the corps at the end of the day's operations extended from the Chemin-des-Dames on the right, through Chivy, to Le Cour de Soupir, with the First Cavalry Brigade extending to the Chavonne-Soissons road.

[Illustration: Map 9.—Sept. 13 and 14. Passage of the Aisne, when bridges were constructed under great difficulties.]

On the right the corps was in close touch with the French Moroccan troops of the Eighteenth Corps, which were intrenched in echelon to its right rear. During the night they intrenched this position.

Throughout the battle of the Aisne this advanced and commanding position was maintained, and I cannot speak too highly of the valuable services rendered by Sir Douglas Haig and the army corps under his command. Day after day and night after night the enemy's infantry has been hurled against him in violent counter-attack, which has never on any one occasion succeeded, while the trenches all over his position have been under continuous heavy artillery fire.

The operations of the First Corps on this day resulted in the capture of several hundred prisoners, some field pieces and machine guns.

The casualties were very severe, one brigade alone losing three of its four Colonels.

The Third Division commenced a further advance, and had nearly reached the plateau of Aizy when they were driven back by a powerful counter-attack supported by heavy artillery. The division, however, fell back in the best order, and finally intrenched itself about a mile north of Vailly Bridge, effectively covering the passage.



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The Fourth and Fifth Divisions were unable to do more than maintain their ground.

5. On the morning of the 15th, after close examination of the position, it became clear to me that the enemy was making a determined stand; and this view was confirmed by reports which reached me from the French armies fighting on my right and left, which clearly showed that a strongly intrenched line of defense was being taken up from the north of Compiègne, eastward and southeastward, along the whole Valley of the Aisne up to and beyond Rheims.

A few days previously the Fortress of Maubeuge fell, and a considerable quantity of siege artillery was brought down from that place to strengthen the enemy's position in front of us.

During the 15th shells fell in our position which have been judged by experts to be thrown by eight-inch siege guns with a range of 10,000 yards. Throughout the whole course of the battle our troops have suffered very heavily from this fire, although its effect latterly was largely mitigated by more efficient and thorough intrenching, the necessity for which I impressed strongly upon army corps commanders. In order to assist them in this work all villages within the area of our occupation were searched for heavy intrenching tools, a large number of which were collected.

In view of the peculiar formation of the ground on the north side of the river between Missy and Soissons, and its extraordinary adaptability to a force on the defensive, the Fifth Division found it impossible to maintain its position on the southern edge of the Chivres Plateau, as the enemy in possession of the Village of Vregny to the west was able to bring a flank fire to bear upon it. The division had, therefore, to retire to a line the left of which was at the village of Marguerite, and thence ran by the north edge of Missy back to the river to the east of that place.

With great skill and tenacity Sir Charles Fergusson maintained this position throughout the whole battle, although his trenches were necessarily on lower ground than that occupied by the enemy on the southern edge of the plateau, which was only 400 yards away.

Gen. Hamilton with the Third Division vigorously attacked to the north, and regained all the ground he had lost on the 15th, which throughout the battle has formed a most powerful and effective bridge-head.

6. On the 16th the Sixth Division came up into line.

It had been my intention to direct the First Corps to attack and seize the enemy's position on the Chemin-des-Dames, supporting it with this new reinforcement. I hoped, from the position thus gained, to bring effective fire to bear across the front of the Third



Division, which, by securing the advance of the latter, would also take the pressure off the Fifth Division and the Third Corps.

But any further advance of the First Corps would have dangerously exposed my right flank. And, further, I learned from the French Commander in Chief that he was strongly reinforcing the Sixth French Army on my left, with the intention of bringing up the allied left to attack the enemy's flank, and thus compel his retirement. I therefore sent the Sixth Division to join the Third Corps, with orders to keep it on the south side of the river, as it might be available in general reserve.

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On the 17th, 18th, and 19th the whole of our line was heavily bombarded, and the First Corps was constantly and heavily engaged. On the afternoon of the 17th the right flank of the First Division was seriously threatened. A counter-attack was made by the Northamptonshire Regiment in combination with the Queen's, and one battalion of the Divisional Reserve was moved up in support. The Northamptonshire Regiment, under cover of mist, crept up to within a hundred yards of the enemy's trenches and charged with the bayonet, driving them out of the trenches and up the hill. A very strong force of hostile infantry was then disclosed on the crest line. This new line was enfiladed by part of the Queen's and the King's Royal Rifles, which wheeled to their left on the extreme right of our infantry line, and were supported by a squadron of cavalry on their outer flank. The enemy's attack was ultimately driven back with heavy loss.

On the 18th, during the night, the Gloucestershire Regiment advanced from their position near Chivy, filled in the enemy's trenches, and captured two Maxim guns.

On the extreme right the Queen's were heavily attacked, but the enemy was repulsed with great loss. About midnight the attack was renewed on the First Division, supported by artillery fire, but was again repulsed.

Shortly after midnight an attack was made on the left of the Second Division with considerable force, which was also thrown back.

At about 1 P.M. on the 19th the Second Division drove back a heavy infantry attack strongly supported by artillery fire. At dusk the attack was renewed and again repulsed.

On the 18th I discussed with the General Officer commanding the Second Army Corps and his divisional commanders the possibility of driving the enemy out of Conde, which lay between his two divisions, and seizing the bridge, which has remained throughout in his possession.

As, however, I found that the bridge was closely commanded from all points on the south side, and that satisfactory arrangements were made to prevent any issue from it by the enemy by day or night, I decided that it was not necessary to incur the losses which an attack would entail, as, in view of the position of the Second and Third Corps, the enemy could make no use of Conde, and would be automatically forced out of it by any advance which might become possible for us.

7. On this day information reached me from Gen. Joffre that he had found it necessary to make a new plan and to attack and envelop the German right flank.

It was now evident to me that the battle in which we had been engaged since the 12th inst. must last some days longer, until the effect of this new flank movement could be felt and a way opened to drive the enemy from his positions.



It thus became essential to establish some system of regular relief in the trenches, and I have used the infantry of the Sixth Division for this purpose with good results. The relieved brigades were brought back alternately south of the river and, with the artillery of the Sixth Division, formed a general reserve on which I could rely in case of necessity.

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The cavalry has rendered most efficient and ready help in the trenches, and have done all they possibly could to lighten the arduous and trying task which has of necessity fallen to the lot of the infantry.

On the evening of the 19th and throughout the 20th the enemy again commenced to show considerable activity. On the former night a severe counter-attack on the Third Division was repulsed with considerable loss, and from early on Sunday morning various hostile attempts were made on the trenches of the First Division. During the day the enemy suffered another severe repulse in front of the Second Division, losing heavily in the attempt. In the course of the afternoon the enemy made desperate attempts against the trenches all along the front of the First Corps, but with similar results.

After dark the enemy again attacked the Second Division, only to be again driven back.

Our losses on these two days were considerable, but the number, as obtained, of the enemy's killed and wounded vastly exceeded them.

As the troops of the First Army Corps were much exhausted by this continual fighting, I reinforced Sir Douglas Haig with a brigade from the reserve, and called upon the First Cavalry Division to assist them.

On the night of the 21st another violent counter-attack was repulsed by the Third Division, the enemy losing heavily.

On the 23d the four 6-inch howitzer batteries, which I had asked to be sent from home, arrived. Two batteries were handed over to the Second Corps and two to the First Corps. They were brought into action on the 24th with very good results.

Our experiences in this campaign seem to point to the employment of more heavy guns of a larger calibre in great battles which last for several days, during which time powerful intrenching work on both sides can be carried out. These batteries were used with considerable effect on the 24th and the following days.

8. On the 23d the action of Gen. de Castelnau's army on the allied left developed considerably, and apparently withdrew considerable forces of the enemy away from the centre and east. I am not aware whether it was due to this cause or not, but until the 26th it appeared as though the enemy's opposition in our front was weakening. On that day, however, a very marked renewal of activity commenced. A constant and vigorous artillery bombardment was maintained all day, and the Germans in front of the First Division were observed to be "sapping" up to our lines and trying to establish new trenches. Renewed counter-attacks were delivered and beaten off during the course of the day, and in the afternoon a well-timed attack by the First Division stopped the enemy's intrenching work.



During the night of the 27th-28th the enemy again made the most determined attempts to capture the trenches of the First Division, but without the slightest success.

Similar attacks were reported during these three days all along the line of the allied front, and it is certain that the enemy then made one last great effort to establish ascendancy. He was, however, unsuccessful everywhere, and is reported to have suffered heavy losses. The same futile attempts were made all along our front up to the evening of the 28th, when they died away, and have not since been renewed.



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On former occasions I have brought to your Lordship's notice the valuable services performed during this campaign by the Royal Artillery.

Throughout the battle of the Aisne they have displayed the same skill, endurance, and tenacity, and I deeply appreciate the work they have done.

Sir David Henderson and the Royal Flying Corps under his command have again proved their incalculable value. Great strides have been made in the development of the use of aircraft in the tactical sphere by establishing effective communication between aircraft and units in action.

It is difficult to describe adequately and accurately the great strain to which officers and men were subjected almost every hour of the day and night throughout this battle.

[Illustration: Map 10.—Sept. 15 to 28. This map shows the intrenched positions of the Germans, many of which the Allies took with great loss to the Germans.]

I have described above the severe character of the artillery fire which was directed from morning till night not only upon the trenches, but over the whole surface of the ground occupied by our forces. It was not until a few days before the position was evacuated that the heavy guns were removed and the fire slackened. Attack and counter-attack occurred at all hours of the night and day throughout the whole position, demanding extreme vigilance, and permitting only a minimum of rest.

The fact that between Sept. 12 to the date of this dispatch the total numbers of killed, wounded, and missing reached the figures amounting to 561 officers, 12,980 men, proves the severity of the struggle.

The tax on the endurance of the troops was further increased by the heavy rain and cold which prevailed for some ten or twelve days of this trying time.

The battle of the Aisne has once more demonstrated the splendid spirit, gallantry, and devotion which animates the officers and men of his Majesty's forces.

With reference to the last paragraph of my dispatch of Sept. 7, I append the names of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men brought forward for special mention by army corps commanders and heads of departments for services rendered from the commencement of the campaign up to the present date.

I entirely agree with these recommendations and beg to submit them for your Lordship's consideration.

I further wish to bring forward the names of the following officers who have rendered valuable service: Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Lieut. Gen. Sir Douglas Haig (commanding First and Second Corps, respectively) I have already mentioned in the



present and former dispatches for particularly marked and distinguished service in critical situations.

Since the commencement of the campaign they have carried out all my orders [Transcriber: original 'orders.'] and instructions with the utmost ability.

Lieut. Gen. W.P. Pulteney took over the command of the Third Corps just before the commencement of the battle of the Marne. Throughout the subsequent operations he showed himself to be a most capable commander in the field, and has rendered very valuable services.

## Page 23

Major Gen. E.H.H. Allenby and Major Gen. H. De La P. Gough have proved themselves to be cavalry leaders of a high order, and I am deeply indebted to them. The undoubted moral superiority which our cavalry has obtained over that of the enemy has been due to the skill with which they have turned to the best account the qualities inherent in the splendid troops they command.

In my dispatch of the 7th September I mentioned the name of Brig. Gen. Sir David Henderson and his valuable work in command of the Royal Flying Corps; and I have once more to express my deep appreciation of the help he has since rendered me.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Murray has continued to render me invaluable help as Chief of the Staff; and in his arduous and responsible duties he has been ably assisted by Major Gen. Henry Wilson, Sub-Chief.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Nevil Macready and Lieut. Gen. Sir William Robertson have continued to perform excellent service as Adjutant General and Quartermaster General, respectively.

The Director of Army Signals, Lieut. Col. J.S. Fowler, has materially assisted the operations by the skill and energy which he has displayed in the working of the important department over which he presides.

My Military Secretary, Brig. Gen. the Hon. W. Lambton, has performed his arduous and difficult duties with much zeal and great efficiency.

I am anxious also to bring to your Lordship's notice the following names of officers of my personal staff, who throughout these arduous operations have shown untiring zeal and energy in the performance of their duties:

*Aides de Camp.*

Lieut. Col. Stanley Barry.  
Lieut. Col. Lord Brooke.  
Major Fitzgerald Watt.

*Extra Aide de Camp.*

Capt. the Hon. F.E. Guest.

*Private Secretary.*

Lieut. Col. Brindsley Fitzgerald.

Major his Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, K.G., joined my staff as Aide de Camp on the 14th September.



His Royal Highness's intimate knowledge of languages enabled me to employ him with great advantage on confidential missions of some importance, and his services have proved of considerable value.

I cannot close this dispatch without informing your Lordship of the valuable services rendered by the Chief of the French Military Mission at my headquarters, Col. Victor Huguet of the French Artillery. He has displayed tact and judgment of a high order in many difficult situations, and has rendered conspicuous service to the allied cause. I have the honor to be, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

J.D.P. French, Field Marshal,  
*Commanding in Chief the British Army in the Field.*

## **IV.**

*The Battle in Flanders.*

[Official Abstract of Report for The Associated Press.]



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LONDON, Nov. 29.—A report from Field Marshal Sir John French covering the period of the battle in Flanders and the days immediately preceding it, issued today by the Official Press Bureau, shows that this battle was brought about, first, by the Allies' attempts to outflank the Germans, who countered, and then by the Allies' plans to move to the northeast to Ghent and Bruges, which also failed. After this the German offensive began, with the French coast ports as the objective, but this movement, like those of the Allies, met with failure.

The Field Marshal, doubtless in response to the demands of the British public, tells what the various units of the expeditionary force have been doing—those that failed and were cut off and those who against superior numbers held the trenches for a month. He gives it as his opinion that the German losses have been thrice as great as those of the Allies, and speaks optimistically of the future.

The report covers in a general way the activities of the British troops from Oct. 11 to Nov. 20.

Summing up the situation in concluding his report, the Field Marshal says:

“As I close this dispatch, signs are in evidence that we are possibly in the last stages of the battle from Ypres to Armentieres. For several days past the artillery fire of the enemy has slackened considerably, and his infantry attacks have practically ceased.”

Discussing the general military situation of the Allies, as it appears to him at the time of writing, Sir John says:

“It does not seem to be clearly understood that the operations in which we have been engaged embrace nearly all of the central part of the Continent of Europe, from the east to the west. The combined French, Belgian, and British Armies in the west and the Russian Army in the east are opposed to the united forces of Germany and Austria, acting as combined armies between us.

“Our enemies elected at the commencement of the war to throw the weight of their forces against our armies in the west and to detach only a comparatively weak force, composed of very few of the first line troops and several corps of second and third line troops, to stem the Russian advance until the western forces could be defeated and overwhelmed. Their strength enabled them from the outset to throw greatly superior forces against us in the west. This precludes the possibility of our taking vigorous offensive action except when miscalculations and mistakes are made by their commanders, opening up special opportunities for successful attacks and pursuit.

“The battle of the Marne was an example of this, as was also our advance from St. Omer and Hazebrouck to the line of the River Lys at the commencement of this battle. The role which our armies in the west have consequently been called upon to fulfill has

been to occupy strong defensive positions, holding ground gained and inviting the enemy's attack, and to throw back these attacks, causing the enemy heavy losses in his retreat and following him up with powerful and successful counter-attacks to complete his discomfiture.



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“The value and significance of operations of this nature since the commencement of hostilities by the Allies’ forces in the west lie in the fact that at the moment when the eastern provinces of Germany are in imminent danger of being overrun by the numerous and powerful armies of Russia, nearly the whole active army of Germany is tied down to a line of trenches extending from Verdun, on the Alsatian frontier, to the sea at Nieuport, east of Dunkirk, a distance of 260 miles, where they are held, with much reduced numbers and impaired morale, by the successful action of our troops in the west.

“I cannot speak too highly of the services rendered by the Royal Artillery throughout the battle. In spite of the fact that the enemy brought up in support of his attacks guns of great range and shell power, our men have succeeded throughout in preventing the enemy from establishing anything in the nature of superiority in artillery. The skill, courage, and energy displayed by the commanders of the Royal Artillery have been very marked. The Royal Engineers have been indefatigable in their efforts to assist the infantry in field, fortification, and trench work.

“I deeply regret the heavy casualties which we have suffered, but the nature of the fighting has been very desperate, and we have been assailed by vastly superior numbers. I have every reason to know that throughout the course of the battle we have placed at least three times as many of the enemy hors de combat in dead, wounded and prisoners.

“Throughout these operations Gen. Foch has strained his resources to the utmost to afford me all the support he could. An expression of my warm gratitude is also due to Gen. Dubail, commanding the Eighth French Army Corps on my left, and to Gen. de Maud’huy, commanding the Tenth Army Corps on my right.”

Discussing the details of the engagement from Ypres to Armentieres, Field Marshal Sir John French explains that he was impressed early in October with the necessity of giving the greatest possible support to the northern flank of the Allies in the effort to outflank the Germans and compel them to evacuate their positions. He says that the situation on the Aisne warranted the withdrawal of British troops from positions they held there, as the enemy had been weakened by continual attacks and the fortifications of the Allies much improved.

The Field Marshal made known his view to Gen. Joffre, who agreed with it. The French General Staff arranged for the withdrawal of the British, which began on Oct. 3 and was completed on Oct. 19, when the First Army Corps, under Gen. Sir Douglas Haig detrained at St. Omer.

The general plan, as arranged by Field Marshal French and Gen. Foch, commanding the French troops to the north of Noyon, was that the English should pivot on the French at Bethune, attacking the Germans on their flank and forcing their way north. In

the event that the British forced the Germans out of their positions, making possible a forward movement of the Allies, the French and British were to march east, with Lille as the dividing line between the two armies, the English right being directed on Lille.



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The battle which forms the chief feature of Gen. French's report really began on Oct. 11, when Major Gen. Gough of the Second British Cavalry Brigade, first came in contact with German cavalry in the woods along the Bethune-Aire Canal. The English cavalry moved toward Hazebrouck, clearing the way for two army corps, which advanced rapidly in a northeasterly direction. For several days the progress of the British was only slightly interrupted, except at La Bassee, a high position, which Field Marshal French mentions as having stubbornly resisted.

Field Marshal French says the Second Corps, under Gen. Smith-Dorrien, was opposed by overpowering forces of Germans, but nevertheless advanced until Oct. 18, when the German opposition compelled a reinforcement. Six days later the Lahore Division of the Indian army was sent to support the Second Corps.

On Oct. 16 Sir Henry Rawlinson, who had covered the retreat of the Belgian army from Antwerp with two divisions of English cavalry and two divisions of French infantry, was stationed on the line east of Ypres under orders to operate over a wide front and to keep possession of all the ground held by the Allies until the First Army Corps could reach Ypres.

Gen. Rawlinson was opposed by superior forces and was unable to prevent the Germans from getting large reinforcements. With four army corps holding a much wider front than their size justified, Field Marshal French says he faced a stubborn situation. The enemy was massed from the Lys, and there was imperative need for a strengthened line.

However, the Field Marshal decided to send the First Corps north of Ypres to stop the reinforcements which might enable the Germans to flank the Allies. The shattered Belgian army and the wearied French troops' endeavors to check the German reinforcements were powerless, so the British commander sent fresh troops to prevent the Germans from executing movements which would have given them access to Channel ports.

Sir Douglas Haig, with the First Army Corps, was sent Oct. 19 to capture Bruges and drive the enemy back toward Ghent, if possible. Meantime the Belgians intrenched themselves along the Ypres Canal. Sir John French commends the valor of the Belgians, who, he says, exhausted by weeks of constant fighting, maintained these positions gallantly.

Because of the overwhelming numbers of the Germans opposing them, he says he enjoined a defensive role upon the three army corps located south of Ypres. While Gen. Haig made a slight advance, Sir John says it was wonderful that he was able to advance at all, owing to the bad roads and the overwhelming number of Germans, which made it impossible to carry out the original plan of moving to Bruges.



The fighting gradually developed into bayonet charges. Field Marshal French says that Oct. 21 brought forth the hardest attack, made on the First Corps at Ypres, in the checking of which the Worcestershire Regiment displayed great gallantry. This day marked the most critical period in the great battle, according to the Commander in Chief, who says the recapture of the village of Gheluvelt through a rally of the Worcestershires was fraught with much consequence to the Allies.

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After referring to some of the battles in which the Indian troops took part, Field Marshal French says:

“Since their arrival in this country and their occupation of the line allotted to them I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results and have doubtless kept the superior forces in front of them at bay. Our Indian sappers and miners have long enjoyed a high reputation for skill and resource. Without going into detail I can confidently assert that throughout their work in this campaign they have fully justified that reputation.

“The General officer commanding the Indian army describes the conduct and bearing of these troops in strange and new surroundings to have been highly satisfactory, and I am enabled from my own observations to fully corroborate this statement.”

Sir John French goes on to say that, while the whole line continued to be heavily pressed, the Germans' efforts from Nov. 1 have been concentrated upon breaking through the line held by the First British and the Ninth French Corps and thus gaining possession of the town of Ypres. Three Bavarian and one German corps, in addition to other troops, were all directed against this northern line.

About Nov. 10, after several units of these corps had been completely shattered in futile attacks, the Field Marshal continues, a division of the Prussian Guard, which had been operating in the vicinity of Arras, was moved up to this area with great speed and secrecy. Documents found on dead officers, the report says, proved that the Guard received the German Emperor's special command to break through and succeed where their comrades of the line had failed. They took the leading part in the vigorous attacks made against the centre on the 11th and 12th, says Field Marshal French, but, like their comrades, were repulsed with enormous casualties.

He pays high tribute to Sir Douglas Haig and his divisional and brigade commanders, who, he says, “held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage.” The Field Marshal predicts that “their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time.”

High praise is also given the Third Cavalry Division under Major Gen. Julian Byng, whose troops “were repeatedly called upon to restore situations at critical points and fill gaps in the line caused by the tremendous losses which occurred.”

The Commander in Chief makes special mention of Col. Gordon Chesney Wilson of the Royal Horse Guards, Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay of the Second Life Guards, and Brig. Gen. FitzClarence of the Irish Guards, who were killed, and of Brig. Gen. the Earl of Cavan, who “on many occasions was conspicuous for the skill, coolness, and courage with which he led his troops.”



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Of the Flying Corps the report says:

“Every day new methods of employing them, both strategically and tactically, are discovered and put into practice.”

Concerning the Territorials who have been employed, the Field Marshal says the conduct and bearing of these units under fire and the efficient manner in which they have carried out the duties assigned to them “has imbued me with the highest hope as to the value and the help of the Territorial troops generally.”

[Illustration]

*Story of the “Eye-Witness”*

*By Col. E.D. Swinton of the Intelligence Department of the British General Staff.*

*From the beginning of the war world-wide attention has been attracted to the reports issued from time to time as coming from “an eye-witness at British General Headquarters.” At first these reports were erroneously ascribed to Marshal French himself, and resulted in much admiring comment on his vivid and graphic way of reporting. Later it became known that they were the work of Col. Swinton, who was attached to Gen. French’s headquarters in the capacity of “official observer.”*

### I.

*The Battle of the Aisne Begins*

[By the “Official Observer,” Col. E.D. Swinton.]

General Headquarters,  
Sept. 18, 1914.

Sept. 14, the Germans were making a determined resistance along the River Aisne. Opposition, which it was at first thought might possibly be of a rear-guard nature, not entailing material delay to our progress, has developed and has proved to be more serious than was anticipated.

The action, now being fought by the Germans along their line, may, it is true, have been undertaken in order to gain time for some strategic operation or move, and may not be their main stand. But, if this is so, the fighting is naturally on a scale which as to extent of ground covered and duration of resistance, makes it undistinguishable in its progress from what is known as a “pitched battle,” though the enemy certainly showed signs of considerable disorganization during the earlier days of their retirement phase.



Whether it was originally intended by them to defend the position they took up as strenuously as they have done, or whether the delay, gained for them during the 12th and 13th by their artillery, has enabled them to develop their resistance and force their line to an extent not originally contemplated cannot yet be said.

So far as we are concerned the action still being contested is the battle of the Aisne. The foe we are fighting is just across the river along the whole of our front to the east and west. The struggle is not confined to the valley of that river, though it will probably bear its name.

The progress of our operations and the French armies nearest us for the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th will now be described:

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On Monday, the 14th, those of our troops which had on the previous day crossed the Aisne, after driving in the German rear guards on that evening, found portions of the enemy's forces in prepared defensive positions on the right bank and could do little more than secure a footing north of the river. This, however, they maintained in spite of two counter-attacks delivered at dusk and 10 P.M., in which the fighting was severe.

During the 14th, strong reinforcements of our troops were passed to the north bank, the troops crossing by ferry, by pontoon bridges, and by the remains of permanent bridges. Close co-operation with the French forces was maintained and the general progress made was good, although the opposition was vigorous and the state of the roads, after the heavy rains, made movements slow. One division alone failed to secure the ground it expected to.

The First Army Corps, after repulsing repeated attacks, captured 600 prisoners and twelve guns. The cavalry also took a number of prisoners. Many of the Germans taken belong to the reserve and Landwehr formations, which fact appears to indicate that the enemy is compelled to draw on other classes of soldiers to fill the gaps in his ranks.

There was a heavy rain throughout the night of Sept. 14-15, and during the 15th. The situation of the British forces underwent no essential change. But it became more and more evident that the defensive preparations made by the enemy were more extensive than was at first apparent.

In order to counterbalance these measures were taken by us to economize our troops and to secure protection from the hostile artillery fire, which was very fierce, and our men continued to improve their own intrenchments. The Germans bombarded our lines nearly all day, using heavy guns, brought, no doubt, from before Maubeuge, as well as those with the corps.

All their counter attacks, however, failed, although in some places they were repeated six times. One made on the Fourth Guards Brigade was repulsed with heavy slaughter.

An attempt to advance slightly, made by part of our line, was unsuccessful as regards gain of ground, but led to the withdrawal of part of the enemy's infantry and artillery.

Further counter attacks made during the night were beaten off. Rain came on toward evening and continued intermittently until 9 A.M. on the 16th. Besides adding to the discomfort of the soldiers holding the line, the wet weather to some extent hampered the motor transport service, which was also hindered by broken bridges.

On Wednesday, the 16th, there was little change in the situation opposite the British. The efforts made by the enemy were less active than on the previous day, although their bombardment continued throughout the morning and evening. Our artillery fire drove

the defenders off one of the salients of their position, but they returned in the evening. Forty prisoners were taken by the Third Division.



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On Thursday, the 17th, the situation, still remained unchanged in its essentials. The German heavy artillery fire was more active than on the previous day. The only infantry attacks made by the enemy were on the extreme right of our position, and, as had happened before, were repulsed with heavy loss, chiefly, on this occasion, by our field artillery.

In order to convey some idea of the nature of the fighting it may be said that along the greater part of our front the Germans have been driven back from the forward slopes on the north of the river. Their infantry are holding strong lines of trenches among and along the edge of the numerous woods which crown the slopes. These trenches are elaborately constructed and cleverly concealed. In many places there are wire entanglements and lengths of rabbit fencing.

Both woods and open are carefully aligned, so that they can be swept by rifle fire and machine guns, which are invisible from our side of the valley. The ground in front of the infantry trenches is also, as a rule, under crossfire from the field artillery placed on neighboring features and under high-angle fire from pieces placed well back behind the woods on top of the plateau.

A feature of this action, as of the previous fighting, is the use by the enemy of their numerous heavy howitzers, with which they are able to direct long-range fire all over the valley and right across it. Upon these they evidently place great reliance.

Where our men are holding the forked edges of the high ground on the north side they are now strongly intrenched. They are well fed, and in spite of the wet weather of the last week are cheerful and confident.

The bombardment by both sides has been very heavy, and on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday was practically continuous. Nevertheless, in spite of the general din caused by the reports of the immense number of heavy guns in action along our front on Wednesday, the arrival of the French force acting against the German right flank was at once announced on the east of our front, some miles away, by the continuous roar of their quick-firing artillery, with which their attack was opened.

So far as the British are concerned, the greater part of this week has been passed in bombardment, in gaining ground by degrees, and in beating back severe counter-attacks with heavy slaughter. Our casualties have been severe, but it is probable that those of the enemy are heavier.

The rain has caused a great drop in the temperature, and there is more than a distinct feeling of Autumn in the air, especially in the early mornings.

On our right and left the French have been fighting fiercely and have also been gradually gaining ground [Transcriber: original 'gronud']. One village has already



during this battle been captured and re-captured twice by each side, and at the time of writing remains in the hands of the Germans.

The fighting has been at close quarters and of the most desperate nature, and the streets of the village are filled with dead on both sides.



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As an example of the spirit which is inspiring our allies, the following translation of an ordre du jour, published on Sept. 9 after the battle of Montmirail by the commander of the French Fifth Army, is given:

Soldiers: Upon the memorable fields of Montmirail, of Vauchamps, of Champaubert, which a century ago witnessed the victories of our ancestors over Blucher's Prussians, your vigorous offensive has triumphed over the resistance of the Germans. Held on his flanks, his centre broken, the enemy is now retreating toward the east and north by forced marches. The most renowned army corps of old Prussia, the contingents of Westphalia, of Hanover, of Brandenburg, have retired in haste before you.

This first success is no more than the prelude. The enemy is shaken, but not yet decisively beaten. You have still to undergo severe hardships, to make long marches, to fight hard battles.

May the image of our country, soiled by barbarians, always remain before your eyes. Never was it more necessary to sacrifice all for her.

Saluting the heroes who have fallen in the fighting of the last few days, my thoughts turn toward you, the victors in the next battle. Forward, soldiers, for France!

FRANCHET D'ESPEREY,  
General Commanding the Fifth Army.  
Montmirail, Sept. 9, 1914.

The Germans are a formidable enemy, well trained, long prepared, and brave. Their soldiers are carrying on the contest with skill and valor. Nevertheless they are fighting to win anyhow, regardless of all the rules of fair play, and there is evidence that they do not hesitate at anything in order to gain victory.

A large number of the tales of their misbehaviors are exaggeration and some of the stringent precautions they have taken to guard themselves against the inhabitants of the areas traversed are possibly justifiable measures of war. But, at the same time, it has been definitely established that they have committed atrocities on many occasions and they have been guilty of brutal conduct.

So many letters and statements of our wounded soldiers have been published in our newspapers that the following epistle from a German soldier of the Seventy-fourth Infantry Regiment, Tenth Corps, to his wife may also be of interest:



“My Dear Wife: I have just been living through days that defy imagination. I should never have thought that men could stand it. Not a second has passed but my life has been in danger, and yet not a hair of my head has been hurt.

“It was horrible! It was ghastly! but I have been saved for you and for our happiness, and I take heart again, although I am still terribly unnerved. God grant that I may see you again soon, and that this horror may soon be over.

“None of us can do any more; human strength is at an end. I will try to tell you about it. On the 5th of September the enemy were reported to be taking up a position near St. Prix, southeast of Paris.

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“The Tenth Corps, which had made an astonishingly rapid advance, of course, was attacked on Sunday. Steep slopes led up to the heights, which were held in considerable force.

“With our weak detachments of the Seventy-fourth and Ninety-first regiments we reached the crest and came under a terrible artillery fire that mowed us down. However, we entered St. Prix. Hardly had we done so than we were met with shell fire and a violent fusillade from the enemy’s infantry.

“Our Colonel was badly wounded—he is the third we have had. Fourteen men were killed around me. We got away in a lull without being hit.

“The 7th, 8th, and 9th of September we were constantly under shell and shrapnel fire and suffered terrible losses. I was in a house which was hit several times. The fear of death, of agony, which is in every man’s heart, and naturally so, is a terrible feeling.

“How often I have thought of you, my darling, and what I suffered in that terrifying battle, which extended along a front of many miles near Montmirail, you cannot possibly imagine.

“Our heavy artillery was being used for the siege of Maubeuge. We wanted it badly, as the enemy had theirs in force and kept up a furious bombardment. For four days I was under artillery fire. It was like hell, but a thousand times worse.

“On the night of the 9th the order was given to retreat, as it would have been madness to attempt to hold our position with our few men, and we should have risked a terrible defeat the next day. The First and Third Armies had not been able to attack with us, as we had advanced too rapidly. Our morale was absolutely broken. In spite of unheard-of sacrifices we had achieved nothing.

“I cannot understand how our army, after fighting three great battles and being terribly weakened, was sent against a position which the enemy had prepared for three weeks, but naturally I know nothing of the intentions of our Chiefs; they say nothing has been lost.

“In a word, we retired toward Cormontreuil and Rheims by forced marches by day and night. We hear that three armies are going to get into line, intrench and rest, and then start afresh our victorious march on Paris. It was not a defeat, only a strategic retreat. I have confidence in our Chiefs that everything will be successful.

“Our First Battalion, which has fought with unparalleled bravery, is reduced from 1,200 to 194 men. These numbers speak for themselves.”

Among the minor happenings of interest is the following:



During a counter-attack by the German Fifty-third Regiment on positions of the Northampton and Queen's Regiments on Thursday, the 17th, a force of some 400 of the enemy were allowed to approach right up to the trench occupied by a platoon of the former regiment, owing to the fact that they had held up their hands and made gestures that were interpreted as signs that they wished to surrender. When they were actually on the parapet of the trench held, by the Northamptons they opened fire on our men at point-blank range.



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Unluckily for the enemy, however, flanking them and only some 400 yards away, there happened to be a machine gun manned by a detachment of the Queen's. This at once opened fire, cutting a lane through their mass, and they fell back to their own trench with great loss. Shortly afterward they were driven further back, with additional loss, by a battalion of Guards which came up in support.

An incident, which occurred some little time ago during our retirement, is also worthy of record. On Aug. 28, during the battle fought by the French along the Oise between La Fere and Guise, one of the French commanders desired to make an air reconnoissance. It was found, however, that no observers were available.

Wishing to help our allies as much as possible a British officer attached to this particular French army volunteered to go up with the pilot to observe. He had never been in an aeroplane, but he made the ascent and produced a valuable reconnoissance report.

Incidentally he had a duel in the air at an altitude of 6,000 feet with the observer of a German Taube monoplane which approached. He fired several shots and drove off the hostile aeroplane. His action was much appreciated by the French.

In view of the many statements made in the press as to the use of Zeppelins against us, it is interesting to note that the Royal Flying Corps, who had been out on reconnoissance every day since their arrival in France, have never seen a Zeppelin, though airships of a non-rigid type have been seen on two occasions near Marne.

Late one evening two such were observed over the German forces. An aeroplane was dispatched against them, but in the darkness our pilots were uncertain of the airship's nationality and did not attack. It was afterward made clear that they could not have been French.

A week later an officer, reconnoitring to the flank, saw an airship over the German forces and opposite the French. It had no distinguishing mark and was assumed to belong to the latter, though it is now known that it also must have been a German craft.

The orders of the Royal Flying Corps are to attack Zeppelins at once, and there is some disappointment at the absence of those targets.

The following special order has been issued today to the troops:

“Special Order of the Day,  
By Field Marshal Sir John French,  
G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.,  
Commander in Chief of the British Army in the Field.

“September 17, 1914.



“Once more I have to express my deep appreciation of the splendid behavior of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army under my command throughout the great battle of the Aisne, which has been in progress since the evening of the 12th inst., and the battle of the Marne, which lasted from the morning of the 6th to the evening of the 10th and finally ended in the precipitate flight of the enemy.



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“When we were brought face to face with a position of extraordinary strength, carefully intrenched and prepared for defense by an army and staff which are thorough adepts in such work, throughout the 13th and 14th, that position was most gallantly attacked by the British forces and the passage of the Aisne effected. This is the third day the troops have been gallantly holding the position they have gained against most desperate counter-attacks and the hail of heavy artillery.

“I am unable to find adequately words in which to express the admiration I feel for their magnificent conduct.

“The French armies on our right and left are making good progress, and I feel sure that we have only to hold on with tenacity to the ground we have won for a very short time longer when the Allies will be again in full pursuit of a beaten enemy.

“The self-sacrificing devotion and splendid spirit of the British army in France will carry all before it.

“J.D.P. FRENCH, Field Marshall,

“Commander in Chief of the British Army in the Field.”

## II.

*The Slow Fight on the Aisne.*

[Made Public Sept. 24.]

The enemy is still maintaining himself along the whole front, and, in order to do so, is throwing into the fight detachments composed of units from different formations, the active army, reserve, and Landwehr, as is shown by the uniforms of the prisoners recently captured.

Our progress, although slow on account of the strength of the defensive positions against which we are pressing, has in certain directions been continuous; but the present battle may well last for some days more before a decision is reached, since it now approximates somewhat to siege warfare.

The Germans are making use of searchlights. This fact, coupled with their great strength in heavy artillery, leads to the supposition that they are employing material which may have been collected for the siege of Paris.

The nature of the general situation after the operations of the 18th, 19th, and 20th cannot better be summarized than as expressed recently by a neighboring French

commander to his corps: "Having repulsed repeated and violent counter-attacks made by the enemy, we have a feeling that we have been victorious."

So far as the British are concerned, the course of events during these three days can be described in a few words. During Friday, the 18th, artillery fire was kept up intermittently by both sides during daylight. At night the German centre attacked certain portions of our line, supporting the advance of their infantry, as always, by a heavy bombardment. But the strokes were not delivered with great vigor, and ceased about 2 A.M. During the day's fighting an aircraft gun of the Third Army Corps succeeded in bringing down a German aeroplane.

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News also was received that a body of French cavalry had demolished part of the railway to the north, so cutting, at least temporarily, one line of communication which is of particular importance to the enemy.

On Saturday, the 19th, the bombardment was resumed by the Germans at an early hour and continued intermittently under reply from our own guns. Some of their infantry advanced from cover, apparently with the intention of attacking, but on coming under fire they retired. Otherwise the day was uneventful, except for the activity of the artillery, which is a matter of normal routine rather than an event.

Another hostile aeroplane was brought down by us, and one of our aviators succeeded in dropping several bombs over the German line, one incendiary bomb falling with considerable effect on a transport park near La Fere.

A buried store of the enemy's munitions of war was also found, not far from the Aisne, ten wagon loads of live shell and two wagon loads of cable being dug up. Traces were discovered of large quantities of stores having been burned—all tending to show that as far back as the Aisne the German retirement was hurried.

There was a strong wind during the day, accompanied by a driving rain. This militated against the aerial reconnoissance.

On Sunday, the 20th, nothing of importance occurred until the afternoon, when there was a break in the clouds and an interval of feeble sunshine, which was hardly powerful enough to warm the soaking troops. The Germans took advantage of this brief spell of fine weather to make several counter-attacks against different points. These were all repulsed with loss to the enemy, but the casualties incurred by us were by no means light.

In one section of our firing line the occupants of the trenches were under the impression that they heard a military band in the enemy's lines just before the attack developed. It is now known that the German infantry started their advance with bands playing.

The offensive against one or two points was renewed at dusk, with no greater success. The brunt of the resistance has naturally fallen upon the infantry. In spite of the fact that they have been drenched to the skin for some days and their trenches have been deep in mud and water, and in spite of the incessant night alarms and the almost continuous bombardment to which they have been subjected, they have on every occasion been ready for the enemy's infantry when the latter attempted to assault, and they have beaten them back with great loss. Indeed, the sight of the Pickelhauben [German spiked helmets] coming up has been a positive relief after long, trying hours of inaction under shell fire.



The object of the great proportion of artillery the Germans employ is to beat down the resistance of their enemy by concentrated and prolonged fire, to shatter their nerves with high explosives, before the infantry attack is launched. They seem to have relied on doing this with us, but they have not done so, though it has taken them several costly experiments to discover this fact.

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From statements of prisoners it appears that they have been greatly disappointed by the moral effect produced by their heavy guns, which, despite the actual losses inflicted, has not been at all commensurate with the colossal expenditure of ammunition, which has really been wasted. By this it is not implied that their artillery fire is not good; it is more than good—it is excellent. But the British soldier is a difficult person to impress or depress, even by immense shells filled with a high explosive which detonate with terrific violence and form craters large enough to act as graves for five horses.

The German howitzer shells are from 8 to 9 inches in calibre, and on impact they send up columns of greasy black smoke. On account of this they are irreverently dubbed “coal boxes,” “black Marias,” or “Jack Johnsons” by the soldiers. Men who take things in this spirit are, it seems, likely to throw out the calculations based on the loss of morale so carefully framed by the German military philosophers.

A considerable amount of information has been gleaned from prisoners. It has been gathered that our bombardment on the 15th produced a great impression. The opinion is also reported that our infantry make such good use of ground that the German companies are decimated by our rifle fire before the British soldier can be seen.

From an official diary captured by the First Army Corps it appears that one of the German corps contains an extraordinary mixture of units. If the composition of the other corps is similar, it may be assumed that the present efficiency of the enemy's forces is in no way comparable with what it was when the war commenced.

The losses in officers are noted as having been especially severe. A brigade is stated to be commanded by a Major; some companies of food guards by one-year volunteers; while after the battle of Montmirail one regiment lost fifty-five out of sixty officers. The prisoners recently captured appreciate the fact that the march on Paris has failed and that their forces are retreating, but state that the object of this movement is explained by the officers as being to withdraw into closer touch with the supports, which have stayed too far in the rear.

The officers are also endeavoring to encourage the troops by telling them that they will be at home by Christmas. A large number of the men believe that they are beaten. Following is an extract from one document:

“With the English troops we have great difficulties. They have a queer way of causing losses to the enemy. They make good trenches, in which they wait patiently; they carefully measure the ranges for their rifle fire, and they open a truly hellish fire on the unsuspecting cavalry. This was the reason that we had such heavy losses.

“According to our officers, the English striking forces are exhausted; the English people really never wanted war.”

From another source: “The English are very brave and fight to the last man. One of our companies has lost 130 men out of 240.”



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The following letter, which refers to the fighting on the Aisne, has been printed and circulated to the troops:

### LETTER FOUND ON GERMAN OFFICER OF SEVENTH RESERVE CORPS:

Cerny, South of Laon, Sept 14, 1914.

My Dear Parents: Our corps has the task of holding the heights south of Cerny in all circumstances until the Fourteenth Corps on our left flank can grip the enemy's flank. On our right are other corps. We are fighting with the English Guards, Highlanders, and Zouaves. The losses on both sides have been enormous. For the most part this is due to the too brilliant French artillery. The English are marvelously trained in making use of ground. One never sees them, and one is constantly under fire. The French airmen perform wonderful feats. We cannot get rid of them. As soon as an airman has flown over us, ten minutes later we get their shrapnel fire in our positions. We have little artillery in our corps; without it we cannot get forward. Three days ago our division took possession of these heights and dug itself in. Two days ago, early in the morning, we were attacked by an immensely superior English force, one brigade and two battalions, and were turned out of our positions. The fellows took five guns from us. It was a tremendous hand-to-hand fight. How I escaped myself I am not clear. I then had to bring up supports on foot. My horse was wounded, and the others were too far in the rear. Then came up the Guards Jager Battalion, Fourth Jager, Sixth Regiment, Reserve Regiment Thirteen, and Landwehr Regiments Thirteen and Sixteen, and with the help of the artillery we drove the fellows out of the position again. Our machine guns did excellent work; the English fell in heaps.

In our battalion three Iron Crosses have been given, one to C.O., one to Capt. —, and one to Surgeon —. [Names probably deleted.] Let us hope that we shall be the lucky ones next time.

During the first two days of the battle I had only one piece of bread and no water. I spent the night in the rain without my overcoat. The rest of my kit was on the horses which had been left behind with the baggage and which cannot come up into the battle because as soon as you put your nose up from behind cover the bullets whistle. War is terrible. We are all hoping that a decisive battle will end the war, as our troops already have got round Paris. If we beat the English the French resistance will soon be broken. Russia will be very quickly dealt with; of this there is no doubt. We received splendid help from the Austrian [Transcriber: original 'Austrain'] heavy artillery at Maubeuge. They bombarded Fort Cerfontaine in such a way that there was not ten meters a parapet which did not show enormous



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craters made by the shells. The armored turrets were found upside down.

Yesterday evening, about 6, in the valley in which our reserves stood there was such a terrible cannonade that we saw nothing of the sky but a cloud of smoke. We had few casualties.

Recently a pilot and observer of the Royal Flying Corps were forced by a breakage in their aeroplane to descend in the enemy's lines. The pilot managed to pancake his machine down to earth, and the two escaped into some thick under-growth in the woods.

The enemy came up and seized and smashed the machine, but did not search for our men with much zeal. The latter lay hid till dark and then found their way to the Aisne, across which they swam, reaching camp in safety, but barefooted.

Numerous floating bridges have been thrown across the Aisne and some of the pontoon bridges have been repaired under fire. On the 20th, Lieut. [name deleted] of the Third Signal Corps, Royal Engineers, was unfortunately drowned while attempting to swim across the river with a cable in order to open up fresh telegraphic communication on the north side.

Espionage is still carried on by the enemy to a considerable extent. Recently the suspicions of some of the French troops were aroused by coming across a farm from which the horses had been removed. After some search they discovered a telephone which was connected by an underground cable with the German lines, and the owner of the farm paid the penalty in the usual way in war for his treachery.

After some cases of village fighting which occurred earlier in the war it was reported by some of our officers that the Germans had attempted to approach to close quarters by forcing prisoners to march in front of them. The Germans have recently repeated the same trick on a larger scale against the French, as is shown by the copy of an order printed below. It is therein referred to as a ruse, but, if that term can be accepted, a distinctly illegal ruse.

"During a recent night attack," the order reads, "the Germans drove a column of French prisoners in front of them. This action is to be brought to the notice of all our troops (1) in order to put them on their guard against such a dastardly ruse; (2) in order that every soldier may know how the Germans treat their prisoners. Our troops must not forget if they allow themselves to be taken prisoners the Germans will not fail to expose them to French bullets."

Further evidence has now been collected of the misuse of the white flag and other signs of surrender. During an action on the 17th, owing to this, one officer was shot. During



recent fighting, also, some German ambulance wagons advanced in order to collect the wounded. An order to cease firing was consequently given to our guns, which were firing on this particular section of ground. The German battery commanders at once took advantage of the lull in the action to climb up their observation ladders and on to a haystack to locate our guns, which soon afterward came under a far more accurate fire than any to which they had been subjected up to that time.



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A British officer, who was captured by the Germans and has since escaped, reports that while a prisoner he saw men who had been fighting subsequently put on Red Cross brassards.

That irregular use of the protection afforded by the Geneva Convention is not uncommon is confirmed by the fact that on one occasion men in the uniform of combatant units have been captured wearing a Red Cross brassard hastily slipped over the arm. The excuse given has been that they had been detailed after the fight to look after the wounded.

It is reported by a cavalry officer that the driver of a motor car with a machine gun mounted on it, which was captured, was wearing a Red Cross.

Full details of the actual damage done to the cathedral at Rheims will doubtless have been cabled home, so that no description of it is necessary. The Germans bombarded the cathedral twice with their heavy artillery.

One reason it caught alight so quickly was that on one side of it was some scaffolding which had been erected for restoration work. Straw had also been laid on the floor for the reception of the German wounded. It is to the credit of the French that practically all the German wounded were successfully extricated from the burning building.

There was no justification on military grounds for this act of vandalism, which seems to have been caused by exasperation born of failure—a sign of impotence rather than strength. It is noteworthy that a well-known hotel not far from the cathedral, which was kept by a German, was not touched.

### III.

*Two September Days.*

[Made Public Sept. 28.]

For four days there has been a comparative lull all along our front. This has been accompanied [Transcriber: original 'acompanied'] by a spell of fine weather, though the nights have been much colder. One cannot have everything, however, and one evil result of the sunshine has been the release of flies, which were torpid during the wet days.

Advantage has been taken of the arrival of reinforcements to relieve by fresh troops the men who have been on the firing line for some time. Several units, therefore, have received their baptism of fire during the week.



Since the last letter left headquarters evidence has been received which points to the fact that during the counter attacks on the night of Sept. 20 German detachments of infantry fired into each other. This was the result of an attempt to carry out the dangerous expedient of a converging advance in the dark. Opposite one portion of our position considerable massing of hostile forces was observed before dark. Some hours later a furious fusillade [Transcriber: original 'fusilade'] was heard in front of our line, though no bullets came over our trenches.

This narrative begins with Sept. 21 and covers only two days. There was but little rain on Sept. 21 and the weather took a turn for the better, which has been maintained. The action has been practically confined to the artillery, our guns at one point shelling and driving the enemy, who endeavored to construct a redoubt.

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The Germans expended a large number of heavy shells in a long range bombardment of the village of Missy (Department of the Aisne). Reconnoitring parties sent out during the night of Sept. 21-22 discovered some deserted trenches. In them or in the woods over 100 dead and wounded were picked up. A number of rifles, ammunition and equipment were also found. There were other signs that portions of the enemy's forces had withdrawn some distance.

The weather was also fine on Sept. 22 with less wind, and it was one of the most uneventful days we have passed since we reached the Aisne, that is, uneventful for the British. There was less artillery work on either side, the Germans giving the village of Paissy (Aisne) a taste of the "Jack Johnsons." The spot thus honored is not far from the ridge where there has been some of the most severe close fighting in which we have taken part. All over this No Man's Land, between the lines, bodies of German infantrymen were still lying in heaps where they had fallen at different times.

Espionage plays so large a part in the conduct of the war by the Germans that it is difficult to avoid further reference to the subject. They have evidently never forgotten the saying of Frederick the Great: "When Marshall Soubise goes to war he is followed by a hundred cooks. When I take the field I am preceded by a hundred spies." Indeed until about twenty years ago there was a paragraph in their field service regulations directing that the service of protection in the field, such as outposts and advance guards, should always be supplemented by a system of espionage. Although such instructions are no longer made public the Germans, as is well known, still carry them into effect.

Apart from the more elaborate arrangements which were made in peace time for obtaining information by paid agents some of the methods which are being employed for the collection or conveyance of intelligence are as follows:

Men in plain clothes signal the German lines from points in the hands of the enemy by means of colored lights at nights and puffs of smoke from chimneys in the day time. Pseudo laborers working in the fields between the armies have been detected conveying information. Persons in plain clothes have acted as advanced scouts to the German cavalry when advancing.

German officers or soldiers in plain clothes or French or British uniforms have remained in localities evacuated by the Germans in order to furnish them with intelligence. One spy of this kind was found by our troops hidden in a church tower. His presence was only discovered through the erratic movements of the hands of the church clock, which he was using to signal his friends by an improvised semaphore code. Had this man not been seized it is probable he would have signalled the time of arrival and the exact position of the headquarters staff of the force and a high explosive shell would then have mysteriously dropped on the building.



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Women spies have also been caught. Secret agents have been found at rail heads observing entrainments and detrainments. It is a simple matter for spies to mix with refugees who are moving about to and from their homes, and it is difficult for our troops, who speak neither French nor German, to detect them. The French have also found it necessary to search villages and casual wayfarers on the roads and to search for carrier pigeons.

Among the precautions taken by us against spying is the following notice printed in French, posted up:

“Motor cars and bicycles other than those carrying soldiers in uniform may not circulate on the roads. Inhabitants may not leave the localities in which they reside between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. Inhabitants may not quit their homes after 8 P.M. No person may on any pretext pass through the British lines without an authorization countersigned by a British officer.”

Events have moved so quietly for the last two months that anything connected with the mobilization of the British expeditionary force is now ancient history. Nevertheless, the following extract from a German order is evidence of the mystification of the army and a tribute to the value of the secrecy which was so well and so loyally maintained in England at the time:

“Tenth Reserve Army Corps Headquarters,

“Mont St. Guibert, Aug. 20, 1914.

“Corps Order, Aug. 20.

“The French troops in front of the Tenth Army Corps have retreated south across the Sambre. Part of the Belgium army has been withdrawn from Antwerp. It is reported that an English army has disembarked at Calais and Boulogne, en route to Brussels.”

## IV.

*Fighting in the Air.*

[Made Public Sept. 29.]

Wednesday, Sept. 23, was a perfect Autumn day. It passed without incident as regards major operations. Although the enemy concentrated their heavy artillery upon the plateau near Passy, nothing more than inconvenience was caused.

The welcome absence of wind gave our airmen a chance of which they took full advantage by gathering much information. Unfortunately, one of our aviators, who had



been particularly active in annoying the enemy by dropping bombs, was wounded in a duel in the air.

Being alone on a single-seated monoplane, he was not able to use his rifle, and while circling above a German two-seated machine in an endeavor to get within pistol shot he was hit by the observer of the German machine, who was armed with a rifle. He managed to fly back over our lines, and by great good luck he descended close to a motor ambulance, which at once conveyed him to a hospital.

Against this may be set off the fact that another of our flyers exploded a bomb among some led artillery horses, killing several and stampeding the others.



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On Thursday, Sept. 21, the fine weather continued, as did the lull in the action, the heavy German shells falling mostly near Pargnan, twelve miles south-southeast of Laon.

On both Wednesday and Thursday the weather was so fine that many flights were made by the aviators, French, British, and German. These produced a corresponding activity among the anti-aircraft guns.

So still and clear was the atmosphere toward evening on Wednesday and during the whole of Thursday that to those not especially on the lookout the presence of aeroplanes high up above them was first made known by the bursting of the projectiles aimed at them. The puffs of smoke from the detonation shell hung in the air for minutes on end, like balls of fleece cotton, before they slowly expanded and were dissipated.

From the places mentioned as being the chief targets for the enemy's heavy howitzers, it will be seen that the Germans are not inclined to concentrate their fire systematically upon definite areas in which their aviators think they have located our guns, or upon villages where it is imagined our troops may be billeted. The result will be to give work to local builders.

The growing resemblance of this battle to siege warfare has already been pointed out. The fact that the later actions of the Russo-Japanese war assumed a similar character was thought by many to have been due to exceptional causes, such as the narrowness of the theatre of operations between the Chinese frontier on the west and the mountainous country of Northern Korea on the east; the lack of roads, which limited the extent of ground over which it was possible for the rival armies to manoeuvre, and the fact that both forces were tied to one line of railroad.

Such factors are not exerting any influence on the present battle. Nevertheless, a similar situation has been produced, owing firstly to the immense power of resistance possessed by an army which is amply equipped with heavy artillery and has sufficient time to fortify itself, and, secondly, to the vast size of the forces engaged, which at the present time stretch more than half way across France.

The extent of the country covered is so great as to render slow any efforts to manoeuvre and march around to a flank in order to escape the costly expedient of a frontal attack against heavily fortified positions.

To state that the methods of attack must approximate more closely to those of siege warfare the greater the resemblance of the defenses to those of a fortress is a platitude, but it is one which will bear repetition if it in any way assists to make the present situation clear.



There is no doubt that the position on the Aisne was not hastily selected by the German Staff after the retreat had begun. From the choice of ground, and the care with which the fields of fire had been arranged to cover all possible avenues of approach, and from the amount of work already carried out, it is clear that the contingency of having to act on the defensive was not overlooked when the details of the strategically offensive campaign were arranged.



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### V.

*Technique of This Warfare.*

[Made Public Oct. 9.]

Wednesday, Sept. 30, merely marked another day's progress in the gradual development of the situation, and was distinguished by no activity beyond slight attacks by the enemy. There was also artillery fire at intervals. One of our airmen succeeded in dropping nine bombs, some of which fell on the enemy's rolling stock collected on the railway near Laon. Some of the enemy's front trenches were found empty at night; but nothing much can be deduced from this fact, for they are frequently evacuated in this way, no doubt to prevent the men in the back lines firing on their comrades in front of them.

Thursday, Oct. 1, was a most perfect Autumn day, and the most peaceful that there has been since the two forces engaged on the Aisne. There was only desultory gunfire as targets offered. During the night the enemy made a few new trenches. A French aviator dropped one bomb on a railway station and three bombs on troops massed near it.

The weather on Friday, the 2d, was very misty in the early hours, and it continued hazy until the late afternoon, becoming thicker again at night. The Germans were driven out of a mill which they had occupied as an advanced post, their guns and machine guns which supported it being knocked out one by one by well-directed artillery fire from a flank. During the night they made the usual two attacks on the customary spot in our lines, and as on previous occasions were repulsed. Two of their trenches were captured and filled in. Our loss was six men wounded.

Up to Sept, 21 the air mileage made by our airmen since the beginning of the war amounted to 87,000 miles, an average of 2,000 miles per day, the total equaling nearly four times the circuit of the world. The total time spent in the air was 1,400 hours.

There are many points connected with the fighting methods of either side that may be of interest. The following description was given by a battalion commander who has been at the front since the commencement of hostilities and has fought both in the open and behind intrenchments. It must, however, be borne in mind that it only represents the experiences of a particular unit. It deals with the tactics of the enemy's infantry:

The important points to watch are the heads of valleys and ravines, woods—especially those on the sides of hollow ground—and all dead ground to the front and flanks. The German officers are skilled in leading troops forward under cover, in closed bodies, but once the latter are deployed and there is no longer direct personal leadership the men will not face heavy fire. Sometimes the advance is made in a series of lines, with the



men well opened out at five or six paces interval; at other times it is made in a line, with the men almost shoulder to shoulder, followed in all cases by supports in close formation.



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The latter either waver when the front line is checked, or crowd on to it, moving forward under the orders of their officers, and the mass forms a magnificent target. Prisoners have described the fire of our troops as pinning them to the ground, and this is certainly borne out by their action. When the Germans are not heavily intrenched no great losses are incurred in advancing against them by the methods in which the British Army has been instructed. For instance, in one attack over fairly open ground against about an equal force of infantry sheltered in a sunken road and in ditches we lost only 10 killed and 60 wounded, while over 400 of the enemy surrendered after about 50 had been killed. Each side had the support of a battery, but the fight for superiority from infantry fire took place at about 700 yards and lasted only half an hour. When the Germans were wavering some of them put up the white flag, but others went on firing, and our men continued to do the same. Eventually a large number of white flags, improvised from handkerchiefs, pieces of shirt, white biscuit bags, &c., were exhibited all along the line, and many men hoisted their helmets on their rifles. In the fighting behind intrenchments the Germans endeavor to gain ground by making advances in line at dusk or just before dawn, and then digging themselves in, in the hope, no doubt, that they may eventually get so near as to be able, as at manoeuvres, to reach the hostile trenches in a single rush. They have never succeeded in doing this against us. If by creeping up in dead ground they do succeed in gaining ground by night, they are easily driven back by fire in the morning. A few of the braver men sometimes remain behind, at ranges of even 300 or 400 yards, and endeavor to inflict losses by sniping. Sharpshooters, also, are often noticed in trees or wriggling about until they get good cover. The remedy is to take the initiative and detail men to deal with the enemy's sharpshooters. A few night attacks have been made against us. Before one of them a party crept up close to the British line and set alight a hayrick, so that it should form a beacon on which the centre of the attacking line marched. Generally, however, in the night and early morning attacks, groups of forty or fifty men have come on, the groups sometimes widely separated from one another and making every endeavor to obtain any advantage from cover. Light balls and searchlights have on some occasions been used. Latterly the attacks have become more and more half-hearted. Against us the enemy has never closed with the bayonet. The German trenches I have seen were deep enough to shelter a man when firing standing, and had a step down in rear for the supports to sit in. As regards our own men, there was at first considerable reluctance to intrench, as has always been the case at the commencement of a war. Now, however, having bought experience dearly, their defenses are such that they can defy the German artillery fire.

## VI.



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*Becomes an Artillery Duel.*

[Made Public Oct. 10.]

Comparative calm on our front has continued through the fine and considerably warmer weather. The last six days have been slightly misty with clouds hanging low, so that conditions have not been very favorable for aerial reconnoissance.

In regard to the latter, it is astonishing how quickly the habit is acquired, even by those who are not aviators, of thinking of the weather in terms of its suitability for flying. There has been a bright moon also, which has militated against night attacks.

On Saturday, Oct. 3, practically nothing happened, except that each side shelled the other.

Toward evening on Sunday, Oct. 4, there was a similar absence of activity. Opposite one portion of our line the enemy's bands played patriotic airs, and the audiences which gathered gave a chance to our waiting howitzers.

Not only do their regimental bands perform occasionally, but with their proverbial fondness for music the Germans have in some places gramophones [Transcriber: original 'gramophones'] in their trenches.

On Monday, the 5th, there were three separate duels in the air between French and German aviators, one of which was visible from our trenches. Two of the struggles were, so far as could be seen, indecisive, but in the third the French airmen were victorious, and brought down their opponents, both of whom were killed by machine gun fire. The observer was so burned as to be unrecognizable.

During the day some men of the Landwehr were taken prisoners by us. They were in very poor condition and wept copiously when captured. One, on being asked what he was crying for, explained that though they had been advised to surrender to the English, they believed that they would be shot.

On that evening our airmen had an unusual amount of attention paid to them, both by the German aviators and their artillery of every description.

One of our infantry patrols discovered 150 dead Germans in a wood, one and a half miles from our front. We sent a party out to bury them, but it was fired upon and had to withdraw.

On Tuesday, the 6th, the enemy's guns were active in the afternoon. It is believed that the bombardment was due to anger because two of our howitzer shells had detonated right in one of the enemy's trenches, which was full of men. Three horses were killed by the German fire.



Wednesday, the 7th, was uneventful.

On Thursday, the 8th, the shelling by the enemy of a locality on our front, which has so far been the scene of their greatest efforts, was again continuous. Opposite one or two points the Germans have attempted to gain ground by sapping in some places with the view of secretly pushing forward machine guns in advance of their trenches, so that they can suddenly sweep with crossfire the space between our line and theirs, and so take any advance of ours on the flank.



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It is reported that at one point where the French were much annoyed by the fire of a German machine gun, which was otherwise inaccessible, they drove a mine gallery, 50 meters (about 164 feet) long, up to and under the emplacement, and blew up the gun. The man who drove the gallery belonged to a corps which was recruited in one of the coal-mining districts of France.

The German machine guns are mounted on low sledges, and are inconspicuous and evidently easily moved.

The fighting now consists mostly of shelling by the artillery of both sides and in front a line of fire from the machine guns as an occasional target offers. Our Maxims have been doing excellent work and have proved most efficient weapons for the sort of fighting in which we are now engaged.

At times there are so many outbursts of their fire in different directions that it is possible for an expert to tell by comparison which of the guns have their springs adjusted and are well tuned up for the day. The amount of practice that our officers are now getting in the use of this weapon is proving most valuable in teaching them how to maintain it at concert pitch as an instrument and how to derive the best tactical results from its employment.

Against us the Germans are not now expending so much gun ammunition as they have been, but they continue to fire at insignificant targets. They have the habit of suddenly dropping heavy shells without warning in localities of villages far behind our front line, possibly on the chance of catching some of our troops in bivouac or billets. They also fire a few rounds at night.

The artillery has up to now played so great a part in the war that a few general remarks descriptive of the methods of its employment by the enemy are justified. Their field artillery armament consists of 15-pounder quick-fire guns for horse and field batteries of divisions and there are, in addition, with each corps three to six batteries of 4.3-inch field howitzers and about two batteries of 5.9-inch howitzers. With an army there are some 8.2-inch heavy howitzers.

The accuracy of their fire is apt at first to cause some alarm, more especially as the guns are usually well concealed and the position and the direction from which the fire is proceeding are difficult of detection. But accurate as is their shooting, the German gunners have on the whole had little luck, and during the past three weeks an astonishingly small proportion of the number of shells fired by them have been really effective.

Quite the most striking feature of their handling of the artillery is the speed with which they concentrate the fire upon any selected point. They dispense to a great extent with the method of ranging known by us as bracketing, especially when acting on the

defensive, and direct their fire by means of squared maps and the telephone. Thus, when the target is found, its position on the map is telephoned to such batteries as it is desired to employ against that particular square.

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In addition to the guns employed to fire on the targets as they are picked up, others are told off to watch particular roads, and to deal with any of the enemy using them.

Both for the location of targets and the communication of the effect of the fire, reliance is placed on observation from aeroplanes and balloons and on information supplied by special observers and secret agents, who are sent out ahead or left behind in the enemy's lines to communicate by telephone or signal. These observers have been found in haystacks, barns, and other buildings well in advance of the German lines. Balloons of the so-called sausage pattern remain up in the air for long periods for the purpose of discovering targets, and until our aviators made their influence felt by chasing all hostile aeroplanes on sight the latter were continually hovering over our troops in order to register their positions and to note where the headquarters, reserves, gun teams, &c., were located.

If suitable targets are discovered the airman drops a smoke ball directly over it or lets fall some strips of tinsel, which glitter in the sun as they slowly descend to the earth. The range to the target is apparently ascertained by those near the guns by a large telemeter, or other range finder, which is kept trained on the aeroplane, so that when the signal is made the distance to the target vertically below is at once obtained. A few rounds are then fired, and the result is signalled back by the aviator according to some prearranged code.

## VII.

*A Fight in the Clouds.*

[Dated Oct. 13.]

From Friday the 9th of October until Monday the 12th so little occurred that a narrative of the events can be given in a few words. There has been the usual sporadic shelling of our trenches which has resulted in but little harm, so well dug in are our men, and on the night of the 10th the Germans made yet a fresh assault, supported by artillery fire, against the point which has all along attracted most of their attention.

The attempt was again a costly failure toward which our guns were able to contribute with great effect.

Details have been received of an exciting encounter in midair. One of our aviators on a fast scouting monoplane sighted a hostile machine. He had two rifles, fixed one on either side of his engines, and at once gave chase, but lost sight of his opponent among the clouds. Soon, however, another machine hove into view which turned out to be a German Otto biplane, a type of machine which is not nearly so fast as our scouts. Our officer once again started a pursuit. He knew that owing to the position of the propeller



of the hostile machine he could not be fired at when astern of his opponent. At sixty yards range he fired one rifle without apparent result. Then as his pace was carrying him ahead of his quarry he turned round, and, again coming to about the same distance behind, emptied his magazine at the German.



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The latter began at once to descend as if either he or his machine were hit, and shutting off his engine and volplaning to free his hands, the pursuer recharged his magazine. Unfortunately it jammed, but he managed to insert four cartridges and to fire them at his descending opponent, who disappeared into a cloud bank with dramatic suddenness. When the British officer emerged below the clouds he could see no sign of the other. He, therefore, climbed to an altitude of some 7,000 feet and came to the conclusion that the German must have come to earth in the French lines.

The French airmen, too, have been very successful during the last three days, having dropped several bombs among the German cavalry and caused considerable loss and disorder, and having by similar means silenced a battery of field howitzers.

The German anti-aircraft guns recently have been unusually active. From their rate of fire they seem to be nearly automatic, but so far they have not had much effect in reducing the air reconnoissances carried out by us.

A striking feature of our line—to use the conventional term which so seldom expresses accurately the position taken up by an army—is that it consists really of a series of trenches not all placed alongside each other, but some more advanced than others, and many facing in different directions. At one place they run east and west along one side of a valley. At another almost north and south up some subsidiary valley. Here they line the edge of woods, and there they are on the reverse slope of a hill, or possibly along a sunken road, and at different points both the German and the British trenches jut out like promontories into what might be regarded as the opponents' territory.

Though both sides have moved forward at certain points, and withdrawn at others, no very important change has been effected in their dispositions, in spite of the enemy's repeated counter attacks. These have been directed principally against one portion of the position won by us, but in spite of the lavish expenditure of life they have not so far succeeded in driving us back.

The situation of the works in the German front line as a whole has been a matter of deliberate selection, for they have had the advantage of previous reconnoissance, being first in the field.

Behind the front they now have several lines prepared for a step-by-step defense. Another point which might cause astonishment to a visitor to our intrenchments is the evident indifference displayed to the provision of an extended field of frontal rifle fire, which is generally accepted as being one of the great requirements of a defensive position. It is still desirable, if it can be obtained without the usually accompanying drawback of exposure to the direct fire of hostile artillery, but experience has shown that a short field of fire is sufficient to beat back the infantry assaults of the enemy, and by giving up direct fire at long or medium ranges and placing our trenches on the reverse slope of a hill or behind the crest, it is in many places possible to gain shelter from the



frontal fire of the German guns, for the men are well trained in musketry and under good fire control, and the dead ground beyond the short range from their position has comparatively small terrors.

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Many of the front trenches of the Germans equally lack a distant field of fire, but if lost they would be rendered untenable by us by the fact that they would be exposed to a fire from the German guns in the rear and to cross-rifle fire from neighboring works.

The extent to which cross-fire of all kinds is employed is also remarkable. Many localities and areas along the Aisne are not swept from the works directly in front of them, but are rendered untenable by rifle fire from neighboring features or by that of guns that are out of sight. So much is this the case that among these hills and valleys it is a difficult matter for troops to find out whence they are being shot at.

There is a perpetual triangular duel. A's infantry can see nothing to shoot at, but are under fire from B's guns. The action of B's guns then brings upon them the attention of some of A's artillery waiting for a target, the latter being in their turn assailed by other batteries. And so it goes on. In a wooded country in spite of aeroplanes and balloons smokeless powder has made the localization and identification of targets a matter of supreme difficulty.

### VIII.

*The Men in the Trenches.*

[Dated Oct. 13.]

On the firing line the men sleep and obtain shelter in dug-outs they have hollowed or cut under the sides of the trenches. These refuges are raised slightly above the bottom of the trench, so as to remain dry in wet weather. The floor of the trench also is sloped for purposes of draining. Some of the trenches are provided with overhead cover which gives protection from the weather as well as from shrapnel balls and splinters of shells. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised by the men in naming these shelters. Among the favorite designations are the "Hotel Cecil," the "Ritz Hotel," the "Billet-Doux Hotel," and the "Rue Dormir."

On the road barricades also are to be found boards bearing this notice: "This way to the Prussians."

Obstacles of every kind abound, and at night each side can hear the enemy driving pickets for entanglements, digging *trous-de-loup*, or working forward by sapping. In some places obstacles have been constructed by both sides so close together that some wag suggested that each side provide working parties to perform this fatigue duty alternately, inasmuch as the work of the enemy is now almost indistinguishable from ours, and serves the same purpose.

Quarries and caves, to which allusion already has been made, provide ample accommodation for whole battalions, and most comfortable are these shelters which



have been constructed in them. The northern slopes of the Aisne Valley fortunately are very steep, and this to a great extent protects us from the enemy's shells, many of which pass harmlessly over our heads, to burst in the meadows along the river bank.

At all points subject to shell fire access to the firing line from behind is provided by communication trenches. These are now so good that it is possible to cross in safety a fire-swept zone to the advance trenches from billets in villages, bivouacs in quarries, or other places where the headquarters of units happen to be.

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It already has been mentioned that according to information obtained from the enemy fifteen Germans were killed by a bomb dropped upon the ammunition wagon of a cavalry column. It was thought at the time that this might have been the work of one of our airmen, who reported that he had dropped a hand grenade on this convoy, and had then got a bird's-eye view of the finest display of fireworks he had ever seen. From corroborative evidence it now appears that this was the case; that the grenade thrown by him probably was the cause of the destruction of a small convoy carrying field-gun and howitzer ammunition, which now has been found a total wreck.

Along the road lie fourteen motor lorries, their iron skeletons twisted and broken. Everything inflammable has been burned, as have the stripped trees—some with split trunks—on either side of the road. Of the drivers, nothing remains except tattered boots and charred scraps of clothing, while the ground within a radius of fifty yards of the wagons is littered with pieces of iron, split brass cartridge cases, which have exploded, and some fixed-gun ammunition with live shells.

If it were possible to reconstruct this incident, if it was, in fact, brought about as supposed, the grenade from the aeroplane must have detonated on the leading lorry, on one side of the road, and caused the cartridges carried by it to explode. Three vehicles immediately in the rear must then have been set on fire, with a similar result. Behind these are groups of four and two vehicles so jammed together as to suggest that they must have collided in desperate attempts to stop. On the other side of the road, almost level with the leading wagon, are found more vehicles, which probably were fired by the explosion of the first.

If this appalling destruction was due to one hand grenade, it is an illustration of the potentialities of a small amount of high explosive detonated in the right spot, while the nature of the place where the disaster occurred, a narrow forest road between high trees, is a testimony to the skill of the airmen.

It is only fair to add that some French newspapers claim this damage to the enemy was caused by the action of a detachment of their dragoons.

## IX.

### *1,100 Dead in a Single Trench.*

[Official Summary, Dated Oct. 27.]

The Official Bureau makes public today the story of an eye-witness, supplementing the account issued on Oct. 24, and bringing the story of the general course of operations in France up to Oct. 20. The arrival of reinforcements, it says, enabled the British troops to assist in the extension of the Allies' line where the Germans advanced from the

northeast and east, holding a front extending from Mont Descats, about ten miles northeast of Hazebrouck, through Meteren, five miles south of that point, and thence to Estaires, thirteen miles west of Lille, on the River Lys. The statement continues:



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“South of the Lys the German line extended to three miles east of Bethune to Vermelles. The Allies encountered resistance all along the line on the 12th and 13th, when the enemy’s right fell back hastily. Bailleul, seventeen miles northwest by west of Lille, which had been occupied by the foe for eight days, was abandoned without a shot being fired.

[Illustration: GEN. VON BUeLOW Commanding One of the German Armies in the West (*Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., N.Y.*)]

[Illustration: CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA (*Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., N.Y.*)]

“On the 14th our left wing advanced, driving the enemy back, and on the night of the 15th we were in possession of all the country on the left bank of the Lys to a point five miles below Armentieres. The enemy retired from that town on the 16th, and the river line, to within a short distance of Frelinghien, fell into our hands.

“The state of the crossings over the Lys indicated that no organized scheme of defense had been executed, some of the bridges being in a state of repair, others merely barricaded, while one was not even defended or broken.

“The resistance offered to our advance on the 15th was of a most determined character. The fighting consisted of fiercely contested encounters, infantry attacks on the villages being unavailing until our howitzers reduced the houses to ruins. Other villages were taken and retaken three times before they were finally secured.

“The French cavalry here gave welcome support, and on the evening of the 16th the resistance was overcome, the enemy retiring five miles to the eastward.”

Describing an incident of the fighting on this night, the narrative says that the important crossing of the Lys at Warneton was strongly held by the Germans with a barricade loopholed at the bottom to enable the men to fire while lying down.

“Our cavalry, with the artillery, blew the barricade to pieces and scattered the defenders,” the narrative continues. “Advancing three-quarters of a mile our troops reached the square, when one of the buildings appeared to leap skyward. A sheet of flame and a shower of star shells at the same time made the place as light as day and enabled the enemy, ensconced in surrounding houses, to pour a devastating fire from rifles and machine guns. Our cavalry extricated themselves with the loss of one officer wounded and nine men killed and wounded, but a party of volunteers went back and carried off their wounded comrades from the inferno.



“During the 17th, 18th, and 19th of October our right encountered strong opposition from the enemy about La Bassee, where they had established themselves behind embankments. On the centre and the left we made better progress, although the Germans were everywhere intrenched, and, in spite of the bombardment, held some villages on the Lys. At the close of each day a night counter stroke was delivered against one or another part of our line, but they were all repulsed.

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“Tuesday, Oct. 20, a determined but unsuccessful attack was made against virtually the whole of our line. At one point where one of our brigades made a counter attack 1,100 German dead were found in a trench and forty prisoners were taken.”

The narrative points out that the advance of the Allies has been hindered by the weather and the nature of the ground, together with the impossibility of knowing beforehand the reception that advance detachments were likely to meet in approaching any village or town. “One place may be evacuated hastily as untenable,” the recital continues, “while another in the same general line will continue to resist for a considerable time. In some villages the inhabitants meet our cyclists with kisses, while at the next one the roads will, in all probability, have trenches cut across them and blocked with barricades and machine guns. Under these circumstances an incautious advance is severely punished, and it is impossible for large bodies of troops to push on until the front has been thoroughly reconnoitred. This work requires the highest qualities from our cavalry, our cyclists, and our advanced guards.

Armored motor cars equipped with machine guns are now playing a part in the war, and have been most successful in dealing with small parties of German mounted troops. In their employment our gallant allies, the Belgians, who are now fighting with us and acquitting themselves nobly, have shown themselves to be experts. They appear to regard Uhlan hunting as a form of sport. The crews display the utmost dash and skill in this form of warfare, often going out several miles ahead of their own advanced troops and seldom failing to return loaded with spoils in the shape of lancers' caps, busbies, helmets, lances, rifles, and other trophies, which they distribute as souvenirs to the crowds in the market places of the frontier towns.

Although the struggle in the northern area naturally attracts more attention than the one in the Aisne, the fighting in this region still continues. Although there has been no alteration in the general situation, the enemy has made certain changes in the positions of his heavy artillery, with the result that one or two places which formerly were safe are now subject to bombardment, while others which were approachable only at night or by crawling on hands and knees now serve as recreation grounds. At one point even a marquee tent has been erected.

A story from this quarter illustrates a new use for the craters made by the explosions of the “Black Marias,” the name given by the men to the projectiles of the big German howitzers. An officer on patrol stumbled in the dark on the German trenches. He turned and made for the British lines, but the fire directed at him was so heavy that he had to throw himself on the ground and crawl. There was no cover at hand, and his chances looked desperate, when he saw close by an enormous hole in the ground made by one of these large shells. Into this he scrambled and remained there for a night and a day. When night again came he succeeded in reaching our lines in safety.



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Official casualty lists of recent date which have been captured show that the losses of the Germans continue to be heavy. One single list shows that a company of German infantry had 139 men killed and wounded, or more than half of its war establishment. Other companies suffered almost as heavily. It further appears that the number of men reported missing—that is, those who have fallen into the hands of the enemy or who have become marauders—is much greater in the reserve battalions than in the first line units. This is evidence of the inferior quality of some of the reserves now being brought up to reinforce the enemy field army, and it is all the more encouraging, since every day adds to our first line strength.

The arrival of the Indian contingents caused every one to realize that while the enemy was filling his depleted ranks with immature levies, we have large reserves of perfectly fresh and thoroughly trained troops to draw upon.

### X.

*Nature of Fighting Changes.*

[Dated Oct. 26.]

Before the narrative [Transcriber: original 'narative'] of the progress of the fighting near the Franco-Belgian frontier subsequent to Oct. 20 is continued a brief description will be given of the movement of a certain fraction of our troops from its former line facing north, on the east of Paris, to its present position facing east, in the northwest corner of France, by which a portion of the British Army has been enabled to join hands with the incoming and growing stream of reinforcements.

This is now an accomplished fact, as is generally known, and can therefore be explained in some detail without detriment. Mention will also be made of the gradual development up to Oct. 20 in the nature of the operations in this quarter of the theatre of war, which has recently come into such prominence.

In its broad lines the transfer of strength by one combatant during the course of a great battle which has just been accomplished is somewhat remarkable. It can best be compared with the action of the Japanese during the battle of Mukden, when Gen. Oku withdrew a portion of his force from his front, moved it northward behind the line, and threw it into the fight again near the extreme left of the Japanese armies.

In general direction, though not in scope or possible results, owing to the coast line being reached by the Allies, the parallel [Transcriber: original 'parellel'] is complete. The Japanese force concerned, however, was much smaller than ours and the distance covered by it was less than that from the Aisne to the Franco-Belgian frontier. Gen. Oku's troops, moreover, marched, whereas ours were moved by march, rail, and motor.

What was implied in the actual withdrawal from contact with the enemy along the Aisne will be appreciated when the conditions under which we were then situated are recalled.

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In places the two lines were not one hundred yards apart, and for us no movement was possible during daylight. In some of the trenches which were under enfilade fire our men had to sit all day long close under the traverses—as are called those mounds of earth which stretch like partitions at intervals across a trench so as to give protection from lateral fire. Even where there was cover, such as that afforded by depressions or sunken roads, on the hillside below and behind our firing line, any attempt to cross the intervening space was met by fierce bursts of machine gun and shell fire.

The men in the firing line were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, and brought rations and water with them when they came on duty, for none could be sent up to them during the day. Even the wounded could not be removed until dark.

The preliminary retirement of the units was therefore carried out gradually, under cover of darkness. That the Germans only once opened fire on them while so engaged was due to the care with which the operation was conducted, and also, probably, to the fact that the enemy were so accustomed to the recurrence of the sounds made by the reliefs of the men in the firing line and by the movement of the supply trains below that they were misled as to what was actually taking place.

What the operation amounted to on our part was the evacuation of the trenches, under carefully made arrangements with the French who had to take our place in the trenches; the retirement to the river below—in many cases down a steep slope; the crossing of the river over the noisy plank roadways of floating or repaired bridges, which were mostly commanded by the enemy's guns—and the climb up to the top of the plateau on the south side.

The rest of the move was a complicated feat of transportation which cut across some of the lines of communication of our allies; but it requires no description here. In spite of the various difficulties, the whole strategic operation of transferring the large number of troops from the Aisne was carried out without loss and practically without a hitch.

As regards the change in the nature of the fighting in which we have recently been engaged, it has already been pointed out that the operations had up till then been of a preparatory nature and that the Germans were obviously seeking to delay us by advanced troops while heavier forces were being got ready and brought up to the scene of action. It was known that they were raising a new army, consisting of corps formed of Ersatz, (supernumerary reserves), volunteers, and other material which had not yet been drawn upon, and that part of it would in all probability be sent to the western theatre, either to cover the troops laying siege to Antwerp, in case that place should hold out, or, in the event of the capture of the fortress, to act in conjunction with the besieging force in a violent offensive movement toward the coast.

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After the fall of Antwerp and the release of the besieging troops there was a gradual increase in the strength of the opposition met with by us.

The resistance of the detachments—which beyond the right extreme of the German fortified line near Bethune a fortnight ago consisted almost entirely of cavalry—grew more and more determined as more infantry and guns came into the front line, until Tuesday, Oct. 20, when the arrival opposite us of a large portion of the new formations and a considerable number of heavy guns enabled the enemy to assume the offensive practically against the whole of our line at the same time that they attacked the Belgians between us and the coast.

The operations then really assumed a fresh complexion.

Since that date, up to the 25th, apart from the operations on either side of us, there has been plenty of action to chronicle on our immediate front, where some of the heaviest fighting in which we have yet been engaged has taken place, resulting in immense loss to the Germans.

On Wednesday, the 21st, the new German formations again pressed forward in force vigorously all along our line. On our right, south of the Lys, an attack on Violaines was repulsed with loss to the assailants.

On the other hand, we were driven from some ground close by, to the north, but regained it by a counter attack.

Still further north the Germans gained and retained some points.

Their total casualties to the southeast of Armentieres are estimated at over 6,000.

On the north of the Lys, in our centre, a fiercely contested action took place near La Gheir, which village was captured in the morning by the enemy and then retaken by us. In this direction the German casualties were also extremely heavy. They came on with the greatest bravery, in swarms, only to be swept away by our fire. One battalion of their 104th Regiment was practically wiped out, some 400 dead being picked up by us in our lines alone.

Incidentally, by our counter attack, we took 130 prisoners and released some forty of our own men who had been surrounded and captured, including a subaltern of artillery who had been cut off while observing from a point of vantage.

It is agreeable to record that our men were very well treated by their captors, who were Saxons, being placed in cellars for protection from the bombardment of our own guns.

On our left our troops advanced against the German 26th Reserve Corps near Passchendaele, and were met by a determined counter offensive, which was driven

back with great loss. At night the Germans renewed their efforts unsuccessfully in this quarter.

At one point they tried a ruse which is no longer new. As they came up in a solid line two deep they shouted out: "Don't fire; we are the Coldstream Guards."

But our men are getting used to tricks of this kind, and the only result of this "slimness" was that they allowed the enemy's infantry to approach, quite close before they swept them down with magazine fire.

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Apart from the 400 dead found near our lines in our centre, our patrols afterwards discovered some 300 dead further out in front of our left, killed by our artillery.

Thursday, the 22d, saw a renewal of the pressure against us. We succeeded, however, in holding our ground in nearly every quarter.

South of the Lys the enemy attacked from La Bassee, and gained Violaines and another point, but their effort against a third village was repulsed by artillery fire alone, the French and British guns working together very effectively. On the north of the river it was a day of minor attacks against us, which were all beaten back.

The Germans advanced in the evening against our centre and left, and were again hurled back, though they gained some of our trenches in the latter quarter. By this time the enemy had succeeded in bringing up several heavy howitzers, and our casualties were considerable.

On Friday, the 23d, all action south of the Lys on our right was confined to that of the artillery, several of the hostile batteries being silenced by our fire. In the centre their infantry again endeavored to force their way forward, and were only repulsed after determined fighting, leaving many dead on the ground and several prisoners in our hands. North of the Lys attacks at different points were repulsed.

On our left the 23d was a bad day for the Germans. Advancing in our turn, we drove them from some of the trenches out of which they had turned us on the previous evening, captured 150 prisoners, and released some of our men whom they had taken.

As the Germans retreated our guns did great execution among them.

They afterwards made five desperate assaults on our trenches, advancing in mass and singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" as they came on. Each assault was easily beaten back, our troops waiting until the enemy came to very close range before they opened fire with rifles and Maxims, causing terrible havoc in the solid masses.

During the fighting in this quarter on the night of the 22d and on the 23d the German losses were again extremely heavy. We made over 600 prisoners during that time and picked up 1,500 dead, killed on the latter day alone.

Much of the slaughter was due to the point blank magazine fire of our men against the German assaults, while our field guns and howitzers, working in perfect combination, did their share when the enemy were repulsed. As they fell back they were subjected to a shower of shrapnel. When they sought shelter in villages or buildings they were shattered and driven out by high-explosive shells and then again caught by shrapnel as they came into the open.

The troops to suffer so severely were mostly of Twenty-third Corps, one of their new formations.

Certainly the way their advance was conducted showed a lack of training and faults in leading which the almost superhuman bravery of the soldiers could not counterbalance. It was a holocaust.



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The spectacle of these devoted men chanting a national song as they marched on to certain death was inspiring. It was at the same time pitiable.

And if any proof were needed that untrained valor alone cannot gain the day in modern war, the advance of the Twenty-third German Corps on Oct. 23 most assuredly furnished it.

Besides doing its share of execution on the hostile infantry, our artillery in this quarter brought down a German captive balloon.

As some gauge of the rate at which the guns were firing at what was for them an ideal target, it may be mentioned that one field battery expended 1,800 rounds of ammunition during the day.

On Saturday, the 24th, action on our right was once more confined to that of artillery, except at night, when the Germans pressed on, only to be repulsed.

In the centre, near Armentieres, our troops withstood three separate attempts of the enemy to push forward, our guns coming into play with good effect. Against our left the German Twenty-seventh Corps made a violent effort with no success.

On Sunday, the 25th, it was our turn to take the offensive. This was carried out by a portion of our left wing, which advanced, gained some ground, and took two guns and eighty prisoners. It is believed that six machine guns fell to the French.

In the centre the fighting was severe, though generally indecisive in result, and the troops in some places were engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Toward evening we captured 200 prisoners.

On the right action was again confined to that of the guns.

Up to the night of the 25th, therefore, not only have we maintained our position against the great effort on the part of the enemy to break through to the west, or to force us back, which started on the 20th; we have on our left passed to the offensive.

These six days, as may be gathered, have been spent by us in repelling a succession of desperate onslaughts. It is true that the efforts against us have been made to a great extent by partially trained men, some of whom appear to be suffering from lack of food. But it must not be forgotten that these troops, which are in great force, have only recently been brought into the field, and are therefore comparatively fresh. They are fighting also with the utmost determination, in spite of the fact that many of them are heartily sick of the war.

The struggle has been of the most severe and sanguinary nature, and it seems that success will favor that side which is possessed of most endurance, or can bring up and



fling fresh forces into the fray. Though we have undoubtedly inflicted immense loss upon the enemy, they have so far been able to fill up the gaps in their ranks and to return to the charge, and we have suffered heavily ourselves.

One feature of the tactics now employed has been the use of cavalry in dismounted action, for on both sides many of the mounted troops are fighting in the trenches alongside the infantry.



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Armored motor cars, armed with Maxims and light quick-firing guns, also have recently played a useful part on our side, especially in helping to eject the enemy lurking in villages and isolated buildings. Against such parties the combined action of the quick-firer against the snipers in buildings, and the Maxim against them when they are driven into the open, is most efficacious.

### XI.

*The British Defense at Ypres.*

[Dated Nov. 13.]

The diminution in the force of the German rush to the west has not lasted long. The section of the front to the north of our forces was the first to meet the recrudescence of violence in the shape of an attack in the neighborhood of Dixmude and Bixschoote.

Our turn came next. After eight days of comparative relaxation we were under constant pressure from Tuesday, Nov. 3, to Tuesday, the 10th. The next day saw a repetition of the great attempt of the Germans to break through our lines to the French coast.

What was realized might happen did happen. In spite of the immense losses suffered by the enemy during the five-day attack against Ypres, which lasted from Oct. 29 to the 2d of this month, the cessation of their more violent efforts on the latter day did not signalize the abandonment of the whole project, but merely the temporary relinquishment of the main offensive until fresh troops had been massed to carry on what was proving to be a costly and difficult operation.

Meanwhile the interval was employed in endeavoring to wear out the Allies by repeated local attacks of varying force and to shatter them by a prolonged and concentrated bombardment. By the 11th, therefore, it seems that they considered they had attained both objects, for on that day they recommenced the desperate battle for the possession of Ypres and its neighborhood.

Though the struggle has not yet come to an end, this much can be said: The Germans have gained some ground, but they have not captured Ypres.

In repulsing the enemy so far we have suffered heavy casualties, but battles of this fierce and prolonged nature cannot but be costly to both sides. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we have foiled the enemy in what appears to be at present his main object in the western theatre of operations, and have inflicted immensely greater losses on him than those we have suffered ourselves.

To carry on the narrative for the three days of the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November:



Tuesday, the 10th, was uneventful for us. At some distance beyond our left flank the enemy advanced in force against the French and were repulsed. Directly on our left, however, along the greater part of the front, shelling was less severe, and no infantry attacks took place.

To the southeast of Ypres the enemy kept up a very heavy bombardment against our line, as well as that of the French. On our left centre the situation remained unchanged, both sides contenting themselves with furious cannonading. In our centre the Germans retained their hold on the small amount of ground which they had gained from us, but in doing so incurred a heavy loss from our artillery and machine gun fire.



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Incidentally, one of the houses held by the enemy was so knocked about by our fire that its defenders bolted. On their way to the rear they were met by reinforcements under an officer who halted them, evidently in an endeavor to persuade them to return. While the parley was going on one of our machine guns was quietly moved to a position of vantage, whence it opened a most effective fire on the group.

On our right one of the enemy's saps, which was being pushed toward our line, was attacked by us. All the men in it were captured.

Wednesday, the 11th, was another day of desperate fighting. As day broke the Germans opened fire on our trenches to the north and south of the road from Menin to Ypres. This was probably the most furious artillery fire which they have yet employed against us.

A few hours later they followed this by an infantry assault in force. This attack was carried out by the First and Fourth brigades of the Guard Corps, which, as we now know from prisoners, have been sent for to make a supreme effort to capture Ypres, since that task had proved too heavy for the infantry of the line.

As the attackers surged forward they were met by our frontal fire, and since they were moving diagonally across part of our front they were also attacked on the flank by artillery, rifles, and machine guns. Though their casualties before they reached our line must have been enormous, such was their resolution and the momentum of the mass that in spite of the splendid resistance of our troops they succeeded in breaking through our line in three places near the road. They penetrated some distance into the woods behind our trenches, but were counter-attacked again, enfiladed by machine guns and driven back to their line of trenches, a certain portion of which they succeeded in holding, in spite of our efforts to expel them.

What their total losses must have been during this advance may be gauged to some extent from the fact that the number of dead left in the woods behind our line alone amounted to 700.

A simultaneous effort made to the south, a part of the same operation although not carried out by the Guard Corps, failed entirely, for when the attacking infantry massed in the woods close to our line, our guns opened on them with such effect that they did not push the assault home.

As generally happens in operations in wooded country, the fighting to a great extent was carried on at close quarters. It was most desperate and confused. Scattered bodies of the enemy who had penetrated into the woods in the rear of our position could neither go backward nor forward, and were nearly all killed or captured.

The portion of the line to the southeast of Ypres held by us was heavily shelled, but did not undergo any very serious infantry attack. That occupied by the French, however, was both bombarded and fiercely assaulted. On the rest of our front, save for the usual bombardment, all was comparatively quiet.

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On the right one of our trenches was mined and then abandoned. As soon as it was occupied by the enemy the charges were fired and several Germans were blown to pieces.

Thursday, Nov. 12, was marked by a partial lull in the fighting all along our line. To the north a German force which had crossed the Yser and intrenched on the left bank was annihilated by a night attack with the bayonet, executed by the French. Slightly to the south the enemy was forced back for three-quarters of a mile. Immediately on our left the French were strongly attacked and driven back a short distance, our extreme left having to conform to this movement. Our allies soon recovered the ground they had lost, however, and this enabled us to advance also.

To the southeast of Ypres the enemy's snipers were very active. On our centre and right the enemy's bombardment was maintained, but nothing worthy of special note occurred.

The fact that on this day the advance against our line in front of Ypres was not pushed home after such an effort as that of Wednesday tends to show that for the moment the attacking troops had had enough.

Although the failure of this great attack by the Guard Corps to accomplish their object cannot be described as a decisive event, it possibly marks the culmination if not the close of the second stage in the attempt to capture Ypres, and it is not without significance. It has also a dramatic interest of its own. Having once definitely failed to achieve this object by means of the sheer weight of numbers, and having done their best to wear us down, the Germans brought in fresh picked troops to carry the Ypres salient by an assault from the north, the south and the east. That the Guard Corps should have been selected to act against the eastern edge of the salient may be taken as proof of the necessity felt by the Germans to gain this point in the line.

Their dogged perseverance in pursuance of their objective claims whole-hearted admiration. The failure of one great attack, heralded as it was by an impassioned appeal to the troops made in the presence of the Emperor himself, but carried out by partially trained men, has been only the signal for another desperate effort in which the place of honor was assigned to the corps d'elite of the German Army.

It must be admitted that the Guard Corps has retained that reputation for courage and contempt of death which it earned in 1870, when Emperor William I., after the battle of Gravelotte, wrote: "My Guard has found its grave in front of St. Privat," and the swarms of men who came up bravely to the British rifles in the woods around Ypres repeated the tactics of forty-four years ago when their dense columns, toiling up the slopes of St. Privat, melted away under the fire of the French.



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That the Germans are cunning fighters, and well up in all the tricks of the trade, has frequently been pointed out. For instance, they often succeed in ascertaining what regiment or brigade is opposed to them, and because of their knowledge of English, they are able to employ the information to some purpose. On a recent occasion, having by some means discovered the name of the commander of the company holding the trench they were attacking, they called him by name, asking if Captain —— was there. Fortunately the pronunciation of the spokesman was somewhat defective, and their curiosity was rewarded by discovering that both the officer in question and his men were very much there.

There have been reports from so many different quarters of the enemy having been seen wearing British and French uniforms that it is impossible to doubt their truth. One absolutely authentic case occurred during the fighting near Ypres. A man dressed in a uniform closely resembling that of a British staff officer suddenly appeared near our trenches and walked along the line. He asked if many casualties had been suffered, stated that the situation was serious, and that a general retirement had been ordered. A similar visit having been reported by several men in different trenches, orders were issued that this strange officer was to be detained if seen again. Unluckily he did not make another appearance.

The following remarks taken from the diary of a German soldier are published not because there is reason to believe they are justified with regard to the conduct of German officers but because of their interest as a human document. Under date of Nov. 2 this German soldier wrote:

Previous to noon we were sent out in a regular storm of bullets on the order of the Major. These gentlemen, the officers, send their men forward in a most ridiculous way. They themselves remain far behind, safely under cover. Our leadership is really scandalous. Enormous losses on our side are partly from the fire of our own people, for our leaders neither know where the enemy lies nor where our own troops are, so that we often are fired on by our own men. It is a marvel to me that we have got on as far as we have done. Our Captain fell, as did also all our section leaders and a large number of our men. Moreover, no purpose was served by this advance, for we remained the rest of the day under cover; we could go neither forward nor back, nor even shoot. The trench we had taken was not occupied by us. The English naturally took it back at night. That was the sole result. Then when the enemy had intrenched themselves another attack was made, costing us many lives and fifty prisoners. It is simply ridiculous, this leadership. If only I had known it before! My opinion of German officers has changed.

An Adjutant shouted to us from a trench far to the rear to cut down a hedge in front of us. Bullets were whistling round from in front and from behind. The gentleman himself, of course, remained behind.

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The Fourth Company has now no leaders but a couple of non-coms.  
When will my turn come! I hope to goodness I shall get home again.

In the trenches shells and shrapnel burst without ceasing. In the evening we get a cup of rice and one-third of an apple per man. Let us hope peace will soon come. Such a war is really too awful. The English shoot like mad. If no reinforcements come up, especially heavy artillery, we shall have a poor lookout and must retire. The first day I went quietly into the fight with an indifference which astonished me. Today, for the first time, in advancing, when my comrades on the right and left were falling, I felt rather nervous. But I lost that feeling again soon. One becomes horribly indifferent.

I picked up a piece of bread by chance. Thank God! At least I have something to eat.

There are about 70,000 English who must be attacked from all four sides and destroyed. However, they defend themselves obstinately.

## XII.

*Attacked by 750,000 Germans.*

[Official Summary, Dated Dec. 3.]

Col. E.D. Swinton of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff of the British Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium, in a narrative dated Nov. 26, gives a general review of the development of the situation of the force for six weeks preceding that date.

There has recently been a lull in the active operations, he says. No progress has been made by either side, and yet there has come about an important modification comprising a readjustment in the scope of the part played by the British Army as a whole. He explains the movement from the River Aisne to the Belgian frontier to prolong the left flank of the French Army, and says that in attempting this the British force was compelled to assume responsibility for a very extended section of the front. He points out, as did Field Marshal Sir John French, Commander in Chief of the British forces, that the British held only one-twelfth of the line, so that the greater share of the common task of opposing the enemy fell and still falls to the French, while the Belgians played an almost vital part.

With the fall of Antwerp the Germans made every effort to push forward a besieging force toward the west and hastened to bring up a new army corps which had been hastily raised and trained, their object being to drive the Allies out of Belgium and break through to Dunkirk and Calais. Altogether they had a quarter of a million of fresh men. Eventually the Germans had north of La Bassee about fourteen corps and eight cavalry

divisions, that is, “a force of three-quarters of a million of men with which to attempt to drive the Allies into the sea. In addition, there was immensely powerful armament and heavy siege artillery, which also had been brought up from around Antwerp.”



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The official eye-witness tells of the blows delivered by the Germans at Nieuport, Dixmude, and Ypres, where "at first the Allies were greatly outnumbered." For a whole month the British army around Ypres succeeded in holding its ground against repeated onslaughts made by vastly superior forces. The writer goes into details of the German attacks and describes how they were frustrated by the Allies.

The British force, says Col. Swinton, which consisted all along of the same units, had "to withstand an almost continuous bombardment and to meet one desperate assault after another, each carried out by fresh units from the large numbers which the Germans were devoting to the operation." Finally the French came to their assistance, and "never was help more welcome; for by then our small local reserves had again and again been thrown into the fight in the execution of counter-attacks, and our men were exhausted by the incessant fighting."

The British front now has been considerably shortened and in addition has been reinforced, while a lull in the activity has enabled the British to readjust their forces, strengthen their positions, and bring up reserves. There has, therefore, "been a great general improvement in the conditions under which we are carrying on the fight". Of the fighting which preceded this reorganization the writer says it is due solely to the resource, initiative, and endurance of the regimental officers and men that success has lain with the British. He continues:

"As the struggle swayed backward and forward through wood and hamlet, the fighting assumed a most confused and desperate character. The units became inextricably mixed, and in many cases, in order to strengthen some threatened point or to fill a gap in the line, the officers had to collect and throw into the fight what men they could, regardless of the units to which they belonged. Our casualties have been severe; but we have been fighting a battle, and a battle implies casualties, and, heavy as they have been, it must be remembered that they have not been suffered in vain.

"The duty of the French, Belgians, and British in the western theatre of operations has been to act as a containing force; in other words, to hold on to and to keep occupied as many of the enemy as possible while the Russians were attacking in the east. In this we have succeeded in playing our part, and by our resistance have contributed materially toward the success of the campaign. Moreover, our losses have not impaired our fighting efficiency. The troops have required only a slight respite in order to be able to continue the action with as much determination as ever. They are physically fit and well fed and have suffered merely from the fatigue which is inseparable from a protracted struggle such as they have been through. The severest handling by the enemy has never had more than a temporary effect on their spirits, which they have soon recovered, owing to the years of discipline and training to which the officers and men have been accustomed.



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“The value of such preparation is as noticeable on the side of the enemy as on our own. The phenomenal losses suffered by the Germans’ new formations have been remarked, and they were in part due to their lack of training. Moreover, though at the first onset these formations advanced to the attack as gravely as their active corps, they have not by any means, shown the same recuperative powers. The Twenty-seventh Corps, for instance, which is a new formation composed principally of men with from only seven to twelve weeks’ training, has not yet recovered from its first encounter with the British infantry around Becelaere, to the northeast of Ypres, a month ago. On the other hand, the Guards Corps, in spite of having suffered severely in Belgium, of having been thrown headlong across the Oise River at Guise and of having lost large numbers on the plains of Compiègne and on the banks of the Aisne River, advanced against Ypres on the 11th of November as bravely as they did on the 20th of August.”

The Allies, continues Col. Swinton, have made great sacrifices to defend against tremendous odds a line that could only be maintained by making these sacrifices; but the fact that the situation has been relieved is no reason for assuming that the enemy has abandoned his intention of pressing through to the sea. The writer points out that the Germans continue to attack with great courage, but little abated by failure, and, while they have not succeeded in gaining the Straits of Dover, they have been enabled to consolidate their position on the western front and retain all but a small portion of Belgium.

“As well as they have fought, however,” continues the narrative, “it is doubtful if their achievements are commensurate with their losses, which recently have been largely due to a lack of training and a comparative lack of discipline of the improvised units they put in the field.”

Col. Swinton concludes with the statement that, as the war is going to be one of exhaustion, after the regular armies of the belligerents have done their work it will be upon the raw material of the countries concerned that final success will depend.

### XIII.

*The Lull in November.*

[Dated Nov. 29.]

General inactivity is recorded along the English front, with the Germans pressing the attack in one quarter against the Indian troops, who have been extending their trenches in an endeavor to get in close quarters with the enemy. There has been some shelling of the rear of our front line south of the Lys, but this form of annoyance diminishes daily along the whole front. Sniping, however, is carried on almost incessantly. There seems

to be little doubt that the Germans are employing civilians, either willingly or unwillingly, to dig trenches; some civilians have been seen and shot while engaged in this work.

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While it is necessary to accept the evidence of all prisoners with caution, there is a change in the views expressed by some officers captured recently which appears to be genuine. They admit the failure of the German strategy and profess to take a gloomy view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as yet there is no sign that their view is that generally held by the enemy, nor has there been any definite indication of a lack of morale among the German troops.

The highways of Northern France are crowded with men responding to the various mobilization orders issued by the French Government.

Thousands of such troops were encountered in the course of a short automobile trip. The strange procession includes a curious mixture of types. A considerable proportion of these new drafts are composed of middle-aged men of good physique and likely young men from the countryside.

The change within the last few days of what may be termed the atmosphere of the battlefield has been marked. The noise of the cannonading has now decreased to such an extent that for hours at a time nothing is heard but the infrequent boom of one of the heavy guns of the Allies, the occasional rattle of machine guns, and the intermittent fire of snipers on either side. So far as the use of explosives is concerned, the greatest activity is found in local attacks with hand grenades and short-range howitzers. The enemy has practically ceased his efforts to break through the line by assaults, and he is now devoting his energies to the same type of siege operations which have been familiar to the Allies since the beginning of the battle of the Aisne.

Subterranean life is the general rule in the neighborhood of the firing line. Even those men not actually engaged in fighting live in underground quarters. Some of these quarters, called "funk-holes" are quite elaborate and comfortable and contain many conveniences not found in the trenches on the firing line. They communicate with the firing line by zigzag approach trenches which make enfilading impossible.

Attacks are made on the firing line trenches by blind saps, which are constructed by a special earth borer. When this secret tunnel reaches the enemy's trench, an assault is delivered amid a shower of hand grenades. The stormers endeavor to burst their way through the opening and then try to work along the trench. Machine guns are quickly brought up to repel a counter attack. Most of this fighting takes place at such close range that the guns on either side cannot be fired at the enemy's infantry without great risk of hitting their own men. Bombs have come to take the place of artillery, and they are being used in enormous quantities.



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The short-range howitzers are of three types, and those used by the Germans have come to be termed the “Jack Johnson” of close attack. The smaller bombs and grenades thrown by hand, although local in action, are very unpleasant, particularly between the inclosed space of a trench. These grenades are thrown continuously by both sides, and every trench assault is first preceded and then accompanied by showers of these murderous missiles. This kind of fighting is very deadly, and owing to the difficulty of observation it is at times somewhat blind. This difficulty has in a measure been decreased, however, by the use of the hyperscope, an instrument which works very much like the periscope on a submarine. It permits an observer to look out over the top of a parapet without raising his head above the protection of the trench.

*THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY.*

By EDWARD NEVILLE VOSE.

THE old year dies 'mid gloom and woe—  
The saddest year since Christ was born—  
And those who battle in the snow  
All anxious-eyed look for the morn—  
The morn when wars shall be no more,  
The morn when Might shall cease to reign,  
When hushed shall be the cannons' roar  
And Peace shall rule the earth again.

As we from far survey the fray  
And strive to succor those who fall,  
Let each give thanks that not today  
To us the clarion bugles call—  
That not today to us 'tis said:  
“Bow down the knee, or pay the cost  
Till all ye loved are maimed or dead,  
Till all ye had is wrecked and lost.”

Should that grim summons to us come  
God grant we'd all play heroes' parts,  
And bravely fight for land and home  
While red blood flows in loyal hearts.  
But now a duty nobler far  
Has come to us in this great day—  
We are the nations' guiding star,  
They look to us to lead the way.

They look to us to lead the way  
To liberty for all the world,



The dawning of that better day  
When war's torn banners shall be furled—  
The day when men of every race  
Their right divine shall clearly see  
To rule themselves by their own grace,  
Forever and forever free.

*"Human Documents" of Battle*

*By Men Who Saw or Took Part./*

*Written in the hurry and confusion of battle, and without the opportunity at hand to check up the impressions given, it is of course likely that these dispatches from special correspondents may contain many things which history will correct. But as human documents they have no equal, and history will not be able, however she may correct matters of detail and partisan feeling, to offer anything which will give a more vivid impression of the glare and roar of battle than do these letters, penned by men actually in or near the firing line at the moment of great events. As such THE TIMES offers them, not as frozen history, but as history in the making, and has no apologies to make for an error of fact here and there, for those very errors are in a way testimony that adds value to the story—the story of honest and hard-driven human beings writing what was passing before their eyes.*

*The German Entry Into Brussels*



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*By John Boon of The London Daily Mail.*

BRUSSELS, via Alost, Aug. 20. (Thursday,) 10 P.M.

The Germans entered Brussels shortly after 2 P.M. today without firing a shot.

Yielding to the dictates of reason and humanity, the civil Government at the last moment disbanded the Civic Guard, which the Germans would not recognize. The soldiers and ordinary police were then entrusted with the maintenance of order.

After a day of wild panic and slumberless nights the citizens remained at their windows. Few sought their couches.

The morning broke brilliantly. The city was astir early, and on all lips were the words: "They are here" or "They are coming!"

The "they" referred to were already outside the boundaries in great force. The artillery was packed off on the road to Waterloo. Horse, foot, and sapper were packed deep on the Louvain and Tervervueren roads.

An enterprising motorist came in with the information and the crowds in the busy centres immediately became calm. At 11 o'clock it was reported that an officer with half a troop of hussars bearing white flags had halted outside the Louvain gate.

The Burgomaster and four Sheriffs went in a motor car to meet the officers. They were conducted to the German military authorities at the head of the column. The meeting took place outside the barracks of the carabineers.

The Burgomaster claimed for the citizens their rights under the laws of war regulating an unfortified capital. When roughly asked if he was prepared to surrender the city, with the threat that otherwise it would be bombarded, the Burgomaster said he would do so. He also decided to remove his scarf of office.

The discussion was brief. When the Burgomaster handed over his scarf it was handed back to him and he was thus intrusted for the time being with the civil control of the citizens. The Germans gave him plainly to understand that he would be held responsible for any overt act on the part of the populace against the Germans.

From noon until 2 o'clock the crowds waited expectantly. Shortly after 2 o'clock the booming of cannon and later the sound of military music conveyed to the people of Brussels the intimation that the triumphant march of the enemy on the ancient city had begun.

On they came, preceded by a scouting party of Uhlans, horse, foot, and artillery and sappers, with a siege train complete.



A special feature of the procession was 100 motor cars on which quick-firers were mounted. Every regiment and battery was headed by a band, horse or foot.

Now came the drums and fifes, now the blare of brass and soldiers singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland Ueber Alles."

Along the Chaussee de Louvain, past St. Josse and the Botanical Gardens, to the great open space in front of the Gare du Nord, the usual lounging place of the tired twaddlers of the city, swept the legions of the man who broke the peace of Europe.



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Among the cavalry were the famous Brunswick Death's Head Hussars and their companions on many bloody fields, the Zeiten Hussars. But where was the glorious garb of the German troops, the cherry-colored uniforms of the horsemen and the blue of the infantry? All is greenish, earth-color gray. All the hel- [Transcriber: Text missing in original.] are painted gray. The gun carriages are gray. Even the pontoon bridges are gray.

To the quick-step beat of the drums the Kaiser's men march to the great Square Charles Rogier. Then at the whistling sound of the word of command—for the sonorous orders of the German officers seemed to have gone the way of the brilliant uniforms—the gray-clad ranks broke into the famous goose step, while the good people of Liege and Brussels gazed at the passing wonder with mouths agape.

At the railroad station the great procession defiled to the boulevards and thence marched to encamp on the heights of the city called Kochelberg. It was truly a sight to have gladdened the eyes of the Kaiser, but on the sidewalks men were muttering beneath their breath: "They'll not pass here on their return. The Allies will do for them."

Many of the younger men in the great array seemed exhausted after the long forced march, but as a man staggered his comrades in the ranks held him up.

It was a great spectacle and an impressive one, but there were minor incidents that were of a less pleasant character.

Two Belgian officers, manacled and fastened to the leather stirrups of two Uhlans, made a spectacle that caused a low murmur of resentment from the citizens. Instantly German horsemen backed their steeds into the closely packed ranks of the spectators, threatening them with uplifted swords and stilling the momentary revolt.

At one point of the march a lame hawker offered flowers for sale to the soldiers. As he held up his posies a Captain of Hussars by a movement of his steed sent the poor wretch sprawling and bleeding in the dust. Then from the crowd a Frenchwoman, her heart scorning fear, cried out, "You brute!" so that all might hear.

There was one gross pleasantry, too, perpetrated by a gunner who led along a bear, evidently the pet of his battery, which was dressed in the full regalia of a Belgian General.

The bear was evidently intended to represent the King. He touched his cocked hat at intervals to his keeper.

This particularly irritated the Belgians, but they wisely abstained from any overt manifestation or any unpleasant feature of behavior. The soldiery as they passed tore repeatedly at the national colors which every Belgian lady now wears on her breast.



A more pleasant incident was when a party of Uhlans clamored for admittance at a villa on the Louvain road. They disposed of a dozen bottles of wine and bread and meat. The non-commissioned officer in command asked what the charge was and offered some gold pieces in payment. The money was refused.



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Near the steps of St. Gudule a party of officers of high rank, seated in a motor car, confiscated the stock of the news vendors. After greedily scanning the sheets they burst into loud laughter.

Hour after hour, hour after hour, the Kaiser's legions marched into Brussels streets and boulevards. Some regiments made a very fine appearance, and it is well that the people of England should know this. It was notably so in the case of the Sixty-sixth, Fourth and Twenty-sixth Regiments. Not one man of these regiments showed any sign of excessive fatigue after the gruelling night of marching, and no doubt the order to "goose step" was designedly given to impress the onlookers with the powers of resistance of the German soldiers.

[Illustration: The First Rush Into Belgium.]

The railway stations, the Post Office and the Town Hall were at once closed. The national flag on the latter was pulled down and the German emblem hoisted in its place. Practically all the shops were closed and the blinds drawn on most of the windows.

At the time of writing I have heard of no very untoward incident. The last train left Brussels at 9 o'clock on Wednesday night. Passengers to the city cannot pass beyond Denderleeuw, where there are strong German pickets.

*The Fall of Antwerp*

*By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle, Who Was at Antwerp During the Siege.*

[Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

LONDON, Oct. 11.—A Daily Chronicle correspondent who has just arrived from Antwerp tells the following story of his experiences:

Antwerp has been surrendered. This last and bitterest blow which has fallen upon Belgium is full of poignant tragedy, but the tragedy is lightened by the gallantry with which the city was defended.

Only at the last, to save the historic buildings and precious possessions of the ancient port, was its further defense abandoned. Already much of it had been shattered by the long-range German guns, and prolonged resistance against these tremendous engines of war was impossible.

Owing to this the siege was perhaps the shortest in the annals of war that a fortified city ever sustained. I have already described its preliminaries and the many heroic efforts



which were made by the Belgians to stem the tide of the enemy's advance, but the end could not long be delayed when the siege guns began the bombardment.

It was at three minutes past noon on Friday that the Germans entered the city, which was formally surrendered by the Burgomaster, J. de Vos. Antwerp had then been under a devastating and continuous shell fire for over forty hours.

It was difficult for me to ascertain precisely how the German attack was being constituted, but from officers and others who made journeys from the fighting lines into the city I gathered that the final assault consisted of a continuous bombardment of two hours' duration, from 7:30 o'clock in the morning until 9:30.



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During that time there was a continuous rain of shells, and it was extraordinary to notice the precision with which they dropped just where they would do the most damage. I was told that the Germans used captive balloons, whose officers signaled to the gunners the points in the Belgian defense at which they should aim.

The German guns, too, were concealed with such cleverness that their position could not be detected by the Belgians. Against such methods and against the terrible power of the German guns the Belgian artillery seemed quite ineffective. The firing came to an end at 9:30 o'clock Friday, and the garrison escaped, leaving only ruins behind them.

[Illustration: GEN. VON KLUCK Commanding on the German Left Wing in the West  
(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., N.Y.)]

[Illustration: GEN. VON HINDENBURG The German Commander in the East  
(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co. N.Y.)]

In order to gain time for an orderly retreat, a heavy fire was maintained against the Germans up to the last minute, and the forts were then blown up by the defenders as the Germans came in at the Gate of Malines. I was lucky enough to escape by the river to the north in a motor boat. The bombardment had then ceased, though many buildings were still blazing, and while the little boat sped down the Scheldt one could imagine the procession of the Kaiser's troops already goose-stepping their way through the well-nigh deserted streets.

Those forty hours of shattering noise, almost without a lull, seem to me now a fantastic nightmare, but the harrowing sights I witnessed in many parts of the city cannot be forgotten. It was Wednesday night that the shells began to fall into the city. From then onward they must have averaged about ten a minute, and most of them came from the largest guns which the Germans possess—"Black Marias," as Tommy Atkins has christened them.

Before the bombardment had been long in operation the civil population or a large proportion of it fell into a panic. It is impossible to blame these peaceful, quiet living burghers of Antwerp for the fears that possessed them when the merciless rain of German shells began to fall into the streets and on the roofs of their houses and public buildings. The Burgomaster had in his proclamation given them excellent advice to remain calm and he certainly set them an admirable example, but it was impossible to counsel the Belgians who knew what had happened to their fellow citizens in other towns which the Germans had passed through.

Immense crowds of them, men, women and children, gathered along the quayside and at the railway stations in an effort to make a hasty exit from the city. Their condition was

pitiable in the extreme. Family parties made up the biggest proportion of this vast crowd of broken men and women. There were husbands and wives with their groups of scared children unable to understand what was happening, yet dimly conscious in their childish way that something unusual and terrible and perilous had come into their lives.



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In many groups were to be seen old, old people, grandfathers and grandmothers of a family, and these in their shaking frailty and terror, which they could not withstand, were the more pitiable objects in the great gathering of stricken townfolk. This pathetic clinging together of the family was one of the most affecting sights I witnessed, and I have not the slightest doubt that in the mad rush for refuge beyond the borders of their native land many family groups of this sort completely perished.

All day and throughout the night these pitiful scenes continued, and when I went down to the quayside early Thursday, when the dawn was throwing a wan light over this part of the world, I found again a great host of citizens awaiting their chance of flight.

In the dimness of the breaking day this gathering of "Les Miserables" presented, as it seemed to me, the tragedy of Belgium in all its horror. I shall never forget the sight. Words would fail to convey anything but a feeble picture of the depths of misery and despair there. People stood in dumb and patient ranks drawn down to the quayside by the announcement that two boats would leave at 11 o'clock for Ostend, and Ostend looks across to England, where lie their hopes.

There were fully 40,000 of them assembled on the long quay, and all of them were inspired by the sure and certain hope that they would be among the lucky ones who would get on board one of the boats. Alas for their hopes, the two boats did not sail, and when they realized this I fancied I heard a low wail of anguish rise from the disappointed multitude.

Other means of escape were, however, available in the shape of a dozen or fifteen tugboats, whose destinations were Rotterdam and Flushing and other ports of Holland. They were not vessels of any considerable passenger carrying capacity, and as there was no one to arrange a systematic embarkation a wild struggle followed among the frantic people to obtain places on the tugs. Men, women, and children fought desperately with each other to get on board, and in that moment of supreme anguish human nature was seen in one of its worst moods, but who can blame these stricken people? Shells that were destroying their homes and giving their beloved town to the flames were screaming over their heads. Their trade was not war; they were merchants, shopkeepers, comfortable citizens of more than middle age, and there were many women and children among them, and this horror had come upon them in a more appalling shape than it has visited any other civilized community in modern times.

There was a scarcity of gangways to the boats and the only means of boarding them was by narrow planks sloping at a dangerous angle. Up these the fugitives struggled, and the strong elbowed the weak out of their way in their mad haste to escape. The marvel to me as I watched the scramble was that many were not crushed to death in the struggle to get on board or forced into the river and drowned. As it was, mishaps were very few. One old lady of 80 years slipped on one of the planks and fell against the side

of the boat, fracturing her skull. Several people fell into the river and two were drowned, but that is the sum total of accidents as far as I could ascertain.



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By 2 o'clock Thursday most of the tugboats had got away, but there were still some 15,000 people who had not been able to escape, and had to await resignedly whatever fate was in store for them.

I have endeavored to describe the scenes at the quayside on Thursday morning, and I now turn to the Central Station, where incidents of a similar kind were happening. There, as down by the river, an immense throng of people had assembled, and they were filled with dismay at the announcement that no trains were running. In their despair they prepared to leave the city on foot by crossing the pontoon bridge and marching toward the Dutch frontier.

I cannot, of course, speak positively on the subject, but I should say the exodus of refugees from the city must have totaled 200,000 persons—men, women, and children of all ages—or very nearly that vast number, and that out of a population which in normal times is 321,821. One might estimate that fully 70 per cent. of those folk had little or no money.

There were three lines of exit. They could up to the time of the German invasion cross the pontoon bridge over the Scheldt; they could go along the countryside toward the Dutch frontier, or they could walk up the Scheldt toward the frontier and then cross by ferry to Belgian territory again.

Many of the aged women among the refugees, terrorized and hunger-stricken, died, I am told, on the way to the Belgian frontier. The towns were crowded with pitiful wanderers, fleeing from the ruthless invaders, and they begged for crusts of bread. They were simply starving, and householders did what they could to help, cottagers giving to their utmost out of their meagre larders, but still there was a cry for food.

I now return to the events of Thursday. At 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the bombardment had already lasted over twelve hours, through the courtesy of a Belgian officer I was able to ascend to the roof of the cathedral, and from that point of vantage I looked down upon the scene in the city.

All the southern portion of Antwerp appeared to be a desolate ruin. Whole streets were ablaze, and flames were rising in the air to the height of twenty and thirty feet. In another direction I could just discern through my glasses dimly in the distance the instruments of culture of the attacking German forces, ruthlessly pounding at the city and creeping nearer to it in the dark. At that moment I should say the enemy's front line was within four miles of Antwerp.

From my elevated position I had an excellent view also of the great oil tanks on the opposite side of the Scheldt. They had been set on fire by four bombs from a German taube, and a huge, thick volume of black smoke was ascending 200 feet into the air.

The oil had been burning furiously for several hours, and the whole neighborhood was enveloped in a mist of smoke.



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In all directions were fire and flames and oil-laden smoke. It was like a bit of Gustave Dore's idea of the infernal regions. From time to time great tongues of fire shot out from the tanks, and in this way, the flames greedily licking the sides of other tanks, the conflagration spread. How long this particular fire raged I cannot say, for I saw neither the beginning nor the end of it, but while I watched its progress it seemed to represent the limit of what a fire was capable of.

After watching for some considerable time the panorama of destruction that lay unrolled all around me, I came down from my post of observation on the cathedral roof, and at the very moment I reached the street a 28-centimeter shell struck a confectioner's shop between the Place Verte and the Place Meir. It was one of these high explosive shells, and the shop, a wooden structure, immediately burst into flames.

The city by this time was almost deserted, and no attempt was made to extinguish the fires that had broken out all over the southern district. Indeed, there were no means of dealing with them.

As far back as Tuesday in last week the water supply from the reservoir ten miles outside the city was cut off, and as this was the city's main source of supply, indeed practically its only source, great apprehension was felt. The reservoir is just behind Fort Waelhem, and the German shells had struck it, doing great mischief. It left Antwerp without any regular inflow of water, and the inhabitants had to do their best with artesian wells. Great efforts were made by the Belgians from time to time to repair the reservoir, but it was always thwarted by German shell fire. The health of the city was thereby menaced, for there was danger of an epidemic.

Happily, stricken Antwerp was spared this added terror. It had plenty of other sorts, and some of these I experienced when, after leaving the cathedral, I made my way to the southern section of the city, where shells were bursting at the rate of five a minute. With great difficulty and not without risk I got as far as Rue la Moiere.

There I met a terror-stricken Belgian woman, the only other person in the streets besides myself. In hysterical gasps she told me the Banque Nationale and the Palais de Justice had been struck and were in flames, and that her husband had been hit by a shell just five minutes before I came upon the scene, his mangled remains lying not a hundred yards away from where we were standing.

It was obviously impossible to proceed further, and so I retraced my steps toward the quay. As I was passing the Avenue de Keyser a shell burst within twenty yards of me. I was knocked down by the force of the concussion. A house not ten yards from where I was was struck and actually poured (I can think of no other word to describe what happened) into the street in a shower of bricks. A broken brick struck me on the shoulder, but its force was spent and I received no injury.

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I had scarcely picked myself up and was hastening to a place of safety, if there were one, when a man about 40 years of age, almost half naked, rushed out of a house, screaming loudly. He had gone mad.

At this time I was fortunate enough to meet Frank Fox of The Morning Post. Mr. Fox is an ex-officer of artillery, and he told me he had found a hotel which, as long as the Germans fired in the direction they were then firing, was not within the reach of their guns. This was the Hotel Wagner, which stands behind the Opera House on the Boulevard de Commerce. It was the only hotel in the city except the Queens Hotel, in which some representatives of American newspapers had been staying, that was open. There I found Miss Louise Mack, an Australian authoress, and she, Fox, and myself were among the few British subjects left in the port.

As night came the city presented a fantastic appearance as I watched it from the Hotel Wagner. The glare from the fires that had burst out in all directions could be seen for miles around. The bombardment was proceeding furiously, and German shells were bursting in every direction. I reckoned they were coming in that time at the rate of at least thirty a minute.

I went to the Queens Hotel to ascertain what had become of the American journalists. I found they had left the city after having spent the night in a private house which had been struck three times by shells, and finally caught fire. Arthur Ruhl of the staff of Collier's Weekly had left for me this note:

Donald C. Thompson, photographer of The New York World, fitted up for himself a cellar at 74 Rue de Peage, just by the Boulevard de Keyser, where shrapnel fell with terrible force during the latter part of Wednesday. With him were three other Americans. The entire population, including, of course, the Government of Antwerp, have made their escape across the pontoon bridge which still connects the River Scheldt with the road toward Ghent. Two shells demolished Thompson's retreat and at sundown it burst into flames. The American Consul General and Vice Consul General had gone by this time. The following Americans, all of them newspaper men, were known to have spent the night in Antwerp; Arthur Ruhl, Horace Green, staff of The New York Evening Post; Edward Eyre Hunt, correspondent of The New York World; Edward Heigel of the staff of The Chicago Daily Tribune, and Thompson himself.

Except for the glare of burning buildings, which lit up the streets, the city was in absolute darkness, and near the quay I lost my way in the byroads trying to get back to the Hotel Wagner. For the second time that day I narrowly escaped death by a shell. One burst with terrific force about twenty-five yards from me. I heard its warning whirr, and rushed into a neighboring porch. Whether it was from concussion of the shell or in my anxiety to escape, I cannoned against a door and tumbled down. As I lay on the ground the house on the opposite side crashed in ruins. I remained still for several minutes feeling

quite sick and unable to get up. Then I pulled myself together, and ran at full speed until I came to a street which I recognized, and found my way back to the hotel.

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As I hastened down the Avenue de Keyser shells were bursting in every quarter. Several fell into the adjoining street. At the hotel I found my friend Fox had been up to the Red Cross Hospital to inquire about a motor car in which we hoped to get away. It had gone, as had the entire personnel of the hospital.

We began to wonder how we should escape. However, Fox had a bicycle, and Mr. Singleton, Chief of the Boy Scouts in Antwerp, had given me the key of a house not far off, in which he told me there was one if I wanted it in an emergency. I ventured into that dangerous part of the city again to get it. I got to the house safely and found the bicycle, but as there was no tube in the back tire it was useless. On my return journey I was startled to see in the street through which I had just walked a hole six feet deep, which had just been made by a shell.

On returning to the hotel I joined in a meal, eaten under the weirdest [Transcriber: original 'wierdest'] conditions imaginable. Descending into the cellars of the hotel with Miss Mack and Mr. Fox we found the entire staff gathered there uncertain what to do and not knowing what was to happen to them. We were all hungry, and one of the men dashed upstairs to the kitchen and brought down whatever food he could lay his hands on, and we all partook of pot luck. Considering all the circumstances we made a very jolly meal of it. We toasted each other in good red wine of the country, pledging each other with "Vive la Belgique" and "Vive l'Angleterre," and altogether we were a merry party, although at the time German shells were whirling overhead and any moment one might have upset our picnic and buried us in the debris of the hotel.

How many of the inhabitants of Antwerp remained in the city that night it is impossible to say, but it is pretty certain they were all in the cellars of their houses or shops.

The admirable Burgomaster, M. De Vos, had in one of his several proclamations made many suggestions for safety during the bombardment for the benefit of those who took refuge in cellars. Among the most useful of them perhaps was that which recommended means of escape to adjoining cellars. The power of modern artillery is so tremendous that a cellar might very well become a tomb if shells were to fall on the building overhead.

We went to bed early that night but sleep was impossible in the noise caused by the explosion of the shells in twenty different quarters of the town. About 3 o'clock in the morning a twenty-eight centimeter shell fell into the square in front of the hotel and broke all the windows in the neighboring house. In spite of the terrific din one got to sleep at last.

About 6 o'clock Fox roused me and said he thought it was time we got out, as the Germans were entering the city. We hurried from the hotel, and found in the square a squad of Belgian soldiers who had just come in from the inner line of forts. They told us it was not safe for us to remain any longer. The streets were now completely deserted.

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I walked down to the quayside, and there I came across many wounded soldiers, who had been unable to get away in the hospital boat. On the quay piles of equipment had been abandoned; broken-down motor cars, kit-bags, helmets, rifles, knapsacks were littered in heaps. Ammunition had been dumped there and rendered useless. The Belgians had evidently attempted to set fire to the whole lot. A pile of stuff was still smoldering. I waited there for half an hour, and during that time hundreds of Belgian soldiers passed in retreat, the last contingent leaving at about 6:30 A.M.

I went again to the Queen's Hotel to inquire what had become of the American newspaper men, and it was just about this time that the pontoon bridge which had been the way of the Belgian retreat was blown up to prevent pursuit by the Germans. The boats and woodwork of the superstructure burnt fiercely and in less than twenty minutes the whole affair was demolished.

Safe exit from the city was now cut off. A Red Cross officer whom I met when standing by the quay had been a spectator of the blowing up of the bridge.

"My God!" he said, running toward me, "it is awful!"

"How are you going to get out?" I asked him.

"I'm going to stay here and look after my wounded," he replied.

In further talk with him I learned that the greater part of the second line of forts had fallen at midday the previous day and that there was nothing then to stop the Germans entering the city save a handful of Belgian soldiers in three or four forts. At 8 o'clock a shell struck the Town Hall.

Fox had now joined me, and we took refuge in the cellars beneath the Town Hall. So far as I could gather, the remaining inhabitants of Antwerp must have assembled about this neighborhood, groups taking refuge in small and stuffy cellars, where developments were anxiously awaited. There must have been hundreds of people sheltered underground, and they included the Mexican and Dominican Consuls. Why these stayed I do not know, as none of their people were left behind. They were the only Consuls remaining in Antwerp.

About 8:15 o'clock another shell struck the Town Hall, shattering the upper story and breaking every window in the place. That was the German way of telling the Burgomaster to hurry up. There was a tense feeling as we waited for tidings of some sort or other. A quarter of an hour later M. De Vos went out in his motor car toward the German line to discuss conditions on which the city should be surrendered.

Another shell struck a furrier's shop opposite the Town Hall and the place burst into flames. Several of the gendarmes who had stayed behind were occupants of cellars,



and two of them immediately rushed out to force a way into the shop in order that they might extinguish the fire. They found the door locked. It took them ten minutes to force an entrance. By this time the fire was burning fiercely, and at great personal risk one of the gendarmes made his way to the top floor of the premises, and there he endeavored to beat out the flames with a piece of timber torn from the roof. His efforts were futile, and he called for water. Soon a Flemish woman brought him two pailfuls, which Fox had carried to the house, and after half an hour's labor the fire was extinguished.



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The proprietor of the shop was among the people in the cellars across the way. The news that his house was aflame was broken to him and he rushed into the street. He gazed for a moment on the scene and burst into tears like a child.

At 9 o'clock the bombardment of the city suddenly ceased and we understood the Burgomaster had by this time reached German headquarters. Still we waited, painfully anxious to learn what would be the ultimate fate of Antwerp. The Belgian soldiers hurried by on their way to the front. A number paused just as they reached a tobacconist's shop which had been wrecked by shells, scattering the stock in the street. There were cigars hurled across the pavement and roadway, and soldiers who had halted picked up a few of the cigars. A Belgian workman, taking advantage of this, entered the shop and began to stuff his pockets full of cigars and cigarettes, but immediately gendarmes hurried to the place and arrested him, the last arrest the Antwerp police will make for some time.

At 10:30 o'clock proclamations were posted on walls of the Town Hall urging all in the city to surrender any arms in their possession and begging for a calm demeanor in the event of German occupation. The list was also posted of several prominent citizens who were appointed to look after the interests of those Belgians who remained.

Just before noon a patrol of cyclists and armed and mounted gendarmes, who had escorted the Burgomaster to the gate of the city, informed Fox and myself that the Germans were entering by the gate of Malines. We hastily took our bicycles with the intention of making our way over the Dutch frontier. As we passed along the quay by a most timely stroke of luck we found a motor boat standing by. It was manned by a Belgian, and his mate.

"Can you take us to Flushing?" we asked.

"Yes," answered the Belgian.

"How much?"

"One hundred and fifty francs each."

We were in that boat in thirty seconds and in another thirty seconds had started down the Scheldt. By this time the Germans were in the city.

At a good ten knots we raced down the river. In twenty-five minutes we had reached the bend which blotted Antwerp from view. As we rounded the corner I turned for a last glimpse of the disappearing city. The Cathedral was still standing, its tower dominating surroundings. Here and there volumes of smoke were rising to the sky.

It took us twelve hours to get to Flushing. On either side of the river thousands of refugees were fleeing from the invaders. They swarmed along the banks in continuous



lines, a vast pilgrimage of the hopeless, many laden with household possessions which they had been able to gather at almost a moment's notice. Numbers were empty-handed and burdened at that in dragging their weary bodies along the miles which seemed never ending. It was a heartrending spectacle. Infinite pity must go out to those broken victims of the war, bowed veterans driven from home, going they knew not where; women with their crying children, famished for lack of food, all or nearly all leaving behind men folk who were still fighting their country's battle or mourning the loss of loved ones who had already sacrificed their lives.



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Where the Scheldt becomes Dutch property we were stopped by customs authorities and submitted to a rigorous examination. Dutch officials for a time believed we were either Belgian or English officers escaping, but eventually they were satisfied.

Upon arriving at Flushing we found the town in a tremendous state of excitement. Great crowds of refugees were there, 10,000 or more, and the hotels were choked. Many wretched people had left their homes absolutely without any money and were forced to camp in the streets. There was a vast crowd waiting to get on the Flushing-Folkestone boat, and it appeared we would be balked in our endeavor to get to England that night. However, we discussed our position with the Superintendent of the line, and he very kindly got us a berth.

*As the French Fell Back on Paris*

*By G.H. Perris of The London Daily Chronicle.*

[Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

CHATEAU [Transcriber: original 'Chateau'] THIERRY, Sunday, Sept. 13.—We first realized yesterday, in a little town of Brie which lies east of Paris, between the Seine and the Marne, how difficult it is to get food in the rear of two successive invasions. As in every other town in the region, all the shops were shut and nearly all the houses. It was only after a long search that we found an inn that could give us luncheon.

There, in a large room with a low-beamed roof and a tiled floor, our stout landlady in blue cotton produced an excellent meal of melon, mutton, macaroni, and good ripe pears. Dogs and cats sprawled around us, and a big bowl of roses spoke of serenities that are now in general eclipse. At a neighboring table a group of peasants, too old for active service, were discussing their grievances.

At a railway crossing just out of town we were blocked by a train of about a dozen big horse trucks and two passenger carriages, carrying wounded and prisoners to Paris from the fighting lines in the north. It had been a gloomy morning, and the rain now fell in torrents. Nevertheless the townsfolk crowded up, and for half an hour managed to conduct a satisfactory combination of profit and pity by supplying big flat loaves, bottles of wine, fruit, cigarettes, and jugs of water to those in the train who had money and some who had none. One very old woman in white, with a little red cross on her forehead, turned up to take advantage of the only opportunity ever likely to fall in her way. A great Turco in fez, blouse, and short, baggy breeches was very active in this commissariat work.

Some of the Frenchmen on board were not wounded seriously enough to prevent their getting down on the roadway; and you may be sure they were not ashamed of their plaster patches and bandaged arms.



There were about 300 German prisoners in the train. We got glimpses of them lying in the straw on the floor in the dark interior of the big trucks. I got on the footboard and looked into the open door of one car. Fifteen men were stretched upon straw, and two soldiers stood guard over them, rifle in hand. They all seemed in a state of extreme exhaustion. Some were asleep, others were eating large chunks of bread.

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In the middle of the car a young soldier who spoke French fairly well told me that the German losses during the last three days had been enormous; and then, stopping suddenly, he said:

“Would it be possible, Sir, to get a little water for my fellows and myself?”

“Certainly,” I replied; and a man belonging to the station, who was passing with a jug, said at once that he would run and get some. The prisoner thanked me and added with a sigh:

“They are very good fellows here.”

One jocular French guard had put on a spiked helmet which he was keeping as a trophy, and, so much does the habit make the man, he now looked uncannily like a German himself.

As we passed through the villages to the northeast the contrast between abandoned houses and gardens rioting with the color of roses and dahlias and fruit-laden trees struck us like a blow.

In Gourchamp a number of houses had been burned, and the neighboring fields showed that there had been fighting there; but it was Courtacon which presented the most grievous spectacle. Eighteen of its two dozen houses had been completely destroyed by fire. The walls were partly standing, but the floors and contents of the rooms were completely buried under the debris of roofs that had fallen in. In a little Post Office the telegraphic and telephonic instruments had been smashed. Just opposite is a small building including the office of the Mayor and the village school. The outside of the building and the outhouses were littered with the straw on which the Uhlans had slept. In the Mayor's office the drawers and cupboards had been broken open, and their contents had been scattered with the remnants of meals on the floor.

But it is a scene in a little village school that will longest remain in my memory. The low forms, the master's desk, and the blackboard stand today as they did on July 25, which was no doubt the last day before the Summer vacation, as it was also the last week before the outbreak of the war. On the walls the charts remained which reminded these little ones daily that “Alcohol is the enemy,” and had summoned them to follow the path of kindness, justice, and truth. The windows were smashed, broken cartridge cases lay about with wings of birds and other refuse. Near the door I saw chalked up, evidently in German handwriting, “Parti Paris,” (“Left for Paris.”)

The invaders had sought to burn the place. There was one pile of partly burned straw under the school bookcase, the doors of which had been smashed, while some of the books had been thrown about. They had not even respected a little museum consisting of a few bottles of metal and chemical specimens; and when I turned to leave I



perceived written across the blackboard in bold, fine writing, as the lesson of the day, these words: "A chaque jour suffit sa peine," ("Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.")

One of the villagers gave us the following narrative of the experiences of the past week:



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“It was last Saturday, Sept. 5, that about 15,000 Uhlans arrived in the village with the intention of marching on Provins on the morrow. They probably learned during the night that the British and French lay in force across their road, and perhaps they may now have received orders to fall back.

“At any rate, early Sunday morning they started to retire, when they met at the entrance to the village a regiment of chasseurs. This was the beginning of fighting which lasted all day. Under the pretext that we had learned of the presence of the French troops and had helped them to prepare a trap, the Germans sacked the whole of the village.

“Naturally there was a panic. All the inhabitants—mostly women and children, because since the mobilization there have been only nine men in Courtacon—rushed from their cottages and many of them, lightly clad, fled across the fields and hid themselves in the neighboring woods.

“In several cottages Germans, revolvers in hand, compelled the poor peasants to bring matches and themselves set fire to their homes. In less than an hour the village was like a furnace, the walls toppling down one by one. And all this time the fighting continued. It was a horrible spectacle.

“Several of us were dragged to the edge of the road to be shot, and there we remained for some hours, believing our last day had come. A young village lad of 21 years, who was just going to leave to join the colors, was shot. Then the retreat was sounded, the Germans fled precipitately, and we were saved.”

I asked whether the cottages had not been fired by artillery.

“Not a cannon shot fell here,” he replied. “All that”—pointing to the ruined huts—“was done by incendiaries.” And then he added:

“Last Tuesday two French officers came in automobiles and brought with them a superior German officer whom they had made prisoner. They compelled him to become a witness of the mischief of which his fellow-countrymen had been guilty.”

A peasant woman passed, pushing a wheelbarrow containing some half-burned household goods and followed by her two small children.

“Look,” she said, “at the brutality of these Germans! My husband has gone to war and I am alone with my two little ones. With great difficulty we had managed to gather our crop, and they set fire to our little farm and burned everything.”

Half an hour later we were at La Ferte Gaucher, a small town on the Grand Morin, now first made famous by the fact that it was here that the German flight began after the severe fighting last Monday. The invaders had arrived only on Saturday and had the disagreeable surprise of finding that the river bridges had been broken down by the



retreating French. The German commandant informed the municipal officials that if the sum of 60,000 francs (\$12,000) was not produced he would burn the town. Then he compelled the people to set about rebuilding the bridge, and they worked day and night at this job under the eyes of soldiers with revolvers and rifles ready to shoot down any shirker.



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The relief of these people at the return of the Allies may be imagined. Here, as elsewhere, some houses were burned, but otherwise the damage did not appear to be very serious.

*The Retreat to Paris*

*By Philip Gibbs of The London Daily Chronicle.*

[Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

NEAR AMIENS, Aug. 30.—Looking back on all I have seen during the last few days, I find it difficult to piece together the various incidents and impressions and to make one picture. It all seems to me now like a jigsaw puzzle of suffering and fear and courage and death—a litter of odd, disconnected scraps of human agony and of some big, grim scheme which, if one could only get the clue, would give a meaning, I suppose, to all these tears of women and children, to all these hurried movements of soldiers and people, to the death carts trailing back from unknown places, and to the great dark fear that has enveloped all the tract of country in Northwest France through which I have been traveling, driven like one of its victims from place to place. Out of all this welter of individual suffering and from all the fog of mystery which has enshrouded them until now, when the truth may be told, certain big facts with a clear and simple issue will emerge and give one courage.

The French Army and our English troops are now holding good positions in a much stronger and closer line and stemming the tide of the German hordes rolling up to Paris. Gen. Pau, the hero of this war, after his swift return from the eastern front, where he repaired the deadly check at Muelhausen, has dealt a smashing blow at a German Army corps which was striking to the heart of France.

Paris is still safe for the time being, with a great army of allied forces, French, English, and Belgians, drawn across the country as a barrier which surely will not be broken by the enemy. Nothing that has happened gives cause for that despair which has taken hold of people whose fears have exaggerated the facts, frightful enough when taken separately, but not giving any proof that resistance is impossible against the amazing onslaught of the German legions.

I have been into the war zone and seen during the last five days men who are now holding the lines of defense. I have been among their dead and wounded, and have talked with soldiers marching fresh to the front. I have seen the horrid mess which is cleared up after the battle and the grim picture of retreat, but nothing that I have seen or heard from either British or French leads me to believe that our army has been smashed or the Allies demoralized.



It is impossible to estimate our own losses. Our wounded are being brought back into Havre and Rouen, and undoubtedly there are large numbers of them. But, putting them at the highest, it is clear to me, from all information gained during the last five days, that there has been no overwhelming disaster, and that in the terrible actions fought on the four days from the 23d to the 27th, and afterward in the further retirement from the line of Cambrai and Le Cateau, swinging southward and eastward upon St. Quentin, our main forces, which were pressed by enormous numbers of the enemy, succeeded in withdrawing in good order, without having their lines broken, while inflicting a terrific punishment upon the German right.

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As I shall show in this narrative, retreats which seem fatal when seen close at hand and when described by those who belong to broken fragments of extended sections, are not altogether disastrous in their effect when viewed in their right perspective, away from the immediate misery which is their inevitable accompaniment.

German audacity of attack against the heroic courage of the French and British forces, who fight every mile of ground during their retirement, is leading the enemy into a position from which there will be no retreat if their lines are broken. Unfortunately, there are hundreds of thousands of people who know nothing of the great issues and who are possessed by the great, blind fear which has driven them from their towns, villages, and homes.

When the Germans swept around Lille they found, to their amazement, that this town, surrounded by forts, had been abandoned, and they had only to walk inside. This easy access to a town which should have been defended to the last gasp opened the way to the west of France.

The left wing of the French, which was to the west of Mons, was supported by the English troops, all too weak to sustain the pressure of the tremendous odds which began to surge against them; and, realizing this perilous state of affairs, the brain at the centre of things, the controlling brain of Gen. Joffre and his Headquarters Staff, decreed that the northwest corner of France was untenable and that the main army of defense should withdraw into a stronger and closer formation.

It was then that the great panic began, increasing in speed and terror during the end of last week. I was in the midst of it and saw unforgettable scenes of the enormous tragedy. It was a flight of hundreds and thousands of families from St. Omer and Roubaix, Bethune, Douai, Valenciennes, and Arras, who were driven away from their northern homes by the menace of approaching Uhlans. They are still being hunted by fear from place to place, where they can find no shelter and no permanent safety. The railways have been choked with them, and in these long fugitive trains which pass through stations there is no food or drink. The poor runaways, weary, filthy, and exhausted, spend long days and nights shunted onto side lines, while troop trains pass and pass, and are held up in towns where they can find no means of existence because the last civilian train has left.

When the troops marched away from Boulogne and left it silent and unguarded I saw the inhabitants, utterly dismayed, standing despondently staring at placards posted up by order of the Governor, which announced the evacuation of the town and called upon them to be ready for all sacrifices in the service of their country. The customs officers left, the civil police disarmed, while a flag with nine black spots was made ready to be hoisted on the fort directly any Uhlans were sighted.



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The people of Boulogne could not understand, no Frenchman of the north can understand, why their ports and towns are silent after the tramp of so many regiments who have left a great tract of country open and undefended. In that corner of France the people listen intently for the first clatter of hoofs and for the first cry "Les Uhlans." Rumors came that the enemy has been seen in neighboring towns and villages. Can one wonder that mothers and fathers rush from their houses and wander forth in a blind, unreasoning way to swell the panic tide of fugitives, homeless and without food, dropping here and there on the wayside in utter weariness?

I was lucky in getting out of Boulogne on the last train bound for Paris, though not guaranteed to reach the capital. As a matter of fact, I was even more lucky because it did not arrive at its destination and enabled me to alight in the war zone and proceed to more interesting places.

I will tell at once the story of the French retirement when the Germans advanced from Namur down the valley of the Meuse, winning the way at a cost of human life as great as that of defeat, yet winning their way. For France the story of that retirement is as glorious as anything in her history. It was nearly a fortnight ago that the Germans concentrated their heaviest forces upon Namur and began to press southward and over the Meuse Valley. After the battle of Dinant the French Army, among whom were the Second and Seventh Corps, was heavily outnumbered and had to fall back gradually, in order to gain time for reinforcements to come up.

French artillery was up on the wooded heights above the river and swept the German regiments with a storm of fire as they advanced. On the right bank the French infantry was intrenched, supported by field guns and mitrailleuses, and did deadly work before leaping from trenches which they occupied and taking up a position in new trenches further back, which they held with great tenacity.

In justice to the Germans it must be said they were heroic in courage and reckless of their lives, and the valley of the Meuse was choked with their corpses. The river itself was strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses and literally ran red with blood.

The most tremendous fighting took place for the possession of the bridges, but the French engineers blew them up one after another as they retired southward.

No less than thirty-three bridges were destroyed in this way before they could be seized by the German advance guard. The fighting was extended for a considerable distance on either side of the Meuse and many engagements took place between French and German cavalry and regiments working away from the main armies.

There was, for instance, a memorable encounter at Marville which is one of the most heroic episodes of the war. Five thousand French soldiers of all arms, with quick-firers, engaged 20,000 German infantry. In spite of being outnumbered, the French beat back

the enemy from point to point in a fight lasting for twelve hours, inflicting tremendous punishment and suffering very few losses.



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The German officer captured expressed his unbounded admiration for the valor of the French troops, which he described as superb. It was only for fear of getting too far out of touch with the main forces that the gallant 5,000 desisted from their irresistible attack and retired with a large number of German helmets as trophies of the victorious action.

Nevertheless, in accordance with the general plan which had been decided on by the Generals, in view of the superior numbers temporarily pressing upon them, the Germans succeeded in forcing their way steadily down the Meuse as far as Mezieres, divided by a bridge from Charleville, on the other side of the river. This is in the neighborhood of Sedan and in the "trou," as it is called, which led to the great disaster of 1870, when the French were caught in a trap and threatened with annihilation by the Germans, who had taken possession of the surrounding heights.

There was to be no repetition of that tragedy. The French were determined that this time the position should be reversed.

On Monday the town of Charleville was evacuated, most of its civilians being sent away to join the wanderers who have had to leave their homes, and the French troops took up a magnificent position, commanding the town and the three bridges dividing them from Mezieres. Mitraillleuses were hidden in the abandoned houses, and as a disagreeable shock to any German who might escape their fire was a number of the enemy's guns, no fewer than ninety-five of them, which had been captured and disabled by French troops in a series of battles down the river from Namur.

The German outposts reached Charleville on Tuesday. They were allowed to ride quietly across the bridges into an apparently deserted town. Then suddenly their line of retreat was cut off, the three bridges were blown up by a contact mine, and the mitraillleuses hidden in the houses were played on the German cavalry across the streets, killing them in a frightful slaughter.

It was for a little while sheer massacre, but the Germans fought with extraordinary tenacity, regardless of the heaped bodies of comrades and utterly reckless of their own lives. They, too, had brought quick-firers across the bridges, and, taking cover behind houses, trained their guns upon the houses from which the French gunners were firing. There was no way of escape for those heroic men, who voluntarily sacrificed themselves, and it is probable every man died, because at such a time the Germans were not in the habit of giving quarter.

When the main German advance came down the valley, the French artillery on the heights raked them with a terrific fire, in which they suffered heavy losses, the forefront of the column being mowed down. But under this storm they proceeded with incredible coolness to their pontoon bridges across the river, and although hundreds of men died on the banks, they succeeded in their endeavor, while their guns searched the hills with shells and forced French gunners to retire from their positions.

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The occupation of Charleville was a German victory, but was also a German graveyard. After this historic episode in what has been an unending battle the main body of French withdrew before the Germans, who were now pouring down the valley, and retired to new ground.

It was a retirement which has had one advantage in spite of its acknowledgment of the enemy's amazing pertinacity. It has enabled the allied armies to draw closer together, its firm front sweeping around in a crescent from Abbeville, around south of Amiens, and thence in an irregular line to the eastern frontier.

On the map it is at first sight a rather unhappy thing to see that practically the whole of France north of Amiens lies open to German descent from Belgium. To break up the German Army piecemeal and lure it to its own destruction it was almost necessary to manoeuvre it into precisely the position which it now occupies. The success of Gen. Pau shows that the allied army is taking the offensive again, and that as a great fighting machine it is still powerful and menacing.

I must again emphasize the difficulty of grasping the significance of a great campaign by isolated incidents, and the danger of drawing important deductions from the misfortunes in one part of the field. I do so because I have been tempted again and again during the past few days to fall into similar mistakes. Perhaps in my case it was pardonable.

It is impossible for the armchair reader to realize the psychological effect of being mixed up in the panic of a great people and the retreat from a battlefield.

The last real fighting was taking place at a village called Bapaume all day Friday. It was very heavy fighting here on the left centre of the great army commanded by Gen. Pau, and leading to a victory which has just been announced officially in France.

A few minutes before midnight Friday, when they came back along the road to Amiens, crawling back slowly in a long, dismal trail, the ambulance wagons laden with the dead and dying, hay carts piled high with saddles and accoutrements, upon which lay, immobile like men already dead, the spent and exhausted soldiers, they passed through the crowds of silent people of Amiens, who only whispered as they stared at the procession. In the darkness a cuirassier, with head bent upon his chest, stumbled forward, leading his horse, too weak and tired to bear him.

Many other men were leading poor beasts this way, and infantry soldiers, some with bandaged heads, clung to the backs of carts and wagons, and seemed asleep as they shuffled by.

The light from roadside lamps gleamed upon blanched faces and glazed eyes, flashed into caverns of canvas-covered carts, where twisted men lay huddled on straw. Not a groan came from the carts, but every one knew it was a retreat.

The carts carrying the quick and the dead rumbled by in a long convoy, the drooping heads of the soldiers turned neither right nor left for any greeting with friends.



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There was a hugger-mugger of uniforms, of provision carts, and with ambulances—it was a part of the wreckage and wastage of war; and to the onlookers, with the exaggeration, unconsciously, of the importance of the things close at hand and visible, it seemed terrible in its significance and an ominous reminder of 1870.

Really this was an inevitable part of a serious battle, not necessarily a retreat from a great disaster.

But more pitiful even than this drift back were scenes which followed. As I turned back into the town I saw thousands of boys who had been called to the colors and had been brought up from the country to be sent forward to second lines of defense.

They were the reservists of the 1914 class, and many of them were shouting and singing, though here and there a white-faced boy tried to hide his tears as women from the crowd ran forward to embrace him. These lads were keeping up their valor by noisy demonstrations; but, having seen the death carts pass, I could not bear to look into the faces of those little ones who are following their fathers to the guns.

Early next morning there was a thrill of anxiety in Amiens. Reports had come through that the railway line had been cut between Boulogne and Abbeville. There had been mysterious movements of regiments from the town barracks. They had moved out of Amiens, and there was a strange quietude in the streets. Hardly a man in uniform was to be seen in the places which had been filled with soldiers the day before.

Only a few people realized the actual significance of this. How could they know that it was a part of the great plan to secure the safety of France? How could they realize that the town itself would be saved from possible bombardment by this withdrawal of the troops to positions which would draw the Germans into the open?

The fighting on the Cambrai-Cateau line seems to have been more desperate even than the terrible actions at Mons and Charleroi. It was when the British troops had to swing around to a more southerly line to guard the roads to Paris, that the enemy attacked in prodigious numbers, and their immense superiority in machine guns did terrible work among officers and men.

But on all sides, from the French officers, there is immense praise for the magnificent conduct of our troops, and in spite of all alarmist statements I am convinced from what I have heard that they have retired intact, keeping their lines together, and preventing their divisions from being broken and cut off.

The list of casualties must be very great, but if I can believe the evidence of my own eyes in such towns as Rouen, where the Red Cross hospitals are concentrated, they are not heavy enough to suggest anything like a great and irretrievable disaster.



DIEPPE, Sept. 3.—Let me describe briefly the facts which I have learned of in the last five days. When I escaped from Amiens, before the tunnel was broken up, and the Germans entered into possession of the town on Aug. 28, the front of the allied armies was in a crescent from Abbeville, south of Amiens on the wooded heights, and thence in an irregular line to south of Mezieres. The British forces, under Sir John French, were at the left of the centre, supporting the heavy thrust-forward of the main German advance, while the right was commanded by Gen. Pau.

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On Sunday afternoon fighting was resumed along the whole line. The German vanguard had by this time been supported by a fresh army corps, which had been brought from Belgium. At least 1,000,000 men were on the move, pressing upon the allied forces with a ferocity of attack which has never before been equaled. Their cavalry swept across a great tract of country, squadron by squadron, like the mounted hordes of Attila, but armed with the dreadful weapons of modern warfare. Their artillery was in enormous numbers, and their columns advanced under cover of it, not like an army, but rather like a moving nation—I do not think, however, with equal pressure at all parts of the line. It formed itself into a battering ram with a pointed end, and this point was thrust at the heart of the English wing.

It was impossible to resist this onslaught. If the British forces had stood against it they would have been crushed and broken. Our gunners were magnificent, and shelled the advancing German columns so that the dead lay heaped up along the way which was leading down to Paris; but as one of them told me: “It made no manner of difference; as soon as we had smashed one lot another followed, column after column, and by sheer weight of numbers we could do nothing to check them.”

After this the British forces fell back, fighting all the time. The line of the Allies was now in the shape of a V, the Germans thrusting their main attack deep into the angle.

This position remained the same until Monday, or, rather, had completed itself by that date, the retirement of the troops being maintained with masterly skill and without any undue haste.

Meanwhile Gen. Pau was sustaining a terrific attack on the French centre by the German left centre, which culminated on (date omitted). The River Oise, which runs between beautiful meadows, was choked with corpses and red with blood.

From an eyewitness of this great battle, an officer of an infantry regiment, who escaped with a slight wound, I learned that the German onslaught had been repelled by a series of brilliant bayonet and cavalry charges.

“The Germans,” he said, “had the elite of their army engaged against us, including the Tenth Army Corps and the Imperial Guard, but the heroism of our troops was sublime. Every man knew that the safety of France depended upon him and was ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, with joyful enthusiasm. They not only resisted the enemy’s attack but took the offensive, and, in spite of their overpowering numbers, gave them tremendous punishment. They had to recoil before our guns, which swept their ranks, and their columns were broken and routed.

“Hundreds of them were bayoneted, and hundreds were hurled into the river. The whole field of battle was outlined by dead and dying men whom they had to abandon.

Certainly their losses were enormous, and I felt that the German retreat was in full swing and that we could claim a real victory for the time being.”

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Nevertheless the inevitable happened, owing to the vast reserves of the enemy, who brought up four divisions, and Gen. Pau was compelled to give ground.

On Tuesday German skirmishers with light artillery were coming southward, and the sound of their field guns greeted my ears in that town which I shall always remember with unpleasant recollections in spite of its Old World beauty and the loveliness of the scene in which it is set. It seemed to me that this was the right place to be in order to get into touch with the French Army on the way to the capital. As a matter of fact, it was the wrong place from all points of view; it was nothing less than a deathtrap, and it was by a thousand-to-one chance that I succeeded in escaping quite a nasty kind of fate.

I might have suspected that something was wrong with the place by the strange look on the face of a friendly French peasant, whom I met. He had described to me in a very vivid way the disposition of the French troops on the neighboring hills. Down the road came suddenly parties of peasants with fear in their eyes. Some of them were in farm carts and put their horses to a stumbling gallop.

Women with blanched faces, carrying children in their arms, trudged along the dusty highway, and it was clear that these people were afraid of something behind them. There were not many of them, and when they had passed the countryside was strangely and uncannily quiet. There was only the sound of singing birds above fields which were flooded with the golden light of the setting sun.

Then I came into the town. An intense silence brooded there among the narrow little streets below the old Norman church—a white jewel on the rising ground beyond. Almost every house was shuttered with blind eyes; but here and there I looked through an open window into deserted rooms. No human face returned my gaze. It was an abandoned town, emptied of all its people, who had fled with fear in their eyes, like those peasants along the roadway.

But presently I saw a human form; it was the figure of a French dragoon with his carbine slung behind his back. He was stopping by the side of a number of gunpowder bags. A little further away were little groups of soldiers at work by two bridges, one over a stream and one over a road. They were working very calmly, and I could see what they were doing; they were mining bridges to blow them up at a given signal.

As I went further I saw that the streets were strewn with broken bottles and littered with wire entanglements, very artfully and carefully made.

It was a queer experience. It was obvious that there was very grim business being done, and that the soldiers were waiting for something to happen. At the railway station I quickly learned the truth; the Germans were only a few miles away, in great force. At any moment they might come down, smashing everything in their way and killing every human being along that road.



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The station master, a brave old type, and one or two porters had determined to stay on to the last. "We are here," he said, as though the Germans would have to reckon with him; but he was emphatic in his request for me to leave at once if another train could be got away, which was very uncertain. As a matter of fact, after a bad quarter of an hour I was put on the last train to escape from this threatened town, and left it with the sound of German guns in my ears, followed by a dull explosion when the bridge behind me was blown up.

My train, in which there were only four other men, skirted the German army, and by a twist in the line almost ran into the enemy's country, but we rushed through the night, and the engine driver laughed and put his oily hand up to salute when I stepped out to the platform of an unknown station. "The Germans won't get us, after all," he said. It was a little risky, all the same.

The station was crowded with French soldiers, and they were soon telling me their experience of the hard fighting in which they had been engaged. They were dirty, unshaven, dusty from head to foot, scorched by the August sun, in tattered uniforms and broken boots; but they were beautiful men for all their dirt, and the laughing courage, quiet confidence, and unbragging simplicity with which they assured me that the Germans would soon be caught in a death trap and sent to their destruction filled me with admiration which I cannot express in words. All the odds were against them; they had fought the hardest of all actions—the retirement from the fighting line—but they had absolute faith in the ultimate success of their allied arms.

I managed to get to Paris. It was in the middle of the night, but extraordinary scenes were taking place. It had become known during the day that Paris was no longer the seat of the Government, which has moved to Bordeaux. The Parisians had had notice of four days in which to destroy their houses within the zone of fortifications, and, to add to the cold fear occasioned by this news, aeroplanes had dropped bombs upon the Gare de l'Est that afternoon.

There was a rush last night to get away from the capital, and the railway stations were great camps of fugitives, in which the richest and poorest citizens were mingled with their women and children. But the tragedy deepened when it was heard that most of the lines to the east had been cut, and that the only line remaining open to Dieppe would probably be destroyed during the next few hours. A great wail of grief arose from the crowds, and the misery of these people was pitiful.

Among them were groups of soldiers of many regiments. Many of them were wounded and lay on stretchers on the floor among crying babies and weary-eyed women. They had been beaten and were done for until the end of the war. But, alone among the panic-stricken crowd—panic-stricken, yet not noisy or hysterical, but very quiet and restrained for the most part—the soldiers were cheerful, and even gay.



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Among them were some British troops, and I had a talk with them. They had been fighting for ten days without cessation, and their story is typical of the way in which all our troops held themselves.

“We had been fighting night and day,” said a Sergeant. “For the whole of that time the only rest from fighting was when we were marching and retiring.” He spoke of the German Army as an avalanche of armed men. “You can’t mow that down,” he said. “We kill them and kill them, and still they come on. They seem to have an inexhaustible supply of fresh troops. Directly we check them in one attack a fresh attack is developed. It is impossible to oppose such a mass of men with any success.”

This splendid fellow, who was severely wounded, was still so much master of himself, so supreme in his common sense, that he was able to get the right perspective about the general situation.

“It is not right to say we have met with disaster,” he said. “We have to expect that nowadays. Besides, what if a battalion was cut up? That did not mean defeat. While one regiment suffered, another got off lightly”; and by the words of that Sergeant the public may learn to see the truth of what has happened. I can add my own evidence to his. All along the lines I have spoken to officers and men, and the actual truth is that the British Army is still unbroken, having retired in perfect order to good positions—the most marvelous feat ever accomplished in modern warfare.

From Paris I went by the last train again which has got through to Dieppe. Lately I seem to have become an expert in catching the last train. It was only a branch line which struggles in an erratic way through the west of France, and the going was long and painful, because at every wayside station the carriages were besieged by people trying to escape. They were very patient and very brave. Even when they found that it was impossible to get one more human being on or one more package into the already crowded train they turned away in quiet grief, and when women wept over their babies it was silently and without abandonment to despair. The women of France are brave, God knows. I have seen their courage during the past ten days—gallantry surpassing that of the men, because of their own children in their arms without shelter, food, or safety in this terrible flight from the advancing enemy.

Enormous herds of cattle were being driven into Paris. For miles the roads were thronged with them; and down other roads away from Paris families were trekking to far fields with their household goods piled into bullock carts, pony carts, and wheelbarrows.

Two batteries of artillery were stationed by the line, and a regiment of infantry was hiding in the hollows of the grassy slopes. Their outposts were scanning the horizon, and it was obvious that the Germans were expected at this point in order to cut the last way of escape from the capital.



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One of the enemy's aeroplanes flew above our heads, circled around, and then disappeared. It dropped no bombs and was satisfied with its reconnoissance. The whistle of the train shrieked out, and there was a cheer from the French gunners as we went on our way to safety, leaving them behind at the post of peril.

ST. PIERRE DU VAUVRAY, Sept. 6.—England received a hint yesterday as to a change in the German campaign, but only those who have been, as I have, into the very heart of this monstrous horror of war, seeing the flight of hundreds of thousands of people before an overwhelming enemy and following the lines of the allied armies in their steady retirement before an apparently irresistible advance, may realize even dimly the meaning of the amazing transformation that has happened during the last few days.

For when I wrote my last dispatch from Arques-la-Bataille, after my adventures along the French and English lines, it seemed as inevitable as the rising of next day's sun that the Germans should enter Paris on the very day when I wrote my dispatch. Still not a single shot has come crashing upon the French fortifications.

At least a million men—that is no exaggeration of a light pen, but the sober and actual truth—were advancing steadily upon the capital last Tuesday. They were close to Beauvais when I escaped from what was then a death-trap. They were fighting our British troops at Creil when I came to that town. Upon the following days they were holding our men in the Forest of Compiègne. They had been as near to Paris as Senlis, almost within gunshot of the outer forts.

“Nothing seems to stop them,” said many soldiers with whom I spoke. “We kill them and kill them, but they come on.”

The situation seemed to me almost ready for the supreme tragedy—the capture or destruction of Paris. The northwest of France lay very open to the enemy, abandoned as far south as Abbeville and Amiens, too lightly held by a mixed army corps of French and Algerian troops with their headquarters at Aumale.

Here was an easy way to Paris.

Always obsessed with the idea that the Germans must come from the east, the almost fatal error of this war, the French had girdled Paris with almost impenetrable forts on the east side, from those of Ecoeu and Montmorency, by the far-flung forts of Chelles and Champigny, to those of Susy and Villeneuve, on the outer lines of the triple cordon; but on the west side, between Pontoise and Versailles, the defenses of Paris were weak. I say “were,” because during the last three days thousands of men have been digging trenches and throwing up ramparts. Only the snakelike Seine, twining into Pegoud loop, forms a natural defense to the western approach to the city, none too secure against men who have crossed many rivers in their desperate assaults.



This, then, was the Germans' chance; it was for this that they had fought their way westward and southward through incessant battlefields from Mons and Charleroi to St. Quentin and Amiens and down to Creil and Compiègne, flinging away human life as though it were but rubbish for deathpits. The prize of Paris, Paris the great and beautiful, seemed to be within their grasp.



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It was their intention to smash their way into it by this western entry and then to skin it alive. Holding this city at ransom, it was their idea to force France to her knees under threat of making a vast and desolate ruin of all those palaces and churches and noble buildings in which the soul of French history is enshrined.

They might have done it but for one thing which has upset all the cold-blooded calculations of their staff, that thing which perhaps I may be pardoned for calling the miracle. They might have done it, I think, last Wednesday and Thursday, even perhaps as late as last Friday.

I am not saying these things from rumor and hearsay, I am writing from the evidence of my own eyes after traveling several hundreds of miles in France during the last four days along the main strategical lines, grim sentinels guarding the last barriers to that approaching death which is sweeping on its way through France to the rich harvest of Paris, which it was eager to destroy.

There was only one thing to do to escape from the menace of this death. By all the ways open, by any way, the population of Paris emptied itself like rushing rivers of humanity along all the lines which promised anything like safety.

Only those stayed behind to whom life means very little away from Paris and who if death came desired to die in the city of their life.

Again I write from what I saw and to tell the honest truth from what I suffered, for the fatigue of this hunting for facts behind the screen of war is exhausting to all but one's moral strength, and even to that.

I found myself in the midst of a new and extraordinary activity of the French and English Armies. Regiments were being rushed up to the centre of the allied forces toward Creil, Montdidier, and Noyon. That was before last Tuesday, when the English troops [Transcriber: original 'toops'] were fighting hard at Creil.

This great movement continued for several days, putting to a severe test the French railway system, which is so wonderfully organized that it achieved this mighty transportation of troops with clockwork regularity. Working to a time table dictated by some great brain which in Headquarters Staff of the French Army, calculated with perfect precision the conditions of a network of lines on which troop trains might be run to a given point. It was an immense victory of organization, and a movement which heartened one observer at least to believe that the German deathblow would again be averted.

I saw regiment after regiment entraining. Men from the Southern Provinces, speaking the patois of the South; men from the Eastern Departments whom I had seen a month before, at the beginning of the war, at Chalons and Epernay and Nancy, and men from

the southwest and centre of France, in garrisons along the Loire. They were all in splendid spirits and utterly undaunted by the rapidity of the German advance.



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“It is nothing, my little one,” said a dirty, unshaved gentleman with the laughing eyes of a D’Artagnan; “we shall bite their heads off. These brutal bosches are going to put themselves in a guetapens, a veritable deathtrap. We shall have them at last.”

Many of them had fought at Longwy and along the heights of the Vosges. The youngest of them had bristling beards, their blue coats with turned-back flaps were war worn and flanked with the dust of long marches; their red trousers were sloppy and stained, but they had not forgotten how to laugh, and the gallantry of their spirits was a joy to see.

They are very proud, these French soldiers, of fighting side by side with their old foes. The English now, after long centuries of strife, from Edward, the Black Prince, to Wellington, are their brothers-in-arms upon the battlefields, and because I am English they offered me their cigarettes and made me one of them. But I realized even then that the individual is of no account in this inhuman business of war.

It is only masses of men that matter, moved by common obedience at the dictation of mysterious far-off powers, and I thanked Heaven that masses of men were on the move rapidly in vast numbers and in the right direction to support the French lines which had fallen back from Amiens a few hours before I left that town, and whom I had followed in their retirement, back and back, with the English always strengthening their left, but retiring with them almost to the outskirts of Paris itself.

Only this could save Paris—the rapid strengthening of the allied front by enormous reserves strong enough to hold back the arrow-shaped battering ram of the enemy’s main army.

Undoubtedly the French Headquarters Staff was working heroically and with fine intelligence to save the situation at the very gates of Paris. The country was being swept absolutely clean of troops in all parts of France, where they had been waiting as reserves.

It was astounding to me to see, after those three days of rushing troop trains and of crowded stations not large enough to contain the regiments, how on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last an air of profound solitude and peace had taken possession of all these routes.

In my long journey through and about France and circling round Paris I found myself wondering sometimes whether all this war had not been a dreadful illusion without reality, and a transformation had taken place, startling in its change, from military turmoil to rural peace.

Dijon was emptied of its troops. The road to Chalons was deserted by all but fugitives. The great armed camp at Chalons itself had been cleared out except for a small

garrison. The troops at Tours had gone northward to the French centre. All our English reserves had been rushed up to the front from Havre and Rouen.

There was only one deduction to be drawn from this great, swift movement—the French and English lines had been supported by every available battalion to save Paris from its menace of destruction, to meet the weight of the enemy's metal by a force strong enough to resist its mighty mass.

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It was still possible that the Germans might be smashed on their left wing, hurled back to the west between Paris and the sea, and cut off from their line of communications. It was undoubtedly this impending peril which scared the enemy's Headquarters Staff and upset all its calculations. They had not anticipated the rapidity of the supporting movement of the allied armies, and at the very gates of Paris they saw themselves balked of their prize, the greatest prize of the war, by the necessity of changing front.

To do them justice, they realized instantly the new order of things, and with quick and marvelous decision did not hesitate to alter the direction of their main force. Instead of proceeding to the west of Paris they swung round steadily to the southeast in order to keep their armies away from the enveloping movement of the French and English and drive their famous wedge-like formation southward for the purpose of dividing the allied forces of the west from the French Army of the East. The miraculous had happened, and Paris, for a little time at least, is unmolested.

That brings me back to the fighting at Creil and Compiègne, which preceded from last Tuesday until two days later.

The guns were at work at midnight on Tuesday when I passed the English Headquarters. This battle had only one purpose so far as the Germans were concerned. It was to keep our British soldiers busy, as well as to hold the front of the French allies on our right, while their debordant movements took place behind this fighting screen.

Once again, as throughout the war, they showed their immense superiority in mitrailleuses, which gives them marvelous mobility and a very deadly advantage. They masked these quick-firers with great skill until they had drawn on the English and French infantry and then spilled lead into their ranks. Once again, also the French were too impetuous, as they have always been, and as they still are, in spite of Gen. Joffre's severe rebuke.

Careless of quick-firers, which experience should have taught them were masked behind the enemy's advance posts, they charged with the bayonet, and suffered needlessly heavy losses. One can only admire the gallantry of men who dare to charge on foot against the enemy's mounted men and who actually put a squadron of them to flight, but one must say again: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

There have been many incidents of heroism in these last days of fighting. It is, for instance, immensely characteristic of the French spirit that an infantry battalion, having put to flight a detachment of German outposts in the forest of Compiègne, calmly sat down to have a picnic in the woods until, as they sat over their hot soup, laughing at their exploit, they were attacked by a new force and cut to pieces.



But let me describe the new significance of the main German advance. Their right army has struck down to the southeast of Paris, through Chateau Thierry to La Ferte-sur-Jouarre and beyond. Their centre army is coming hard down from Troyes, in the Department of the Aube, and the army of the left has forced the French to evacuate Rheims and fall back in a southwesterly direction.

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It would not be right of me to indicate the present position of the British troops or describe the great scenes at their base, which is now removed to a position which enables our forces to hold the eastern approach to Paris. It is a wonderful sight to pass the commissariat camp, where, among other munitions of war, is a park of British aeroplanes, which are of vital importance to our work of reconnoissance.

Looking, therefore, at the extraordinary transformation throughout the field of war in France, one thing stands out clear-cut and distinct. Having been thwarted in their purpose to walk through the western way to Paris by the enormous forces massed on their flanks, the Germans have adopted an entirely new plan of campaign and have thrust their armies deep down into the centre of France in order to divide the western armies of the Allies from the army on the eastern frontier. It is a menacing manoeuvre, and it cannot be hidden that the army of Lorraine is in danger of being cut off by the enemy's armies of the left.

At the same time the German right is swinging round in a southwesterly direction in order to attack the allied forces on the east and south. Paris is thus left out of account for the time being, but it depends upon the issues of the next few days whether the threatened peril will be averted from it by the immense army now protecting it. I believe the spirit of our own troops and their French comrades is so splendid that with their new strength they will be equal to that formidable attack.

Nothing certainly is being left to chance. For miles all around Paris trenches are being dug in the roads, and little sectional trenches on the broad roads of France, first one on this side of the way, and then one on the other side, so that a motor car traveling along the road has to drive in a series of sharp curves to avoid pitfalls.

There was feverish activity on the west side of the Paris fortifications when I passed between St. Germain and St. Denis.

Earthworks are being constantly thrown up between the forts, and the triple curves of the Seine are being intrenched so that thousands of men may take cover there and form a terrific defense against any attack.

Gen. Gallieni, the Military Governor of Paris, is a man of energy and iron resolution, and no doubt under his command Paris, if it has to undergo a siege, (which God avert!) will defend itself well, now that it has had these precious days of respite.

After wandering along the westerly and southerly roads I started for Paris when thousands and scores of thousands were flying from it. At that time I believed, as all France believed, that in a few hours German shells would be crashing across the fortifications of the city and that Paris the beautiful would be Paris the infernal. It needed a good deal of resolution on my part to go deliberately to a city from which the

population was fleeing, and I confess quite honestly that I had a nasty sensation in the neighborhood of my waistcoat buttons at the thought.



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Along the road from Tours to Paris there were sixty unbroken miles of people—on my honor, I do not exaggerate, but write the absolute truth. They were all people who had despaired of breaking through the dense masses of their fellow-citizens camped around the railway stations, and had decided to take to the roads as the only way of escape.

The vehicles were taxicabs, for which the rich paid fabulous prices; motor cars which had escaped military requisition, farmers' carts laden with several families and piles of household goods, shop carts drawn by horses already tired to the point of death because of the weight of the people who crowded behind pony traps and governess carts.

Many persons, well dressed and belonging obviously to well-to-do bourgeoisie, were wheeling barrows like costers, but instead of trundling cabbages were pushing forward sleeping babies and little children, who seemed on the first stage to find new amusement and excitement in the journey from home; but for the most part they trudged along bravely, carrying their babies and holding the hands of their little ones.

They were of all classes, rank and fortune being annihilated by the common tragedy. Elegant women whose beauty is known in Paris salons, whose frivolity, perhaps, in the past was the main purpose of their life, were now on a level with the peasant mothers of the French suburbs and with the midinettes of Montmartre, and their courage did not fail them so quickly.

I looked into many proud, brave faces of these delicate women, walking in high-heeled shoes, all too frail for the hard-dusty roadways. They belonged to the same race and breed as those ladies who defied death with fine disdain upon the scaffold of the guillotine in the great Revolution.

They were leaving Paris now, not because of any fears for themselves—I believe they were fearless—but because they had decided to save the little sons and daughters of soldier fathers.

This great army in retreat was made up of every type familiar in Paris.

Here were women of the gay world, poor creatures whose painted faces had been washed with tears, and whose tight skirts and white stockings were never made for a long march down the highways of France.

Here also were thousands of those poor old ladies who live on a few francs a week in the top attics of the Paris streets, which Balzac knew; they had fled from their poor sanctuaries and some of them were still carrying cats and canaries, as dear to them as their own lives.



There was one young woman who walked with a pet monkey on her shoulder while she carried a bird in a golden cage. Old men, who remembered 1870, gave their arms to old ladies to whom they had made love when the Prussians were at the gates of Paris then.

It was pitiful to see these old people now hobbling along together. Pitiful, but beautiful also, because of their lasting love.



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Young boy students, with ties as black as their hats and rat-tail hair, marched in small companies of comrades, singing brave songs, as though they had no fear in their hearts, and very little food, I think, in their stomachs.

Shopgirls and concierges, city clerks, old aristocrats, young boys and girls, who supported grandfathers and grandmothers and carried new-born babies and gave pick-a-back rides to little brothers and sisters, came along the way of retreat.

Each human being in the vast torrent of life will have an unforgettable story of adventure to tell if life remains. As a novelist I should have been glad to get their narratives along this road for a great story of suffering and strange adventure, but there was no time for that and no excuse.

When I met many of them they were almost beyond the power of words. The hot sun of this September had beaten down upon them—scorching them as in the glow of molten metal. Their tongues clave to their mouths with thirst.

Some of them had that wild look in their eyes which is the first sign of the delirium of thirst and fatigue.

Nothing to eat or drink could be found on the way from Paris. The little roadside cafes had been cleared out by the preceding hordes.

Unless these people carried their own food and drink they could have none except of the charity of their comrades in misfortune, and that charity has exceeded all other acts of heroism in this war. Women gave their last biscuit, their last little drop of wine, to poor mothers whose children were famishing with thirst and hunger; peasant women fed other women's babies when their own were satisfied.

It was a tragic road. At every mile of it there were people who had fainted on the roadside and poor old men and women who could go no further, but sat on the banks below the hedges, weeping silently or bidding younger ones go forward and leave them to their fate. Young women who had stepped out so jauntily at first were footsore and lame, so they limped along with lines of pain about their lips and eyes.

Many of the taxicabs, bought at great prices, and many of the motor cars had broken down as I passed, and had been abandoned by their owners, who had decided to walk. Farmers' carts had bolted into ditches and lost their wheels. Wheelbarrows, too heavy to be trundled, had been tilted up, with all their household goods spilt into the roadway, and the children had been carried further, until at last darkness came, and their only shelter was a haystack in a field under the harvest moon.

For days also I have been wedged up with fugitives in railway trains more dreadful than the open roads, stifling in their heat and heart-racking in their cargoes of misery. Poor



women have wept hysterically clasping my hand, a stranger's hand, for comfort in their wretchedness and weakness. Yet on the whole they have shown amazing courage, and, after their tears, have laughed at their own breakdown, and, always children of France, have been superb, so that again and again I have wondered at the gallantry with which they endured this horror. Young boys have revealed the heroic strain in them and have played the part of men in helping their mothers. And yet, when I came at last into Paris against all this tide of retreat, it seemed a needless fear that had driven these people away.



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Then I passed long lines of beautiful little villas on the Seine side, utterly abandoned among their trees and flowers. A solitary fisherman held his line above the water as though all the world were at peace, and in a field close to the fortifications which I expected to see bursting with shells, an old peasant bent above the furrows and planted cabbages. Then, at last, I walked through the streets of Paris and found them strangely quiet and tranquil.

The people I met looked perfectly calm. There were a few children playing in the gardens of Champs Elysees and under the Arc de Triomp symbolical of the glory of France.

I looked back upon the beauty of Paris all golden in the light of the setting sun, with its glinting spires and white gleaming palaces and rays of light flashing in front of the golden trophies of its monuments. Paris was still unbroken. No shell had come shattering into this city of splendor, and I thanked Heaven that for a little while the peril had passed.

### *A Zouave's Story*

*By Philip Gibbs of The London Daily Chronicle.*

[Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

CREIL, Sept. 10.—I could write this narrative as a historian, with details gathered from many different witnesses at various parts of the lines, in a cold and aloof way, but I prefer to tell it in the words of a young officer of the Zouaves who was in the thickest of fighting until when I met him and gave him wine and biscuits. He was put out of action by a piece of shell which smashed his left arm. He told me the story of the battle as he sat back, hiding his pain by a little careless smile of contempt, and splashed with blood which made a mess of his uniform.

“For four days previous to Monday, Sept. 7,” he said, “we were engaged in clearing out the German bosches from all the villages on the left bank of the Ourcq, which they had occupied in order to protect the flank of their right wing. Unfortunately for us the English heavy artillery, which would have smashed the beggars to bits, had not yet come up to help us, although we expected them with some anxiety, as big business events began as soon as we drove the outposts back to their main lines.

“However, we were equal to the preliminary task, and, heartened by the news of an ammunition convoy which had been turned into a pretty fireworks display by ‘Soixante-dix’ Pau, my Zouaves, (as you see, I belong to the First Division, which has a reputation to keep up, n’est ce pas?) were in splendid form. Of course, they all laughed at me. They wanted to get near those German guns and nearer still to the gunners. That was before they knew the exact meaning of shellfire well.



“They did good things, those Zouaves of mine, but it wasn’t pleasant work. We fought from village to village, very close fighting, so that sometimes we could look into our enemy’s eyes. The Moroccans were with us. The native troops are unlike my boys, who are Frenchmen, and they were like demons with their bayonet work.

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“Several of the villages were set on fire by the Germans before they retired from them, and soon great columns of smoke with pillars of flames and clouds of flying sparks rose up into the blue sky and made a picture of hell there, for really it was hell on earth. Our gunners were shelling Germans from pillar to post, as it were, and strewing the ground with their dead. It was across and among these dead bodies that we infantry had to charge.

“They lay about in heaps. It made me sick, even in the excitement of it all. The enemy’s quick-firers were marvelous. I am bound to say we did not get it all our own way. They always manoeuvre them in the same style, and a very clever style it is. First of all, they mask them with infantry; then, when the French charge, they reveal them and put us to the test under the most withering fire. It is almost impossible to stand against it, and in this case we had to retire after each rush for about 250 meters. Then, quick as lightning, the Germans got their mitrailleuses across the ground which we had yielded to them and waited for us to come on again, when they repeated the same operation.

“I can tell you it was pretty trying to the nerves. My Zouaves were very steady in spite of fairly heavy losses. It is quite untrue to say that the Germans have a greater number of mitrailleuses than the French. I believe that the proportion is exactly the same to each division, but they handle them more cleverly, and their fire is much more effective than ours.

“In a village named Penchard there was some very sharp fighting, and some of our artillery was posted thereabout. Presently a German aeroplane came overhead, circling round in reconnoissance; but it was out for more than that. Suddenly it began to drop bombs and, whether by design or otherwise, they exploded in the middle of a field hospital. One of my friends, a young doctor, was wounded in the left arm by a bullet from one of these bombs, but I don’t know what other casualties there were. The inevitable happened shortly after the disappearance of the aeroplane. German shells searched the position and found it with unpleasant accuracy. It is always the same. The German aeroplanes are really wonderful in the way they search out the positions of our guns. We always know that within half an hour of observation by aeroplane shells will begin to fall above gunners, unless they have altered their position. It was so in this fighting round Meaux yesterday.

“For four days this hunting among the villages on the left bank of the Ourcq went on all the time, and we were not very happy with ourselves. The truth was we had no water and were four days thirsty. It was really terrible, for the heat was terrific during the day, and some of us were almost mad with thirst. Our tongues were blistered and swollen, our eyes had a silly kind of look in them, and at night we had horrid dreams. It was, I assure you, intolerable agony.



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“I have said we were four days without drink, and that was because we used our last water for our horses. A gentleman has to do that, you will agree, and a French soldier is not a barbarian. Even then the horses had to go without a drop of water for two days, and I'm not ashamed to say I wept salt tears to see the sufferings of those poor, innocent creatures who did not understand the meaning of all this bloody business and who wondered at our cruelty.

“The nights were dreadful. All around us were burning villages, and at every faint puff of wind sparks floated about them like falling stars.

“But other fires were burning. Under the cover of darkness the Germans had piled the dead into great heaps and had covered them with straw and paraffin; then they had set a torch to these funeral pyres.

“Carrion crows were about in the dawn that followed. One of my own comrades lay very badly wounded, and when he wakened out of his unconsciousness one of these beastly birds was sitting on his chest waiting for him to die. That is war.

“The German shells were terrifying. I confess to you that there were times when my nerves were absolutely gone. I crouched down with my men (we were in open formation) and ducked my head at the sound of the bursting shell, and I trembled in every limb as though I had a fit of ague.

“It is true that in reality the German shells are not very effective. Only about one in four explodes nicely, but it is a bad thing when, as happened to me, the shells plopped around in a diameter of fifty meters. One hears the zip-zip of bullets, the boom of the great guns, the ste-tang of our French artillery, and in all this infernal experience of noise and stench, the screams at times of dying horses and men joined with the fury of gunfire and rising shrill above it, no man may boast of his courage. There were moments when I was a coward with all of them.

“But one gets used to it, as to all things. My ague did not last long. Soon I was shouting and cheering. Again we cleared the enemy out of the village of Bregy, and that was where I fell, wounded in the arm pretty badly by a bit of shell. When I came to myself a brother officer told me things were going on well and that we had rolled back the German right. That was better than bandages to me. I felt very well again, in spite of my weakness.

“It is the beginning of the end, and the Germans are on the run. They are exhausted and demoralized. Their pride has been broken; they are short of ammunition; they know their plans have failed.

“Now that we have them on the move nothing will save them. This war is going to be finished quicker than people thought. I believe that in a few days the enemy will be



broken and that we shall have nothing more to do than kill them as they fight back in retreat.”

That is the story, without any retouching of my pen, of a young Lieutenant of Zouaves whom I met after the battle of Meaux, with blood still splashed upon his uniform.



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It is a human story, giving the experience of only one individual in the great battle, but it gives also in outline a narrative of that great military operation which has done irreparable damage to the German right wing in its plan of campaign and thrust it back across the Ourcq in a great retiring movement which has also begun upon the German centre and left.

*When War Burst on Arras*

[A Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK TIMES and The London Daily Chronicle.]

A TOWN IN FRANCE, Oct. 7.—Arras has been the pivot of a fierce battle which, commencing Thursday, was still in progress when I was forced to leave the citadel three days later.

In that period I was fortunate enough to penetrate into the firing line, and the experience is one that will never be dimmed in my memory. Like the movements of so many pawns on a mammoth chessboard was the feinting with scattered outposts to test the strength of the enemy.

I saw the action open with skirmishes at Vitry-en-Artois, and next morning one of the hardest battles which make a link in the chain flung right across France of the gigantic battle of rivers was being prosecuted before my eyes.

The days that ensued were full of feverish and hectic motion. Arras rattled and throbbed with the flow of an army and all the tragedy which war brings in its train. There were moments when its cobbled streets were threaded by streams of wounded from the country beyond. Guns boomed incessantly, a fitting requiem to the sad little processions which occasionally revealed that some poor fellow had sacrificed his life for the flag which accompanied him to his grave.

I reached Arras on Sept. 29. The Germans had occupied it a fortnight earlier. Now it was placid, sleepy, and deserted, and bore no outward signs of having suffered from their occupation. I learned, however, that although they had refrained from demolishing buildings, there had been scenes of debauchery, and private houses had been ransacked.

It was declared that the only German paying for anything during the whole of the fortnight's occupation was a member of the Hohenzollern family, an important officer who had made the Hotel d'Univers his headquarters.

I decided to pass on to Vitry-en-Artois, twelve miles distant and six kilometers from Douai, where I had heard the Allies were in force. Here I obtained a room in a hotel.

Within a short while I saw armed cars. There came many warriors in many cars, cars fitted with mitrailleuses, cars advancing backward, cars with two soldiers in the back of



each with their rifles rested on the back cushions and their fingers on the triggers, and with the muzzles of mitrailleuses pointing over their heads. Several cavalry scouts, too, are in the streets.

Once I ventured my head a little outside of the door and was curtly warned to eliminate myself or possibly I would get shot. I eliminated myself for the moment.



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Now with dramatic suddenness death touches Vitry with her chill fingers. In the distance, right away beyond the bridge behind a bend in the road, there is a clatter of hoofs. It stops. Again it goes on and stops for about a couple of minutes, and then quite distinctly can be heard the sound of a body of horsemen proceeding at a walk.

The cavalry scouts have vanished into big barns on either side of the road, and around the corner of the bridge comes a small body of German cavalry. They have passed the spot where the French scouts are hidden and I have retreated to my bedroom window, from where I can count twelve of the Death's Head riders.

They are riding to their fate. Right slap up in front of the cars they come. A rifle shot rings out from where the French scouts are hidden, then another, and that is the signal for the inferno to be loosed.

C-r-r-r-r-ack, and the mitrailleuse spits out a regular hail of death, vicious, whiplike, never-ceasing cracks. Two horses are down and three men lie prone in the road.

The Germans have not fired a shot, all their energies being concentrated in wildly turning their horses to get back again round the bend.

It is too late. Another two are toppled over by the scouts in the barns, and then cars are after them, still spitting out an unending hail of lead.

It seems impossible that even a fly could live in such a stream of bullets, yet out of the dozen three get round the bend, and, galloping madly, make for the only spot where they can leave the road and get across country. Even the automobile and auto-mitrailleuse men cannot follow them there.

These fellows seem perfectly satisfied with a bag of nine, obtained without a scratch. All are dead, one of them with over twenty wounds in him. Two horses are stone dead, and three others have to be put out of their misery. The other four are contentedly standing at the roadside munching grass, one with a hind leg lifted a few inches off the ground.

The bodies of the dead Germans are laid side by side in a field to await burial. The uniforms are stripped of everything that can be removed, buttons and shoulder straps. The men in the cars take the water bottles, swords, and revolvers as mementos.

I imperfectly understood the real meaning of this scrap. I had thought it was an encounter between stray forces. A talk with the driver of an armed car, however, enlarged my perspective. It was a meeting of the outposts of two great opposing armies, one of which was at Douai, the other at Cambrai. The feelers of both forces were being extended to discover the various positions, preparatory to a big battle, which was expected on the morrow (Oct. 1) along the line of Cambrai-Douai-Valenciennes.

It was understood that the Germans had massed in force at Cambrai and strong wings were thrown out on both sides, the outposts of one wing, as we have already seen, coming into touch with the French at Vitry.



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From the reports of the auto-mitrailleuse men, who cover great distances in a day, similar skirmishing had been taking place at Etain, (where some farmhouses were burned,) Eterpigny, Croisilles, Boisleux, and Boyelles, these places ranging from ten to twenty kilometers from Arras.

There was a general exodus from Vitry and I secured standing room in a wagon of the last train leaving for Arras. It was loaded with fugitives.

Arras had changed completely on my return. Its calmness was gone. The station was empty of civilians, there were no trains running and the station entrance was in charge of a strong picket of soldiers, while the road outside echoed to the tread of infantry.

I stood still in amazement, while my papers were being closely examined, and watched regiment after regiment of foot with their transport trains complete marching out on the road to Douai. This was part of the preparation for the big battle which I was told was going to begin tomorrow.

In the town itself the transformation was still more amazing—soldiers in every street, cavalry, infantry, dragoons, lancers, and engineers in ones and twos, and parties of twenty or thirty picturesque Moroccans. I never saw such a medley of colors and expressions, and the whole town was full of them—material for one army corps at least.

I installed myself in quarters at the Hotel de l'Univers, with the intention of getting away the first thing in the morning if possible. But it was not possible. I was informed that Arras was now under military control, and no permits were being issued whatsoever. The Lieutenant who told me this smiled as I shrugged my shoulders.

"You will bear witness, Monsieur, that I tried my best to get out," said I.

"Certainly; but why go away?" he asked with a smile. "Arras est tres belle ville, Monsieur. You have a good hotel, a good bed, and good food. Why should you go out?"

And so I stayed at Arras.

That was Sept. 30. The next day I could hear guns. They started at about 8 o'clock in the morning, the French guns being in position about five kilometers outside of Arras to the south, southeast, and east, sixteen batteries of France's artillery or 75-millimeter calibre.

All day long the guns thundered and roared, and all day long I sat outside the cafe of the Hotel des Voyageurs in the Place de la Gare. The station building was right in front of me. I longed for a position which would enable me to see over the tall buildings on to the battlefield beyond. Even the roof of the station would have suited. There was a little crowd of officials already there with their field glasses, and they could discern what was



going on, for I noticed several pointing here and there whenever a particularly loud explosion was heard.

Two men in civilian clothes sat down beside me and gave me “good day,” evidently curious as to my nationality. I invited them to join me in coffee and cognac, and during the ensuing conversation we all became very friendly, and I was given to understand that one of them was the volunteer driver of an auto-mitrailleuse who had just come off duty.



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I remarked that it would be very interesting to get a sight of what was going on behind the station.

“Is it very near—the battle?”

“About five kilometers, Monsieur. The German guns are ten kilometers distant. One of the German shells exploded behind the station this morning. Would Monsieur like to walk out a little way?”

“But surely the pickets will not let me pass beyond the barrier,” said I.

My good friend of the auto-mitrailleuse smiled, rose, and buttoned up his coat. “Come with me,” he invited.

At the barrier we were stopped, but luck had not deserted me, for in the Sergeant in charge of the pickets I recognized another cafe acquaintance of the previous night. We shook hands, exchanged cigarettes, and proceeded up and down numerous streets, bearing always southward in the direction of the firing, until the open country was reached.

My companion suddenly caught hold of my arm and we both jumped up the bank at the side of the road to let a long string of artillery drivers trot past on their way back for more ammunition. Another cloud of dust, and coming up behind us was a fresh lot of shells on the way out to the firing line.

Right up in the sky ahead suddenly appeared a ball of yellow greeny smoke, which grew bigger and bigger, and then “boom” came the sound of a gun about three seconds afterward. A shell had burst in the air about 300 yards away. Another and another came—all about the same place. They appeared to come from the direction of Bapaume.

“Bad, very bad,” commented my companion. And so it appeared to me, for the Germans were dropping their shells from the southeast, at least one kilometer over range. We were standing beside a strawstack and looking due south, watching the just discernible line of French guns, when we heard the ominous whistling screech of an approaching shell. Down on our faces behind the stack, down we went like lightning, and over to the left, not 200 yards away, rose a huge column of black smoke and earth, and just afterward a very loud boom. A big German gun had come into action, slightly nearer this time.

Just behind a wood I could plainly see the smoke of the gun itself rising above the trees. Two more shells from the big gun exploded within twenty yards of each other, and then, with disconcerting suddenness, a French battery came into action within a hundred yards of our strawstack cover. They had evidently been there for some time,



awaiting eventualities, for we had no suspicion of their proximity, and they were completely hidden.

My ears are still tingling and buzzing from the sound of those guns. One after another the guns of this battery bombarded the newly taken up position of the German big guns, which replied with one shell every three minutes.

Presently we had the satisfaction of hearing a violent explosion in the wood, and a column of smoke and flame rose up to a great height.



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Soixante-quinze had again scored, for the German guns had been put out of action. From out the French position came infantry, at this point thousands of little dots over the landscape, presenting a front of, I should think, about two miles, rapidly advancing in skirmishing order. Every now and then the sharp crackle of rifle fire could distinctly be heard.

The French had advanced over a mile, and the Germans had hastily evacuated the wood. Other French batteries now came into action, and the German fire over the whole arc was becoming decidedly fainter and less frequent. This might, of course, be due to changing their positions on the German front.

Wounded began to arrive, which showed that for the present at any rate, it was safe to go out to the trenches to collect them.

Very few of them seemed badly hit, and the wounded French artillerymen seemed to be elated in spite of their wounds. Had not their beloved Soixante-quinze again scored? The time was 6 o'clock of a beautiful evening and the firing, though fairly continuous, was dropping off. The Germans had changed their positions and it was getting a little too hazy to make observation, although a French aeroplane was seen descending in wide circles over the German position, evidently quite regardless of the numerous small balls of smoke, which made their appearance in the sky in dangerous proximity to the daring pilot.

It is very interesting to watch these aeroplane shells bursting in the air. First of all one sees a vivid little streak of bluish white light in the sky, and then instantaneously a smoke ball, which appears to be about the size of a football, is seen in the sky, always fairly close to the machine. Then there is the sound of an explosion like a giant cracker.

Occasionally several guns will fire at about the same time, and it is weird to watch the various balls of smoke, apparently coming into being from nowhere, all around the machine. Sometimes one of these shells, which are filled with a species of shrapnel, bursts rather unpleasantly near the aeroplane, and then one sees the machine turn quickly and rise a little higher.

Two or three holes have been neatly drilled through the planes. Perhaps one has appeared in the body of the machine, rather too near the pilot for safety; but it is a big gamble, anyhow, and besides the pilot has been instructed to find out where the various positions are, and he means to do it.

So he simply rises a little higher and calmly continues his big circles over the German position.



I take off my hat to these brave men, the aeroplane pilots. They are willing to chance their luck. What matters it if their machine gets hit, if the planes are riddled with holes? It will still fly, even if the engine gets a fatal wound and stops.

The pilot, if he is high enough, can still glide to safety in his own lines. But (and it is a big “but”) should a shrapnel ball find its billet in the pilot—well, one has only to die once, and it is a quick and sure death to fall with one’s machine.



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[Illustration]

*The Battles in Belgium*

[An Associated Press Dispatch.]

LONDON, Oct. 26, 4:40 A.M.—The correspondent of The Daily News, who has been in an armored train to the banks of the Yser, gives a good description of the battle in the North. He says:

“The battle rages along the Yser with frightful destruction of life. Air engines, sea engines, and land engines deathsweep this desolate country, vertically, horizontally, and transversely. Through it the frail little human engines crawl and dig, walk and run, skirmishing, charging, and blundering in little individual fights and tussles, tired and puzzled, ordered here and there, sleeping where they can, never washing, and dying unnoticed. A friend may find himself firing on a friendly force, and few are to blame.

“Thursday the Germans were driven back over the Yser; Friday they secured a footing again, and Saturday they were again hurled back. Now a bridge blown up by one side is repaired by the other; it is again blown up by the first, or left as a death trap till the enemy is actually crossing.

“Actions by armored trains, some of them the most reckless adventures, are attempted daily. Each day accumulates an unwritten record of individual daring feats, accepted as part of the daily work. Day by day our men push out on these dangerous explorations, attacked by shell fire, in danger of cross-fire, dynamite, and ambushades, bringing a priceless support to the threatened lines. As the armored train approaches the river under shell fire the car cracks with the constant thunder of guns aboard. It is amazing to see the angle at which the guns can be swung.

“And overhead the airmen are busy venturing through fog and puffs of exploding shells to get one small fact of information. We used to regard the looping of the loop of the Germans overhead as a hare-brained piece of impudent defiance to our infantry fire. Now we know its means early trouble for the infantry.

“Besides us, as we crawl up snuffing the lines like dogs on a scent, grim trainloads of wounded wait soundlessly in the sidings. Further up the line ambulances are coming slowly back. The bullets of machine guns begin to rattle on our armored coats. Shells we learned to disregard, but the machine gun is the master in this war.

“Now we near the river at a flat country farm. The territory is scarred with trenches, and it is impossible to say at first who is in them, so incidental and separate are the fortunes of this riverside battle. The Germans are on our bank enfilading the lines of the Allies' trenches. We creep up and the Germans come into sight out of the trenches, rush to

the bank, and are scattered and mashed. The Allies follow with a fierce bayonet charge.

“The Germans do not wait. They rush to the bridges and are swept away by the deadliest destroyer of all, the machine gun. The bridge is blown up, but who can say by whom. Quickly the train runs back.



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“A brisk day,’ remarks the correspondent. ‘Not so bad,’ replies the officer. So the days pass.”

The Telegraph’s correspondent in Belgium, who, accompanied by a son of the Belgian War Minister, M. de Broqueville, made a tour of the battleground in the Dixmude district last Wednesday, says:

“No pen could do justice to the grandeur and horror of the scene. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but burning villages and bursting shells. I realized for the first time how completely the motor car had revolutionized warfare and how every other factor was now dominated by the absence or presence of this unique means of transport.

“Every road to the front was simply packed with cars. They seemed an ever-rolling, endless stream, going and returning to the front, while in many villages hundreds of private cars were parked under the control of the medical officer, waiting in readiness to carry the wounded.

“Arrived at the firing line, a terrible scene presented itself. The shell fire from the German batteries was so terrific that Belgian soldiers and French marines were continually being blown out of their dugouts and sent scattering to cover. Elsewhere, also, little groups of peasants were forced to flee because their cellars began to fall in. These unfortunates had to make their way as best they could on foot to the rear. They were frightened to death by the bursting shells, and the sight of crying children among them was most pathetic.

“Dixmude was the objective of the German attack, and shells were bursting all over it, crashing among the roofs and blowing whole streets to pieces. From a distance of three miles we could hear them crashing down, but the town itself was invisible, except for the flames and the smoke and clouds rising above it. The Belgians had only a few field batteries, so that the enemy’s howitzers simply dominated the field, and the infantry trenches around the town had to rely upon their own unaided efforts.

“Our progress along the road was suddenly stopped by one of the most horrible sights I have ever seen. A heavy howitzer shell had fallen and burst right in the midst of a Belgian battery, making its way to the front, causing terrible destruction. The mangled horses and men among the debris presented a shocking spectacle.

“Eventually, we got into Dixmude itself, and every time a shell came crashing among the roofs we thought our end had come. The Hotel de Ville (town hall) was a sad sight. The roof was completely riddled by shell, while inside was a scene of chaos. It was piled with loaves of bread, bicycles, and dead soldiers.



“The battle redoubled in fury, and by 7 o’clock in the evening Dixmude was a furnace, presenting a scene of terrible grandeur. The horizon was red with burning homes.

“Our return journey was a melancholy one, owing to the constant trains of wounded that were passing.”



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The Daily Mail's Rotterdam correspondent, telegraphing Sunday evening, says:

"Slowly but surely the Germans are being beaten back on the western wing, and old men and young lads are being hurried to the front. The enemy were in strong force at Dixmude, where the Allies were repulsed once, only to attack again with renewed vigor.

"Roulers resembles a shambles. It was taken and retaken four times, and battered to ruins in the process. The German guns made the place untenable for the Allies.

"An Oosburg message says the firing at Ostend is very heavy, and that the British are shelling the suburbs, which are held by the Germans. Last night and this morning large bodies of Germans left Bruges for Ostend. It is believed the Ostend piers have been blown up."

"The position on the coast is stationary this morning," says a Daily Mail dispatch from Flushing, Netherlands, under date of Sunday. "There is less firing and it is more to the southward. No alteration of the situation is reported from Ostend.

"The German losses are frightful. Three meadows near Ostend are heaped with dead. The wounded are now installed in private houses in Bruges, where large wooden sheds are being rushed up to receive additional injured. Thirty-seven farm wagons containing wounded, dying, and dead passed in one hour near Middelkerke.

"The Germans have been working at new intrenchments between Coq sur Mer and Wenduynne to protect their road to Bruges."

Gen. von Tripp and nearly all his staff, who were killed in a church tower at Leffinghe by the fire from the British warships, have been buried in Ostend.

[Illustration: Flanders and Northern France—How the Battle Line Has Changed (Up to Jan. 1, 1915) Since the War Began.]

### *Seeking Wounded on Battle Front*

By Philip Gibbs of The London Daily Chronicle.

FURNES, Belgium, Oct. 21.—The staff of the English hospital, to which a mobile column has been attached for field work, has arrived here with a convoy of ambulances and motor cars. This little party of doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers, and chauffeurs, under the direction of Dr. Bevis and Dr. Munro, has done splendid work in Belgium, and many of them were in the siege of Antwerp.

Miss Macnaughton, the novelist, was one of those who went through this great test of courage, and Lady Dorothea Feilding, one of Lord Denbigh's daughters, won everybody's love by her gallantry and plucky devotion to duty in many perilous hours.



She takes all risks with laughing courage. She has been under fire in many hot skirmishes, and has helped bring away the wounded from the fighting around Ghent when her own life might have paid the forfeit for defiance to bursting shells.



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This morning a flying column of the hospital was preparing to set out in search of wounded men on the firing line under direction of Lieut. de Broqueville, son of the Belgian War Minister. The Lieutenant, very cool and debonair, was arranging the order of the day with Dr. Munro. Lady Dorothe Feilding and the two other women in field kit stood by their cars, waiting for the password. There were four stretcher-bearers, including Mr. Gleeson, an American, who has worked with this party around Ghent and Antwerp, proving himself to be a man of calm and quiet courage at a critical moment, always ready to take great risks in order to bring in a wounded man.

It was decided to take three ambulances and two motor cars. Lieut. de Broqueville anticipated a heavy day's work. He invited me to accompany the column in a car which I shared with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett of The London Daily Telegraph, who also volunteered for the expedition.

We set out before noon, winding our way through the streets of Furnes. We were asked to get into Dixmude, where there were many wounded. It is about ten miles away from Furnes. As we went along the road, nearer to the sound of the great guns which for the last hour or two had been firing incessantly, we passed many women and children. They were on their way to some place further from the firing. Poor old grandmothers in black bonnets and skirts trudged along the lines of poplars with younger women, who clasped their babies tightly in one hand, while with the other they carried heavy bundles of household goods.

Along the road came German prisoners, marching rapidly between mounted guards. Many of them were wounded, and all of them had a wild, famished, terror-stricken look.

At a turn in the road the battle lay before us, and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in separate columns which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air. From the mass of houses in each town came jets of flame, following explosions which sounded with terrific thudding shocks. On a line of about nine miles there was an incessant cannonade. The farthest villages were already on fire.

Quite close to us, only about half a mile across the fields to the left, there were Belgian batteries at work and rifle fire from many trenches. We were between two fires, and Belgian and German shells came screeching over our heads. The German shells were dropping quite close to us, plowing up the fields with great pits. We could hear them burst and scatter and could see them burrow.

[Illustration: ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE Commanding the British Fleets (*Photo from Rogers.*)]

[Illustration: GEN. VICTOR DANKL The Austrian Commander in the Russian Campaign (*Photo from Bain News Service.*)]



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In front of us on the road lay a dreadful barrier, which brought us to a halt. A German shell had fallen right on top of an ammunition convoy. Four horses had been blown to pieces and their carcasses lay strewn across the road. The ammunition wagon had been broken into fragments and smashed and burned to cinders by the explosion of its own shells. A Belgian soldier lay dead, cut in half by a great fragment of steel. Further along the road were two other dead horses in pools of blood. It was a horrible and sickening sight, from which one turned away shuddering with cold sweat, but we had to pass it after some of this dead flesh had been dragged away.

Further down the road we had left two of the cars in charge of Lady Dorothe Feilding and her two nurses. They were to wait there until we brought back some of the wounded. Two ambulances came on with our light car, commanded by Lieut. Broqueville and Dr. Munro. Mr. Gleeson asked me to help him as stretcher-bearer. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was to work with one of the other stretcher-bearers.

I was in one of the ambulances, and Mr. Gleeson sat behind me in the narrow space between the stretchers. Over his shoulder he talked in a quiet voice of the job that lay before us. I was glad of that quiet voice, so placid in its courage. We went forward at what seemed to me a crawl, though I think it was a fair pace, shells bursting around us now on all sides, while shrapnel bullets sprayed the earth about us. It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude.

When I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticos. They were Belgian soldiers.

We were now in a side street leading into the Town Hall square. It seemed impossible to pass, owing to the wreckage strewn across the road. "Try to take it," said Dr. Munro, who was sitting beside the chauffeur. We took it, bumping over heaps of debris, and then swept around into the square. It was a spacious place, with the Town Hall at one side of it—or what was left of the Town Hall; there was only the splendid shell of it left, sufficient for us to see the skeleton of a noble building which had once been the pride of Flemish craftsmen. Even as we turned toward it parts of it were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down. A mass of masonry crashed from the portico. Some stiff, dark forms lay among the fallen stones; they were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living.



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Our cars were brought to a halt outside the building, and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigarette, and I noticed two of the other men fumble for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady our nerves. There was never a moment when shell fire was not bursting in that square. Shrapnel bullets whipped the stones. The Germans were making a target of the Town Hall and dropping their shells with dreadful exactitude on either side of it.

I glanced toward the flaming furnace to the right of the building. There was a wonderful glow at the heart of it, yet it did not give me any warmth. At that moment Dr. Munro and Lieut. de Broqueville mounted the steps of the Town Hall, followed by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and myself. Mr. Gleeson was already taking down a stretcher; he had a little smile about his lips.

A French officer and two men stood under the broken archway of the entrance, between the fallen pillars and masonry. A yard away from them lay a dead soldier, a handsome young man with clear-cut features turned upward to the gaping roof. A stream of blood was coagulating around his head, but did not touch the beauty of his face. Another dead man lay huddled up quite close, and his face was hidden.

“Are there any wounded here, Sir?” asked our young Lieutenant. The other officer spoke excitedly. He was a brave man, but he could not hide the terror in his soul, because he had been standing so long waiting for death, which stood beside him, but did not touch him. It appeared from his words that there were several wounded men among the dead down in the cellar, and that he would be obliged to us if we could rescue them.

We stood on some steps, looking down into that cellar. It was a dark hole, illumined dimly by a lantern, I think. I caught sight of a little heap of huddled bodies. Two soldiers, still unwounded, dragged three of them out and handed them up to us. The work of getting those three men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. During that time Dr. Munro, perfectly calm and quiet, was moving about the square, directing the work. Lieut. de Broqueville was making inquiries about other wounded in other houses. I lent a hand to one of the stretcher-bearers. What the others were doing I do not know, except that Mr. Gleeson's calm face made a clear-cut image on my brain.

I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking, also, how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.

Then Lieut. de Broqueville spoke a word of command; the first ambulance must now get back. I was with the first ambulance, in Mr. Gleeson's company. We had a full load of



wounded men, and we were loitering. I put my head outside the cover and gave the word to the chauffeur. As I did so a shrapnel bullet came past my head, and, striking a piece of ironwork, flattened out and fell at my feet. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, though God alone knows why, for I was not in search of souvenirs.



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So we started with the first ambulance through those frightful streets again and out into the road to the country. "Very hot!" said one of the men—I think it was the chauffeur. Somebody else asked if we should get through with luck. Nobody answered the question. The wounded men with us were very quiet; I thought they were dead. There was only an incessant cannonade and the crashing of buildings. The mitrailleuses were at work now, spitting out bullets. It was a worse sound than that of the shells; it seemed more deadly in its rattle. I started back behind the car and saw the other ambulance in our wake. I did not see the motor car.

Along the country roads the fields were still being plowed by shells which burst over our heads. We came to a halt again in a place where soldiers were crouched under cottage walls. There were few walls now, and inside some of the remaining cottages were many wounded men. Their comrades were giving them first aid and wiping the blood out of their eyes. We managed to take some of these on board. They were less quiet than the others we had, and groaned in a heartrending way.

A little later we made a painful discovery—Lieut. de Broqueville, our gallant young leader, was missing. By some horrible mischance he had not taken his place in either of the ambulances or the motor cars. None of us had the least idea what had happened to him; we had all imagined that he had scrambled up like the rest of us, after giving the order to get away.

There was only one thing to do—to get back in search of him. Even in the half hour since we had left the town Dixmude had burst into flames and was a great blazing torch. If de Broqueville were left in that hell he would not have a chance of life.

It was Mr. Gleeson and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett who, with great gallantry, volunteered to go back and search for our leader. They took the light car and sped back toward the burning town. The ambulances went on with their cargo of wounded, and Lady Dorothea Feilding and I were left alone for a little time in one of the cars. We drove back along the road toward Dixmude, and rescued another wounded man left in a wayside cottage.

By this time there were five towns blazing in the darkness, and in spite of the awful suspense which we were now suffering we could not help staring at the fiendish splendor of that sight.

Dr. Munro joined us again, and after consultation we decided to get as near to Dixmude as we could, in case our friends had to come out without their car or had been wounded.

The German bombardment was now terrific. All the guns were concentrated upon Dixmude and the surrounding trenches. In the darkness under a stable wall I stood listening to the great crashes for an hour, when I had not expected such a lease of life. Inside the stable soldiers were sleeping in the straw, careless that at any moment a

shell might burst through upon them. The hour seemed a night; then we saw the gleam of headlights, and an English voice called out.



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Ashmead-Bartlett and Gleeson had come back. They had gone to the entrance to Dixmude, but could get no further, owing to the flames and shells. They, too, had waited for an hour, but had not found de Broqueville. It seemed certain that he was dead; and, very sorrowfully, as there was nothing to be done, we drove back to Furnes.

At the gate of the convent were some Belgian ambulances which had come from another part of the front with their wounded. I helped to carry one of them in, and strained my shoulders with the weight of the stretcher. Another wounded man put his arm around my neck, and then, with a dreadful cry, collapsed, so that I had to hold him in a strong grip. A third man, horribly smashed about the head, walked almost unaided into the operating room. Mr. Gleeson and I led him with just a touch on his arm. This morning he lies dead on a little pile of straw in a quiet corner of the courtyard.

I sat down to a supper, which I had not expected to eat. There was a strange excitement in my body, which trembled a little after the day's adventures. It seemed very strange to be sitting down to table with cheerful faces about me, but some of the faces were not cheerful. Those of us who knew of the disappearance of de Broqueville sat silently over our soup.

Then suddenly Lady Dorothe Feilding gave a little cry of joy, and Lieut. de Broqueville came walking briskly forward. It seemed a miracle; it was hardly less than that. For several hours after our departure from Dixmude he had remained in that inferno. He had missed us when he went down into the cellar to haul out another wounded man, forgetting that he had given us the order to start. There he had remained, with buildings crashing all around him until the German fire had died down a little. He succeeded in rescuing his wounded man, for whom he found room in a Belgian ambulance outside the town and walked back along the road to Furnes.

We clasped hands and were thankful for his escape. This morning he has gone again to what is left of Dixmude with a flying column. Dr. Munro and Mr. Gleeson, with Lady Dorothe Feilding and her friends, are in the party, although in Dixmude German infantry have taken possession of the outer ruins.

The courage of this English field ambulance under the Belgian Red Cross is one of those splendid things which shine through this devil's work of war.

*At the Kaiser's Headquarters*

By Cyril Brown of The New York Times.

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Oct. 20.—The most vulnerable, vital spot of the whole German Empire is, paradoxically, in France—the small city on the Meuse where the Grosses Hauptquartier, the brains of the whole German fighting organism, has been located for the last few weeks. After a lucky dash through the

forbidden zone of France held by the Germans I managed to pay a surprise visit to the Great Headquarters, where, among other interesting sights, I have already seen the Kaiser, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince, Major Langhorne, the American Military Attache; Field Marshal von Moltke, and shoals of lesser celebrities with which the town is overrun. My stay is of indeterminate length, and only until the polite but insistent pressure which the Kaiser's secret police and the General Staff are bringing to bear on their unbidden guest to leave becomes irresistible.



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It was a sometime TIMES reader, a German brakeman, who had worked in New York and was proud of being able to speak “American,” who helped me to slip aboard the military postzug (post train) that left the important military centre of L—— at 1:30 A.M. and started to crawl toward the front with a mixed cargo of snoring field chaplains, soldiers rejoining their units, officers with iron crosses pinned to their breasts, ambulance men who talked gruesome shop, fresh meat, surgical supplies, mail bags, &c. Sometimes the train would spurt up to twelve miles an hour. There were long stops at every station, while unshaven Landsturm men on guard scanned the car windows in search of spies by the light of their electric flash lamps. After many hours somebody said we were now in Belgium.

There are no longer any bothersome customs formalities at the Belgian border, but the ghost of a house that had been knocked into a cocked hat by a shell indicated that we were in the land of the enemy. Houses that looked as if they had been struck by a Western cyclone now became more numerous. A village church steeple had a jagged hole clean through it. After more hours somebody else said we were in France. Every bridge, culvert, and crossroad was guarded by heavily bearded Landsturm men, who all looked alike in their funny, antiquated, high black leather helmets—usually in twos—the countryside dotted with cheery little watch fires.

In the little French villages all lights were out in the houses. The streets were barred like railroad crossings except that the poles were painted in red-white-black stripes, a lantern hanging from the middle of the barrier to keep the many army automobiles that passed in the night from running amuck.

Sedan, a beehive of activity, was reached at daybreak. Here most of the military, plus the Field Chaplains, got out. From here on daylight showed the picturesque ruin the French themselves had wrought—the frequent tangled wreckage of dynamited steel railway bridges sticking out of the waters of the river, piles of shattered masonry damming the current, here and there half an arch still standing of a once beautiful stone footbridge. I was told that over two hundred bridges had been blown up by the retreating French in their hopeless attempt to delay the German advance in this part of France alone.

Several hours more of creeping over improvised wooden bridges and restored roadbeds brought the post train to the French city that had 20,000 inhabitants before the war which the Kaiser and the Great Headquarters now occupy.

Wooden signs printed in black letters, “Verboten,” (forbidden,) now ornament the pretty little park, with its fountain still playing, outside the railroad station. The paths are guarded by picked grenadiers, not Landsturm men this time, while an officer of the guard makes his ceaseless rounds. Opposite the railroad station, on the other side of the little park, is an unpretentious villa of red brick and terra

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cotta trimmings, but two guard houses painted with red-white-black stripes flank the front door and give it a look of importance. The street at either end is barred by red, white and black striped poles and strapping grenadiers on guard are clustered thick about it. You don't need to ask who lives there. The red brick house (it would not rent for more than \$100 a month in any New York suburb) is the present temporary residence of the Over War Lord. Its great attraction for the Kaiser, I am told, is the large, secluded garden in the rear where this other "man of destiny" loves to walk and meditate or, more usually, talk—though the few remaining French inhabitants could have a frequent opportunity of seeing him walk in the little closed public park if they were interested, but the natives seem outwardly utterly apathetic.

Several of the Kaiser's household, in green Jaeger uniforms, were lounging around the door for an early morning airing, while secret service men completed the picture by hovering in the immediate neighborhood. You can tell that they are German secret service agents because they all wear felt alpine hats, norfolk jackets, waterproof cloth capes and a bored expression. They have been away from Berlin for nearly three months now. About fifty of them constitute the "Secret Field Police" and their station house is half a block away from the Kaiser's residence.

Just around the corner from the Kaiser, within a stone's throw of his back door, is another red-brick house with terra-cotta trimmings, rather larger and more imposing. The names of its new residents, "Hahnke," "Caprivi," and "Graf von Moltke," are scrawled in white chalk on the stone post of the gateway. Further up the same street another chalk scrawl on a quite imposing mansion informed me that "The Imperial Chancellor" and "The Foreign Office" had set up shop there. Near by were Grand Admiral von Tirpitz's field quarters. A bank building on another principal street bore the sign, "War Cabinet."

The Great General Staff occupies the quaint old Hotel de Ville. An unmolested ramble showed that all the best residences and business buildings in the heart of the town were required to house the members of the Great Headquarters, who number, in addition to the Kaiser and his personal entourage, thirty-six chiefs or department heads, including the Imperial Chancellor, the War Minister, the Chief of the Great General Staff, the Chief of the Naval General Staff, the Chief of the Ammunition Supply, the Chief of the Field Railways, the Chief of the Field Telephone and Telegraph Service, the Chief of the Sanitary Service, the Chief of the Volunteer Automobile Corps, &c., making, with secretaries, clerks, ordonnances, and necessary garrison, a community of 1,200 souls.

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I could not help wondering why the Allies' aviators weren't "on the job." A dozen, backed up by an intelligent Intelligence Department, could so obviously settle the fortunes of the war by blowing out the brains of their enemy. Perhaps that is why the whereabouts of the Great Headquarters is guarded as a jealous secret. The soldiers at the front don't know where it is, nor the man on the street at home, and, of course, its location is not breathed in the German press. Theoretically, only those immediately concerned are "in the know." Visitors are not allowed, neutral foreign correspondents are told by the authorities in Berlin that "it is impossible" to go to the Grosser Hauptquartier.

Two aeroplane guns are mounted on the hills across the river at a point immediately opposite the Kaiser's residence, while near them a picked squad of sharpshooters is on the watch night and day for hostile fliers. To further safeguard not only the person of the Kaiser but the brains of the fighting machine the spy hunt is kept up here with unrelenting pertinacity.

"We went over the town with a fine-tooth comb and cleaned out all the suspicious characters the very first day we arrived," said a friendly detective.

"There are no cranks or anarchists left here. Today the order is going out to arrest all men of military age—between 18 and 45—but there are few, if any, left. We also made a house-to-house search for arms and collected three wagonloads, mostly old.

"Our Kaiser is as safe here now as he would be anywhere in Germany. We know every one who arrives and leaves town. It seems impossible for a spy to slip in and still more to slip out again through the lines—but we are always on the watch for the impossible. The fear of spies is not a delusion or a form of madness, as you suggest. Here is one case of my personal knowledge: A German Boy Scout of 16, who had learned to speak French and English perfectly at school, volunteered his services and was attached to the staff of an army corps. This young chap succeeded in slipping into Rheims, where he was able to locate the positions of the French batteries and machine guns, and make his way back to our lines with this invaluable information. For this feat the boy received the Iron Cross. After being in the field for six weeks he got home-sick, however, and has been allowed to go home for a visit."

From a spectacular point of view the Great Headquarters is rather disappointing. A few mixed patrols of Uhlans, dragoons, and hussars occasionally ride through the principal streets to exercise their horses. Occasionally, too, you see a small squad of strapping grenadiers, who break into the goose step on the slightest provocation as when they pass a General or other officer of the Great General Staff, whom you recognize by the broad red stripes on their "field gray" trousers.



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There is no pomp or ceremony even when royalty is running around at large. Thus when the King of Saxony arrived in town, a few hours after I did, no fuss was made whatever. The Saxon King and his staff, three touring car loads, all in field gray, drove straight to the villa assigned them, and, after reciprocal informal visits between King and Kaiser, the former left to visit some of the battlefields on which Saxon troops had fought, and later paid a visit to his troops at the front. For this exploit, the Kaiser promptly bestowed on him the Iron Cross, first and second class, on his return to town.

Even the Kaiser's heart is not covered with medals, nor does he wear the gorgeous white plume parade helmet nowadays, when going out for a horse-back ride or a drive. I saw him come from a motor run late in the afternoon—four touring cars full of staff officers and personal entourage—and was struck by the complete absence of pomp and ceremony. In the second car sat the Kaiser, wearing the dirty green-gray uniform of his soldiers in the field. At a distance of fifteen feet, the Over War Lord looked physically fit, but quite sober—an intense earnestness of expression that seemed to mirror the sternness of the times.

The Kaiser goes for a daily drive or ride about the countryside usually in the afternoon, but occasionally he is allowed to have a real outing by his solicitous entourage—a day and more rarely a [Transcriber: text missing in original]

“His Majesty is never so happy as when he is among his troops at the front,” another transplanted Berlin detective told me. “If his Majesty had his way he would be among them all the time, preferably sleeping under canvas and roughing it like the rest—eating the ‘simple’ food prepared by his private field kitchen. But his life is too valuable to be risked in that way, and his personal Adjutant, von Plessen, who watches over his Majesty like a mother or a governess, won't let him go to the front often. His Majesty loves his soldiers and would be among them right up at the firing line if he were not constantly watched and kept in check by his devoted von Plessen.” However, the Kaiser sleeps within earshot of the not very distant thunder of the German heavy artillery pounding away at Rheims, plainly heard here at night when the wind blows from the right direction.

Of barbarism or brutality the writer saw no signs, either here or at other French villages occupied by the Germans. The behavior of the common soldiers toward the natives is exemplary and in most cases kindly. There are many touches of human interest. I saw about a hundred of the most destitute hungry townfolk, mostly women with little children, hanging around one of the barracks at the outskirts of the town until after supper the German soldiers came out and distributed the remnants of their black bread rations to them. It is not an uncommon sight to see staff officers as well as soldiers stopping

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on the streets to hand out small alms to the begging women and children. Many of the shops in town were closed and boarded up at the approach of the Prussians, but small hotel keepers, cafe proprietors, and tradesmen who had the nerve to remain and keep open are very well satisfied with the German invasion in one way, for they never made so much money before in their lives. Most of the German soldiers garrisoned here have picked up a few useful words of French; all of them can, and do, call for wine, white or red, in the vernacular. Moreover, they pay for all they [Transcriber: original 'them'] consume. I was astonished to see even the detectives paying real money for what they drank. Several tradesmen told me they had suffered chiefly at the hands of the French soldiers themselves, who had helped themselves freely to their stock before retreating, without paying, saying it was no use to leave good wine, for the Prussian swine.

I had not prowled around the Great Headquarters for many hours when the Secret Field Police, patrolling all the streets, showed signs of curiosity, and to forestall the orthodox arrest and march to headquarters (already experienced [Transcriber: original 'experience'] once, in Cologne) waited upon Lieut. Col. von Hahnke, Military Commandant of the city, and secured immunity in the form of the Commandant's signature on a scrap of paper stamped in purple ink with the Prussian eagle. Commandant Hahnke, after expressing the opinion that it was good that American newspaper men were coming to Germany to see for themselves, and hoping that "the truth" was beginning to become known on the other side, courteously sent his Adjutant along to get me past the guard at the Great General Staff and introduce me to Major Nikolai, Chief of Division III. B., in charge of newspaper correspondents and Military Attaches. Here, however, the freedom of the American press came into hopeless, but humorous, collision with the Prussian militarism.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? How did you get here?" snapped the Prussian Major. A kind letter of introduction from Ambassador Gerard, requesting "all possible courtesy and assistance from the authorities of the countries through which he may pass," and emblazoned with the red seal of the United States of America, which had worked like magic on all previous occasions, had no effect on Major Nikolai. Neither had a letter from the American Consul at Cologne, nor a letter of introduction to Gen. von Buelow, nor any one of a dozen other impressive documents produced in succession for his benefit.

"No foreign correspondents are permitted to be at the Great Headquarters. None has been allowed to come here. If we allow one to remain, fifty others will want to come, and we should be unable to keep an eye on all of them," he explained. "You must go back to Berlin at once."



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Reluctant permission was finally obtained to remain one night on the possibly unwarranted intimation that the great American people would consider it a “national affront” if an American newspaperman was not allowed to stay and see the American Military Attache, Major Langhorne, who was away on a sightseeing tour near Verdun, but would be back in the morning. However, a long cross-examination had to be undergone at the hands of the venerable Herr Chief of the Secret Field Police Bauer, who was taking no chances at harboring an English spy in the Houptquartier disguised as a correspondent.

I found Major Langhorne standing the strain of the campaign [Transcriber: original ‘compaign’] well, and I gathered the impression that he intended to see the thing through, and that there was much which America could learn from the titanic operations of the Germans. Major Langhorne and the Argentinian, Brazilian, Chilean, Spanish, Rumanian, and Swedish military attaches are luxuriously quartered a mile and a half out of town in the handsome villa of M. Noll, the landscape painter, present whereabouts unknown. The attaches all have a sense of humor, “otherwise,” said one of them, “we could never stand being cooped up here together.” The gardener’s daughter, a pretty young Frenchwoman, the only servant who remained behind when the household fled at the approach of the Germans, is both cook and housekeeper, and when I arrived I found the seven military attaches resolved into a board of strategy trying to work out the important problem of securing a pure milk supply for her four-month-old baby.

Work consists of occasional motor runs to various points along the long front. I was told that recently Major Langhorne ran into some heavy shrapnel and shell fire, and was lucky to get away with a whole skin. When asked to tell about it, Major Langhorne passed it off laughingly as “all in the day’s work.”

In spite of the fact that they are engaged in keeping their end up in a life-and-death fight for national existence, the Great General Staff has found time to give the American Military Attache every possible opportunity to see actual fighting.

The foreign military attaches have made many of their expeditions in company with the small band of German war correspondents, who live in another villa close by, under the constant chaperonage of Major von Rohrscheldt. They are allowed to see much, but send little. The relative position of the press in Germany is indicated by the fact that these German war correspondents are nicknamed “hunger candidates.” A military expert who was well posted on American journalism explained to me, however, that the very tight censorship lid was not for the purpose of withholding news from the German people, but to keep valuable information from being handed to the enemy. He pointed out that the laconic German official dispatches dealt only with things actually accomplished, and were very bare of detail, while, on the other hand, the French and English press had been worth more than several army corps to the Germans, concluding, “It may be poor journalism, but it’s the right way to make war.”



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### KAISERIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Oct. 22.—It was hard to realize today that a great war was going on. Every building in town occupied by the Germans was decorated with the German flag in honor of the Kaiserin's birthday, and at night the principal ones, including that occupied by the "War Cabinet," were specially illuminated. All morning long, quantities of Generals came rolling up in touring cars to the Kaiser's door to pay their homage and offer congratulations. About noon the Crown Prince and staff arrived by motor from the direction of the headquarters of his army. The Crown Prince, who characteristically sat on the front seat next to the chauffeur, looked as boyish and immature as his former pictures—his military cap cocked slightly on one side. The responsibility of leading an army had apparently not had a sobering effect on the Crown Prince as yet, but I was told that the guiding brain and genius in the Crown Prince's army headquarters was not that of the Crown Prince, but of his chief adviser, Gen. von Haeseler, the brilliant cavalry leader of the war of 1870 and now the "grand old man" of the German Army, sharing with von Zeppelin the distinction of being the oldest living German Generals. It seemed still harder to realize that men were fighting and dying not fifty miles away when, after luncheon, Kaiser, Crown Prince, and staffs went for a two hours' automobile ride, the Crown Prince leaving late in the afternoon to rejoin his command.

The only warlike notes in the day's picture were a German military aeroplane—one of the famous Taubes—that flew at a high altitude over the Great Headquarters toward the enemies' lines; a battalion of Saxon Landsturm that rested for an hour at the railroad station, then started on the final hike for the front, refreshed by a glimpse of their motoring Kaiser, and toward evening four automobile loads of wounded German officers, who arrived from the direction of Rheims, where it was rumored the French had made four desperate attempts to break through.

Here one gets more and more the impression that the Germans in their war-making have learned a lesson from the hustling Americans—that they have managed to graft American speed to their native thoroughness, making a combination hard to beat. For instance, there is a regular relay service of high-power racing motor cars between the Great Headquarters and Berlin, the schedule calling for a total running time of something under a day and a half, beating the best time at present possible by train by four hours. One of the picked drivers, who has the last lap—through France—said his running schedule required him to average sixty miles an hour, and this running at night. A network of fast relay automobile services is also run from the Great Headquarters, through Belgium, linking up Brussels and Antwerp, and to the principal points on the long line of battle.



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How great a role the motor car plays among the Germans may be gathered from an estimate made to the writer that 40,000 cars were in use for military purposes. Many thousands of these are private automobiles operated by their wealthy owners as members of the Volunteer War Automobile Corps, of which Prince Waldemar, son of the sailor Prince Henry, is chief. Their ranks include many big business men, captains of industry, and men of social prominence and professional eminence.

They wear a distinctive uniform, that of an infantry officer, with a collar of very dark red, and a short, purely ornamental sword or dagger.

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### BACK TO LUXEMBURG.

LUXEMBURG, Oct. 24.—I have just returned from the German Great Headquarters in France, the visit terminating abruptly on the fourth day, when one of the Kaiser's secret field police woke me up at 7 o'clock in the morning and regretfully said that his instructions were to see that I "did not oversleep" the first train out. The return journey along one of the German main lines of communication—through Eastern France, across a corner of Belgium and through Luxemburg—was full of interest, and confirmed the impression gathered at the centre of things, the Great Headquarters, that this twentieth century warfare is in the last analysis a gigantic business proposition which the Board of Directors (the Great General Staff) and the thirty-six department heads are conducting with the efficiency of a great American business corporation.

The west-bound track is a continuous procession of freight trains—fresh consignments of raw material—men and ammunition—being rushed to the firing line to be ground out into victories. The first shipment we pass is an infantry battalion—first ten flatcars loaded with baggage, ammunition, provision wagons, and field kitchens, the latter already with fire lighted and soup cooking as the long train steams slowly along, for the trenches are only fifty miles away, and the Germans make a point of sending their troops into battle with full stomachs.

After the flatcars come thirty box cars, all decorated with green branches and scrawled over with chalked witticism at the expense of the French and Russians. The men cheer as our train passes. A few kilometers further backed on to a siding, is a train of some twenty flatcars, each loaded with a touring car. Then we pass a battery of artillery on flatcars, the guns still garlanded with flowers; then a short freight train—six cars loaded with nothing but spare automobile tires—then a long train of heavy motor trucks, then more infantry trains, then an empty hospital train going back for another load, then a train of gasoline tank cars, more cheering infantry, more artillery, another empty hospital train, a pioneer train, a score of flatcars loaded with long, heavy piles, beams, steel girders, bridge spans, and lumber, then a passenger train load of German railway officials



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and servants going to operate the railways toward the coast, more infantry, food trains, ammunition trains, train loads of railway tracks already bolted to metal ties and merely needing to be laid down and pieced together, and so on in endless succession all through France and through Belgium. The two-track road, shaky in spots, especially when crossing rivers, is being worked to capacity, and how well the huge traffic is handled is surprising even to an American commuter.

Our fast train stops at the mouth of a tunnel, then crawls ahead charily, for the French, before retreating, dynamited the tunnel. One track has been cleared, but the going is still bad. To keep it from being blocked again by falling debris the Germans have dug clean through the top of the hill, opening up a deep well of light into the tunnel. Looking up, you see a pioneer company in once cream-colored, now dirty-colored, fatigue uniform still digging away and terracing the sides of the big hole to prevent slides. Half an hour later we go slow again in crossing a new wooden bridge over the Meuse—only one track as yet. It took the German pioneers nearly a week to build the substitute for the old steel railway bridge dynamited by the French, whose four spans lie buckled up in the river. The pioneers are at work driving piles to carry a second track. The process is interesting. A forty-man-power pile driver is rigged upon the bow end of a French river barge with forty soldiers tugging at forty strands of the main rope. The “gang” foreman, a Captain in field gray, stands on the river bank and bellows the word of command. Up goes the heavy iron weight; another command, and down it drops on the pile. It looks like a painfully slow process, but the bridges are rebuilt just the same.

Further on, a variety of interest is furnished to a squad of French prisoners being marched along the road. Then a spot of ant-hill-like activity where a German railway company is at work building a new branch line, hundreds of them having pickaxes and making the dirt fly. You half expect to see a swearing Irish foreman. It looks like home—all except the inevitable officer (distinguished by revolver and field glass) shouting commands.

The intense activity of the Germans in rebuilding the torn-up railroads and pushing ahead new strategic lines, is one of the most interesting features of a tour now in France. I was told that they had pushed the railroad work so far that they were able to ship men and ammunition almost up to the fortified trenches. The Germanization of the railroads here has been completed by the importation of station Superintendents, station hands, track walkers, &c., from the Fatherland. The stretch over which we are traveling, for example, is in charge of Bavarians. The Bavarian and German flags hang out at every French station we pass. German signs everywhere, even German time. It looks as if they thought to stay forever.



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Now we creep past a long hospital train, full this time, which has turned out on a siding to give us the right of way—perhaps thirty all-steel cars—each fitted with two tiers of berths, eight to a side, sixteen to a car. Every berth is taken. One car is fitted up as an operating room, but fortunately no one is on the operating table as we crawl past. Another car is the private office of the surgeon in charge of the train. He is sitting at a big desk receiving reports from the orderlies. During the day we pass six of these splendidly appointed new all-steel hospital trains, all full of wounded. Some of them are able to sit up in their bunks and take a mild interest in us. Once, by a queer coincidence, we simultaneously pass the wounded going one way and cheering fresh troops going the other.

### *How the Belgians Fight*

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily News.]

LONDON, Oct. 28.—Writing from an unnamed place in Belgium a correspondent of The Daily News says:

“The regiment I am concerned with was fifteen days and nights in the Antwerp trenches in countless engagements. It withdrew at dawn, hoping then to rest. It marched forty-five kilometers with shouldered rifles. In the next five days it marched nearly 200 kilometers until it reached the Nieuport and Dixmude line. By an error of judgment it got two days of drill and inspection in place of resting, then took its place in the front line on the Yser to face the most desperate of the German efforts.”

The correspondent quotes a young volunteer in this regiment as follows:

“— was evacuated by the Germans, and we were sent in at nightfall. As soon as they saw our lights they began shelling us. We lost terribly. A number of the men ran up the streets, but we got them together. I had about twenty and retired in order. We were 600 who went in, and must have left a third there.

“In the morning we moved down to reinforce a network of trenches on our bank of the Yser. There was a farm on our right, and some of our men were firing at it, but the door opened and three officers in Belgian uniform came out shouting to us to cease fire, so we sent a detachment to the farm, and they were swept away by machine gun fire from the windows. No, I don't know what happened afterward about the farm. I lost sight of it.

“We got into the trenches. They lay longways behind a raised artificial bank on our side of the river. At the northern end of them were mazes of cross trenches protecting them in case the Germans got across the bridge there and started to enfilade us. They were full of water. I was firing for six hours myself thigh deep in muddy water.



“The Germans got across the bridge. We could not show head or hand over our bank. German machine guns shot us from crevices in their raised bank across the river only a few yards away. I was hours and hours dragging our wounded out of the cross trenches at the northern end of the bank southward and behind a mound till there was no more room for them there, and bringing up new men singly and two or three at a time from further down the trenches to take their places. We lost our officers, but I got the men to listen to me.



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“Some Germans shelled us with a cross fire. They got into the cross trenches. They fired down our lines from the side. We had to run back. I was too tired and sleepy to drag my feet. I think I must have fallen asleep.

“We had an order to advance again. The French were behind us on either wing in support. I was too tired to get up. Some one kicked me. I looked up. They were three of my friends, volunteers like myself. We had all joined together. They apologized and ran forward. They are all wounded now, but we are all still alive, and I never have been hit once in thirty-four fights.

“I got up. So did a man lying on the field in front of me. He was shot through the head and fell back on me. I got up again. A shell burst beside me and I saw three men, who were running past, just disappear. I was lying on my face again, and could not lift my head, either through fear or sleep, I don't know which.

“I found myself running forward again. I called to men lying and running near and held my revolver at them. We were all charging with bayonets back at the Germans shooting us from our own trenches under the raised bank. They did not wait for us. They looked like frightened gray beetles as they scrambled up away over our bank and down into the river. It was dusk, but we shot at them over the bank. The water seemed full of them. We crouched in a big trench in muddy water behind the bank. No, we did not sleep, but my head and eyes seemed to go to sleep from time to time.

“There were perhaps 200 left of our 600. I think there was one officer further along, but it was quite dark. Some of the men talked very low. Then I heard voices whispering and talking near us on the river side of our bank. It was of earth perhaps five feet high and six feet thick. On the other side the slope fell steeply to the river.

“I sent a hush along the line. We listened quite silent. I thought I heard German words, an order passed along on the other side. I crawled up on to the bank, not showing my head, you know. It was really about 300 Germans who had stayed there on our side under the bank, fearing to cross the river under our fire. So we stayed all through the night. We did not sleep nor did they.

“There was just six feet of piled wet earth between us. We only whispered and could hear them muttering and the sound of their belts creaking and of water bottles being opened.

“There was a thick gray mist hanging low in the morning. I crawled on to the bank again, holding my revolver out-stretched. A gray figure stood up in the mist below close to me. He looked like a British soldier in khaki. He said: ‘It's all right, we are English,’ and I said, ‘But your accent isn't,’ and I shot him through with my revolver. Some of our men crept to the bank, but they shot them, and some of theirs climbed over, but we fired at their heads or arms as they showed only a few feet away, and they fell backward

[Transcriber: original 'bakward'] or on to us or lay hanging on the bank. Then we all waited.



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“As it grew lighter they did not dare move away, and none of us could get out alive or over the bank to use the bayonet. A few men made holes in the looser earth, and so we fired at each other through the bank here and there. Our guns could not help us, and theirs could not shoot across, for we were all together, and yet we could not get at each other. Some of the men—theirs and ours—got over lower down, so there was firing now and then, and two men were killed near me sliding down into the water in the trenches.

“Somebody threw a cartridge case across close to me. On a paper inside was scrawled one word: ‘Surrender!’ We did not know if they wanted to surrender themselves or wanted us to surrender. They were more numerous, but we were better placed, so we went on scrapping and crawling around to get a shot at them.

“Perhaps it was the French who got round at the ends. There was heavy firing. We heard quite close through the raised bank a few slipping down on the river edge and water splashing. Some of us pulled ourselves up on to the bank. I heard our men scrambling up on either side of me, but could not see them. I think I was too sleepy. I shouted to charge, and then must have fallen over on my head, rolling down the bank.

“I am on the way down with these wounded. There are fifteen of us unhit here, but I think we came away just now with nearly a hundred out of our 600 of yesterday.”

He was doing gallant Captain’s work, a young, slight, ordinary Belgian trooper, a volunteer private in the ranks, muddy, limping, and unspeakably tired in muscle and nerve. His story is as nearly as possible in his own words, interrupted by blanks in his own consciousness of events—lapses familiar to men whose muscles and nerves are exhausted, but who must still work on without sleep.

For the following ten hours, without pause, he acted as interpreter and most capable adviser in getting long trains of stretchers with his wounded Belgian compatriots down and on to the British hospital ships.

### *A Visit to the Firing Line in France*

[By a Correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

PARIS, Sept. 30.—In company with several representatives of American newspapers, I was permitted to pass several days in “the zone of military activity,” on credentials obtained at the personal request of Ambassador Herrick, that we might describe the destruction caused by the Germans in unfortified towns. Although I have given a parole to say nothing concerning the movement of the troops or to mention certain points that I visited, I am now permitted to send a report of a part of my experiences.



We crossed the entire battlefield of the Marne, passed directly behind the lines of the battle still raging on the Aisne, accidentally getting under fire for an entire afternoon, and lurching in a hotel to the orchestra of bursting shells, one end of the building being blown away during the bombardment. We witnessed a battle between an armored French monoplane and a German battery, and also had the experience of being accused of being German spies by two men wearing the English uniform, who, on failing to account for their own German accent, were speedily taken away under guard with their "numbers up," as the French Commandant expressed what awaited them.



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On account of our exceptional credentials we were able to see more actual war than many correspondents, who when they learned that permits to go to the front were not forthcoming, went anyway, usually falling into the hands of the military authorities before getting far. In fact, getting arrested has been the chief occupation of the war correspondents in this war, even our accidental view of the fighting being sufficient to cause our speedy return to Paris under parole.

Going over the battlefield of the Marne, we found the battle had followed much the same tactics as a cyclone, in that in some places nothing, not even the haystacks, had been disturbed, while in others everything, the villages, roads, and fields, had been utterly devastated by shells. We talked with the inhabitants of every village and always heard the same story—that during occupation the Germans, evidently having been ordered to be on their good behavior after the Belgian atrocities, had offered little trouble to the civilians, and had confined their activities to looting and wasting the provisions. Also that when retreating they had destroyed all the food they were unable to carry.

Our baptism of fire appropriately came while we were in a church. At noon of the second day we motored into a deserted village, and were stopped by a sentry who acknowledged our credentials, but warned us if we intended to proceed to beware of bullets. But there was not a hostile sound to alarm us.

As we drove carelessly over the brow of a hill where the road dipped down a valley into the town, we were in direct line with the German fire, as great holes in the ground and fallen trees testified. It is a wonder our big motor car was not an immediate mark. On the way in we noticed a church steeple shot completely off, so after finding an inn, where the proprietor came from the cellar and offered to guard our car and prepare luncheon, we decided first to examine the church. The innkeeper explained that we had come during a lull in the bombardment, but the silent, deserted place lulled all sense of danger. The verger showed us over the church and we were walking through the ruined nave when suddenly we heard a sound like the shrill whistling of the wind.

“It begins again,” our conductor said simply. As the speech ended we heard a loud boom and the sound of falling masonry as a shell struck the far end of the building. We hurried to the hotel, the shells screaming overhead. We saw the buildings tumbling into ruins, glass falling in fine powder and remnants of furniture hanging grotesquely from scraps of masonry.

All my life I had wondered what would be the sensation if I ever were under fire—would I be afraid? To my intense relief I suddenly became fatalistic. I was under fire with a vengeance, but instead of being afraid I kept saying to myself, “Being afraid won’t help matters; besides nothing will happen if we just keep close to the walls and away from the middle street.”



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On the way we met two men in English uniform who later denounced us as spies. We hailed them, and they replied that they had been cut off from their regiment and were now fighting with the French. Just as luncheon was announced eight soldiers filed into the hotel, arrested us, and marched us before the Commandant, who saw that our papers were all right, but suggested that on account of the dangerous position we leave as soon as possible. We asked permission to finish our luncheon. It was lucky that we were arrested then—before the accusation that we were spies—for when that question arose there was no doubt in the mind of the Commandant concerning us, so our accusers' charge merely reacted upon themselves.

During the episode of arrest there was another lull in the bombardment, which began again as we were seated at luncheon. All through the meal the shells whistled and screamed overhead, and the dishes rattled constantly on the table.

When the meal was over the proprietor called us to witness what had happened to the far wing of the hotel. It was completely demolished. "Alert" had just been sounded, and the soldiers were running through the streets. We ran out in time to see a building falling half a block away, completely filling the street by which we had entered the town an hour earlier.

In a few minutes we heard the sharp crackle of infantry fire about half a mile away, and we had a sudden desire to get away before the automobile retreat was cut off. Just then we heard the sound of an aero engine overhead. It was flying so low that through a glass we could easily see the whirring propeller. The machine was mounted with a rapid-fire gun which was trying to locate the German gunners, who immediately abandoned the destruction of the town in an attempt to bring it down. For ten minutes we saw shells bursting all about it. At times it was lost in smoke, but when the smoke cleared there was the monoplane still blazing away, always mounting to a higher level, and finally disappearing toward the French lines.

There was another lull in the cannonade, and we were permitted to pass down the street near the river, where, by peering around a building, we could see where the German batteries were secreted in the hills. We were warned not to get into the street which led to the bridge, as the Germans raked that street with their fire if a single person appeared. We then took advantage of a lull in the firing and departed to the south at seventy miles an hour, in order to beat the shells, if any were aimed our way as we crossed the rise of the hill.

*Unburied Dead Strew Lorraine*

*By Philip Gibbs of The London Daily Chronicle.*

DIJON, Sept. 26.—Although great interest is concentrated upon the northwest side of the line of battle in France, it must not be forgotten that the east side is also of high



importance. The operation of the French and German forces along the jagged frontier from north to south is of vital influence upon the whole field of war, and any great movement of troops in this direction affects the strategy of the Generals to command on the furthestmost wings.



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It was a desire to know something of what had been happening in the east which led me to travel to the extreme right. Few correspondents have been in this part of the field since the beginning of the war. It is far from their own line of communications. For this reason there have been no detailed narratives of the fighting in Lorraine, and a strange silence has brooded over those battlefields. The spell of it has been broken only by official bulletins telling in a line or two the uncertain result of the ceaseless struggle for mastery.

Here are regiments of young men who have the right already to call themselves veterans, for they have been fighting continually for six weeks in innumerable engagements, for the most part unrecorded in official dispatches. I had seen them answering the call to mobilization, singing joyously as they marched through the streets. Then they were smart fellows, clean shaven and spruce in their new blue coats and scarlet trousers. Now war has put its dirt upon them and seems to have aged them by fifteen years, leaving its ineffaceable imprint upon their faces. Their blue coats have changed to a dusty gray, but they are hard and tough for the most part, and Napoleon himself would not have wished for better fighting men.

Now for the first time since the beginning of the war there will be a little respite on the Lorraine frontier, and in the wooded country of the two lost provinces there will be time to bury the dead which incumber its fields. Words are utterly inadequate to describe the horrors of the region to the east of the Meurthe, in and around the little towns of Blamont, Badonviller, Cirey-les-Forges, Arracourt, Chateau-Salins, Morhauge, and Baudrecourt, where for six weeks there has been incessant fighting. After the heavy battle of Sept. 4, when the Germans were repulsed with severe losses after an attack in force, both sides retired for about twelve miles and dug themselves into lines of trenches which they still hold; but every day since that date there has been a kind of guerrilla warfare, with small bodies of men fighting from village to village and from wood to wood, the forces on each side being scattered over a wide area in advance of their main lines. This method of warfare is even more terrible than a pitched battle.

"It is absurd to talk of Red Cross work," said one of the French soldiers who had just come out of the trenches at Luneville. "It has not existed as far as many of these fights are concerned. How could it? A few litter-carriers came with us on some of our expeditions, but they were soon shot down, and after that the wounded just lay where they fell, or crawled away into the shelter of the woods. Those of us who were unhurt were not allowed to attend to our wounded comrades; it is against orders. We have to go on regardless of losses. My own best comrade was struck down by my side. I heard his cry and saw him lying there with blood oozing through his coat. My heart wept to leave him. He wanted me to take his money, but I just kissed his hand and went on, I suppose he died, for I could not find him when we retreated."



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[Illustration: Where the Armies are Contending in Alsace-Lorraine.]

[Illustration: GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH The Russian Commander-in-Chief. \_ (Photo (C) by Underwood & Underwood. \_)]

[Illustration: GEN. RENNENKAMPF The Russian General Who Was Removed by the Grand Duke [Transcriber: photo credit ineligible]]

Another French soldier lay wounded at the edge of a wood ten miles from Luneville. When he recovered consciousness he saw there were only dead and dying men around him. He remained for two days, unable to move his shattered limbs, and cried out for death to relieve him of his agony. At night he was numbed by cold; in the day thirst tortured him to the point of madness. Faint cries and groans came to his ears across the field. It was on the morning of the third day that French peasants came to rescue those who still remained alive.

There have been several advances made by the French into Lorraine, and several retirements. On each occasion men have seen new horrors which have turned their stomachs. There are woods not far from Nancy from which there comes a pestilential stench which steals down the wind in gusts of obscene odor. For three weeks and more dead bodies of Germans and Frenchmen have lain rotting there. There are few grave diggers. The peasants have fled from their villages, and the soldiers have other work to do; so that the frontier fields on each side are littered with corruption, where plague and fever find holding ground.

I have said that this warfare on the frontier is pitiless. This is a general statement of a truth to which there are exceptions. One of these was a reconciliation on the battlefield between French and German soldiers who lay wounded and abandoned near the little town of Blamont. When dawn came they conversed with each other while waiting for death. A French soldier gave his water bottle to a German officer who was crying out with thirst. The German sipped a little and then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy. "There will be no war on the other side," he said.

Another Frenchman, who came from Montmartre, found a Luxembourger lying within a yard of him whom he had known as a messenger in a big hotel in Paris. The young German wept to see his old acquaintance. "It is stupid," he said, "this war. You and I were happy when we were good friends in Paris. Why should we have been made to fight with each other?" He died with his arms around the neck of the soldier who told me the story, unashamed of his own tears.

I could tell a score of tales like this, told to me by men whose eyes were still haunted by the sight of these things; and perhaps one day they will be worth telling, so that people of little imagination may realize the meaning of this war and put away false heroics from their lips. It is dirty business, with no romance in it for any of those fine young

Frenchmen I have learned to love, who still stay in the trenches on the frontier lines or march a little way into Lorraine and back again.

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Some of those trenches on either side are still filled with men leaning forward with their rifles pointing to the enemy—quite dead, in spite of their lifelike posture.

*Along the German Lines Near Metz*

[Correspondence of The Associated Press.]

WITH THE GERMAN ARMY BEFORE METZ, Sept. 30, (by Courier to Holland and Mail to New York.)—A five-day trip to the front has taken the correspondent of The Associated Press through the German fortresses of Mainz, Saarbruecken, and Metz, through the frontier regions between Metz and the French fortress line from Verdun to Toul, into the actual battery positions from which German and Austrian heavy artillery were pounding their eight and twelve-inch shells into the French barrier forts and into the ranks of the French field army which has replaced the crumbling fortifications of steel and cement with ramparts of flesh and blood.

Impressions at the end are those of some great industrial undertaking with powerful machinery in full operation and endless supply trains bringing up the raw materials for manufacture rather than of war as pictured.

From a point of observation on a hillside above St. Mihiel the great battlefield on which a German army endeavoring to break through the line of barrier forts between Verdun and Toul and the opposing French forces could be surveyed in its entirety. In the foreground lay the level valley of the Meuse, with the towns of St. Mihiel and Banoncour nestling upon the green landscape. Beyond and behind the valley rose a tier of hills on which the French at this writing obstinately hold an intrenched position, checking the point of the German wedge, while the French forces from north and south beat upon the sides of the triangle, trying to force it back across the Meuse and out from the vitals of the French fortress line.

Bursting shells threw up their columns of white or black fog around the edge of the panorama. Cloudlets of white smoke here and there showed where a position was being brought under shrapnel fire. An occasional aeroplane could be picked out hovering over the lines, but the infantry and the field battery positions could not be discerned even with a high-power field glass, so cleverly had the armies taken cover. The uninitiated observer would have believed this a deserted landscape rather than the scene of a great battle, which, if successful for the Germans, would force the main French Army to retreat from its intrenched positions along the Aisne River.

About three miles away, across the Meuse, a quadrangular mound of black, plowed-up earth on the hillside marked the location of Fort Les Paroches, which had been silenced by the German mortars the night before. Fort Camp des Romains, so named because the Roman legions had centuries ago selected this site for a strategic encampment, had been stormed by Bavarian infantry two days earlier after its heavy guns had been put

out of action, and artillery officers said that Fort Lionville, fifteen miles to the south and out of the range of vision, was then practically silenced, only one of its armored turrets continuing to answer the bombardment.



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The correspondent had spent the previous night at the fortress town of Metz, sleeping under the same roof with Prince Oscar of Prussia, invalided from the field in a state of physical breakdown; Prince William of Hohenzollern, father-in-law of ex-King Manuel, and other officers, either watching or engaged in the operations in the field, and had traveled by automobile to the battlefield thirty-five miles to the west. For the first part of the distance the road led through the hills on which are located the chain of forts comprising the fortress of Metz; but, although the General Staff officer in the car pointed now and then to a hill as the site of this or that fort, traces of the fortifications could only occasionally be made out. Usually they were so skillfully masked and concealed by woods or blended with the hillsides that nothing out of the ordinary was apparent, in striking contrast to the exposed position of the forts at the recently visited fortress of Liege, which advertised their presence from the sky line of the encompassing hills and fairly invited bombardment.

The country as far as the frontier town of Gorze seemed bathed in absolute peace. No troops were seen, rarely were automobiles of the General Staff encountered, and men and women were working in the field and vineyards as if war were a thousand miles away instead of only next door.

Beyond Gorze, however, the road leading southwest through Chambley and St. Benoit Vigneuilles to St. Mihiel was crowded with long columns of wagons and automobile trucks bearing reserve ammunition, provisions, and supplies to the front, or returning empty for new loads to the unnamed railroad base in the rear. Strikingly good march discipline was observed, part of the road being always left free from the passage of staff automobiles or marching troops. Life seemed most comfortable for the drivers and escorts, as the army in advance had been so long in position, and its railroad base was so near, that supplying it involved none of the sleepless nights and days and almost superhuman exertions falling to the lot of the train in the flying march of the German armies toward Paris.

A few miles beyond Gorze the French frontier was passed, and from this point on the countryside, with its deserted farms, rotting shocks of wheat, and uncut fields of grain, trampled down by infantry and scarred with trenches, excavations for batteries, and pits caused by exploding shells, showed war's devastating heel prints.

Main army headquarters, the residence and working quarters of a commanding General whose name may not yet be mentioned, were in Chateau Chambley, a fine French country house. In the chateau the commanding General made all as comfortable as in his own home. Telegraph wires led to it from various directions, a small headquarters guard lounged on the grass under the trees, a dozen automobiles and motor cycles were at hand, and grooms were leading about the chargers

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of the General and his staff. At St. Benoit, five miles further on, a subordinate headquarters was encountered, again in a chateau belonging to a rich French resident. The Continental soldier leaves tents to the American Army and quarters himself, whenever it is possible, comfortably in houses, wasting no energy in transporting and setting up tented cities for officers and men. No matter how fast or how far a German army moves, a completely equipped telegraph office is ready for the army commander five minutes after headquarters have been established.

At St. Benoit a party of some 300 French prisoners was encountered, waiting outside headquarters. They were all fine young fellows, in striking contrast to the elderly reservist type which predominates in the German prison camps. They were evidently picked troops of the line, and were treated almost with deference by their guards, a detachment of bearded Landwehr men from South Germany. They were the survivors of the garrison of Fort Camp des Romains, who had put up such a desperate and spirited defense as to win the whole-hearted admiration and respect of the German officers and men. Their armored turrets and cemented bastions, although constructed after the best rules of fortification of a few years ago, had been battered about their ears in an unexpectedly short time by German and Austrian siege artillery. Their guns were silenced, and trenches were pushed up by an overwhelming force of pioneers and infantry to within five yards of their works before they retreated from the advanced intrenchments to the casemates of the fort. Here they maintained a stout resistance, and refused every summons to surrender. Hand grenades were brought up, bound to a backing of boards, and exploded against the openings into the casemates, filling these with showers of steel splinters. Pioneers, creeping up to the dead angle of the casemates, where the fire of the defenders could not reach them, directed smoke tubes and stinkpots against apertures in the citadel, filling the rooms with suffocating smoke and gases.

“Have you had enough?” the defenders were asked, after the first smoke treatment.

“No!” was the defiant answer.

The operation was repeated a second and third time, the response to the demand for surrender each time growing weaker, until finally the defenders were no longer able to raise their rifles, and the fort was taken. When the survivors of the plucky garrison were able to march out, revived by the fresh air, they found their late opponents presenting arms before them in recognition of their gallant stand. They were granted the most honorable terms of surrender, their officers were allowed to retain their swords, and on their march toward an honorable captivity they were everywhere greeted with expressions of respect and admiration.



The headquarters guard here was composed of a company of infantry. The company's field kitchen, the soup-boiler and oven on wheels, which the German army copied from the Russians and which the soldiers facetiously and affectionately name their "goulash cannon," had that day, the Captain said, fed 970 men, soldiers of his own and passing companies, headquarters attaches, wounded men and the detachment of French prisoners.



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Experienced German officers rank the field kitchens, with the sturdy legs of the infantry, the German heavy artillery and the aviation corps, as the most important factors in the showing made by the German armies.

Beyond St. Benoit the Cote Lorraine, a range of wooded hills running north and south along the east bank of the Meuse, rises in steeply terraced slopes several hundred feet from the frontier plain, interposing a natural rampart between Germany and the French line of fortresses beyond the Meuse. The French had fortified these slopes with successive rows of trenches, permitting line above line of infantry to fire against an advancing enemy. For days a desperate struggle was waged for the possession of the heights, which was imperative for the German campaign against the line of fortresses.

Germans do not mention the extent of their losses in any particular action, but it was admitted and evident that it had cost a high price to storm those steep slopes and win a position in the woods crowning the range from which their batteries could be directed against the French forts. Vigneuilles, a village at the foot of the hillside, shot into ruins by artillery and with every standing bit of house wall scarred with bullet marks from the hand-to-hand conflicts which had swayed to and fro in its streets, was typical of all the little stone-built towns serving as outposts to this natural fortress which had been the scene of imbittered attacks and counter-attacks before the German troops could fight their way up the hillsides.

The combat is still raging on this day from north and south against the segment of this range captured by the Germans. The French, massing their troops by forest paths from Verdun and Toul, throw them against the Germans in desperate endeavors to break the lines which protect the sites for the German siege artillery, heavy mortars of 8-1/4 and 16-1/2 inch calibre and an intermediate sized type, and for the Austrian automobile batteries of 12-inch siege guns.

The correspondent had no opportunity to inspect at close range the 16-1/2-inch guns, the "growlers" of Liege, Namur, and other fortresses, which Krupp and the German Army uncovered as the surprise of this war. They could be heard even from Metz speaking at five-minute intervals. A battery of them, dug into the ground so that only the gun muzzles projected above the pits, was observed in action at a distance of about a half mile, the flash of flames being visible even at this distance.

Their smaller sisters were less coy. A dismounted battery of the intermediate calibre, details of which are not available for publication, was encountered by the roadside, awaiting repairs to the heavy traction engine in whose train it travels in sections along the country roads, while the German 8-1/4-inch (21 centimeter) and the Austrian 12-inch (30.5 centimeter) batteries were seen in action.



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The heavy German battery lay snugly hidden in a wood on the rolling heights of the Cote Lorraine. Better off than the French, whose aviators had for days repeatedly scrutinized every acre of land in the vicinity looking for these guns, we had fairly accurate directions how to find the battery, but even then it required some search and doubling back and forth before a languid artilleryman lounging by the roadside pointed with thumb over shoulder toward the hidden guns.

These and the artillerymen were enjoying their midday rest, a pause which sets in every day with the regularity of the luncheon hour in a factory. The guns, two in this particular position, stood beneath a screen of thickly branching trees, the muzzles pointing toward round openings in this leafy roof. The gun carriages were screened with branches. The shelter tents of the men and the house for the ammunition had also been covered with green, and around the position a hedge of boughs kept off the prying eyes of possible French spies wandering through the woods.

It was the noon pause, but the Lieutenant in charge of the guns, anxious to show them off to advantage, volunteered to telephone the battery commander, in his observation post four miles nearer the enemy, for permission to fire a shot or two against a village in which French troops were gathering for the attack. This battery had just finished with Les Paroches, a French barrier fort across the Meuse, and was now devoting its attention to such minor tasks. Only forts really counted, said the Lieutenant, recalling Fort Manonvillers, near Luneville, the strongest French barrier fort, which was the battery's first "bag" of the war. Its capture, thanks to his guns, had cost the German Army only three lives, those of three pioneers accidentally killed by the fire of their own men. Now Les Paroches was a heap of crumbled earth and stone. In default of forts the guns were used against any "worthy target"—a "worthy target" being defined as a minimum of fifty infantrymen.

At this moment the orderly reported that the battery commander authorized two shots against the village in question. At command the gun crew sprang to their posts about the mortar, which was already adjusted for its target, a little less than six miles away, the gun muzzle pointing skyward at an angle of about 60 degrees. As the gun was fired the projectile could be seen and followed in its course for several hundred feet. The report was not excessively loud.

Before the report died away the crew were busy as bees about the gun. One man, with the hand elevating gear, rapidly cranked the barrel down to a level position, ready for loading. A second threw open the breech and extracted the brass cartridge case, carefully wiping [Transcriber: original 'wipping'] it out before depositing it among the empties; four more seized the heavy shell and lifted it to a cradle opposite the breech; a seventh rammed it home; number eight gingerly inserted the brass cartridge, half filled with a vaseline-like explosive; the breech was closed, and the gun pointer rapidly cranked the gun again into position. In less than thirty seconds the men sprang back

from the gun, again loaded and aimed. A short wait, and the observer from his post near the village ordered “next shot fifty meters nearer.”



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The gun pointer made the slight correction necessary, the mortar again sent its shell purring through the air against the village, which this time, it was learned, broke into flames, and while the men went back to their noonday rest, the Lieutenant explained the fine points of his beloved guns. One man, as had been seen, could manipulate the elevation gear with one hand easily and quickly; ten of his horses could take the mortar, weighing eight tons, anywhere; it could fire up to 500 shots per day. He was proud of the skillful concealment of his guns, which had been firing for four days from the same position without being discovered, although French aviators had located all the sister batteries, all of which had suffered loss from shrapnel fire.

Along the roadside through the Cote Lorraine were here and there graves with rude crosses and penciled inscriptions. At the western edge of the forest the battle panorama of the Meuse Valley suddenly opened out, the hills falling away again steeply to the level valley below. The towns below—St. Mihiel and Banoncour—seemed absolutely deserted, not a person being visible even around the large barracks in the latter town. While the little party of officers and spectators, including the correspondent, were watching the artillery duel on the far horizon or endeavoring to pick out the infantry positions, a shrapnel suddenly burst directly before them, high in the air. There was a general stir, the assumption being that the French had taken the group on the hillside for a battery staff picking out positions for the guns; but as other shots were fired it was seen that the shrapnel was exploding regularly above the barracks, a mile and a half away, the French evidently suspecting the presence of German troops there.

A ten-mile ride southward led to the position of the Austrian 12-inch battery. The two guns this time were planted by the side of the road, screened only in front by a little wood, but exposed to view from both sides, the rear, and above. For this greater exposure the battery had paid correspondingly, several of its men having been killed or wounded by hostile fire. Here, as in the German batteries, the war work in progress went on with a machinelike regularity and absence of spectacular features more characteristic of a rolling mill than a battle. The men at the guns went through their work with the deftness and absence of confusion of high-class mechanics. The heavy shells were rolled to the guns, hoisted by a chain winch to the breech opening, and discharged in uninteresting succession, a short pause coming after each shot, until the telephonic report from the observation stand was received. The battery had been firing all day at Fort Lionville, at a range of 9,400 meters, (nearly six miles,) and the battery commander was then endeavoring to put out of action the only gun turret which still answered the fire. The task of finding this comparatively minute target, forty or fifty feet in diameter, was being followed with an accuracy which promised eventual success.



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The shells from the guns started on their course with characteristic minute-long shrieks. Watches were pulled out to determine just how long the shrieks could be heard, and the uninitiated were preparing to hear the sound of the explosion itself. The battery chief explained, however, that this scream was due to the conditions immediately around the muzzle of the gun, and could not be heard from other points. He invited close watch of the atmosphere a hundred yards before the gun at the next shot. Not only could the projectile be seen plainly in the beginning of its flight, but the waves of billowing air, rushing back to fill the void left by the discharge and bounding and rebounding in a tempestuous sea of gas, could be distinctly observed. This airy commotion caused the sound heard for more than a minute.

### *The Slaughter in Alsace*

*By John H. Cox of The London Standard.*

BASLE, Switzerland, Aug. 19.—I have just returned from an inspection of the scenes of the recent fighting between the French and Germans in the southern districts of Alsace.

Dispatches from Paris and Berlin describe the engagements between the frontier and Muelhausen as insignificant encounters between advance guards. If this be true in a military sense, and the preliminaries of the war produce the terrible effects I have witnessed, the disastrous results of the war itself will exceed human comprehension.

As a Swiss subject I was equipped with identification papers and accompanied by four of my countrymen, all on bicycles.

At the very outset the sight of peasants, men and women, unconcernedly at work in the fields gathering the harvest, struck me as strange and unnatural. The men were either old or well advanced in middle age. Everywhere women, girls, and mere lads were working.

The first sign of war was the demolished villa of a Catholic priest at a village near Ransbach. This priest had lived there for many years, engaged in religious work and literary pursuits. After the outbreak of the war the German authorities jumped at the conclusion that he was an agent of the French Secret Service and that he had been in the habit of sending to Belfort information concerning German military movements and German measures for defense—very often by means of carrier pigeons.

The Alsatians say that these accusations were utterly unjust; but last week a military party raided the priest's house, dragged him from his study, placed him against his own garden wall and shot him summarily as a traitor and spy. The house was searched from top to bottom, and numerous books and papers were removed, after which the building was destroyed by dynamite. The priest was buried without a coffin at the end of his little



garden plot, and some of the villagers placed a rough cross on the mound which marked the place of interment.

In the next large village we were told that it had been successively occupied by French and German troops and had been the scene of stiff infantry fighting.



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Here we found groups of old men and boys burying dead men and horses, whose bodies were already beginning to be a menace to health. The weather here has been exceptionally hot, and the countryside is bathed in blazing sunshine. Further on were a number of German soldiers beating about in the standing crops on both sides of the road, searching for dead and wounded. They said many of the wounded had crawled in among the wheat to escape being trodden upon by the troops marching along the road, and also to gain relief from the heat.

On the outskirts of another large village we saw a garden bounded by a thick hedge, behind which a company of French infantry had taken their stand against the advancing German troops. Among the crushed flowers there were still lying fragments of French soldiers' equipments, two French caps stained with blood and three torn French tunics, likewise [Transcriber: original 'lie-wise'] dyed red. The walls of the cottage bore marks of rifle bullets, and the roof was partially burned.

Passing through the villages we saw on all sides terrible signs of the devastation of war—houses burned, uncut grain trodden down and rendered useless, gardens trampled under foot; everywhere ruin and distress.

At a small village locally known as Napoleon's Island we found the railway station demolished and the line of trucks the French had used as a barricade. These trucks had been almost shot to pieces, and many were stained with blood. Outside the station the small restaurant roof had been shot away; the windows were smashed, and much furniture had been destroyed. Nevertheless the proprietor had rearranged his damaged premises as well as possible and was serving customers as if nothing had happened.

Just outside this village there are large common graves in which French and German soldiers lie buried together in their uniforms. Large mounds mark these sites. Here again the villagers have placed roughly hewn crosses.

Not far from Huningen we met an intelligent Alsatian peasant who remembered the war of 1870 and had witnessed some engagements in the last few days. Here is his account of what he saw:

"The bravery on both sides was amazing. The effects of artillery fire are terrific. The shells burst, and where you formerly saw a body of soldiers you see a heap of corpses or a number of figures writhing on the ground, torn and mutilated by the fragments of the shell. Those who are unhurt scatter for the moment, but quickly regain their composure and take up their positions in the fighting line as if nothing had happened. The effects of other weapons are as bad. It seems remarkable that soldiers can see the destruction worked all around them, yet can control their nerves sufficiently to continue fighting.



“I remember the battles of 1870, in five or six of which I fought myself, but they bear no comparison with the battles of 1914. War forty-four years ago was child’s play compared with war at the present time.”



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In several villages the schools and churches and many cottages are filled with wounded Frenchmen and Germans, and everything is being done to relieve their sufferings. In the stress of fighting many wounded soldiers were left from three to ten or twelve hours lying in the fields or on the roads. The ambulance equipment of modern armies appears utterly inadequate, and most of the wounded were picked up by villagers.

A French aeroplane from Belfort reconnoitred the German positions behind Muelhausen. As it passed over the German works at the Isteiner Klotz there ensued a continuous firing of machine guns and rifles. The aeroplane, which had swerved downward to give its two occupants a closer and clearer view of the German position, immediately rose to a much greater altitude and escaped injury. It cruised over the German position for more than an hour, now rising, now falling, always pursued by the bullets of the enemy.

This aerial reconnoissance [Transcriber: original 'reconnoissance'], part of which was carried out at an altitude as low as 1,000 feet, was undertaken at terrible risk, but in this case the aeroplane escaped all injury and returned in the direction of Belfort, doubtless with all the information it had set out to collect.

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[Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

BERNE, Aug. 22, (Dispatch to The London Morning Post.)—Gebweiler, in Alsace, twelve miles to the northwest of Muelhausen, was taken by the French at the point of the bayonet on Aug. 20. My correspondent, who has just arrived at Basle from the field of battle, says that eight battalions of the German One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, numbering about 10,000 men, engaged the French Army. The French artillery was deadly and caused great ravages among the Germans, few officers escaping.

During the whole night the wounded were being transported to villages in the neighborhood, beyond the reach of artillery. All the buildings of Sierenz were filled with wounded.

Hundreds of horses were stretched on the field of battle. Those of the German artillery were killed, and in consequence the German forces left their artillery, of which about twenty guns are now in the hands of the French.

The object of the German troops was to cut off the retreat of the French and force them toward the Swiss frontier—an object which they failed to achieve.

The wounded received here say that they passed a terrible night in the open, without water or other succor, with the pitiful neighing of wounded horses ringing in their ears.



*Rennenkampf on the Prussian Border*

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle.]

GRADNO, (via Petrograd,) Oct. 21.—I have returned here after a journey along the East Prussian frontier, as close to the scenes of daily fighting as I could obtain permission to go. The route was from the north of Suwalki southward to Graevo, a stretch of country recently in German occupation, but where now remains not a single German outpost.



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It is stimulating to see the Russian soldier in his habits as he lives and fights. I have seen many thousands of them camped in the rain, swamped in bogs, or marching indefatigably over the roads which are long quagmires of mud, always with an air of stolid contentment and the look of being bent on business. They include Baltic Province men speaking German. Jews from Riga and Libau are brigaded with huge Siberians, whose marching must constitute a world record. The Cossacks are past counting, and with them are long-coated, tight-belted Circassians and Kalmucks, all representing a mixture of races and languages like that of the British Empire itself.

Actually the whole line is a battle front from north of Wirballen to well into Poland, and no day passes without contact with the Germans. This is an army in which every man has fought. Most of them have been in hand-to-hand conflict with the Germans. They have approached the front through a country which the enemy has devastated. There is no village which does not bear the mark of wanton destruction. I have seen these things for myself. Houses have been burned, others pillaged and the contents dragged into the streets and there smashed. Churches have been invariably gutted and defiled.

It is impossible not to admire these endless battalions of Siberians. They are common objects of this countryside. I came past Suwalki as they were moving up, column after column, in gray overcoats aswing in the rhythm of their stride, like the kilts of Highlanders. It was they who bore the brunt of the fighting, unsupported by artillery, in forests of Augustowo, and, with the Baltic regiments, pushed on and took Lyck. These are the men who marched forty miles, starting at midnight, then went into action between Gor and Raigrod and delivered a bayonet charge which their officers still boast about today.

I may not indicate the geography of the front on which the Russians and Germans are now facing each other, but the German general plan is to protect the railway and all approaches to a vital junction such as Goldapp and Insterburg. Between them and the frontier lies a country of singular difficulty for the troops. It is easy of defense, with small broken hills, innumerable lakes and roads winding in watered valleys among woods. The Germans have gone to earth in their usual lavish fashion, digging themselves in with a thoroughness worthy of permanent fortifications. Their trenches are five feet deep, with earthworks in front zig-zagging as a precaution against enfilading. Some of them are very cleverly hidden with growing bushes. All peasants remaining at the country-side in Prussia are compelled to work digging trenches. The emplacements [Transcriber: original 'implacements'] for guns of large calibre have concrete foundations.

The Germans had fortified Suwalki, employing forced labor. They had connected up the trench system with telephone installation and appointed a Military Governor and other functionaries. Many German officers were joined there by their wives and families, who when they retired took with them souvenirs consisting of nearly every portable object of value in the town, besides much furniture and clothing.



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The Russian trenches are scarcely more than shallow grooves in the ground with earth thrown up in front of them, making barely sufficient cover for prone riflemen.

At once the German outer positions were carried by storm with ghastly carnage.

“We didn’t dig much,” said a Russian officer to me. “We knew we shouldn’t stay there. We should either go forward or back, and we were sure to go forward.”

The cloud of patrols, mostly Cossacks, which flits unceasingly along the German front is the subject of innumerable stories.

When the news was issued that the Kaiser had come east to take command of his army on this front a Cossack came in, driving before him a plump, distressed Prussian Captain whom he had gleaned during the day’s work.

“I’ve brought him,” he announced. “I knew him by his mustache,” and he produced an old picture postcard from his breast showing the Kaiser with his characteristic mustache.

Near Augustowo the roads are literally blocked in many places with abandoned German transports which became trapped in the terribly muddy country. Dead horses in hundreds lie everywhere and the Russian Sanitary Corps is busy burying them. Yet the Russians who are still moving about this country retain not only their usual average health, but do not even complain.

Between Augustowo and Raigrod a small stream is actually blocked with German stores, including much gun ammunition. The German advance which ended in this debacle has been the costliest defeat in point of materials which they have yet suffered.

*The First Fight at Lodz*

*By Percival Gibbon of The London Daily Chronicle.*

WARSAW, Dec. 5, (by Courier to Petrograd.)—I have wired you previously of the German force which advanced around Lodz and was cut off south and east of the town. This consisted of two army corps—the Twenty-fifth Corps and the Third Guard Corps. The isolated force turned north and endeavored to cut its way out through the small town of Breziziny. It was at Breziziny that final disaster overtook them.

The town and road lie in a hollow in the midst of wooded country, where the Germans were squeezed from the Vistula and pressed to the rear. They had fought a battle during the slow retirement of five days and were showing signs of being short of ammunition. On the fifth day they made their final attempt to pass through Breziziny. That was where that fine strategist and fighting man who held Ivangorod on the Vistula brought off the great dramatic coup for which he had been manoeuvring.



The Germans were holding the town and pouring through when he began his general attack. Breziziny underwent nine hours of furious shelling and only half the town is now remaining. The Russian infantry again proved its sterling quality, and, supported by the tremendous fire of its own guns, drove home charge after charge, smashing the German resistance completely. By nightfall out of two army corps, numbering 80,000 men, there remained only a remnant.



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The number of prisoners reaches the total of about 20,000, and of the remainder fully 80 per cent, were killed or wounded. This is the estimate supplied to me. Owing to the small area on which the fighting was concentrated, the dead are lying in great mounds and walls at points where the charges were pushed home. For miles the countryside is dotted with dead.

In the sparser grounds an unknown number of fugitives, most of whom are wounded, are lurking in the woods. From Rawa, south of Skierniwice, midway between Lodz and Warsaw, to Lodz on the line of the former German retreat and present advance, not a single village remains. All the burned-out district is utterly desolate.

On Dec. 1, 2, and 3 the force conducting the defense of the town of Lodz was all but surrounded. The German positions were at Royicie on the southern road, within four miles of the long, straggling street which comprises most of the town of Lodz, while at Zgierz, seven miles to the north, they had a battery of heavy guns with which they shelled the town itself, killing several hundred civilians. The fire was chiefly directed on the railway and station and the Russian guns were unable for some time to locate the battery. It was discovered and reconnoitred at last by an aeroplane.

[Illustration: The War in the East (with Net Change of Battle Line Up to Jan, 1, 1915) from Eastern Prussia to Galicia.]

Then followed an act of heroism and harebrained enterprise which is now the talk of the whole army. On Thursday night last the Colonel of Artillery made his way out and with a little group of assistants contrived to drag a field telephone wire within half a mile of the German battery. While a searchlight was swinging over the face of the country, he lay on the ground, and from there directed the Russian guns, which with his help actually succeeded in silencing the battery. The Russian guns were at this time placed in the streets of Lodz.

On Thursday night, when the attack culminated, there were 700 guns in action at one time on both sides, and throughout the night all was alight with flashes from the guns and bursting shells, and the thunder of the guns was faintly audible on the outskirts of Warsaw, sixty miles away.

Then there followed a general assault of the Germans, a charge of huge masses of men, who followed up into the glare of the searchlights under an inferno of gunfire. Here again the Siberians demonstrated the qualities which have made them famous throughout the war. They met the Germans with a rifle fire from the trenches which not only stopped them but shattered them. They again played the old trick of allowing the enemy to approach within fifty feet, meanwhile holding their fire, and then blowing them off their feet with rifle fire and their use of the mitrailleuse.



The attack failed utterly, and from the very manner of it the Russian losses could not be otherwise than light, while the German losses in the whole of the operations against Lodz and the neighboring positions exceed a hundred thousand killed. No guess at the number of their wounded can be attempted, but we know that score upon score of trains filled with them have gone west along the Kalisz line, and still continue to go.



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*The First Invasion of Serbia*

[By a Correspondent of The London Standard.]

NISH, Serbia, Aug. 31.—After the butcheries and atrocities which I witnessed during preceding battles I thought I would get accustomed and insensible to these scenes of blood, but from my last visit to the slaughter house I have brought such visions of horror that their very thought makes me shudder. The object of the Austrian Army seems to have been complete devastation.

The fierce battle which the Servians gave them incessantly for more than a week may be divided into two conflicts of equal intensity which raged along the ridge of the heights of Tser. Each of the two slopes, descending one to the Save and the town of Shabatz and the other to the Drina, is now nothing but a charnel house.

I could not say which of these two conflicts was more murderous, but this admirably fertile region, with its countless fruit trees, is now sheltering the last remains of hundreds of butchered men, women, and children.

When after three days and three nights of truceless fighting the Servians succeeded in surprising the enemy in the middle of the night at Tser, the toll of dead was so colossal that the Servian troops were constrained for the time being to abandon burying the corpses.

Everywhere the fighting was of the fiercest conceivable nature, for to resist the invaders was to the Servians a question of life and death. At several points they fought right up to the last man, succumbing but never falling back.

The volunteer corps of Capt. Tankositch, the famous leader whose head Austria is so anxious to gain, was charged to defend Kroupage, situated south of the battle front, between Losnitzza and Lionbovia. Considerable Austrian forces attempted to advance with the view of driving the Captain back.

For two days and three nights Tankositch and 236 volunteers held their position. At last three whole Austrian regiments surrounded them, but rather than yield to the enemy Tankositch and his gallant miniature army resolved to fight to the last. In the dead of night he sent out a small group to meet the Austrians. This group, consisting of a mere handful of soldiers, hurled a shower of bombs at the enemy, cutting up his ranks, and secured a free pass.

[Illustration: The Battlefield in Servia.]

At the first break of day, when Tankositch counted his men, only forty-six answered the call. They surrounded more than a hundred prisoners.



It will be realized that in the course of such sharp fighting the Servian losses must have been considerable, although they were much smaller than those of the enemy.

The most pitiful and heartrending aspect of these scenes was presented by the long procession of Servian survivors from the neighboring villages, consisting of old men, women, and children, bringing in the heavy toll of mutilated human beings. At Valievo, the nearest town to the field of battle, large masses of Servian and Austrian wounded kept pouring in incessantly. About 10,000 have already arrived. All had to be examined, all had to have their wounds dressed, and at Valievo there are only six doctors.



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In spite of this appalling shortage of medical aid, I witnessed yesterday a most touching spectacle. A car drawn by oxen brought to the hospital at Valievo its load of mutilated soldiers. In the first portion of the car were three wounded Austrians and in the second two wounded Servians and two more Austrians. The convoys wanted to carry the Austrian wounded to the dressing room before their own wounded. A Servian doctor stopped them.

“Bring the wounded in in the order in which they come,” he commanded, and, without any regard for the nationality of his patients, the doctor and his colleagues commenced their humanitarian work.

What are the Red Crosses of the neutral countries waiting for? Why do they not come here? In the name of gallant little Servia, in the name of a humane and pitiful people, I make urgent appeal to the Red Crosses to send a portion of their staff here. There are thousands of lives to be saved.

Now I must begin a chapter of sorrows. I wanted to witness the Austro-Hungarian excesses a second time before speaking of them, so that I could give an exact and genuine account of actual facts. Courage failed me to see all, but what I have seen can be summed up in one phrase. In the environs of Shabatz the vanquished put the finishing touch to their acts of fearful savagery by butchering their Servian prisoners, whose corpses were found heaped up in the town.

Yesterday and the day before I ran across country through Valievo toward Drina. Further north, barely forty miles from Valievo, at Seablatcha, the poor refugees who had fled from their houses before the onslaught of the Austrians showed me eight young people, tied one to another, who were all pierced by bayonets.

Five miles from there, at Bella Tserka, fugitives of the village with indescribable despair were burying the mutilated, bodies of fourteen little girls. Six peasants were found hanging in an orchard.

At Lychnitsa, on the Drina, about a hundred old men, inoffensive civilians, were massacred before the eyes of their wives and children. All the women and children were led over on the other side of the bank of the Drina in order to compel the Servians to stop their fire.

It is not war that Austria-Hungary tried to make on Servia. That great nation wanted to exterminate the Servian people. She thought she would succeed before Servia had time to defend herself.

Austrian prisoners affirm that they received orders to hang all those striving against their country, to burn all the enemy's villages, and put all their inhabitants to death.



The Servian Quartermaster General is drawing up an official list of these Austro-Hungarian deeds.

*The Attack on Tsing-tau*

*By Jefferson Jones of The Minneapolis Journal and The Japan Advertiser.*



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JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS, Shantung, Nov. 2.—I have seen war from a grand stand seat. I never before heard of the possibility of witnessing a modern battle—the attack of warships, the fire of infantry and artillery, the manoeuvring of airships over the enemy's lines, the rolling up from the rear of reinforcements and supplies—all at one sweep of the eye; yet, after watching [Transcriber: original 'watchnig'] for three days the siege of Tsing-tau from a position on Prinz Heinrich Berg, 1,000 feet above the sea level and but three miles from the beleaguered city, I am sure that there is actually such a thing as a theatre of war.

On Oct. 31, the date of the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor of Japan, the actual bombardment of Tsing-tau began. All the residents of the little Chinese village of Tschang-tsun, where was fixed on that day the acting staff headquarters of the Japanese troops, had been awakened early in the morning by the roar of a German aeroplane over the village. Every one quickly dressed and, after a hasty breakfast, went out to the southern edge of the village to gaze toward Tsing-tau.

A great black column of smoke was arising from the city and hung like a pall over the besieged. At first glance it seemed that one of the neighboring hills had turned into an active volcano and was emitting this column of smoke, but it was soon learned that the oil tanks in Tsing-tau were on fire.

As the bombardment was scheduled to start late in the morning, we were invited to accompany members of the staff of the Japanese and British expeditionary forces on a trip to Prinz Heinrich Berg, there to watch the investment of the city. It was about a three-mile journey to this mountain, which had been the scene of some severe fighting between the German and Japanese troops earlier in the month.

When we arrived at the summit there was the theatre of war laid out before us like a map. To the left were the Japanese and British cruisers in the Yellow Sea, preparing for the bombardment. Below was the Japanese battery, stationed near the Meeker House, which the Germans had burned in their retreat from the mountains. Directly ahead was the City of Tsing-tau, with the Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elisabeth steaming about in the harbor, while to the right one could see the Kiao-Chau coast and central forts and redoubts and the intrenched Japanese and British camps.

We had just couched ourselves comfortably between some large, jagged rocks, where we felt sure we were not in a direct line with the enemy's guns, when suddenly there was a flash as if some one had turned a large golden mirror in the field down beyond to the right. A little column of black smoke drifted away from one of the Japanese trenches, and a minute later those of us on the peak of Prinz Heinrich heard the sharp report of a field gun.



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“Gentlemen, the show has started,” said the British Captain, as he removed his cap and started adjusting his “opera glass.” No sooner had he said this than the reports of guns came from all directions with a continuous rumble as if a giant bowling alley were in use. Everywhere the valley at the rear of Tsing-tau was alive with golden flashes from discharging guns, and at the same time great clouds of bluish-white smoke would suddenly spring up around the German batteries where some Japanese shell had burst. Over near the greater harbor of Tsing-tau we could see flames licking up the Standard Oil Company’s large tanks. We afterward learned that these had been set on fire by the Germans and not by a bursting shell.

And then the warships in the Yellow Sea opened fire on Iltis Fort, and for three hours we continually played our glasses on the field—on Tsing-tau and on the warships. With glasses on the central redoubt of the Germans we watched the effects of the Japanese fire until the boom of guns from the German Fort A, on a little peninsula jutting out from Kiao-Chau Bay, toward the east, attracted our attention there. We could see the big siege gun on this fort rise up over the bunker, aim at a warship, fire, and then quickly go down again. And then we would turn our eyes toward the warships in time to see a fountain of water 200 yards from a vessel, where the shell had struck. We scanned the city of Tsing-tau. The 150-ton crane in the greater harbor, which we had seen earlier in the day, and which was said to be the largest crane in the world, had disappeared and only its base remained standing. A Japanese shell had carried away the crane.

But this first day’s firing of the Japanese investing troops was mainly to test the range of the different batteries. The attempt also was made to silence the line of forts extending in the east from Iltis Hill, near the wireless and signal stations at the rear of Tsing-tau, to the coast fort near the burning oil tank on the west. In this they were partly successful, two guns at Iltis Fort being silenced by the guns at sea.

On Nov. 1, the second day of the bombardment, we again stationed ourselves on the peak of Prinz Heinrich Berg. From the earliest hours of morning the Japanese and British forces had kept up a continuous fire on the German redoubts in front of the Iltis, Moltke, and Bismarck forts, and when we arrived at our seats it seemed as though the shells were dropping around the German trenches every minute. Particularly on the redoubt of Taitung-Chen was the Japanese fire heavy, and by early afternoon, through field glasses, this German redoubt appeared to have had an attack of smallpox, so pitted was it from the holes made by bursting Japanese shells. By nightfall many parts of the German redoubts had been destroyed, together with some machine guns. The result was the advancing of the Japanese lines several hundred yards from the bottom of the hills where they had rested earlier in the day.



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It was not until the third day of the bombardment that those of us stationed on Prinz Heinrich observed that our theatre of war had a curtain, a real asbestos one that screened the fire in the drops directly ahead of us from our eyes. We had learned that the theatre was equipped with pits, drops, a gallery for onlookers, exits, and an orchestra of booming cannon and rippling, roaring pompons; but that nature had provided it with a curtain—that was something new to us.

We had reached the summit of the mountain about 11 A.M., just as some heavy clouds, evidently disturbed by the bombardment during the previous night, were dropping down into Litsun Valley and in front of Tsing-tau. For three hours we sat on the peak shivering in a blast from the sea, and all the while wondering just what was being enacted beyond the curtain. The firing had suddenly ceased, and with the filmy haze before our eyes we conjured up pictures of the Japanese troops making the general attack upon Iltis Fort, evidently the key to Tsing-tau, while the curtain, of the theatre of war was down.

By early afternoon the clouds lifted, and with glasses we were able to distinguish fresh sappings of the Japanese infantry nearer to the German redoubts. The Japanese guns, which the day before were stationed below us to the left, near the Meeker House, had advanced half a mile and were on the road just outside the village of Ta-Yau. Turning our glasses on Kiao-Chau Bay, we discovered that the Kaiserin Elisabeth was missing, nor did a search of the shore line reveal her. Whether she was blown up by the Germans or had hidden behind one of the islands I do not know.

All the guns were silent now, and the British Captain said: "Well, chaps, shall we take advantage of the intermission?"

A half-hour later we were down the mountain and riding homeward toward Tschang-Tsun.

To understand fully the operations of the Japanese troops in Shantung during the present Far Eastern war one must be acquainted with the topography of this peninsula, as well as with the conditions that exist for the successful movements of the troops.

Since the disembarkation of the Japanese Army on Sept. 2 everything has seemingly favored the Germans. The country, which is unusually mountainous, offering natural strongholds for resisting the invading army, is practically devoid of roads in the hinterland. To add to this difficulty, the last two months in Shantung have seen heavy rains and floods which have really aided in holding off the ultimate fall of Kiao-Chau.

One had only to see the road from Lanschan over Makung Pass, on which the Japanese troops were forced to rely for their supplies, partly to understand the reason for the German garrison at Tsing-tau still holding out. The road, especially near the base, is nothing but a sea of clay in which the military carts sink up to their hubs. Frequent rains every week keep the roadway softened up and thus render it necessary

for the Japanese infantry to rebuild it and to construct drainage ditches in order that there may be no delay in getting supplies and ammunition to the troops at the front.



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The physical characteristics of Kiao-Chau make it an ideal fortress. The entrance of the bay is nearly two miles wide and is commanded by hills rising 600 feet directly in the rear of Tsing-tau. The ring of hills that surrounds the city does not extend back into the hinterland, and thus there is no screen behind which the Japanese forces can quickly invest the city. Germany has utilized the semicircle of hills in the construction of large concrete forts equipped with Krupp guns of 14 and 16 inch calibre, which, for four or five miles back into the peninsula, command all approaches to the city.

The Japanese Army in approaching Tsing-tau has had to do so practically in the open. The troops found no hills behind which they could with safety mount heavy siege guns without detection by the German garrison. In fact, the strategic plan for the capture of the town has been much like the plan adopted by the Japanese forces at Port Arthur—they have forced their approach by sappings. While this is a gradual method, it is certain of victory in the end and results in very little loss of life.

The natural elevations of the Itlis, Bismarck, and Moltke forts at the rear of Tsing-tau have another advantage in that they are so situated that they are commanded by at least two other forts. All of the guns had been so placed that they can be turned on their neighbors if the occasion arises.

A Japanese aeroplane soaring over Tsing-tau on Oct. 30 scattered thousands of paper handbills on which was printed the following announcement, in German, from the Staff Headquarters:

“To the Honored Officers and Men in the Fortress: It is against the will of God as well as the principles of humanity to destroy and render useless arms, ships of war, merchantmen, and other works and constructions not in obedience to the necessity of war, but merely out of spite lest they fall into the hands of the enemy.

“Trusting, as we do, that, as you hold dear the honor of civilization, you will not be betrayed into such base conduct. We beg you, however, to announce to us your own view as mentioned above.”

### *The German Attack on Tahiti*

*As Told by Miss Geni La France, an Eyewitness.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 7.—Graphic stories of the plight of Papeete, capital of Tahiti, in the Society Islands, were told here today by passengers arriving on the Union Steamship Company's liner Moana. Several of those on board the steamer were in Papeete when the town was bombarded by the German cruisers Gneisenau and Scharnhorst. They said the place was in ruins and that the natives were still hiding in the hills, whence they fled when the bombardment began.



The stories of those arriving on the Moana vary only in unimportant details. Perhaps the most graphic story was that told by Miss Geni La France, a French actress. She told of the Governor's heroism and his self-sacrificing devotion to duty, which caused him to face death rather than surrender. All of the passengers were loud in their praise of this Frenchman, who thought first of his country, next of his guests—for so he considered all travelers—and next of the city's residents.



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“While the shells screamed and exploded with a deafening roar, tearing buildings and leaving wreck and ruin in their wake, this old Governor was calm throughout,” said Miss La France.

“It was his bravery that enabled us to bear up under the terrible strain, although it was impossible to flee the city, as shells were exploding all about.

“I was sitting on the veranda of the hotel, having a lovely holiday. Every one was happy and contented. The sunshine was lovely and warm and the natives were busy at their work. I noticed two dark ships steaming up the little river, but was too lazy and ‘comfy’ to take any interest in them.

“Suddenly, without any warning, shots began exploding around us. Two of the houses near the hotel fell with a crash, and the natives began screaming and running in every direction. For a minute I didn’t realize what was happening. But when another volley of shells burst dangerously near and some of the pieces just missed my head, I was flying, too.

“Every one was shouting, ‘To the hills, to the hills!’ My manager could not obtain a wagon or any means of conveyance to take me there. I felt as if I had on a pair of magic boots that would carry me to the hills in three steps. But I didn’t. It was a good six miles, over bad roads, and we had to run.

“The shells from the German battleships kept breaking, and the explosions were terrible. I am sure that I made a record in sprinting that six miles. The cries of the people were terrible. I was simply terror-stricken and could not cry for fear. I seemed to realize that I must keep my strength in order to reach the hills.

“We hid in the hills and the natives gave up their homes to the white people, and were especially kind to the women.”

“The native population probably hasn’t come back from the hills yet, and when we left, two days after the bombardment, the European population was still dazed,” said E.P. Titchener, a Wellington, New Zealand, merchant, who went through the bombardment.

“From 8 o’clock until 10 the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau circled in the harbor, firing broadsides of eight-inch guns at the little gunboat Zelig and the warehouses beyond.

“Only the American flag, which the American Consul hoisted, and an American sailing vessel also ran up, the two being in line before the main European residence section, saved that part of the town, for the German cruisers were careful not to fire in that direction.”

According to all accounts, the cruisers directed their fire solely toward the Zelig, but their marksmanship was said to be poor. Many shots fell short and many went wide, so that



the whole business district, the general market, and the warehouses along the water front were peppered and riddled.

The French replied from some old guns on the hills as well as three shots from the *Zelie*, but ineffectively.

“It was plucky of the French to fire at all,” said Mr. Titchener. “At 7 o'clock we could see two war vessels approaching, and soon made out they were cruisers. They came on without a flag, and the *Zelie*, lying in the harbor, fired a blank shot.



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“Then the Germans hoisted their flag and the *Zelie* fired two shots. The Germans swung around and fired their broadsides, and all the crew of the *Zelie* scuttled ashore. No one was hurt.

“The Germans continued to swing and fire. Their shells flew all over the town above the berth of the *Zelie* and the German prize ship *Walkure*, which the *Zelie* had captured. Perhaps not knowing they were firing into a German vessel, the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* continued their wild cannonades.

“During the two hours of bombardment a hundred shells from the big 8-inch guns of the cruisers fell and exploded in the town. The sound was terrific, and nobody blamed the natives for running away.

“With all the destruction, only three men were killed—one Chinaman and two natives. The Germans evidently made an effort to confine their fire, but many shots went wide, and these did the main mischief.

“Finally, about 10 o'clock, without attempting to land, and not knowing that the German crew of the *Walkure* were prisoners in the town, the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* steamed away and disappeared over the horizon. They sailed off to the westward, but of course we could not tell how they set their course when they got beyond our vision.”

The damage to Papeete was estimated at \$2,000,000. Two vessels were sunk and two blocks of business houses and residences were destroyed. The French set fire to a 40,000-ton coal pile to prevent the Germans replenishing their bunkers.

The voyage of the *Moana* was fraught with adventure. From Papeete the vessel, which flies the British flag, sailed with lights out and dodged four German cruisers after being warned by the wireless operator, who had picked up a German code message sent out by the cruisers which had razed the island city.

### *The Bloodless Capture of German Samoa*

*By Malcolm Ross, F.R.G.S.*

[Special Correspondence of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

WELLINGTON, N.Z., Sept. 19.—The advance detachment of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force which was ordered to seize German Samoa left Wellington in two troopships at dawn on Aug. 15, and was met in the ocean in latitude 36.0 south, longitude 178.30 east by three of the British cruisers in New Zealand waters—the *Psyche*, *Pyramus*, and *Philomel*.

As it was known that the armored cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were still at large in Pacific waters, it was decided not to go direct to Samoa, but to shape a course



direct for New Caledonia. For the next fortnight or so we were playing a game of hide and seek in the big islanded playground of the Pacific Ocean. The first evening out the Psyche signaled "Whereabouts of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau still unknown; troopships to extinguish all lights and proceed with only shaded lights at bow and stern." Military books and papers were quickly gathered together, and the remaining few minutes of daylight were used for getting into bed, while the difficult task was set us of trying to sleep the round of the clock. Thus, night after night, with lights out, we steamed along our northward track, the days being spent in drill and ball firing with rifles and the Maxim guns.



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On the morning of Aug. 2 we proceeded along the shores of New Caledonia and saw the big French cruiser Montcalm entering the harbor. Next day we were joined by the battle cruiser Australia and the light cruiser Melbourne. The contingent received an enthusiastic reception in New Caledonia. As we passed the Montcalm our band played the "Marseillaise," and the band on the French cruiser responded with our national anthem. Cheers from the thousands of men afloat and the singing of patriotic songs added to the general enthusiasm, the French residents being greatly excited with the sudden and unexpected appearance of their allies from New Zealand.

A delay of twenty-four hours was caused by one of the troopships grounding on a sand bank in the harbor, but on Sunday, Aug. 23, the expedition got safely away.

We steamed through the Havannah Pass, at the southeastern end of the island, where we awaited Rear Admiral Sir George Patey, in command of the allied fleets. In due course the Australia and the Melbourne came up with us. Then in turn waited for the Montcalm. All the ships, eight in number, were now assembled, and they moved off in the evening light to take up position in the line ahead.

Fiji was reached in due course, and at anchor in the harbor of Suva we found the Japanese collier Fukoku Maru, and learned that she had been coaling the German cruisers at the Caroline Islands just before the declaration of war. After the coaling had been completed the Japanese Captain went on to Samoa, calling at Apia. The Germans, however, would not allow him to land. The Japanese Captain had been paid for his coal by drafts on Germany, which, on reaching Suva, he found to be useless. He was therefore left without means to coal and reprovision. As he was not allowed to land at Samoa, he went on to Pago-Pago, in complete ignorance that war had been declared, and, not being able to get supplies there, left for Suva. At the latter port the harbor lights being extinguished, he ran his vessel on to the reef in the night time. Rockets were sent up, but no assistance could be given from the shore. Fortunately, however, he got off as the tide made; but it was a narrow call.

In the early dawn of Aug. 30 we got our first glimpse of German Samoa. The American island of Tutuila was out of sight, away to the right, but presently we rounded the southeastern corner of the island of Upolu, with its beautiful wooded hills wreathing their summits in the morning mists, and saw the white line of surf breaking along its coral reef—historic Upolu, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, the scene of wars and rebellions and international schemings, and the scene also of that devastating hurricane which wrecked six ships of war and ten other vessels, and sent 142 officers and men of the German and American Navies to their last sleep. The rusting ribs and plates of the Adler, the German flagship, pitched high inside the reef, still stare at us as a reminder of that memorable event.



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The Psyche went boldly on ahead, and after the harbor had been swept for mines she steamed in, under a flag of truce, and delivered a message from Admiral Patey, demanding the surrender of Apia. The Germans, who had been expecting their own fleet in, were surprised with the suddenness with which an overwhelming force had descended upon them, and decided to offer no resistance to a landing. Capt. Marshall promptly made a signal to the troopships to steam to their anchorages; motor launches, motor surfboats, and ships' boats were launched, and the men began to pour over the ships' sides and down the rope ladders into the boats.

In a remarkably brief space of time the covering party was on shore, officers and men dashing out of the boats, up to the knees, and sometimes the waist, in water. The main street, the cross-roads, and the bridges were quickly in possession of our men, with their Maxims and rifles, and then, one after another, the motor boats and launches began to tow strings of boats, crammed with the men of the main body, toward the shore. The bluejackets of the beach party, who had already landed, urged them forward by word and deed in cheery fashion, and soon Apia was swarming with our troops.

Guards were placed all about the Government buildings, and Col. Logan, with his staff, was quickly installed in the Government offices.

Lieut. Col. Fulton dashed off to the telephone exchange and pulled out all the plugs, so that the residents could hold no intercommunication by that means. The Custom House and the offices of the Governor were also seized without a moment's loss of time. An armed party was dispatched along a bush road to seize the wireless station. Late that evening the man in charge rang up in some alarm to state that there was dynamite lying about and that the engine had been tampered with to such an extent that the apparatus could not be used until we got our own machinery in position.

Meantime the German flag, that had flown over the island for fourteen years, was hauled down, the Germans present doffing their hats and standing bareheaded and silent on the veranda of the Supreme Court as they watched the soldier in khaki from New Zealand unceremoniously pulling it down, detaching it from the rope, and carrying it inside the building.

Next morning the British flag was hoisted with all due ceremony. In the harbor the emblem of Britain's might fluttered from the masts of our cruiser escort, the Stars and Stripes waved in the tropic breeze above the palms surrounding the American Consulate, and out in the open sea the white ensign and tricolor flew on the powerful warships of the allied fleets of England and France.

A large crowd of British and other residents and Samoans had gathered. In the background were groups of Chinese coolies, gazing wonderingly upon the scene. The balconies of the adjoining buildings were crowded with British and Samoans. Only the Germans were conspicuous by their absence. With undisguised feelings of sadness

they had seen their own flag hauled down the day before. Naturally they had no desire to witness the flag of the rival nation going up in its place.



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A few minutes before 8 o'clock all was ready. Two bluejackets and a naval Lieutenant stood with the flag, awaiting the signal. The first gun of the royal salute from the *Psyche* boomed out across the bay. Then slowly, to the booming of twenty-one guns, the flag was hoisted to the summit of the staff, the officers, with drawn swords, silently watching it go up. With the sound of the last gun it reached the top of the flagstaff [Transcriber: original 'fliagstaff'] and fluttered out in the southeast trade wind above the tall palms of Upolo.

There was a sharp order from the officer commanding the expedition, and the troops came to the royal salute. The national anthem—never more fervently sung—and three rousing cheers for King George followed.

Then came the reading of the proclamation by Col. Logan, the troops formed up again, and, to the music of the, band of the Fifth Regiment, marched back to quarters.

### *How the Cressy Sank*

*By Edgar Rowan of The London Daily Chronicle.*

MUIDEN, Holland, Sept. 23.—(Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—When the history of this war comes to be written we shall put no black borders, as men without pride or hope, around the story of the loss of the cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*. We shall write it in letters of gold, for the plain, unvarnished tale of those last moments, when the cruisers went down, helpless before a hidden foe, ranks among the countless deeds of quiet, unseen, unconscious heroism that make up the navy's splendid pages.

It is easy to learn all that happened, for the officers want chiefly to tell how splendidly brave the men were, and the men pay a like tribute to the officers. The following appears to be a main outline of the disaster:

The three cruisers had for some time been patrolling the North Sea. Soon after 6 o'clock Tuesday morning—there is disagreement as to the exact time—the *Aboukir* suddenly felt a shock on the port side. A dull explosion was heard and a column of water was thrown up mast high. The explosion wrecked the stokehole just forward of amidship and, judging by the speed with which the cruiser sank, tore the bottom open.

Almost immediately the doomed cruiser began to settle. Except for the watch on deck, most of her crew, wearied by constant vigil in bad weather, but in perfect order officers and men rushed to quarters. Quickfirers were manned in the hope of a dying shot at a submarine, but there was not a glimpse of one. Of the few boats carried when cleared for action, two were smashed in recent gales and another was wrecked by the explosion.



The Aboukir's sister cruisers, each more than a mile away, saw and heard the explosion. They thought the Aboukir had been struck by a mine. They closed in and lowered boats. This sealed their own fate, for while they were standing by to rescue survivors, first the Hogue and then the Cressy was torpedoed.



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The Cressy appears to have seen the submarines in time to attempt to retaliate. She fired a few shots before she keeled over, broken in two, and sank. Whether she sank any submarines is not known.

The men of the Aboukir afloat in the water hoped for everything from the arrival of her sister cruisers, and all survivors agree that when these also sank many gave up the struggle for life and went down. An officer told me that when swimming, after having lost his jacket in the grip of a drowning man, his chief thought was that the Germans had succeeded in sinking only three comparatively obsolete cruisers which shortly would have been scrapped anyway.

Twenty-four men were saved on a target which floated off the Hogue's deck. The men were gathered on it for four hours waist deep in water.

The rescued officers unite in praising the skill and daring of the German naval officers, and, far from bearing any grudge, they have nothing but professional praise for the submarines' feat.

"Our only grievance," one said, "is that we did not have a shot at the Germans. Our only share in the war has been a few uncomfortable weeks of bad weather, mines, and submarines."

When I entered the billiard room of the hotel here sheltering survivors and asked if any British officers were there, several unshaven men in the khaki working kit of the Dutch Army or in fishermen's jerseys got up from their chairs. Most of them had been saved in their pajamas, and they had to accept the first things in the way of clothing offered by the kindly Dutch. One Lieutenant apologized for closing the window, as he had only a thin jacket over his pajamas. He gladly accepted the loan of my overcoat while making a list of his men who had been saved.

While the survivors are technically prisoners in this neutral country, to be interned until the end of the war, Muiden steadfastly refuses to regard them as other than honored guests. The soldiers posted before every building where officers or men are sheltered seem to be guards of honor rather than prison warders, and every one in the place is competing for the honor of lending clothes, running errands, or offering cigars for the survivors.

When the Dutch steamer Flora arrived with survivors last night, flying her flag at half-mast and signaling for a doctor, the Red Cross authorities and the British Vice Consul, Mr. Rigorsberg, at once set the machinery in motion, and soon the officers were settled in hotels and the men were divided among a hospital, a church, and a young men's institute.



I saw one bluejacket asleep covered with a white ensign. He had snatched it up before diving overboard. He held it in his teeth while in the water and refused to part with it when rescued. He is now prepared to fight any one who may attempt to steal this last relic of his ship.

One survivor says that an English fishing boat also was sunk by the submarines, but the story is not confirmed.



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For hours Capt. Voorham of the Flora and Capt. Berkhout of the Titan, caring nothing for risks of mines and submarines, cruised over the scene of the disaster, and the gallant Dutch seamen were rewarded by the rescue of 400 survivors.

Capt. Voorham, who landed all the survivors at Muiden, says:

“We left Rotterdam early Tuesday. In the North Sea we saw a warship, which proved to be the Cressy. Not long afterward I saw her keel over, break in two and disappear. Our only thought then was to save as many survivors as possible. When we got to the spot where she disappeared boats approached us and we began to get the men in them aboard. It was a very difficult undertaking, as the survivors were exhausted and we were rolling heavily.

“We also lowered our own boats and picked up many from the wreckage. All were practically naked and some were so exhausted that they had to be hauled aboard with tackle. Each as he recovered at once turned to help my small crew to save others. Later I saw the Titan approaching and signaled for help.

“One man was brought aboard with his legs broken. It was touching to see how tenderly his mates handled him.

“Presently the British destroyers approached. A survivor on my ship signaled with his arms that he was on a friendly ship, and the warships passed on.

“Among those saved were two doctors, who worked hard to help the exhausted men. One man died after they had tried artificial respiration for an hour.

“My men collected all the clothes and blankets on board and gave them to the survivors, and the cook was busy getting hot coffee and other food for my large party of guests.

“By 11:30 we had picked up all the survivors we could see. Soon after we saw German submarines, and, thinking it best to get to the nearest port, called here.”

Remember that Capt. Voorham had only a comparatively small ship and a crew of only seventeen and realize the splendid work he did.

[Illustration]

*German Story of the Heligoland Fight*

[Special Correspondence of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

LONDON, Sept. 8.—Copies of the Berliner Tageblatt have been received here containing the German account of the recent naval battle off Heligoland between British and German vessels.



“Regarding the sinking of torpedo boat V-187,” says the Tageblatt account, “an eyewitness says the small craft fought heroically to the bitter end against overwhelming odds. Quite unexpectedly the V-187 was attacked by a flotilla of English destroyers coming from the north. Hardly had the first shot been fired when more hostile destroyers, also submarines, arrived and surrounded the German craft.

“The V-187, on which, in addition to the commander, was the flotilla chief, Capt. Wallis, defended itself to the utmost, but the steering gear was put out of business by several shots, and thus it was impossible to withdraw from the enemy. When the commander saw there was no further hope, the vessel was blown up so as not to fall into the enemy’s hands. But even while she sank the guns not put out of action continued to be worked by the crew till the ship was swallowed up in the waves. The flotilla commander, as well as Commander Lechler, was lost, besides many of the crew.



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“The enemy deserves the greatest credit for their splendid rescue work. The English sailors, unmindful of their own safety, went about it in heroic fashion.

“Boats were put out from the destroyers to save the survivors. While this rescue work was still under way stronger German forces approached, causing the English torpedo boats to withdraw, abandoning the small rescue boats which they had put out, and those who had been saved were now taken from the English boats aboard our ships.

“When the thunder of the guns showed the enemy was near and engaged with our torpedo boats, the small armored cruiser Ariadne steamed out to take part in the scrap. As the Ariadne neared the outpost vessels it was observed that various of our lighter units were fighting with the English, which later, however, appeared to be escaping toward the west.

“The long-suppressed keenness for fighting could not be gainsaid and the Ariadne pursued, although the fog made it impossible to estimate the strength of the enemy. Presently, not far from the Ariadne, two hostile cruisers loomed out of the mist—two dreadnought battle cruisers of 30,000 tons’ displacement, armed with eight 13.5-inch guns. What could the Ariadne, of 2,650 tons and armed with ten 4-inch guns, do against those two Goliath ships?

“At the start of this unequal contest a shot struck the forward boiler room of the Ariadne and put half of her boilers out of business, lowering her speed by fifteen miles. Nevertheless, and despite the overwhelming superiority of the English, the fight lasted half an hour. The stern of the Ariadne was in flames, but the guns on her foredeck continued to be worked.

“But the fight was over. The enemy disappeared to the westward. The crew of the Ariadne, now gathered on the foredeck, true to the navy’s traditions, broke into three hurrahs for the War Lord, Kaiser Wilhelm. Then, to the singing of ‘Deutschland Ueber Alles,’ the sinking, burning ship was abandoned in good order. Two of our ships near by picked up the Ariadne’s crew. Presently the Ariadne disappeared under the waves after the stern powder magazine had exploded.

“The first officer, surgeon, chief engineer, and seventy men were lost. In addition, many were wounded.”

*The Sinking of the Cressy and the Hogue*

*By the Senior Surviving Officers—Commander Bertram W.L. Nicholson and  
Commander Reginald A. Norton.*

[By the Associated Press.]



LONDON, Sept. 25.—The report to the Admiralty on the sinking of the Cressy, signed by Bertram W.L. Nicholson, Commander of the late H.M.S. Cressy, follows:

“Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report in connection with the sinking of H.M.S. Cressy, in company with H.M.S. Aboukir and Hogue, on the morning of the 22d of September, while on patrol duty:



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“The Aboukir was struck at about 6:25 A.M. on the starboard beam. The Hogue and Cressy closed and took up a position, the Hogue ahead of the Aboukir, and the Cressy about 400 yards on her port beam. As soon as it was seen that the Aboukir was in danger of sinking all the boats were sent away from the Cressy, and a picket boat was hoisted out without steam up. When cutters full of the Aboukir’s men were returning to the Cressy the Hogue was struck, apparently under the aft 9.2 magazine, as a very heavy explosion took place immediately. Almost directly after the Hogue was hit we observed a periscope on our port bow about 300 yards off.

“Fire was immediately opened and the engines were put full speed ahead with the intention of running her down. Our gunner, Mr. Dougherty, positively asserts that he hit the periscope and that the submarine sank. An officer who was standing alongside the gunner thinks that the shell struck only floating timber, of which there was much about, but it was evidently the impression of the men on deck, who cheered and clapped heartily, that the submarine had been hit. This submarine did not fire a torpedo at the Cressy.

“Capt. Johnson then manoeuvred the ship so as to render assistance to the crews of the Hogue and Aboukir. About five minutes later another periscope was seen on our starboard quarter and fire was opened. The track of the torpedo she fired at a range of 500 to 600 yards was plainly visible and it struck us on the starboard side just before the afterbridge.

“The ship listed about 10 degrees to the starboard and remained steady. The time was 7:15 A.M. All the watertight doors, deadlights and scuttles had been securely closed before the torpedo struck the ship. All the mess stools and table shores, and all available timber below and on deck, had been previously got up and thrown over side for the saving of life.

“A second torpedo fired by the same submarine missed and passed about 10 feet astern. About a quarter of an hour after the first torpedo had hit a third torpedo fired from a submarine just before the starboard beam hit us under the No. 5 boiler room. The time was 7:30 A.M. The ship then began to heel rapidly, and finally turned keel up, remaining so for about twenty minutes before she finally sank, at 7:55 A.M.

“A large number of men were saved by casting adrift on Pattern 3 target. The steam pinnace floated off her clutches, but filled and sank.

“The second torpedo which struck the Cressy passed over the sinking hull of the Aboukir, narrowly missing it. It is possible that the same submarine fired all three torpedoes at the Cressy.



“The conduct of the crew was excellent throughout. I have already remarked on the bravery displayed by Capt. Phillips, master of the trawler L.T. Coriander, and his crew, who picked up 156 officers and men.”

The report to the Admiralty of Commander Reginald A. Norton, late of H.M.S. Hogue, follows:



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"I have the honor to report as follows concerning the sinking of the Hogue, Aboukir, and Cressy: Between 6:15 and 6:30 A.M., H.M.S. Aboukir was struck by a torpedo. The Hogue closed on the Aboukir and I received orders to hoist out the launch, turn out and prepare all boats, and unleash all timber on the upper deck.

"Two lifeboats were sent to the Aboukir, but before the launch could get away the Hogue was struck on the starboard side amidships by two torpedoes at intervals of ten to twenty seconds. The ship at once began to heel to starboard. After ordering the men to provide themselves with wood, hammocks, &c., and to get into the boats on the booms and take off their clothes, I went, by Capt. Nicholson's direction, to ascertain the damage done in the engine room. The artificer engineer informed me that the water was over the engine-room gratings.

"While endeavoring to return to the bridge the water burst open the starboard entry port doors and the ship heeled rapidly. I told the men in the port battery to jump overboard, as the launch was close alongside, and soon afterward the ship lurched heavily to starboard.

"I clung to a ringbolt for some time, but eventually was dropped on to the deck, and a huge wave washed me away. I climbed up the ship's side and again was washed off. Eventually, after swimming about from various overladen pieces of wreckage, I was picked up by a cutter from the Hogue, Coxswain L.S. Marks, which pulled about for some hours, picking up men and discharging them to our picket boat and steam pinnace and to the Dutch steamers Flora and Titan, and rescued, in this way, Commander Sells of the Aboukir, Engineer Commander Stokes, (with legs broken,) Fleet Paymaster Eldred, and about 120 others.

"Finally, about 11 A.M., when we could find no more men in the water, we were picked up by the Lucifer, which proceeded to the Titan and took off from her all our men except about twenty who were too ill to be moved.

"A Lowestoft trawler and the two Dutch ships Flora and Titan were extraordinarily kind, clothing and feeding our men. My boat's crew, consisting mainly of Royal Navy Reserve men, pulled and behaved remarkably well. I particularly wish to mention Petty Officer Halton, who, by encouraging the men in the water near me, undoubtedly saved many lives.

"Lieut. Commander Phillips-Wolley, after hoisting out the launch, asked me if we should try to hoist out another boat, and endeavored to do so. The last I saw of him was on the after bridge, doing well.

"Lieut. Commander Tillard was picked up by a launch. He got up a cutter's crew and saved many lives, as did Midshipman Cazalet in the Cressy's gig. Lieut. Chichester turned out the whaler very quickly.

“A Dutch sailing trawler sailed close by, but went off without rendering any assistance [Transcriber: original 'asistance'], although we signaled to her from the Hogue to close after we were struck.



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“The Aboukir appeared to me to take about thirty-five minutes to sink, floating bottom up for about five minutes. The Hogue turned turtle very quickly—in about five minutes—and floated bottom up for several minutes. A dense black smoke was seen in the starboard battery, whether from coal or torpedo cordite I could not say. The upper deck was not blown up, and only one other small explosion occurred and we heeled over.

“The Cressy I watched heel over from the cutter. She heeled over to starboard very slowly, dense black smoke issuing from her when she attained an angle of about 90 degrees, and she took a long time from this angle till she floated bottom up with the starboard screw slightly out of water. I consider it was thirty-five to forty-five minutes from the time she was struck till she was bottom up.

“All the men on the Hogue behaved extraordinarily [Transcriber: original ‘extraordinarily’] well, obeying orders even when in the water swimming for their lives, and I witnessed many cases of great self-sacrifice and gallantry. Farmstone, an able seaman of the Hogue, jumped overboard from the launch to make room for others, and would not avail himself of assistance until all the men near by were picked up. He was in the water about half an hour.

“There was no panic of any sort, the men taking off their clothes as ordered and falling in with hammock or wood. Capt. Nicholson, in our other cutter, as usual, was perfectly cool and rescued large numbers of men. I last saw him alongside the Flora. Engineer Commander Stokes, I believe, was in the engine room to the last, and Engineer Lieut. Commander Fendick got steam on the boat hoist and worked it in five minutes.

“I have the honor to submit that I may be appointed to another ship as soon as I can get a kit.”

### *The Sinking of the Hawke*

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle.]

ABERDEEN, Scotland, Oct. 16.—The British cruiser Hawke was sunk in the North Sea yesterday by a German submarine, and of her crew of 400 officers and men only 73 are known to have been saved.

The cruiser Theseus, a sister ship of the Hawke, was attacked by the same submarine, but escaped because she obeyed the Admiralty's instructions and looked to her own safety instead of rushing to the aid of the Hawke's perishing crew.

A survivor of the Hawke gives the following description of the disaster: “Within eight minutes the Hawke had gone under. Had the ship gone down forward or aft there would have been some chance for us to get the boats out and clear of the cruiser, but she keeled over on her beam ends, and so of all boats we lowered those on the starboard



side were useless, and those on the port side were crushed as soon as they touched the water.

“I was proud to be among such comrades. Everything was absolutely in perfect order. When the ship was struck a fearful explosion followed, and grime and dust were everywhere. I was amidships at the time, and could hardly see to grope my way to the ship's side. I heard orders given to lower the boats, and then some one shouted, 'Look after yourselves!' So I did that.



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“Most of the men on board were married men. We saw hundreds in the water, but we were afraid to pick them up as our boat was already overcrowded. So we threw our lifebelts to them. It was all we could do.

“The weather was bitter cold, and I do not think that many, apart from those who were landed at Aberdeen, were saved.”

Here is the statement of a rescued stoker: “When the explosion occurred I, along with others who were in the engine room, was sent flying into space and was stunned for a time. When I came to my senses I found myself in the midst of what must be described as an absolute inferno. One of the cylinders of the engine had been completely wrecked, and steam was passing out in dense, scalding clouds. The horror of the situation was increased when a tank of oil fuel caught fire, and the flames advanced with frightful rapidity.

“Seeing that there was not a ghost of a chance of doing any good by remaining in what was obviously a deathtrap, I determined to make a dash for it, and I scrambled up an iron ladder to the main deck. All this had happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but such is British pluck, coolness, and nerve even in such a situation that the commander and other officers were on the bridge, and as calmly as if we were on fleet manoeuvres the orders were given and as calmly obeyed.

“The buglers sounded a stiff call which summoned every man to remain at his post. During the first minute or two many of us believed all that was wrong was a boiler explosion, but the rapidity with which the cruiser was making water on the starboard side quickly disabused all our minds of this belief. Realizing the actual situation, the commander gave orders to close all the watertight doors. Soon after that came orders to abandon the ship and get out the boats.

“One cutter was being launched from the port side, but the Hawke at that moment heeled over before the boat could be got clear, and the cutter lurched against the cruiser’s side and stove in one or two of her planks. As the Hawke went down a small pinnace and a raft which had been prepared for such an emergency floated free, but such was the onrush of men who had been thrown into the water that both were overcrowded. On the raft were about seventy men knee deep in water, and the pinnace also appeared to be overfilled.

“When those who managed to make their way into the cutter, which was also in grave danger of being overturned, caught the last glimpse of these two craft they were in a precarious condition. The cutter moved around the wreck, picking up as many survivors as the boat would hold. All those aboard her who had put on lifebelts took them off and threw them to their comrades who were struggling in the water. Oars and other movable woodwork also were pitched overboard to help those clinging to the wreckage, many of whom were seen to sink.”

*The Emden's Last Fight*



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[By the Cable Operator at Cocos Islands.]

KEELING, Cocos Islands, Nov. 12, (Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—It was early on Monday that the unexpected arrival of the German cruiser Emden broke the calm of these isolated little islands, which the distant news of the war had hitherto left unruffled. One of the islands is known as Direction Island, and here the Eastern Telegraph Company has a cable station and a staff engaged in relaying messages between Europe and Australia. Otherwise the inhabitants are all Malays, with the exception of the descendants of June Clunies Ross, a British naval officer who came to these islands ninety years ago and founded the line of “Uncrowned Kings.”

The war seemed to be very far away. The official bulletins passed through the cable station, but they gave us very little real news, and the only excitement was when it was rumored that the company was sending out rifles in case of a raid on the stations, and orders came that the beach must be patrolled by parties on the lookout for Germans. Then we heard from Singapore that a German cruiser had been dispatched to these islands, and toward the end of August one of the cable staff thought he saw searchlights out over the sea. Then suddenly we were awakened from our calm and were made to feel that we had suddenly become the most important place in the whole worldwide war area.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning a four-funneled cruiser arrived at full speed at the entrance to the lagoon. Our suspicions were aroused, for she was flying no flag and her fourth funnel was obviously a dummy made of painted canvas. Therefore we were not altogether surprised at the turn of events. The cruiser at once lowered away an armored launch and two boats, which came ashore and landed on Coral Beach three officers and forty men, all fully armed and having four Maxim guns.

The Germans—for all doubt about the mysterious cruiser was now at end—at once rushed up to the cable station, and, entering the office, turned out the operators, smashed the instruments, and set armed guards over all the buildings. All the knives and firearms found in possession of the cable staff were at once confiscated.

I should say here that, in spite of the excitement on the outside, all the work was carried on in the cable office as usual right up to the moment when the Germans burst in. A general call was sent out just before the wireless apparatus was blown up.

The whole of the staff was placed under an armed guard while the instruments were being destroyed, but it is only fair to say that the Germans, working in well-disciplined fashion under their officers, were most civil. There was no such brutality as we hear characterizes the German Army's behavior toward civilians, and there were no attempts at pillaging.

While the cable station was being put out of action the crew of the launch grappled for the cables and endeavored to cut them, but fortunately without success. The electrical stores were then blown up.



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At 9 A.M. we heard the sound of a siren from the Emden, and this was evidently the signal to the landing party to return to the ship, for they at once dashed for the boats, but the Emden got under way at once and the boats were left behind.

Looking to the eastward, we could see the reason for this sudden departure, for a warship, which we afterward learned was the Australian cruiser Sydney, was coming up at full speed in pursuit. The Emden did not wait to discuss matters, but, firing her first shot at a range of about 3,700 yards, steamed north as hard as she could go.

At first the firing of the Emden seemed excellent, while that of the Sydney was somewhat erratic. This, as I afterward learned, was due to the fact that the Australian cruiser's range-finder was put out of action by one of the only two shots the Germans got home. However, the British gunners soon overcame any difficulties that this may have caused and settled down to their work, so that before long two of the Emden's funnels had been shot away. She also lost one of her masts quite early in the fight. Both blazing away with their big guns, the two cruisers disappeared below the horizon, the Emden being on fire.

After the great naval duel passed from our sight and we could turn our attention to the portion of the German crew that had been left behind, we found that these men had put off in their boats obedient to the signal of the siren, but when their ship steamed off without them they could do nothing else but come ashore again. On relanding they lined up on the shore of the lagoon, evidently determined to fight to the finish if the British cruiser sent a party ashore, but the dueling cruiser had disappeared, and at 6 P.M. the German raiders embarked on the old schooner Ayessa, which belongs to Mr. Ross, the "uncrowned king" of the islands. Seizing a quantity of clothes and stores, they sailed out, and have not been seen since.

Early the next morning, Tuesday, Nov. 10, we saw the Sydney returning, and at 8:45 A.M. she anchored off the island. From various members of the crew I gathered some details of the running fight with the Emden. The Sydney, having an advantage in speed, was able to keep out of range of the Emden's guns and to bombard her with her own heavier metal. The engagement lasted eighty minutes, the Emden finally running ashore on North Keeling Island and becoming an utter wreck.

Only two German shots proved effective. One of these failed to explode, but smashed the main range finder and killed one man. The other killed three men and wounded fourteen.

Each of the cruisers attempted to torpedo the other, but both were unsuccessful, and the duel proved a contest in hard pounding at long range. The Sydney's speed during the fighting was twenty-six knots and the Emden's twenty-four knots, the British ship's superiority of two knots enabling her to choose the range at which the battle should be fought, and to make the most of her superior guns.



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The Sydney left here at 11 A.M. Tuesday in the hope of picking up any of the survivors of the Buresk, the collier that had been in attendance on the Emden and was sunk after an engagement on the previous day. Finally, with a number of wounded prisoners on board, the Sydney left here yesterday, and our few hours of war excitement were over.

### *Crowds See the Niger Sink*

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle.]

DEAL, England, Nov. 11.—By the destruction of the British torpedo gunboat Niger, which was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine in the Downs this afternoon, the realities of war were brought home to the inhabitants of Deal and Walmer.

A loud explosion was heard from the gunboat as she lay off the Deal pier, and great volumes of smoke enveloped the vessel. When the smoke cleared the Niger was observed to be settling down forward. Men, women, and children rushed to the sea front, exclaiming that the vessel had been torpedoed or mined. They soon realized that the Niger was doomed. The Deal and Kingsdown lifeboats as well as boats from other parts of the beach were launched in an effort to save the sailors.

Consternation and almost panic prevailed among the hundreds who stood watching the ghastly sight from the beach. Fortunately, the North Deal galley Hope, commanded by Capt. John Budd, lay at anchor near the spot, waiting to land the pilot from a London steamer which was going down the channel. When the boatmen realized that the Niger had been hit by a submarine or mine, to use their own expression, they rowed like the very devil.

“We saw the sailors,” said Capt. Budd, “jumping from the vessel’s side in dozens. As we neared the fast-disappearing vessel we came upon swarms of men struggling in the sea and heroically helping to support each other. Some were fully dressed, others only partly so. They were clinging to pieces of wreckage and deck furniture, and some were in lifeboats.

“It was a heartrending spectacle. The men were so thick in the water that they grasped at our oars as we dipped them in the sea. We rescued so many and our own boat got so choked that we could not move. With our own gunwale only just out of the water, we were in danger of sinking ourselves.

“We called to the men that we could take no more in or we should sink ourselves, but they continued to pour over the sides, and some hung to the stern of our boat. We had about fifty on board. Never had there been so many in the boat before. One burly sailor, whom we told to wait until the next boat came along, laughingly remarked [Transcriber: original ‘remared’] while he was in the water, ‘All right, Cocky, I will hold on

by my eyebrows,' and he drifted to another galley. Another Deal boat then came along and relieved us of some of our men.



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“Suddenly we heard a shout, and, looking around, saw the commander of the Niger waving and beckoning to us from the stern of the sinking ship. We could not go to him because our craft was so heavily laden. Another galley then came along, and, after taking out some of our men, together with those who were hanging on to our sides, we went closer to the sinking gunboat and took off some more men, and at the Captain’s special request we waited until he took a final look around to see if there were any more men left on board the vessel.

“By this time the ship was very nearly under water, and we shouted to him to hurry up, as the Niger had turned over on her side and was likely to go down at any moment. That brave Captain only just managed to jump in time, when the gunboat gave a lurch and sank on her side in eight fathoms of water. We were proud to rescue that Captain, for he was a true sailor.”

The other boats which picked up men were the Maple Leaf, the motor boat Naru, the Annie, the May, and the Deal lifeboat.

The rescuing party saw one dead sailor floating by.

The majority of those rescued received first aid on being landed at North Deal, and then they were taken in ambulances to the Marine Hospital at Walmer.

One survivor, replying to a question as to whether the Niger was torpedoed or mined, replied:

“Torpedoed, Sir. With the exception of the watch and the gun crews all were below at the time. The first order we received was to close the watertight doors.”

So far as I can ascertain at present only one man is missing. Four or five have been landed at Ramsgate. The crew is said to have numbered ninety-six officers and men.

The sinking of the Niger came with tragic swiftness. It was comparatively a fine, peaceful day, and the people were resting on the promenade enjoying sea and fresh air. Anglers—men and women—were calmly fishing from the pier. One angler whom I interviewed this evening said:

“I had just baited my line and cast it out when I heard two loud reports, like an explosion. I looked seaward and saw the Niger, only a mile away, enveloped in smoke or steam. When it had cleared away. I said to my fellow-anglers, ‘Oh, he is letting off steam! When I looked at her again I was startled to notice that she was lower in the water. Fortunately I had slung across my shoulder a pair of glasses, and, on looking at the vessel through them, I noticed that they were attempting to lower the boats, while the remainder of the crew stood at attention on the deck. We could see that the vessel was sinking, and the lifeboats and other boats were hastening to the rescue.



“The vessel then gradually disappeared, bow first, and after about fifteen minutes not a sign of her remained.”

*Lieut. Weddigen's Own Story*

*By Herbert B. Swope.*

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BERLIN, Sept. 30.—Through the kindness of the German Admiralty I am able to tell exclusively the story of Capt. Lieut. Otto Weddigen, commander of the now world famous submarine U-9, whose feat in destroying three English cruisers has lifted the German Navy to a lofty place in sea history.

There is an inviolable rule in the German Army and Navy prohibiting officers from talking of their exploits, but because of the special nature of Weddigen's exploit an exception was made, and through the good offices of Count von Oppersdorf The World was granted the right of first telling Weddigen's remarkable story.

It must be borne in mind that Lieut. Weddigen's account has been officially announced and verified by German Navy Headquarters. That will explain why certain details must be omitted, since they are of importance if further submarine excursions are undertaken against the British fleet. Following is Weddigen's tale, supplemented by the Admiralty Intelligence Department:

By CAPT. LIEUT. OTTO WEDDIGEN.  
Commander of the German Submarine U-9.

I am 32 years old and have been in the navy for years. For the last five years I have been attached to the submarine flotilla, and have been most interested in that branch of the navy. At the outbreak of the war our undersea boats were rendezvoused at certain harbors in the North Sea, the names of which I am restrained from divulging.

Each of us felt and hoped that the Fatherland might be benefited by such individual efforts of ours as were possible at a time when our bigger sisters of the fleet were prohibited from activity. So we awaited commands from the Admiralty, ready for any undertaking that promised to do for the imperial navy what our brothers of the army were so gloriously accomplishing.

It has already been told how I was married at the home of my brother in Wilhelmshaven to my boyhood sweetheart, Miss Prete of Hamburg, on Aug. 16.

Before that I had been steadily on duty with my boat, and I had to leave again the next day after my marriage. But both my bride and I wanted the ceremony to take place at the appointed time, and it did, although within twenty-four hours thereafter I had to go away on a venture that gave a good chance of making my new wife a widow. But she was as firm as I was that my first duty was to answer the call of our country, and she waved me away from the dock with good-luck wishes.

I set out from a North Sea port on one of the arms of the Kiel Canal and set my course in a southwesterly direction. The name of the port I cannot state officially, but it has been guessed at; nor am I permitted to say definitely just when we started, but it was not many days before the morning of Sept. 22 when I fell in with my quarry.



When I started from home the fact was kept quiet and a heavy sea helped to keep the secret, but when the action began the sun was bright and the water smooth—not the most favorable conditions for submarine work.



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I had sighted several ships during my passage, but they were not what I was seeking. English torpedo boats came within my reach, but I felt there was bigger game further on, so on I went. I traveled on the surface except when we sighted vessels, and then I submerged, not even showing my periscope, except when it was necessary to take bearings. It was ten minutes after 6 on the morning of last Tuesday when I caught sight of one of the big cruisers of the enemy.

I was then eighteen sea miles northwest of the Hook of Holland. I had then traveled considerably more than 200 miles from my base. My boat was one of an old type, but she had been built on honor, and she was behaving beautifully. I had been going ahead partly submerged, with about five feet of my periscope showing. Almost immediately I caught sight of the first cruiser and two others. I submerged completely and laid my course so as to bring up in the centre of the trio, which held a sort of triangular formation. I could see their gray-black sides riding high over the water.

When I first sighted them they were near enough for torpedo work, but I wanted to make my aim sure, so I went down and in on them. I had taken the position of the three ships before submerging, and I succeeded in getting another flash through my periscope before I began action. I soon reached what I regarded as a good shooting point.

[The officer is not permitted to give this distance, but it is understood to have been considerably less than a mile, although the German torpedoes have an effective range of four miles.]

[Illustration: CAPT. KARL VON MULLER Of the German Cruiser Emden (*Photo (C) by American Press Assn.*)]

[Illustration: GEN. JOSEPH JOFFRE The French Commander-in-Chief. (*Photo from International News Service.*)]

Then I loosed one of my torpedoes at the middle ship. I was then about twelve feet under water, and got the shot off in good shape, my men handling the boat as if she had been a skiff. I climbed to the surface to get a sight through my tube of the effect, and discovered that the shot had gone straight and true, striking the ship, which I later learned was the Aboukir, under one of her magazines, which in exploding helped the torpedo's work of destruction.

There was a fountain of water, a burst of smoke, a flash of fire, and part of the cruiser rose in the air. Then I heard a roar and felt reverberations sent through the water by the detonation. She had been broken apart, and sank in a few minutes. The Aboukir had been stricken in a vital spot and by an unseen force; that made the blow all the greater.

Her crew were brave, and even with death staring them in the face kept to their posts, ready to handle their useless guns, for I submerged at once. But I had stayed on top

long enough to see the other cruisers, which I learned were the Cressy and the Hogue, turn and steam full speed to their dying sister, whose plight they could not understand, unless it had been due to an accident.



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The ships came on a mission of inquiry and rescue, for many of the Aboukir's crew were now in the water, the order having been given, "Each man for himself."

But soon the other two English cruisers learned what had brought about the destruction so suddenly.

As I reached my torpedo depth I sent a second charge at the nearest of the oncoming vessels, which was the Hogue. The English were playing my game, for I had scarcely to move out of my position, which was a great aid, since it helped to keep me from detection.

On board my little boat the spirit of the German Navy was to be seen in its best form. With enthusiasm every man held himself in check and gave attention to the work in hand.

The attack on the Hogue went true. But this time I did not have the advantageous aid of having the torpedo detonate under the magazine, so for twenty minutes the Hogue lay wounded and helpless on the surface before she heaved, half turned over and sank.

But this time, the third cruiser knew of course that the enemy was upon her and she sought as best she could to defend herself. She loosed her torpedo defense batteries on boats, starboard and port, and stood her ground as if more anxious to help the many sailors who were in the water than to save herself. In common with the method of defending herself against a submarine attack, she steamed in a zigzag course, and this made it necessary for me to hold my torpedoes until I could lay a true course for them, which also made it necessary for me to get nearer to the Cressy. I had come to the surface for a view and saw how wildly the fire was being sent from the ship. Small wonder that was when they did not know where to shoot, although one shot went unpleasantly near us.

When I got within suitable range I sent away my third attack. This time I sent a second torpedo after the first to make the strike doubly certain. My crew were aiming like sharpshooters and both torpedos went to their bullseye. My luck was with me again, for the enemy was made useless and at once began sinking by her head. Then she careened far over, but all the while her men stayed at the guns looking for their invisible foe. They were brave and true to their country's sea traditions. Then she eventually suffered a boiler explosion and completely turned turtle. With her keel uppermost she floated until the air got out from under her and then she sank with a loud sound, as if from a creature in pain.

The whole affair had taken less than one hour from the time of shooting off the first torpedo until the Cressy went to the bottom. Not one of the three had been able to use any of its big guns. I knew the wireless of the three cruisers had been calling for aid. I was still quite able to defend myself, but I knew that news of the disaster would call

many English submarines and torpedo boat destroyers, so, having done my appointed work, I set my course for home.



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My surmise was right, for before I got very far some British cruisers and destroyers were on the spot, and the destroyers took up the chase. I kept under water most of the way, but managed to get off a wireless to the German fleet that I was heading homeward and being pursued. I hoped to entice the enemy, by allowing them now and then a glimpse of me, into the zone in which they might be exposed to capture or destruction by German warships, but, although their destroyers saw me plainly at dusk on the 22d and made a final effort to stop me, they abandoned the attempt, as it was taking them too far from safety and needlessly exposing them to attack from our fleet and submarines.

How much they feared our submarines and how wide was the agitation caused by good little U-9 is shown by the English reports that a whole flotilla of German submarines had attacked the cruisers and that this flotilla had approached under cover of the flag of Holland.

These reports were absolutely untrue. U-9 was the only submarine on deck, and she flew the flag she still flies—the German naval ensign—which I hope to keep forever as a glorious memento and as an inspiration for devotion to the Fatherland.

I reached the home port on the afternoon of the 23d, and on the 24th went to Wilhelmshaven, to find that news of my effort had become public. My wife, dry eyed when I went away, met me with tears. Then I learned that my little vessel and her brave crew had won the plaudit of the Kaiser, who conferred upon each of my co-workers the Iron Cross of the second class and upon me the Iron Cross of the first and second classes.

[Weddigen is the hero of the hour in Germany. He also wears a medal for life-saving. Counting himself, Weddigen had twenty-six men. The limit of time that his ship is capable of staying below the surface is about six hours.]

## THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

By O.C.A. CHILD.

You need not watch for silver in your hair,  
Or try to smooth the wrinkles from your eyes,  
Or wonder if you're getting quite too spare,  
Or if your mount can bear a man your size.

You'll never come to shirk the fastest flight,  
To query if she really cares to dance,  
To find your eye less keen upon the sight,  
Or lose your tennis wrist or golfing stance.



For you the music ceased on highest note—  
Your charge had won, you'd scattered them like sand,  
And then a little whisper in your throat,  
And you asleep, your cheek upon your hand.

Thrice happy fate, you met it in full cry,  
Young, eager, loved, your glitt'ring world all joy—  
You ebbed not out, you died when tide was high,  
An old campaigner envies you, my boy!

*The War at Home*

*How It Affects the Countries Whose Men Are At the Front.*

*The Effects of War in Four Countries*



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By Irvin S. Cobb.

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES [Transcriber: original 'TMIES'], Dec. 2, 1914.]

*[The following story of conditions in Belgium, Germany, France, Holland, and England was sent by Irvin S. Cobb of The Saturday Evening Post to the American [Transcriber: original 'Aerican'] Red Cross, to be used in bringing home to Americans urgent need for relief in the countries affected by the great war. Red Cross contributions for suffering non-combatants are received at the Red Cross offices in the Russell Sage Foundation Building, 130 East Twenty-second Street. Such contributions should be addressed to Jacob H. Schiff, Treasurer, and, if desired, the giver can designate the country to the relief of which he wishes the donation applied.]*

Recently I have been in four of the countries concerned in the present war—Belgium, France, Germany, and England. I was also in Holland, having traversed it from end to end within a week after the fall of Antwerp, when every road coming up out of the south was filled with Belgian refugees.

In Belgium I saw this:

Homeless men, women, and children by thousands and hundreds of thousands. Many of them had been prosperous, a few had been wealthy, practically all had been comfortable. Now, with scarcely an exception, they stood all upon one common plane of misery. They had lost their homes, their farms, their work-shops, their livings, and their means of making livings.

I saw them tramping aimlessly along wind-swept, rain-washed roads, fleeing from burning and devastated villages. I saw them sleeping in open fields upon the miry earth, with no cover and no shelter. I saw them herded together in the towns and cities to which many of them ultimately fled, existing God alone knows how. I saw them—ragged, furtive scarecrows—prowling in the shattered ruins of their homes, seeking salvage where there was no salvage to be found. I saw them living like the beasts of the field, upon such things as the beasts of the field would reject.

I saw them standing in long lines waiting for their poor share of the dole of a charity which already was nearly exhausted. I saw their towns when hardly one stone stood upon another. I saw their abandoned farm lands, where the harvests rotted in the furrows and the fruit hung mildewed and ungathered upon the trees. I saw their cities where trade was dead and credit was a thing which no longer existed. I saw them staggering from weariness and from the weakness of hunger. I saw all these sights repeated and multiplied infinitely—yes, and magnified, too—but not once did I see a man or woman or even a child that wept or cried out.



If the Belgian soldiers won the world's admiration by the resistance which they made against tremendously overpowering numbers, the people of Belgium—the families of their soldiers—should have the world's admiration and pity for the courage, the patience, and the fortitude they have displayed under the load of an affliction too dolorous for any words to describe, too terrible for any imagination to picture.



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In France I saw a pastoral land overrun by soldiers and racked by war until it seemed the very earth would cry out for mercy. I saw a country literally stripped of its men in order that the regiments might be filled. I saw women hourly striving to do the ordained work of their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, hourly piecing together the jarred and broken fragments of their lives. I saw countless villages turned into smoking, filthy, ill-smelling heaps of ruins. I saw schools that were converted into hospitals and factories changed into barracks.

I saw the industries that were abandoned and the shops that were bare of customers, the shopkeepers standing before empty shelves looking bankruptcy in the face. I saw the unburied dead lying between battle lines, where for weeks they had lain, and where for weeks, and perhaps months to come, they would continue to lie, and I saw the graves of countless numbers of other dead who were so hurriedly and carelessly buried that their limbs in places protruded through the soil, poisoning the air with hideous smells and giving abundant promise of the pestilence which must surely follow. I saw districts noted for their fecundity on the raw edge of famine, and a people proverbial for their light-heartedness who had forgotten how to smile.

In Germany I saw innumerable men maimed and mutilated in every conceivable fashion. I saw these streams of wounded pouring back from the front endlessly. In two days I saw trains bearing 14,000 wounded men passing through one town. I saw people of all classes undergoing privations and enduring hardships in order that the forces at the front might have food and supplies. I saw thousands of women wearing widow's weeds, and thousands of children who had been orphaned.

I saw great hosts of prisoners of war on their way to prison camps, where in the very nature of things they must forego all hope of having for months, and perhaps years, those small creature comforts which make life endurable to a civilized human being. I saw them, crusted with dirt, worn with incredible exertions, alive with crawling vermin, their uniforms already in tatters, and their broken shoes falling off their feet.

On the day before I quit German soil—the war being then less than three months old—I counted, in the course of a short ride through the City of Aix-la-Chapelle two convalescent soldiers who were totally blind, three who had lost an arm, and one, a boy of 18 or thereabout, who had lost both arms. How many men less badly injured I saw in that afternoon I do not know; I hesitate even to try to estimate the total figure for fear I might be accused of exaggeration.

In Holland I saw the people of an already crowded country wrestling valorously with the problem of striving to feed and house and care for the enormous numbers of penniless refugees who had come out of Belgium. I saw worn-out groups of peasants huddled on railroad platforms and along the railroad tracks, too weary to stir another step.



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In England I saw still more thousands of these refugees, bewildered, broken by misfortune, owning only what they wore upon their backs, speaking an alien tongue, strangers in a strange land. I saw, as I have seen in Holland, people of all classes giving of their time, their means, and their services to provide some temporary relief for these poor wanderers who were without a country. I saw the new recruits marching off, and I knew that for the children many of them were leaving behind there would be no Santa Claus unless the American people out of the fullness of their own abundance filled the Christmas stockings and stocked the Christmas larders.

And seeing these things, I realized how tremendous was the need for organized and systematic aid then and how enormously that need would grow when Winter came—when the soldiers shivered in the trenches, and the hospital supplies ran low, as indeed they have before now begun to run low, and the winds searched through the holes made by the cannon balls and struck at the women and children cowering in their squalid and desolated homes. From my own experiences and observations I knew that more nurses, more surgeons, more surgical necessities, and yet more, past all calculating, would be sorely needed when the plague and famine and cold came to take their toll among armies that already were thinned by sickness and wounds.

The American Red Cross, by the terms of the Treaty of Geneva, gives aid to the invalided and the injured soldiers of any army and all the armies. If any small word from me, attempting to describe actual conditions, can be of value to the American Red Cross in its campaign of mercy, I write it gladly. I wish only that I had the power to write lines which would make the American people see the situation as it is now—which would make them understand how infinitely worse that situation must surely become during the next few months.

*How Paris Dropped Gayety*

*By Anne Rittenhouse.*

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES, Sept. 23, 1914.]

On Friday night the Grand Boulevards were alive with people, motors, voitures, singing, dancing, and each cafe thronged by the gayest light hearts in the world.

On Saturday night the boulevards were thronged with growling, ominous, surging crowds, with faces like those of the Commune, speaking strong words for and against war.

On Sunday night mobs tore down signs, broke windows, shouted the “Marseillaise,” wreaked their vengeance on those who belonged to a nation that France thought had plunged their country into ghastly war. Aliens sought shelter; hotels closed their massive doors intended for defense. Mounted troops corralled the mobs as cowboys

round up belligerent cattle. Detached groups smashed and mishandled things that came in the way.

Monday night a calm so intense that one felt frightened. Boulevards deserted, cafes closed, hotels shuttered. Patrols of the Civil Garde in massed formation. France was keeping her pledge to high civilization. Yellow circulars were pasted on the buildings warning all that France was in danger and appealing by that token to all male citizens to guard the women and the weak.



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At daylight only was the dead silence broken; France was marching to war at that hour. Will any one who was here forget that daily daybreak tramp, that measured march of the thousands going to the front? Cavalry with the sun striking the helmets; infantry with their scarlet overcoats too large; aviators with their boxed machines, the stormy petrels of modern war; and the dogs, veritably the dogs of war, going on the humanest mission of all, to search for the wounded in the woods of battle.

And, side by side with the marching millions, on the pavement, were the women belonging to them; the women who were to stay behind.

As though the Judgment Trumpet had sounded, France was changed in the twinkling of an eye. And added to that subconscious terror that lurked in every American soul of another revolution—a terror that was dispelled after the third day when France reached out her long arm and mobilized her people into a strong component whole with but one heart, was an inexplicable dread of this terrible calm.

We knew about trained armies going to war, but here was a situation where the Biblical description of the Last Day was carried out, the man at the wheel dropped his work and was taken; he who was at the plowshare left his furrow....

First we were afraid we would not have enough to eat. A famine was prophesied, and the credulous who know nothing of the vast sources which supply France with food clamored to get to England. Then there were frenzied stories of hotels closing and prices soaring. None of which happened or had any chance of happening. Food was never better, and today we have fruit that melts in the mouth; fish that swims in the sauce, the lack of which Talleyrand deplored in England; little green string beans that no other country produces or knows how to cook.

Prices never rose for the fraction of a sou. If one had a credit at a hotel, all was well, but unless one had ready money in small notes, none of the restaurants would accept an order. Here, and here only, was a snag concerning food. It is true that women went for twenty-four hours without food, but the reason was the lack of small change, not of eatables.

After the panic caused by a thousand rumors annexed to a dozen disheartening and revolutionary conditions, after the people felt that the Commune was the figment of imagination, not inspired prophecy; that money was getting easier; that, above all, America was looking after its own, though her move toward that end seemed to take months instead of days, and because we counted by heart-beats, not calendars; after all this, we found time and interest to observe the phenomena around us. We began to feel ashamed of our petty madness on the worldly subject of money and ships and safe passage home; our passionate, twentieth century, overindulged selves who were neither fighting nor giving our beloveds in battle, and who were harassing those who were in a death struggle. Never throughout the centuries to come, whether the map of

Europe is changed or not, should the stranger within her gates ever forget the courtesy of Paris.



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At night powerful searchlights backed up by artillery guard the city from the monster of the air.

This is fiction come true. It is Conan Doyle, Kipling, Wells come to measure. From the moment of sunset until sunrise those comets with an orbit patrol the skies. Pointing with blazing fingers to the moon and the stars, to the horizon, they proclaim that Paris watches while her people sleep.

The idea has given comfort to thousands. You, in your safe, tranquil homes, cannot know the pleasure it gives to look out of the window in the wakeful nights and watch those wheeling comets circling, circling to catch the Zeppelin that may come.

And behind the light is the gun. Rooftop artillery! The new warfare! On the roof of the fashionable Automobile Club on the Place de la Concorde the little blue firing guns wheel with the blazing fingers. Always ready to send shot and shell into a bulging speck in the sky that does not return the luminous signals. So on the roof of the Observatoire, so on the encircling environs; sometimes three, sometimes six, they are always going. People stand in the streets to watch, hypnotized by the moment into horizon gazing. There will be a speck in the sky; people grow tense; the comet catches it; is that wigwagging on the roof, those challenges in fire, returned? No. The speck passes; we breathe again. And so it goes: a ceaseless centre of interest. It is the novelty of the world war.

The highest artillery in the world is on the Eiffel Tower. At its dizzy top, pointing to the sky, are machine guns that are trained to fire at an enemy's balloon. It is an answer to the prayer of the people that these guns have not yet been used.

But it is not only in the artillery on the top of the Eiffel Tower that interest centres; it is in the wireless that sends the messages to land and sea, safeguarding armies and navies, patrolling the earth and water. Strange, isn't it, that the plaything of a nation has become its safeguard?

That was a stirring day when Paris sang "God Save the King." Gen. French arrived from London, coming quietly to confer with M. Viviani, the Minister for War, and with President Poincare. He was the first English General to come to the aid of France since Cromwell commissioned the British Ambassador to go to the aid of Anne of Austria. And the French heart responded as only it can; the people stood, with raised hats, in quadruple rows wherever he passed, as English, French, and foreign voices sang a benediction to Britain's King. History was made there.

That night Gen. French dined at the Ritz among a few friends. Even the newspapers seemed not to know it, and those of us who had the good chance to be there enjoyed him at leisure. He wore his field uniform of khaki in strong contrast to the French Generals, who are always in glittering gold, although he represents an empire and they



a republic. He is an admirable looking soldier, somewhat small of stature, firmly knit, bronzed, white haired, blue eyed, calm. He spoke of their responsibilities without exaggeration or amelioration. He did not make light of the task before his soldiers, and his grave manner seemed a prophecy of that terrible fight near Mons, above the French frontier, which was so soon to take place and where English blood was freely spilled for France's sake.



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Another day that we shall be glad we saw when it is written into the narrative history of this Summer by some future *Mme. Sevigne*, was when the first German flag arrived. Before it came, two soldiers exhibited a German frontier post in front of a cafe on the boulevard, which started the excitement, but the reception of the flag by the Government and its placement in the Invalides, where is Napoleon's tomb, was an hour of dramatic tenseness.

The only music heard in Paris since the first day of August, the day of mobilization, accompanied this flag to its resting place along with those historic relics of former French victories. The procession went over the Alexander Bridge, that superb structure dedicated in honor of the Russian Czar, whose son is now fulfilling his pledge of friendship to France. The flag was met at the Invalides by the old soldiers who bore medals of the Franco-Prussian war. In the solemn inclosure, where all stood at salute, the veterans stood with lances. The flag was presented to an old sick soldier, who stumped forward on a wooden leg, his breast covered with the medals of the Crimea and the Italian campaign. He received it for France, and when it was placed over the organ, the listening crowds that jammed the Place des Invalides heard the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the cracked old voices first, then by the sturdier younger voices, and so it joined in, this vast concourse of solemn listeners.

France has gone into this war with the spirit of the Crusaders, but the spirit of French wit cannot be repressed even under the most terrifying conditions. So after the news of the superhuman effort made by that national baby, Belgium, in detaining the huge German forces for many days, there was a placard on one of the gates at the station, placed there by some gay refugee, saying that a train de luxe would leave for Berlin the next day.

It tickled the sensibilities of travelers very much, and it gave rise to the sale of postcards by an enterprising soul. These cards gave one the right, so they said, of a daily train to Berlin to visit the tomb of Guillame. They were bought by the thousands as souvenirs of the war and as one of the few things that caused a smile in this saddened city.

Another incident that amused the people was the remark of a young soldier who had single-handed taken some German prisoners, and who, when asked whether he had done it by the revolver or the bayonet, answered that he had only held out a slice of bread and butter and the Germans had followed him.

Amusement and irritation followed the order that all telephoning must be done in French. The sensation produced depended on the temperament of the person. Certainly queer things were said over the lines, and no one could blame the "Allo girl" for laughing. The majority of Americans took it in good part by saying that it was a French lesson for five cents.



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Another accomplishment that has been furthered in Paris during the last three weeks is bicycle riding. With the paucity of transportation some means of getting over the magnificent distances of this city had to be found. So people who could ride rented bicycles, and those who had not learned began to take lessons. The girls who work, and those who go on errands for the Croix Rouge, wear a most attractive costume of pale blue or violet. It has a short divided skirt, a slim blouse with blue-and-white striped collar; there is a small hat to match, and the young cyclists whirling around on their missions of mercy are a pleasant sight for very sad eyes.

*Paris in October*

[From The London Times, Oct. 21, 1914.]

PARIS, Oct. 19.

The more one studies the life of Paris at the present time, and especially its patriotic and benevolent activities, the more is one impressed by the unanimous determination of its inhabitants to face whatever may befall and to make the best of things. It is difficult to realize at first sight how completely, in the hour of trial, the traditional light-heartedness of the Parisian has been translated to a fine simplicity of courage and devotion to the common cause and to a high seriousness of patriotism. There is something splendidly impressive and stimulating in the spectacle of civilization's most sensitive culture suddenly confronted by the stern realities of a life-and-death struggle, and responding unanimously to the call of duty. Without hesitation or complaint, Paris has put away childish things, her toys, her luxury, and her laughter; today her whole life reflects only fixed purposes of united effort, of courage never, never to submit or yield, and this splendid determination is all the more significant for being undemonstrative and almost silent.

We English people, who, observing chiefly the surface life of the French capital, have generally been disposed to regard the Parisian temperament as mutable and often impatient of adversity, must now make our confession of error and the amende honorable; for nothing could be more admirable than the attitude of all classes of the community in their stoic acceptance of the sacrifices and sufferings imposed upon them by this war at their gates. Especially striking is the philosophic acquiescence of the city, accustomed to know and to discuss all things, in the impenetrable [Transcriber: original 'impentable'] veil of secrecy which conceals the movements and the fortunes of the French armies in the field. Go where you will, even among those of the very poor who have lost their breadwinners, and you will hear few criticisms and no complaints. The little midinette thrown out of employment, the shopkeeper faced with ruin, the artist reduced to actual want—they also are in the fighting line, and they are proud of it. The women of the thrifty middle class consider it just as much their duty to devote their savings of years to the common cause as their husbands and brothers do to bear arms against the enemy; only in the last extremity of need do they make appeal to the

“Secours National” for assistance. And when they do, they are well content to live on a maintenance allowance of 1s. a day and 5d. for every child.



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The other Sunday morning at the hour of mass, when two German aeroplanes were engaged in their genial occupation of throwing bombs over the residential and business quarters of the city, I assisted at several sidewalk conversations in the district lying between the Madeleine and the Rue de Rivoli. Nowhere did I find the least sign of excitement. Indeed, there was curiously little interest shown as to the results of the explosions in that neighborhood; only a grim acceptance of this daily visitation as something to be added to the score in the final day of reckoning and some expression of surprise that the French aeroplanes (supposed to be constantly on the alert for these visitors) should not have found some means of putting an end to the nuisance. At the same time I heard several spectators express their admiration of the German aviators' courage and appreciation of the ease and grace with which they handled their beautiful machines. In the cafes that evening, when the full list of the casualties and damage had been published, one heard a good deal of criticism, seasoned with Attic salt, on the subject of the belated appearance of the French aeroplanes on the scene, and hopes that the boulevards might soon be rewarded by the spectacle of a duel in the air. They seem to think they have earned it.

But in the afternoon all Paris was out—in the Jarden des Tuileries, in the Bois, at Vincennes, basking in the sunshine of a glorious Autumn day, Madame et Bebe bravely making the best of it in the absence of Monsieur. (Not that Monsieur is always absent; the proportion of men in the crowd, and men of serviceable age, was considerably larger than one might have expected.) If the object of the German aviators is to instill terror into the hearts of the Parisians they are wasting their time and their bombs.

Those people in London who complain about not being able to get supper after the theatre, and other minor disturbances of their even tenor of existence, should spend a few days in Paris. They would observe how easily a community may learn to do without many things, and how the lesson itself becomes a moral tonic, unmistakably stimulating in its effects.

Paris is reminded every morning of duty and discipline when it begins by doing without its beloved petits pains and croissants for breakfast, the order having gone forth that bakers, being short-handed, are to make only pain de menage. Similarly, because the majority of journalists and popular writers are under arms, Paris does without its accustomed daily refreshment of ephemeral literature, its comic and illustrated press, its literary and artistic causeries, its feuilletons, and chroniques. It does without its theatres, its music halls, without politics, art, and social amenities, without barbers, florists, and motor cars, partly because there are not men enough to keep these things going, and partly because, even if there were, la patrie comes first, so that thrifty self-denial has become the duty of every good citizen. If the telephone breaks down, (as it usually does,) there is no one to repair it, so the subscriber goes without; if the trains and trams cease running on regular schedules the Parisian accepts the fact and stays at home.



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In normal times life is made up of the sum of little things, but at great moments the little things cease to count. How true this is in Paris today one may judge from the correspondence and records of the "Secours National"; they reveal an intense and widespread impulse of personal pride in self-denial, and prove that the heart of the Parisian bourgeoisie is sound to the core.

To a foreigner, accustomed to the Paris of literary and artistic traditions, perhaps the most remarkable feature in the life of the city today lies in the absence of articulate public opinion, and apparently of public interest, in everything outside the immediate issues of the war. With one or two exceptions, such as the Temps and the Debats, the press of the capital practically confines itself to recording the events and progress of the campaign; nothing else matters. So far as Paris is concerned, all the rest of the world, from China to Peru, might be non-existent. Neither the political nor the economic consequences of the war are seriously examined or discussed; the sole business of the newspapers consists in supplementing, to the best of their abilities, the meagre war news supplied through official channels. Some interest attaches, of course, to the attitude of Italy; but, beyond that, all things sublunary seem to have faded into a remote distance of unreality—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

The explanation [Transcriber: original 'explaantion'] of this attitude of complete detachment lies, no doubt, chiefly in the fact that the men who make and exchange political opinions have gone to Bordeaux, while most of those who create and guide public (as distinct from political) opinion, have exchanged the pen for the sword. Just as Paris, for want of bakers, has only one kind of bread, so, for want of the men who usually inspire public opinion, her press has concentrated upon one absorbing idea, *ecraser les allemands*. Moreover, for want of printers and of advertisers, most of the daily papers have now dwindled to microscopic proportions. The virile intelligence of Paris journalism and the nimble and adventurous inquisitiveness, which are its normally distinguishing characteristics, have gone, like everything else, to the front. As the editor of the *Gil Blas* says in a farewell poster to his subscribers: "Youth has only one duty to perform in these days. Our chief and all the staff have joined the colors. Whenever events shall permit, *Gil Blas* will resume its cheerful way. *A bien-tot.*"

*France and England As Seen in War Time*

*An Interview With F. Hopkinson Smith.*

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE, Dec. 6, 1914.]

F. Hopkinson Smith was in France when the war broke out, he spent September in London, and is now back in New York. He has brought home many sketches. Not sketches which suggest war in the least, but which were made with the thought of the war lurking in the background.



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“Curiously enough,” he said, without waiting for any opening question from THE TIMES reporter—Mr. Smith often interviews himself—“curiously enough, I was on my way to Rheims to make a sketch of the Cathedral when the war broke out. I had started out to make a series of sketches of the great European cathedrals. Not etchings, but charcoal sketches.

“Let me say here, too, that cathedrals for the most part ought not to be etched. You lose too many shadows, though you gain in line; but in the etching you have to cross-hatch so heavily with ink that the result is just ink, and not shadow at all. Charcoal gives you depth and transparency. I was eager to do a series of the cathedrals, as I had done a series for the Dickens and Thackeray books, and had planned to give my, entire Summer to it.

“I had been in London for some time. I had sketched in Westminster, in St. Bartholomew’s. Everything peaceful and quiet. It seems now as if we ought to have felt—all of us, the people on the streets, I, shopkeepers, every one—the approach of this tremendous war. But we didn’t, of course. No one in England had the faintest suspicion that this terrible inhuman thing was going to happen.

“I went on to France. I sketched Notre Dame, over which they exploded shells a month or so later. I did some work in the beautiful St. Etienne. I sauntered down into South Normandy and was stopping for a little color work at the Inn of William the Conqueror before going on to Rheims.”

These water colors of French farms, French inns, and French gardens are glimpses caught at the very eleventh hour before France put on a totally different aspect.

“The war broke out. There at the quiet little French inn everything suddenly changed color. It was quick, it was quiet. There was a complete change in the snap of a finger. All the chauffeurs and the porters and the waiters—men who had been there for years and with whom we who visit there Summer after Summer have grown familiar—suddenly stopped work, gave up their jobs, were turned into soldiers. One hardly recognized them.

“We were all stunned. I realized that I could not go on to Rheims, that I probably should not get down into Italy. I scarcely realized at first what that meant. I could not conceive, none of us could conceive,” Mr. Smith exploded violently, “that any one, under any necessity whatsoever, should lay hands on the Rheims Cathedral. It’s too monstrous! The world will never forgive it, never!

“The world is divided, I tell you! It is not a Double Alliance and a Triple Entente; it is not a Germany and a Russia and a United States and an Italy and an England. That is not the division of the world just now. There are two sides, and only two sides. There is

barbarism on the one hand, civilization on the other; there is brutality and there is humanity. And humanity is going to win, but the sacrifices are awful—awful!”



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“How about the feeling in France, Mr. Smith?”

“I can’t tell you how overwhelmingly pathetic it is—the sight of these brave Frenchmen. Every one has remarked it. Once and for all the tradition that the French are an excitable, emotional people with no grip on their passions and no rein on their impulses—that fiction is dead for all time.

“I saw that whole first act of France’s drama. I saw the French people stand still on that first day and take breath. Then I saw France set to work. She was unprepared, but she was ready in spirit. There was no excitement, there were no demonstrations. The men climbed into their trains without any exhibitions of patriotism, without any outbursts. There were many women crying quietly, with children huddled about their skirts.

“The spirit of England is different, but there is the same lack of excitement. I chartered a motor bus when the war broke out and got to Paris, and then went back to London, where I sketched for a month, saw my friends, and talked war.

“Making sketches in war time is very different, by the way, from making sketches in time of peace. It is a business full of possibilities, when all manner of spy suspicions are afloat. I made up my mind to do a sketch of the Royal Exchange. Not as I should have done it a year before, mind you, nor even three months before, but now, with the thought of bomb-dropping Zeppelins in the back of my mind. It occurred to me when I was hurrying along one rainy evening in a taxi past the Stock Exchange, the Globe Insurance, the Bank of England. Everywhere cabs drawn up along the curbing, cabs slipping past, people, great moving crowds of people with their umbrellas up, moving off down Threadneedle and Victoria.

“A lot of human life and some very beautiful architecture and a good part of the world’s business, all concentrated here. And I thought to myself what might happen should the cultured Germans get as far as London, and should the defenders of the world’s civilization drop a bomb down into the heart of things here. I pictured to myself what havoc could be wrought.

“And I thought, too, of places like Southwark. Ever been in Southwark? Horrible. A year before, when I was making the sketches for my Dickens book, I spent a great deal of time in the Southwark section. Now, with the prospect of Zeppelins, I thought again of Southwark. A bomb in a Southwark street! Good Lord, can you imagine the horror of it! There fifty or sixty families are packed into a single tenement, and the houses in their turn are packed one against the next along streets so narrow that the buildings seem to be nodding to each other, touching foreheads almost. Desperately poor people, children swarming every moment of the day and night up and down these dark stairways, up and down these hideously dark streets. Now drop a bomb in the midst of it all. That is what Englishmen are thinking of now.



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“I didn’t go over into Southwark; I couldn’t stand it. The next day I went back to the Stock Exchange to make my sketch. I’ve done sketches in London before—every nook and cranny of it—but this time I felt a little nervous when I got there with my umbrella and my little tools. But I managed it. I said to the bobby, I said—”

And then Mr. Smith, getting up from his chair and relapsing into the frown that always means he is going to tell a story, showed how he managed it. It is impossible to reproduce Mr. Smith’s inimitable manner.

“‘Are you, now?’ said I.

“‘Well, ‘ow can I tell?’ said he.

“‘But if you’re the excellent English bobby that I believe you to be,’ said I, ‘you’ll see at once that I’m an honest American artist just here to do a little sketching.’

“‘I tell you,’ said he. W’y don’t you just pop hup and see ‘Is Lordship the Mayor?’

“And so I did pop up and I told the Lord Mayor my troubles, and he waved me a hearty wave of his hand and said he’d do anything to oblige an American, and I came down again, and here was the bobby still very upright but watching my approach from the tail of his eye. And I pretended I had never seen him, but as I went past I slipped him a cigar, and when I passed back again he twinkled his eye. Stuck between the buttons of his coat, there being no other place, was my fat cigar.

“I made my sketch of the Royal Exchange. I want Americans to see what can happen if His Imperial Lowness over on the Continent sees fit to send his Zeppelins to England. Not being big enough nor strong enough to injure England vitally, he can take this method of injury, he can injure women and children and maim horses, destroy business and works of art and blow up the congested districts.

“We have seen what the Savior of the World’s Culture could do in France and Belgium; it is small wonder that all England has in the back of her head surmises as to what he might accomplish if some of his air craft crossed the Channel. By which I do not mean to say that the English are apprehensive. They are not nervous. I have spent more than a month with them, among my own friends, learning the general temper of the country.

“There are no demonstrations, there is no boasting, no display. London is much the same as it always was. At night London is darkened, in accordance with the order of Oct. 9, but that is about all the difference. It is so dark that you can hardly get up Piccadilly, but London takes her amusements about as usual. The theatres are not overcrowded, but neither are they empty. For luncheons and for dinners Prince’s is full, the Carlton is full. The searchlights are playing over the city looking for those

Zeppelins. That is a new wrinkle to me; the idea of blinding the men up there at the wheel with a powerful light is a good one.



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“These Englishmen have their teeth set. They know perfectly well that they are fighting for their existence. All this talk of the necessity of drumming up patriotism in England is bosh. England has no organized publicity bureau such as Germany, and in contrast she may have seemed quiet to the point of apathy. But don't fancy that Englishmen are apathetic. They are slow and they are sure. They are just beginning to realize that they have these fellows by the back of the necks. Before I left London I saw every day in the Temple Gardens, down by the Embankment, that steady drill of thousands of young men in straw hats, yellow shoes, and business suits. I felt their spirit.

“There is a great fundamental difference between the spirit of Germany and the spirit of the Allies, and the whole world has recognized it. With the Allies there has been no boasting, even now when they realize that the top is reached and this war is on the down grade. There is determination, but there is no cock-sureness, no goose-step. There is no insolence.

“Why, in the last analysis, is the whole world against Germany? Because of her insufferable insolence. It is an insolence which has been fairly bred in the bone of every German soldier. I can give you a little concrete instance. My daughter-in-law had been serving in one of the Paris hospitals ever since the war broke out. She was finally placed on a committee which was to meet the trainloads of wounded soldiers when they first arrived.

“In one of the cars one day there was a wounded officer, a German. He spoke no French, and a young French Lieutenant, very courteous, was trying to make him understand something. My daughter, too, had no success. Finally a young German, a common soldier who was in the same car, said to this German officer: ‘I am an Alsatian; I can interpret for you.’

“‘How dare you!’ And the German officer turned to him in perfect fury. ‘How do you, a common soldier, dare to speak to me, an officer!’ And with that he struck the Alsatian full in the face with what little strength he had left.

“Now there is an example of the attitude to which the German military has been trained.

“On another occasion, when a French officer, after one of the battles, came courteously to the commanding German officer of the division and said, ‘Sir, you are my prisoner,’ the German spat in his face. That is all very dramatic and you may say that he showed much spirit, but you could hardly call it a sporting spirit, surely not a civilized spirit.

“It is this domineering spirit that the whole world is resenting. Nothing that Germany can do through her well-organized press agents can conceal that insolence which has been a continuous policy for many years. American opinion is almost unanimous in its opposition to Germany for this one reason.



“Sir Gilbert Parker recently sent me a whole bundle of papers asking me to judge England’s case fairly and ask my friends in America to do the same. I wrote back and asked him: ‘Why do you waste stamps sending evidence to America? America has the evidence, and if there has been any anti-English feeling in America, von Bernstorff and Dernburg long since demolished it.’



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“The world has never witnessed anything so far-reaching as this policy of insolence. Men who in daily life are cultured and fine, whose ideals are high and noble, who have achieved names for themselves in literature, art, and science—we all have many friends among them—have become unconsciously tinctured with this policy. They are intelligent men, but, by the gods, when they get on this subject of Germany’s place in the sun, they become paranoiacs! This idea of their pre-eminence has become a disease with Germany. Germany is actually sick with it, and the medicine that will cure her will be pretty bitter.

“I see that George Bernard Shaw presumes to announce that this policy of insolence, this extreme militarism, has been just as prominent in England and in France. Mr. Shaw is great fun and very wise about a lot of things; moreover, he has lived in England a great deal longer than I have, but just the same he is dead wrong when he makes such a statement. I have many old friends in the army and the navy, many in politics, and some of them are of the pronounced soldier, the militarist type. Not one of them would ever dare to write such a book as Bernhardt has written, and I don’t believe there’s one of them that would take any stock in a man like Nietzsche. Mr. Shaw is dead wrong here; worse than that, he is writing nonsense.

“We live from day to day hoping that the end will be the absolute annihilation of the militarist principle, this get-off-the-earth attitude.

“And what has all this,” concluded Mr. Smith suddenly, “to do with art? I’m sure I don’t know. No one is thinking about art now.”

“But you haven’t told me where your sympathies are in this war, Mr. Smith.”

“Hey? I don’t have any sympathies, as you see. I’m neutral as President Wilson bids me be; I don’t care who licks Germany, not even if it is Japan.”

*The Helpless Victims*

*By Mrs. Nina Larrey Duryee.*

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES, Sept. 9, 1914.]

Hotel Windsor.

DINARD, France, Sept. 1, 1914.

*To the Editor of The New York Times:*

This is written in great haste to catch the rare boat to England. The author is an American woman, who has spent nine happy Summers in this beautiful corner of



France, where thousands of her compatriots have likewise enjoyed Brittany's kindly hospitality.

Yesterday I saw issuing through St. Malo's eleventh century gates 300 Belgian refugees, headed by our Dinard Mayor, M. Cralard. I try to write calmly of that procession of the half-starved, terror-ridden throng, but with the memory of those pinched faces and the stories we heard of murder, carnage, burning towns, insulted women, it is difficult to restrain indignation. They had come from Charleroi and Mons—old men, women, and little children. Not a man of strength or middle age among them, for they are dead or away fighting the barbarians who invested their little country against all honorable dealings.



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Such a procession! They had slept in fields, eaten berries, carrots dug from the earth by their hands; drunk from muddy pools, always with those beings behind them who had driven them at the point of their bayonets from their poor homes. Looking back, they had seen flames against the sky, heard screams for pity from those too ill to leave, silenced by bullets.

Here are some of the tales, which our Mayor vouches for, which I heard:

One young mother, who had seen her husband shot, tried to put aside the rifle of the assassin. She was holding her year-old baby on her breast. The butt of that rifle was beaten down, crushing in her baby's chest. It still lives, and I heard it's gasping breath.

Another young girl, in remnants of a pretty silk dress, hatless, her fragile shoes soleless, and her feet bleeding, is quite mad from the horrors of seeing her old father shot and her two younger brothers taken away to go before the advancing enemy as shields against English bullets. She has forgotten her name, town, and kin, and, "like a leaf in the storm," is adrift on the world penniless.

I saw sitting in a row on a bench in the shed seven little girls, none of them more than six. Not one of them has now father, mother, or home. None can tell whence they came, or to whom they belong. Three are plainly of gentle birth. They were with nurses when the horde of Prussians fell upon them, and the latter were kept—for the soldier's pleasure.

There is an old man, formerly the proud proprietor of a bakery, who escaped with the tiny delivery cart pulled by a Belgian dog. Within the cart are the remains of his prosperous past—a coat, photos of his dead wife, and his three sons at the front, and a brass kettle.

I heard from an aged man how he escaped death. He, with other villagers, was locked into a room, and from without the German carbines were thrust through the blinds. Those within were told to "dance for their lives," and the German bullets picked them off, one by one, from the street. He had the presence of mind to fall as though dead, and when the house was set on fire crawled out through a window into the cowshed and got away.

Now, these stories are not the worst or the only ones. Nor are these 300 refugees more than a drop of sand on a beach of the thousands upon thousands who are at this moment in like case. They are pouring through the country now, dazed with trouble, robbed of all they possess.

Who can help them, even to work? No one has money. Even those rich villa people, Americans, are unable to pay their servants. There is no "work" save in the fields garnering crops, for which no wages are paid. Their country is a devastated waste,

tenanted by the enemy, who spread like a tidal wave of destruction in all directions. We take the better class into our homes, clothe them and feed them gladly, that we may in a minute way repay the debt civilization owes their husbands, sons, and fathers. France, too, is invaded, and now thousands more of French are homeless and penniless.



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We in this formerly gay, fashionable little town see nothing of the pageantry of war—only its horrors, as trains leave with us hundreds of wounded from the front. In their bodies we find dum dum bullets, and we hear tales which confirm those of the refugees.

Will America help them? I, an American woman, could weep for the inadequacy of my pen, for I beg your pity, your compassion, and your help. Not since the days of Rome's cruelty has civilization been so outraged.

I beg your paper to print this, and to start a subscription for this far corner of France, where the tide of war throws its wreckage. The Winter is ahead, and with hunger, cold, lack of supplies, and isolation will create untold suffering. Paris, too, is now sending refugees from its besieged gates. Every corner is already filled, and hundreds pour in every day. The garages, best hotels, villas, and cafes are already filled with "those that suffer for honor's sake." The Croix Rouge does splendid work for the wounded soldiers, but who will help these victims of war? Fifty cents will buy shoes for a baby's feet. Ten cents will buy ten pieces of bread. A dollar will buy a widow a shawl. Who will give? Deny yourselves some little pleasure—a cigar, a drink of soda water, a theatre seat—and send the price to these starved, beaten people, innocent of any crime.

You American women, who tuck your children into their clean beds at night, remember these children, reared as carefully as yours, without relatives, money, or future. They will be placed on farms to do a peasant's work with peasants. These women bereft of all that was dear face a barren future. These aged men anticipate for their only remaining blessing death, which will take them from a world which has used them ill.

America is neutral. Let her remain so, but compassion has no nationality. We are all children of one Father. Send us help. These poor creatures hold out to you pleading hands for succor.

NINA LARREY DURYEE.

P.S.—I beg you to publish this. I am the daughter-in-law of the Gen. Duryee of the Duryee Zouaves, who fought through our civil war with honor. Our Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, and his wife know me socially. Any funds you can gather please send to M. Grolard, Marie de Dinard, Municipality de Dinard, Ille-et-Vilaine, France, or to Le Banque Boutin, Dinard, France.

*A New Russia Meets Germany*

*By Perceval Gibbon.*

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES, Oct. 26, 1914.]

VILNA, Russia, Sept. 28.—For a fact as great as Russia one needs a symbol by which to apprehend it For me, till now, the symbol has been a memory of Moscow in the



Winter of 1905, the Winter of revolution, when the barricades were up in the streets and the dragoons worked among the crowds like slaughtermen in a shambles. Toward that arched gateway leading from the Red Square into the Kremlin came soldiers on foot, bringing with them prisoners dredged out



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of the turmoil, two armed men to each battered and terrified captive, whose white and bloodstained face stared startling and ghastly between the gray uniform greatcoats. The first of them came to the deep arch, in whose recess is a lamplit shrine; I stood aside to see them go past. The soldiers were wrenching the man along by the arms, each holding him on one side; I recall yet the prisoner's lean, miserable face, with the suggestion it had of dissolute and desperate youth; and as they came abreast of the faintly gleaming ikon in the gate they let him go for a moment. His dazed eyes wandered up to the shrine; he was already bareheaded, and with a shaking, uncertain hand he crossed himself in the intricate Russian fashion. The soldiers who guarded him, too—they shuffled their rifles to a convenient hold to have a right hand free; they crossed themselves and their lips moved. Then they were through the arch and out upon the snow within the walls, and once again they had hold of their man and were thrusting him along to the prison which for him was the antechamber of death.

That was Russia then. Prisoner and captors, soldiers and revolutionaries, blinded and bewildered by the rush and dazzle of affairs, straining asunder yet linked, knitted into a unity of the spirit which they neither understood nor questioned.

But a week ago, on those still, dreary lands which border the Prussian frontier, there was evidence of a Russia that has been born or made since those hectic days in Moscow. The Germans who had forced Gen. Rennenkampf to withdraw to the border were making an attempt to envelop his left wing. Their columns, issuing from the maze of lakes and hills in Masurenland, came across the border on both banks of the little River Amulew, and fell upon him. There is a road in those parts that drifts south along the frontier, an unmade, unholy Russian road, ribbed with outcrops of stone, a purgatory to travel upon till the snow clothes it and one can go by sledge. Away to the southwest, beyond the patches of firwood and the gray, steeply [Transcriber: original 'steply'] rolling land, there toned the far diapason of artillery; strings of army transport, Red Cross vehicles, and miscellaneous men straggled upon the road.

From beyond the nearest shoulder of land sounded suddenly some gigantic and hoarse whistle, an ear-shattering roar of warning and urgency. There was shouting and a stir of movement; the wagons and Red Cross vans began to pull out to one side; and over the brow of the hill, hurtling into sight, huge, unbelievably swift, roaring upon its whistle, tore a great, gray-painted motor lorry, packed with khaki-clad infantrymen. It was going at a hideous speed, leaping its tons of weight insanely from rock ridge to traffic-churned slough in the road; there was only time to note its immensity and uproar and the ranked faces of the men swaying in their places, and it was by, and another was bounding into sight behind it. A hundred and odd of them, each with thirty men on board—three battalions to reinforce the threatened left wing—a mighty instrument of war, mightily wielded. It was Russia as she is today, under way and gathering speed.



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At Rennenkampf's headquarters at Wirballen, where formerly one changed trains going from Berlin to Petersburg, one sees the fashion in which Russia shapes for war. Here, beneath a little bridge with a black and white striped sentry box upon it, its muddy banks partitioned with rotten planks into goose-pens, runs that feeble stream which separates Russia from Germany. Upon its further side, what is left of Eydtkuhnen, the Prussian frontier village, looms drearily through its screen of willows—walls smoke-blackened and roofless, crumbling in piles of fallen brick across its single street, which was dreary enough at its best. To the north and south, and behind to the eastward, are the camps, a city full, a country full of men armed and equipped; the mean and ugly village thrills to the movement and purpose. On the roof of the schoolhouse there lifts itself against the pale Autumn sky the cobweb mast and stays of the wireless apparatus, and in the courtyard below and in the shabby street in front there is a surge of automobiles, motor cycles, mounted orderlies—all the message-carrying machinery of a staff office. The military telephone wires loop across the street, and spray out in a dozen directions over the flat and trodden fields; for within the dynamic kernel to all this elaborate shell is Rennenkampf, the Prussian-Russian who governs the gate of Germany.

[Illustration: GEN. PAUL PAU Commanding one of the French Armies (*Photo from Underwood & Underwood.*)]

[Illustration: GEN. D'AMADE Commanding One of the French Armies (*Photo from Bain News Service.*)]

Here is the brain of the army. Its limbs go swinging by at all hours, in battalions and brigades, or at the trot, with a jingle of bits and scabbards, or at the walk, with bump and clank, as the gun wheels clear the ruts. It is the infantry—that fills the eye—fine, big stuff, man for man the biggest infantry in the world.

Their uniform of peaked cap, trousers tucked into knee-boots, and khaki blouse is workmanlike, and the serious middle-aged officers trudging beside them are hardly distinguishable from the men. They have not yet learned the use of the short, broad-bladed bayonets; theirs are of the old three-cornered section type with which the Bulgarians drove the Turks to Chataldja; but there is something else that they have learned. Since the first days of the mobilization that brought them from their homes there is not a man among them that has tasted strong drink. In 1904 the men came drunk from their homes to the centres; one saw them about the streets and on the railways and in the gutters. But these men have been sober from the start, and will perform be sober to the end.



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Of all that elaborate and copious machinery of war which Russia has built up since her failure in Manchuria there is nothing so impressive as this. Her thousand and odd aeroplanes, her murderously expert artillery, her neat and successful field wireless telegraph, even her strategy, count as secondary to it. The chief of her weaknesses in the past has been the slowness of her mobilization; Germany, with her plans laid and tested for a mobilization in four days, could count on time enough to strike before Russia could move. She used her advantage to effect when Austria planted the seed of this present war by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; she was able to present Russia in all her unpreparedness with the alternatives of war in twenty-four hours or accepting the situation. But this time it has been different.

At Petrograd one sees how different. Hither from the northern and eastern Governments come the men who are to swell Rennenkampf's force. Their cadres, the skeletons of the battalions of which they are the flesh, are waiting for them—officers, organization, equipment, all is ready. The endless trains decant them; they swing in leisurely columns through the streets to their depots, motley as a circus—foresters, moujiks in fetid sheepskins, cattlemen, and rivermen, Siberians, tow-haired Finns, the wide gamut of the races of Russia, all big or biggish, with those impassive, blunt-featured faces that mask the Russian soul, and all sober. No need now to make men of them before making soldiers; no inferno at the way side-stations and troop trains turning up days late. It is as if, at the cost of those annual 780,000,000 rubles, Russia had bought the clue to victory.

West beyond Eydtkuhnen, under the pearl-gray northern sky, lies East Prussia. Hereabout it is flat and fertile, with lavish, eye-fatiguing levels of cornland stretching away to Insterburg and beyond to Koenigsberg's formidable girdle of forts. Here are many villages, and scattered between them innumerable hamlets of only two or three houses, and a small town or two. Most of them are empty now; the German army that leans its back on the Vistula's fortresses has cleared this country like a dancing floor for its work. It has rearranged it as one rearranges the furniture in a room; whole populations have been transported, roads broken, bridges blown up, strategically unnecessary; villages burned. Nothing remains on the ground that has not its purpose assigned—not even the people, and their purpose has been clear for some time past. The Russians have been over this ground already, and fell back from it after their defeat between Osterode and Allenstein. Their advance was through villages lifeless and deserted and over empty roads; the retreat was through a country that swarmed with hostile life. Roads were blocked with farm carts, houses along their route took fire mysteriously, signaling their movement and direction, and answered from afar by other conflagrations; bridges that had been sound enough before blew up at the last moment. What the Belgians were charged with, and their country laid waste for, all East Prussia is organized to do daily as an established and carefully schooled auxiliary to the army.



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A few days since there arrived a prisoner, driven in on foot by a mounted Cossack, sent back by the officer commanding the reconnoissance party which had captured him. He came up the street, shuffling at a quick walk to keep ahead of the horse and the thin, sinister Cossack—an elderly farmer, in work-stained clothes, with the lean neck and pursed jaws of a hard bargainer. In all his bearing and person there was evident the man of toilsome life who had prospered a little; in that soldier-thronged street, in his posture of a prisoner with the Cossack's revolver at his back, he was conspicuous and grotesque. His eyes, under the gray pent of his brows, were uneasy, and through all his commonplace quality and his show of fortitude there was a gleam of the fear of death that made him tragic. He had been found on his farm doing nothing in particular; it was out of simply general suspicion that the Russian officer had ordered him to be searched. The result was the discovery of a typewritten paper, giving precise instructions as to how a German civilian in East Prussia must act toward the enemy—how to signal movements of infantry, of cavalry, of artillery; how to estimate the numbers of a body of men, and what to say if questioned, and the like—a document conceived and executed with true Prussian exactitude and clearness, a masterpiece in the literature of espionage.

For him there was no hope; even The Hague Convention, which permits mine-laying, does not protect spies, however earnestly and dangerously they serve their country. He passed, always at the same forced shuffle of reluctant feet, toward his judges and his doom.

*Belgian Cities Germanized*

*By Cyril Brown,*

Staff Correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 4.—Of all the war capitals of Europe, Brussels under the German occupation is probably the gayest and the most deceptive. It certainly outrivals Berlin in life and brilliancy, as Berlin outshines London. The Germans are free spenders afield; their influx here by thousands has put large sums of money into circulation, resulting in a spell of artificial, perhaps superficial, prosperity.

The crowds surging all day up and down the principal shopping street, the Rue Neuve, overflow the sidewalks and fill the street. Well-dressed crowds promenade along the circular boulevard all afternoon and into the night. Places of amusement and the cafes are crowded. The hundreds of automobiles loaded with officers speeding about the streets, with musical military horns blowing, add to the gay illusion.

Nowhere save at the Great Headquarters in France, where the Kaiser stays when not haranguing his troops at the front, will you see such a brilliant galaxy of high officers—and every day seems a holiday in Brussels.



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You catch the sinister undercurrent in the more obscure little cafes. Here you will find some Belgian patriot who is glad of the chance to unbosom himself to a safe American. Perhaps he will speak with unprintable bitterness of the shame of the Brussels women who, he says, wave handkerchiefs and smile friendly greetings at the singing troop trains passing through the suburbs on their way to the front, or give flowers and cigars to the returning streams of wounded. They ought to be shot as traitresses, he says. For the honor of the Belgian women, he adds, these form only a small percentage.

You are not surprised when well-informed neutral residents tell you that these people "have murder in their hearts, and that if the Germans ever retreat in a rout through Belgium, Heaven help the straggler and the rear guard." Nor that copies of English papers, whose reading is forbidden, are nevertheless smuggled in, and that copies of The London Times fetch as high as 200 francs, reading circles being often formed at 20 francs per head.

But there are no hopeful signs here of a German retreat. Brussels has not been "practically evacuated." On the contrary, one gets overwhelmingly the impression that the Germans expect to stay forever. No cannon are posted on commanding avenues or squares. There are no serious measures for the defense of the capital. The military and civil Governments occupy the principal public buildings, and seem to be working with typical German thoroughness. The Government offices begin to assume an air of permanence.

As conquerors go, the invaders seem to be bearing themselves well. There is apparently no desire to "rub it in," the military Government seemingly pursuing the wise policy of trying to spare the feelings of the natives as much as possible, perhaps in the impossible hope of ultimately conciliating them. German flags are flown sparingly. Only small squads of Landsturm are now occasionally seen marching through the streets. Even from the bitterest Belgians one hears no stories of "insult, shame, or wrong."

At the same time, swift and harsh punishment is meted out to any one whose actions are thought to tend to impair German military authority or dignity. Thus placards posted on many street corners day before yesterday informed the people that a Belgian city policeman had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for "interfering with a German official in the discharge of his duty, assaulting a soldier, and attempting to free a prisoner." For this, also, a fine of 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) was imposed on the City of Brussels. Another policeman was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for alleged similar offenses.

An interesting history of the German occupation can be reconstructed from these same placards pasted on buildings. Here is one, dating from the early days, forbidding bicycle riding in the country and announcing that civilian cyclists will be shot at sight. If you look long enough you can also find a mutilated specimen of ex-Burgomaster Max's famous "dementi," in which he virtually calls the German Military Governor of Liege and, by

implication, the German Government, “liar.” The Bruxellois must be fickle and quick to forget, for I did not hear the picturesque Max’s name mentioned once.

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The realities of the military occupation are brought home to the people perhaps most at the Gare du Nord and the Place de la Gare, where the Civic Guards, in their curious comic opera caps, are reinforced by German gendarmes with rifles slung over their shoulders. Civilians are not allowed to cross this square in front of the railway station. “Keep to the sidewalk” is the brusque order to those who stray. Also the park in front of the Royal Palace is closed to the public. Three bright red gasoline tank wagons among the trees give it an incongruous touch, while the walks and drives are used as an exercising ground for officers’ mounts. All the windows of the Royal Palace are decorated with the sign of the Red Cross.

Brussels just now is humorously a victim of the double standard—not moral, but financial. All kinds of money go here on the basis of 1 mark equaling 1 franc 25 centimes, but shopkeepers still fix prices and waiters bring bills in francs, and when payment is tendered in marks you generally get change in both—a proceeding that involves elaborate mathematical computations. At the next table to you in the restaurant of the Palace Hotel, once a favorite stopping place for Anglo-American travelers, but now virtually an exclusive German officers’ club, with the distinction of a double guard posted at the front door, sits a short, fiercely mustached General of some sort—evidently a person of great importance from the commotion his entry caused among all the other officers in the room. In his buttonhole he wears the Iron Cross of the second class, the Iron Cross of the first class pinned to his breast, and underneath the rare “Pour le Merite Order, with Swords.” His bill amounts to about 7 francs, for he consumed the regular 4-franc table d’hote, plus a full bottle of red Burgundy. He tenders a blue 100-mark bill in payment and gets in return a baffling heap of change, including 1 and 2 franc Belgium paper notes, 5 and 10 mark German bills, Belgian and German silver, and Belgian nickel coins with holes punched in the centres. The General takes out his pencil and begins elaborate calculations on the menu—then sends for the head waiter. It takes some time and much talk to convince him that he is not being “short changed.” The double standard furnishes many of these humorous interludes.

Equally exasperating is the double time standard. The Germans set their official clocks and watches by Berlin time, but have made no attempt to force it on the natives, who continue loyal to Belgian time, which is one hour behind Berlin.

Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium, who runs a strong risk of having a statue erected to him some day by the grateful Belgian people, is quite the happiest, most relieved-looking person in Brussels since he heard the good news that all America was hard at work collecting food for the Belgians and that England would not prevent its delivery. Soon after the German occupation of Brussels a committee



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was organized to give food to the poor here, of which Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish Minister were patrons. Three weeks ago the Ministerial allies discovered that the situation was exceedingly grave, not only here but all over Belgium. Committees came to see Mr. Whitlock from Louvain, Liege, Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Dinant, &c., and the people, I was told, were within four weeks of absolute starvation. Mr. Whitlock got the German Military Governor of Belgium, Field Marshal von der Goltz, to give the Spanish Minister and himself a guarantee in writing that any food sent in for the poor Belgians would not be requisitioned for the German Army.

The next thing was to get the permission of England; so two weeks ago Secretary Gibson was sent to London with Baron Lambert, a banker, and M. Franqui to get England's permission as well as a first shipment of food. Two weeks ago Mr. Whitlock sent a long letter to the State Department and to President Wilson, asking them to do something. At least one phrase of Mr. Whitlock's coinage has been going the rounds here. In the various preliminary discussions as to whose responsibility it was to take care of the Belgian people there was considerable talk about Hague conventions. "Starving people can't eat Hague conventions" was his answer.

Minister Whitlock also feels vastly relieved that he has got practically all non-official Americans out of Belgium, the twoscore still here being mostly resident business men, with a sprinkling of the boldest tourists, who are staying "to see the fun," in spite of Ministerial warnings.

Mr. Whitlock believes he has broken the world's record by being eight Ministers at once. At one time he was representing Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Servia, Denmark, and Lichtenstein. When he told a German officer that he represented Lichtenstein—which is said to be a small sovereign State somewhere, dependent on Austria—the officer laughed and said: "Theoretically, Germany is still at war with Lichtenstein and has been since 1866, it having been overlooked in the peace shuffle." The reason for representing Denmark, which isn't at war with anybody, is that the Danish Minister is equally accredited to Belgium and The Hague, and had no Secretary to leave behind when he departed Hagueward. Of course, the American flag does not fly over the Danish Legation here. In addition, the French and Russian interests were also offered to Mr. Whitlock, but he was so full of responsibility that he had to ask to be excused.

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LOUVAIN, Nov. 5.—Louvain now presents the ghastly spectacle of a dead city, buried under ruins, slowly coming to life again, and continues to give full scope to the morbid streak in human nature; for sightseers continue to flock here in increasing numbers from

Antwerp, Brussels, and, in fact, all over Belgium, excepting from over the deadline of the operating zone. With the Bruxellois especially the trip



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is a favorite outing on a pleasant Sunday. The Germans have succeeded in restoring the train service to the extent of two passenger trains daily between here and Brussels and one between here and Antwerp, and the military authorities pursue a surprisingly liberal policy in giving traveling passes to the Belgian population. In addition to those who come by train, a steady procession of automobiles passes through all day; and next week, when a Berlin-Brussels express service is to be started, the local touring season will have a further boom.

About 5 per cent of the original population have come crawling back, and the three companies of Landsturm garrisoned here, together with the sightseers, form their source of revenue. The more courageous shopkeepers who have come back and reopened their stores are coining money as never in peace times—especially the little confectionery and pastry shops, where the soldiers off duty come for afternoon coffee, and the one tailor's shop which is open. Workmen are putting the finishing touches to the new pine-board roof on the cathedral and are making efforts to “restore” the stone exterior. The famous Gothic Hotel de Ville is now protected by a high board fence, and two bearded Landsturm men mount guard there day and night. A gang of laborers is making headway in cleaning up the interior of the hopelessly ruined University Library, and the streets are all cleared of debris. The academic halls of the main university building, which suffered little damage, are not silent, for one of the Landsturm companies is quartered there. I found half a hundred of them and two cows in the university quadrangle or campus. The men were all unshaven, but of a good-natured sort, and many were the rough German jokes as they watched a comrade milking the cows preparatory to their slaughter on the spot by the company butcher, who stood in waiting, while at the same time the gray-haired university castellan was getting ready to take a time exposure of the cows.

“And yet they say we Germans are barbarians,” laughed an under officer. “I bet you won't find that the French soldiers, or the highly civilized English gentlemen, either, have a photographer come to take a picture of the cows they are about to eat.”

The venerable university guardian continued to do a brisk business making group pictures and solo portraits of Landsturm under officers and men at two francs per dozen postcards, till a Lieutenant appeared on the scene and the bugle sounded in the court for “boot inspection.” All promptly lined up in double file against the brick university wall and presented feet for the critical eye of the inspector—all except the company cooks, who were busy among their pots and pans and open-air cook stoves set up in the academic stone portico.

The last of the former students of the University of Louvain was probably the well-dressed, meek-looking young Chinese, eating luncheon at the near-by restaurant—the

only one open in town. The German soldiers, fortunately, did not mistake him for a Japanese, and he has not been molested.

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There are touches of grim humor among the ruins. Here on the main street, for example, is a pink placard stuck on a stick on top of the heap of brick and mortar that was once a store. It reads: "Elegant corsets: Removed to Rue Malines 21." And again, on a number of houses that escaped the torch are pasted neatly printed little signs bearing the legend: "This house is to be protected. Soldiers are not allowed to enter houses or to set fire to them without orders from the Kommandantur."

The inhabitants who have no stores to keep seem continually to wander aimlessly in the streets; and here, too, is the sight, common now all over Belgium, of many women with children begging. Especially they linger around the entrances to the barracks, for hunger has given them a keen nose for bread, and they have soon learned that the soldier will give them what they have left over from their ample rations. The German Government is trying to stimulate the return of the population, and is apparently doing its best to help them to earn a living by providing work.

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ANTWERP, Nov. 6.—The Germans are working incessantly to repair the fortifications of Antwerp, mount new and heavier guns, and put the whole place into a state of defense. The importance attached to their almost feverish activities is indicated by the fact that Field Marshal von der Goltz, the Military Governor of Belgium, ran over from Brussels and made a tour of inspection of the double girdle of forts yesterday. His Excellency von Frankenberg and Ludwigsdorf, Personal Adjutant of the Military Governor of Antwerp, said to me in the course of a cordial interview:

"We have two principal interests in our work here: First, that Antwerp shall become a place of great military importance again and be prepared against attacks from the enemy, although that contingency doesn't seem very probable."

His Excellency was unwilling to hazard a guess as to how long the Germans could hold Antwerp against an allied siege, but said: "I believe we could hold out longer against the Allies than they did against the Germans. Our second interest is to revive trade and industry and the life of the city generally. When we first came here there were only soldiers and hungry dogs on the streets; now, as you can see, the dead city is coming to life in short order."

He scouted the idea that the people of Belgium had been or were on the brink of starvation as the result of German occupation, saying that the very contrary was the case. "Belgium is a country which cannot sustain itself—it produces only enough food for roughly 3,000,000 out of its 5,000,000 population, because Belgium is an industrial country, and food for the remaining 2,000,000 has to be imported. Heretofore most of this food has come from Holland, whence some is still coming, but in no great quantity. We have taken the problem of food supply up with the



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Belgian Government, as much as there is one left, namely, with the municipalities, and at our suggestion an 'Intercommunistic Commission' has been organized, so that everything possible can be done to help the country. This commission sits in Brussels, and when any town or village or district has no more food on hand the fact is reported and it gets from the commission what is required. What food supplies we found here we took charge of to prevent their being plundered, and also because we, as a belligerent, had to supply our own necessities; that is the right of war. But by no means have we used up all the food supplies ourselves, nor set them aside for our own use; but a large part has been set aside for this commission, to be used for the poor, and another part will be given back in a short time for trade purposes, so that commerce will be revived again.

"There is no place in Belgium where the people have starved. Their most pressing need now would appear to be money, for many are unemployed and many others disinclined to work. At one place where we were told the people were starving we found stores crammed full of food—but the inhabitants had no money and the shopkeepers wouldn't give them credit.

"Everything is being done by us to revive business so that the people can again earn money. If America had not been so tender-hearted as to send foodstuffs, and if the food supply had run out, we should certainly have considered it our duty to bring food from Germany, for we are for the time being the Government here, and it is our duty to see that the people do not starve."

German newspaper readers are not aware that their Kaiser had a narrow escape from the bombs of the Allies' airmen at Thielt, for the fact of the War Lord's recent invasion of Belgium has been kept as nearly a dead secret as possible. I learned from an especially well-informed source in Brussels that the object of the Kaiser's visit was not only to encourage his troops but to reprove his Generals. According to this informant, who is frequently in touch with high officers in their more mellow moods, when military reticence somewhat relaxes, the Kaiser was said to be in a towering rage at the failure of his army to make headway against the English and Belgians on the coast, and to have decided to go in person to see about it; also there has been considerable cautiously veiled criticism of his persistent "interference" in the conduct of the campaign.

Having last seen the Kaiser two weeks ago motoring at the German Great Headquarters in Eastern France, I picked up his trail at Louvain, through which place he passed by night a week ago in a special train in the direction of Lille, after a scouting pilot engine had returned and reported "all safe." On his return journey from Flanders he was rumored to have "put up" at the Palais d'Arenberg in Brussels.



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It is significant that the following notice has been placarded on the outside of the building occupied by the Military Government, next door to the Hotel St. Antoine: "Reports that the French and English are marching on Antwerp are without foundation; the public is warned against helping to circulate these false reports." All day crowds hang about the door where this notice is posted among official German news bulletins. The burghers of Antwerp are well informed about the varying fortunes of the war, for several papers printed in French are allowed to appear, under the German censorship, which seems surprisingly easygoing here and eminently fair, allowing them to print not merely the official German accounts circulated by the Wolff Bureau, but the official English, French, Russian, and even Belgian bulletins as well, in addition to matter copied from the Dutch papers, which are also allowed to circulate here.

If things look doubtful in the north, the Germans are looking confidently to the south, where the next big victory is hoped for. I learn that Gen. von Beseler, "the conqueror of Antwerp," as his popular picture postcard title reads, is now in charge of operations around Verdun, and that four of the new 42-centimeter mortars, in addition to more than thirty of the 30.5-centimeter, are already in place there. On the strength of this combination well-informed German officers confidently expect the quick fall of Verdun as soon as Beseler gives the order for the "Brummers" to speak—rather high-priced oratory, for I was told by an artillery officer that it cost the taxpayers 36,000 marks (\$9,000) every time one of the 42-centimeter mortars was fired.

### *The Belgian Ruin*

*By J.H. Whitehouse, M.P.*

[An Associated Press Interview, Published Oct. 2, 1914.]

LONDON, Oct. 1.—A graphic picture of the desolation of Belgium was brought to London today by J.H. Whitehouse, member of Parliament from Lanarkshire, who has just returned from a tour around Antwerp for the purpose of assisting in the relief measures.

"Having always regarded war as the negation of all that is good," said Mr. Whitehouse tonight, "I desired to see what its ravages were in a country exposed to all its fury, and what steps were possible to mitigate them. I do not think that any one here has realized the plight of the civilian population of Belgium today, and can only attempt to give any picture of this by describing some of my own experiences."

Mr. Whitehouse made the journey outside Antwerp with two military cars, attended by Belgian officials. In describing the damage which he says the Belgians had to inflict upon themselves to supplement the defenses of Antwerp, he said:



“Hundreds of thousands of trees had been cut down, so that at some points of our journey we had the impression of passing through a wilderness of roots. The tree trunks had all been removed so as to afford no cover to the enemy. All houses had been blown up or otherwise destroyed. Later we passed through the country which had been flooded as a further measure of defense. The damage resulting from these precautionary measures alone amounted to L10,000,000, (\$50,000,000.)



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“In the villages all ordinary life was arrested. Women and children were standing or sitting dumb and patient by the roadside. Half way to Termonde we could plainly hear the booming of guns and saw many evidences of the battle which was then raging.

“I had read newspaper accounts of the destruction of Termonde and had seen photographs, but they had not conveyed to my mind any realization of the horror of what actually happened. Termonde a few weeks ago was a beautiful city of about 16,000 inhabitants—a city in which the dignity of its buildings harmonized with the natural beauty of its situation, a city which contained some buildings of surpassing interest.

“I went through street after street, square after square, and I found every house entirely destroyed with all its contents. It was not the result of the bombardment; it was systematic destruction. In each house a separate bomb had been placed, which had blown up the interior and set fire to the contents. All that remained in every case were portions of the outer walls, which were still constantly falling, and inside the cinders of the contents of the buildings. Not a shred of furniture or anything else remained.

“This sight continued throughout the entire extent of what had been a considerable town. It had an indescribable influence upon observers which no printed description or even pictorial record could give. This influence was increased by the utter silence of the city, broken only by the sound of the guns.

“Of the population I thought that not a soul remained. I was wrong, for as we turned into a square where the wreck of what had been one of the most beautiful of Gothic churches met my eyes a blind woman and her daughter groped among the ruins. They were the sole living creatures in the whole town.

“Shops, factories, churches, and houses of the wealthy—all were similarly destroyed. One qualification only have I to make of this statement: Two or perhaps three houses bore the German command in chalk that they were not to be burned. These remained standing, but deserted, amid the ruins on either side. Where a destroyed house had obviously contained articles of value looting had taken place.

“I inquired what had become of the population. It was a question to which no direct reply could be given. They had fled in all directions. Some had reached Antwerp, but a greater number were wandering about the country, panic-stricken and starving. Many were already dead.

“What happened at Termonde was similar to what had happened in other parts of Belgium under military occupation of Germany. The result is that conditions have been set up for the civilian population throughout the occupied territory of unexampled misery. Comparatively few refugees have reached this country. Others remain wandering about Belgium, flocking into other towns and villages, or flying to points a little way across the Dutch frontier.



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“Sometimes when a town has been bombarded the Germans have withdrawn and the civilians have returned to their homes, only to flee again at the renewed attack. A case in point is Malines, which, on Sunday last, as I was about to try to reach it, was again bombarded. The inhabitants were then unable to leave, as the town was surrounded, but when the bombardment ceased there was a great exodus.

“The whole life of the nation has been arrested. Food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where there is a supply of wheat available the peasants are not allowed to use their windmills, owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian Army.

“We are, therefore, face to face with a fact which has rarely, if ever, occurred in the history of the world—an entire nation is in a state of famine, and that within half a day’s journey of our own shores.

“The completeness of the destruction in each individual case was explained to me later by the Belgian Ministers, who described numerous appliances which the German soldiers carried for destroying property. Not only were hand bombs of various sizes and descriptions carried, but each soldier was supplied with a quantity of small black disks a little bigger than a sixpenny piece. I saw some of these disks which had been taken from German soldiers on the field of battle. These were described to me as composed of compressed benzine. When lighted they burned brilliantly for a few minutes, and are sufficient to start whatever fire is necessary after the explosion of a bomb.

“To the conditions of famine and homelessness which exist on such a stupendous scale there must be added one which is bad—the mental panic in which many survivors remain. I understood how inevitable this was when I saw and heard what they passed through; eyewitnesses of unimpeachable character described the sufferings of women and children at Liege. As they fled from their burning houses, clinging to their husbands and fathers, they were violently pulled from them and saw them shot a few yards from them.

“I should supplement what I have said regarding the condition of Belgium with some reference to Antwerp itself, where the excited Government now sits. It is a wonderful contrast to the rest of the country, and the first impression of the visitor is that there is little change between its life now and in the days of peace. I approached it by water, and in the early morning it rose before me like a fairy city. Its skyline was beautifully broken by the spires and towers of its churches, including the incomparable Gothic Cathedral.

“When I entered its shops were open, its streets crowded, and everywhere there was eager activity. By midday the streets became congested. Early editions of the papers

were eagerly bought and great crowds assembled wherever a telegram giving news could be read. This continued until early evening, but by 8 o'clock a most extraordinary change had fallen upon the city.



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“Not a light of any kind in house or shop was to be seen. No lamps were lit in the streets and the city was plunged into absolute darkness. Not a soul remained in the streets. To the darkness there was added profound silence. It was as though this amazing city had been suddenly blotted out.”

*The Wounded Serb*

[From The London Times, Oct. 18, 1914.]

VALIEVO, Sept. 25.

Valievo lies at the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway which joins the Belgrade-Salonika line at Mladinovatz. Along this single track of iron road the entire transport of the Servian Army is being effected. Westward come trains packed with food, fodder, munitions, and troops; eastward go long convoys crowded with maimed humanity. At Mladinovatz all this mass of commissariat and suffering must needs be transferred from or to the broad-gauge line. In this situation lies not the least of the problems which beset the Servians in their struggle with the Austrian invaders.

Valievo itself is a picturesque little town which in peace time is famous as the centre of the Servian prune trade. Its cobbled streets are, in the main, spacious and well planned. There still remain a few relics of the Turkish occupation—overhanging eaves, trellised windows, and the like—but these one must needs seek in the by-ways. I picture Valievo under normal conditions as one of the most attractive of Balkan townships.

Nor has the tableau lost anything in the framing, for it is encircled by a molding of verdant hills which run off into a sweep of seeming endless woods. The vista from my hotel window is almost aggravatingly English. Across the red-tiled roofs of intervening cottages rises the hillside—a checkerboard of grassy slopes and patches of woodland intersected by a brown road which runs upward until the summit, surmounted by a whitewashed shrine, amid a cluster of walnut trees, touches the gray sky.

But Valievo is not now to be seen under normal conditions. From the street below rises the sound of clatter and creak as the rude oxen wagons bump over the cobblestones. Morning, noon, and night they rumble along unceasingly, and whenever I look down I see martial figures clad in tattered, muddy, and blood-stained uniforms, with rudely bandaged body or head or foot. Every now and then a woman breaks from the crowd of waiting loiterers and rushes up to a maimed acquaintance. They exchange but a few sentences, and then she turns, buries her head in her apron, and stumbles along the street wailing a bitter lament for some husband, brother, or son who shall return no more. A friend supports and leads her home; but the onlooking soldiers regard the scene with indifference and snap out a rude advice “not to make a fuss.” They brook no wailing for Serbs who have died for Servia.



The town itself has been transformed into one huge camp of wounded. All adaptable buildings—halls, cafes, school-rooms—have been rapidly commandeered for hospitals. Sometimes there are beds, more often rudely made straw mattresses, for little Serbia, worn out by two hard wars, is ill-equipped to resist the onslaught of a great power. For 16 days a fierce battle has been raging near the frontier, and wounded have been pouring in much more rapidly than accommodation can be found for them.



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And in the streets—what misery! The lame, the halt, the maimed. Men with damaged leg or foot hopping along painfully by the aid of a friendly baton; men nursing broken arms or shattered hands; men with bandaged heads; men being carried from operating shops to cafe floors; men with body wounds lying on stretchers—all with ragged, blood-bespattered remnants of what once were uniforms. One sees little of the glory of war in Valievo. The Servian Medical Staff, deprived on this occasion of outside assistance, and short alike of doctors, surgeons, nurses, and material, is striving heroically to cope with its task. Where they have been able to equip hospitals the work has been very creditably done. One building is almost exclusively devoted to cases where amputations have been necessary. It is clean, orderly, and the patients are obviously well cared for. Here, when I entered a ward of some thirty beds in which every man lay with a bandaged stump where his leg should be, I think I saw the Servian spirit at its best. They had been newly operated upon, their sufferings must have been great, and for them all the future is black with forebodings. There is no patriotic fund in little Servia. Yet amid all the pain of body and uncertainty of mind that must have been theirs they did not complain. All they desired to know was whether the Schwaba (Austrians) had been beaten out of Servia.

But it is when one leaves the organized hospitals and wends one's way through the crowds of wounded who block the pavements, and enters a lower-class cafe, that the appalling tragedy of it all fills even the spectator with a sense of hopelessness. There, like cattle upon their bed of straw, lie sufferers from all manner of hurts. They remain mute and uncomplaining, just as they have been dropped down from the incoming oxen transports. Their wounds—three, four, or five days old—have yet received no attention save the primitive first-aid of the battlefield. Blood poisoning is setting in; limbs that prompt dressing would have saved are fast becoming victims for the surgeon's knife. Most of them know the risk they run, for this is their third war—often, too, their third wound—in two short years. Yet the doctors cannot come, because every man of them is already doing more than human energy allows. It is a heartrending sight to look down upon this helpless mass and to realize that many of them have been sentenced to painful death for mere lack of primitive medical attention.

One wonders whether, now that half Europe has been transformed into a vast slaughterhouse, appeals for sympathy can be other than in vain.

*ANOTHER "HAPPY THOUGHT."*

By WINIFRED ARNOLD.

The world is so full  
Of a number of Kings!—  
That's probably what is the  
Matter with things.

*Spy Organization in England*

*British Home Office Communication, Oct. 9.*



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In view of the anxiety naturally felt by the public with regard to the system of espionage on which Germany has placed so much reliance and to which attention has been directed by recent reports from the seat of war, it may be well to state briefly the steps which the Home Office, acting on behalf of the Admiralty and War Office, has taken to deal with the matter in this country. The secrecy which it has hitherto been desirable in the public interest to observe on certain points cannot any longer be maintained owing to the evidence which it is necessary to produce in cases against spies that are now pending.

It was clearly ascertained five or six years ago that the Germans were making great efforts to establish a system of espionage in this country, and in order to trace and thwart these efforts a Special Intelligence Department was established by the Admiralty and the War Office which has ever since acted in the closest co-operation with the Home Office and metropolitan police and the principal provincial police forces. In 1911, by the passing of the Official Secrets act, 1911, the law with regard to espionage, which had hitherto been confused and defective, was put on a clear basis and extended so as to embrace every possible mode of obtaining and conveying to the enemy information which might be useful in war.

The Special Intelligence Department, supported by all the means which could be placed at its disposal by the Home Secretary, was able in three years, from 1911 to 1914, to discover the ramifications of the German Secret Service in England. In spite of enormous efforts and lavish expenditure of money by the enemy, little valuable information passed into their hands. The agents, of whose identity knowledge was obtained by the Special Intelligence Department, were watched and shadowed without, in general, taking any hostile action or allowing them to know that their movements were watched. When, however, any actual step was taken to convey plans or documents of importance from this country to Germany, the spy was arrested, and in such case evidence sufficient to secure his conviction was usually found in his possession. Proceedings under the Official Secrets act were taken by the Director of Public Prosecutions, and in six cases sentences were passed varying from eighteen months to six years' penal servitude. At the same time steps were taken to mark down and keep under observation all the agents known to be engaged in this traffic, so that when any necessity arose the police might lay hands on them at once; and, accordingly, on the 4th of August, before the declaration of war, instructions were given by the Home Secretary for the arrest of twenty known spies, and all were arrested. This figure does not cover a large number—upward of 200—who were noted as under suspicion or to be kept under special observation. The great majority of these were interned at or soon after the declaration of war.



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None of the men arrested in pursuance of the orders issued on Aug. 4 has yet been brought to trial, partly because the officers whose evidence would have been required were engaged in urgent duties in the early days of the war, but mainly because the prosecution by disclosing the means adopted to track out the spies and prove their guilt would have hampered the Intelligence Department in its further efforts. They were and still are held as prisoners under the powers given to the Secretary of State by the Aliens Restriction act. One of them, however, who established a claim to British nationality, has now been formally charged; and, the reasons for delay no longer existing, it is a matter for consideration whether the same course should now be taken with regard to some of the other known spies.

Although this action taken on August 4 is believed to have broken up the spy organization which had been established before the war, it is still necessary to take the most rigorous measures to prevent the establishment of any fresh organization and to deal with individual spies who might previously have been working in this country outside the organization, or who might be sent here under the guise of neutrals after the declaration of war. In carrying this out the Home Office and War Office have now the assistance of the cable censorship, and also of the postal censorship, which, established originally to deal with correspondence with Germany and Austria, has been gradually extended (as the necessary staff could be obtained) so as to cover communications with those neutral countries through which correspondence might readily pass to Germany or Austria. The censorship has been extremely effective in stopping secret communications by cable or letter with the enemy, but as its existence was necessarily known to them it has not, except in a few instances, produced materials for the detection of espionage.

On Aug. 5 the Aliens Restriction act was passed, and within an hour of its passing an order in council was made which gave the Home Office and the police stringent powers to deal with aliens, and especially enemy aliens, who under this act could be stopped from entering or leaving the United Kingdom, and were prohibited while residing in this country from having in their possession any wireless or signaling apparatus of any kind, or any carrier or homing pigeons. Under this order all those districts where the Admiralty or War Office considered it undesirable that enemy aliens should reside have been cleared by the police of Germans and Austrians, with the exception of a few persons, chiefly women and children, whose character and antecedents are such that the local Chief Constable, in whose discretion the matter is vested by the order, considered that all ground for suspicion was precluded. At the same time the Post Office, acting under the powers given them by the Wireless Telegraphy acts, dismantled all private wireless stations; and they established a special system of wireless detection by which any station actually used for the transmission of messages from this country could be discovered. The police have co-operated successfully in this matter with the Post Office.



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New and still more stringent powers for dealing with espionage were given by the Defense of the Realm act, which was passed by the Home Secretary through the House of Commons and received the Royal Assent on Aug. 8. Orders in council have been made under this act which prohibit, in the widest possible terms, any attempt on the part either of aliens or of British subjects to communicate any information which "is calculated to be or might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy"; and any person offending against this prohibition is liable to be tried by court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life. The effect of these orders is to make espionage a military offense. Power is given both to the police and to the military authorities to arrest without a warrant any person whose behavior is such as to give rise to suspicion, and any person so arrested by the police would be handed over to the military authorities for trial by court-martial. Only in the event of the military authorities holding that there is no prima facie case of espionage or any other offense triable by military law is a prisoner handed back to the civil authorities to consider whether he should be charged with failing to register or with any other offense under the Aliens Restriction act.

The present position is therefore that espionage has been made by statute a military offense triable by court-martial. If tried under the Defense of the Realm act the maximum punishment is penal servitude for life; but if dealt with outside that act as a war crime the punishment of death can be inflicted.

At the present moment one case is pending in which a person charged with attempting to convey information to the enemy is now awaiting his trial by court-martial; but in no other case has any clear trace been discovered of any attempt to convey information to the enemy, and there is good reason to believe that the spy organization crushed at the outbreak of the war has not been re-established.

How completely that system had been suppressed in the early days of the war is clear from the fact disclosed in a German Army order—that on the 21st of August the German military commanders were still ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British expeditionary force, although these had been known for many days to a large number of people in this country.

The fact, however, of this initial success does not prevent the possibility of fresh attempts at espionage being made, and there is no relaxation in the efforts of the Intelligence Department and of the police to watch and detect any attempts in this direction. In carrying out their duties the military and police authorities would expect that persons having information of cases of suspected espionage would communicate the grounds of the suspicion to local military authority or to the local police, who are in direct communication with the Special Intelligence Department, instead of causing unnecessary public alarm and possibly giving warning to the spies by public speeches or letters to the press. In cases in which the Director of Public Prosecutions has appealed to the authors of such letters and speeches to supply him with the evidence

upon which their statements were founded in order that he might consider the question of prosecuting the offender, no evidence of any value has as yet been forthcoming.



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Among other measures which have been taken has been the registration, by order of the Secretary of State made under the Defense of the Realm act, of all persons keeping carrier or homing pigeons. The importation and the conveyance by rail of these birds have been prohibited, and, with the valuable assistance of the National Homing Union, a system of registration has been extended to the whole of the United Kingdom, and measures have been taken which, it is believed, will be effective to prevent the possibility of any birds being kept in this country which would fly to the Continent.

Another matter which has engaged the closest attention of the police has been the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrage. No trace whatever has been discovered of any such conspiracy, and no outrage of any sort has yet been committed by any alien—not even telegraph wires having been maliciously cut since the beginning of the war. Nevertheless it has been necessary to bear in mind the possibility that such a secret conspiracy might exist or might be formed among alien enemies resident in this country. Accordingly, immediately after the commencement of hostilities, rigorous search was made by the police in the houses of Germans and Austrians, in their clubs, and in all places where they were likely to resort. In a few cases individuals were found who were in possession of a gun or pistol which they had not declared, and in one or two cases there were small collections of ancient firearms, and in such cases the offenders have been prosecuted and punished; but no store of effective arms—still less any bombs or instruments of destruction—have so far been discovered. From the beginning any Germans or Austrians who were deemed by the police to be likely to be dangerous were apprehended, handed over to the military authorities, and detained as prisoners of war; and, as soon as the military authorities desired it, general action was taken to arrest and hand over to military custody Germans of military age, subject to exceptions which have properly been made on grounds of policy. About 9,000 Germans and Austrians of military age have been so arrested and are held as prisoners of war in detention camps, and among them are included those who are regarded by the police as likely in any possible event to take part in any outbreak of disorder or incendiarism.

### *Chronology of the War*

*Showing Progress of Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events to and Including Oct. 15, 1914.[A]*

#### *CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE*

July 21—Situation threatens European war; fear that Russia will aid Servia.

July 23—Austria sends ultimatum to Servia; Austrian Army Corps mobilized at Temesvar, and fleet gathers at Semlin.



July 24—Russia will ask Austria to extend time for Serbia's reply to ultimatum; Austria will brook no interference.

July 25—Serbia's reply to ultimatum unsatisfactory; Russian Army mobilizing.



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July 26—Servian Army mobilizing; Russian warning to Germany.

July 27—Austrian Army invades Serbia; Servians blow up bridge across Danube; report of mobilizing of Montenegrin Army; Austria denounces Serbia's reply to ultimatum; Cossacks fire on Germans at frontier.

July 28—Austria declares war on Serbia and Emperor issues manifesto; fighting along River Drina; Russian forces mass on eastern border.

July 29—Russian intervention imminent; Austrians bombard Belgrade; Servians blow up bridges at Semlin.

July 30—Kaiser calls on Russia to halt mobilization within twenty-four hours; war activity in Warsaw; Austrians repulsed at Losnitza; Montenegrins occupy Cattaro.

July 31—Russians blow up railway bridge on Vienna-Warsaw line; Servians check Austrians at Semendria and on Bosnian frontier; France replies to German note about Russia; Czar, Kaiser, and King George may yet arrange peace; following Council of Ministers at Peterhof, Russia sends no reply to German note and calls out reserves; France and England still trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; Russian mobilization order; Austria orders military and naval mobilization.

Aug. 1—Germany declares war on Russia, Kaiser signs mobilization order; German patrol near Prostken fired on by Russians.

Aug. 2—Russians cross German frontier and seize railroad station: Montenegrin King signs mobilization order.

Aug. 3—Germans seize three cities in Russian Poland; Czar calls Russians to war; fighting on Drina River.

Aug. 4—Russians defeated in attack on Memel; Serbs defeat Austrians near Semendria; Turkey mobilizes.

Aug. 5—Austria declares war on Russia; Russian patrols raid East Prussia; Servian flag hoisted at Delarme, Austria; Belgrade bombarded; Germans repulse Russian cavalry at Soldau and Neidenberg.

Aug. 7—Montenegro declares war against Austria; Austrians bombard Belgrade; Servians annihilate Austrian regiment.

Aug. 8—Serbia declares war on Germany; fighting between Germans and Russians at Eydtkuhnen; German force lands in Finland; Austrians evacuate Visigard; Austrians burn Russian villages near Rumanian border.



Aug. 9—Russians repulsed by Germans near Tilsit; Germans capture motor cars carrying money to Russia; Russians enter Austria; Austrians occupy town and customs station of Andrejew, Russian Poland; Turkey mobilizing [Transcriber: original 'mobiliering'] on Bulgarian frontier.

Aug. 10—Montenegrins occupy Scutari; Belgrade again bombarded; Servians penetrate Bosnia; Austrians bombard Antivari; Germans concentrate on Russian frontier.

Aug. 11—Russians guard Finland; Russian cavalry routs Austrians in Galicia; Italy demands explanation from Austria of bombardment of Antivari; Russians advance into Germany.

Aug. 12—German attempt to reoccupy Eydtkuhnen unsuccessful; Austrians and Germans defeated on Russian frontier; Russian visitors to German health resorts tell of ill-treatment; Servians and Montenegrins advance on Bosnia; Prince George of Serbia wounded.



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Aug. 13—Russians capture Sokal; Cossacks annihilate two Austrian-cavalry regiments; German troops before Kalisz threaten to shoot every tenth inhabitant if further resistance is shown.

Aug. 14—Russians defeat Austrians on the Dniester; unrest in Turkey.

Aug. 15—Berlin reports capture of 23 Russian Generals and Admirals by Germans; Greece wants explanation from Turkey of concentration of troops near border; Russians raid East Prussia; fighting between Austrians and Servians on the Save and the Danube; Turkish Ambassador says Turkey was not hostile in buying German cruisers.

Aug. 16—Germans fail to retake Eydtkuhnen.

Aug. 17—Russia demands of Turkey unrestricted use of Dardanelles; prisoners a problem for both sides; Russian Army marches on Austria and Germany; minor engagements on frontier; Servians check Austrians' advance; Greece hears that Turkish troops are approaching and sends warning that corresponding measures will be taken.

Aug. 18—Serbia reports Austrian defeat near Saboc.

Aug. 19—Austrians defeated by Serbs at Shabats; Russians report victory over Austrians in Padolia; Germans report capture of Russians in East Prussia; Russians driven out of Germany; Italian refugees complain of German outrages.

Aug. 20—Russians occupy Gumbinnen and Lyck in East Prussia; Austrians occupy Miechow, Russian Poland.

Aug. 21—Serbs defeat Austrians in four days' battle near Losnitza; Russians successfully advance on Austro-German frontier.

Aug. 22—Russians report continued successes on Austro-German frontier; Servians report capture of Austrian guns in pursuit of defeated force across the Drina.

Aug. 23—Russian Army pushes fifty miles into Prussia, capturing three towns; Servian version of victory at Losnitza confirmed in Rome; Montenegrins continue attack.

Aug. 24—Austria abandons Servian campaign to meet Russian attack; two Russian armies crush Germans in the east; retreating armies lay waste the country.

Aug. 25—Russians spread on broad front over East Prussia and Galicia and repulse Austrians at Kielce; Germans report Russian defeat near Gumbinnen; Servians chase Austrians along whole front; report of German outrages on Jews in Kalisz.



Aug. 26—Russians sweep over Prussia in three lines, menacing Koenigsberg and Posen; Germans reported fleeing from Elbing district; report of Russian advance into Austria; Austrians drive Russians from Krasnik.

Aug. 27—Russians take Tilsit; Germans retreat toward Koenigsberg and Allenstein; Austrians routed in Galicia; French troops join Montenegrins to operate against Austria.

Aug. 28—Russians reach Allenstein; Russians continue advance in Galicia; Serbs defeat Austrians at Shabats.

Aug. 29—Russians invest Koenigsberg and occupy Allenstein; Germans claim victories; Russians draw net around Lemberg; Austrians claim occupation of Zamost.



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Aug. 30—Russians advance in East Prussia, to the Vistula and bombard Thorn and Graudenz; panic in Danzig; battle between Russians and Austrians in Poland; Austrians defeated at Lemberg; Russians gain ground against Austrians and win battle at Zamost; Germans in East Prussia get reinforcements and report capture of 30,000 Russians; Poland almost clear of German troops.

Sept. 1—Russians inflict crushing defeat on Austrians on Galician frontier; Germans announce defeat of three Russian army corps near Allenstein.

Sept. 2—Russians seize fortified positions around Lemberg, admit advance into East Prussia temporarily checked; new invasion of Germany planned; Turkey lands troops in Asia Minor; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Bilek.

Sept. 3—Austrians report success at Lublin; Cossacks rout German scouting party from Thorn; Russians take capital of Bukowina.

Sept. 5—Russians take Lemberg and Halicz and march toward Poland; Austrians defeated at Tomaszow; Russian refugees tell of destruction of Kalisch by Germans; twenty Russian army corps march on Prussia, ten hold Austria back; Austrians defeated near Lublin.

Sept. 6—Russians attack Germans on left bank of the Vistula, occupy Stryk regions, capture Forty-fifth Austrian Regiment near Krasnystaw, capture Austrian aeroplane and a Zeppelin and take year's provisions at Lemberg.

Sept. 7—Austrians retreat; Russians closing in on Przemysl.

Sept. 8—Russians take Nikolaieff and Mikolajow; Gen. Ruzsky engages Gen. Auffenberg's army in Poland; Austrians claim advance into Russian Poland and defeat of Serbs near Mitrovica; Servian invasion of Bosnia begun.

Sept. 9—Battle at Rava-Russka; Austrians evacuate Russian Poland; Germans claim capture of part of Russian Imperial Guard; Serbs and Montenegrins advance into Bosnia.

Sept. 10—Russians invade Silesia and menace Breslau; Austro-German forces defeated at Lublin; Serbs cross the Save.

Sept. 11—Serbs take Semlin; Montenegrins take Folcha and join with Serbs in march on Serajevo; Germans defeat invading Finland force at Lyck; Polish miners at Berdzin wreck German train by concealing explosive in fuel; Russians occupy Suczawa and Hatna; Russians fight on Austrian and German border; Austrians resume offensive near Lemberg.



Sept. 12—Russians defeat Austrians in battle near Tomaszow; German attack in East Prussia checked; successes of Serbs against Austrians continue.

Sept. 13—Russian victories west and northwest of Lemberg; Russo-Serb Army plans advance on Budapest; Montenegrins will invest Bosnia.

Sept. 14—Austrians rally for battle before Przemsyl; Russians cross the San; Germans defeated near Miawa and send reinforcements to Memel.

Sept. 15—Russians occupy Grodek; Austrians hemmed in between Rivers San and Vistula; Germans report defeat of Russian Armies of Vina and Grodno; Russians say Germans have been driven back across frontier; Serbs invade Hungary.



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Sept. 16—Austrians still retreat in Galicia; Servians continue advance into Bosnia; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Kouililovo.

Sept. 17—Austrians flee before Russians toward Cracow; Gen. Rennekampf blocks flanking movement by Germans; Servian artillery repulses Austrian warships that shell Semlin and Belgrade.

Sept. 18—Russians take Siniava and Sambor; Austrian rear guard thrown back beyond the San; prisoners and ammunition captured near Memirov; Germans advance against Russians in Suwalki Province; Russians halt offensive German movement and plan new invasion of East Poland; Germans retreat from Kielce Province to rally Austrians defeated at Krasnik; Russians enter Kazeshow.

Sept. 20—Russians attack Jaroslaw and Przemysl and seize Sambor and Kresheshov; Gen. Auffenberg's army separated from Gen. Dankl's; Germans defeated near Sandomierz; Gen. Rennenkampf checks German advance in East Prussia; Servians defeat Austrians near Novi-Bazar.

Sept. 21—Russians take Dubiecko and surround Gen. Dankl's army; Servians win near Krupani, evacuate Semlin.

Sept. 22—Austrians defeated on the Drina near Krupani; Russians occupy Jaroslaw and again move to attack Koenigsberg.

Sept. 23—Russians take Wislok; Austrian retreat from Przemysl through Carpathians cut off; Cossacks raid Czenstochowa; French land guns at Antivari.

Sept. 24—Advance guards of Russian forces arrive before Cracow; Germans defeated at Subin; Russians again occupy Soldau; Montenegrins report capture of Pratzho and Montak in Bosnia.

Sept. 25—Russians occupy Czyschky and Felstyn; Germans occupy Cracow, population flees; Przemysl cut off from all communication; battle between Serbs and Austrians near Zvorkni.

Sept. 26—Greater part of Przemysl occupied by Russians; Germans concentrated in Prussia for impending battle.

Sept. 27—Russians halt German advance in Suwalki and enter town of Przemysl; Serbs and Montenegrins reach Rumania; Germans in weak position on the Niemen River.

Sept. 28—Montenegrins within artillery range of Serajevo; Serbs occupy mountains near by; Bosnians join invading army; Russians occupy Dembica and take another fort at Przemysl, cross Carpathians, and invade Hungary.



Sept. 29—Russians sweep across the Carpathians and over Northern Hungary; Servians retake Semlin.

Sept. 30—Germans fail in attempt to cross the River Niemen; retreating Austrians surrounded near Dukia; Hungarians retake Uzsok Pass; Servians and Montenegrins close to capital of Bosnia.

Oct. 2—Russians break German centre and take up new battle line from Mariampol to Ossowitz; Germans bombard Ossowitz; Russians claim victories in Lodz and Suwalki, and take two Przemysl forts.

Oct. 3—Germans are evacuating Russian Poland; Russians advance on Transylvania; fighting at Augustowo; Servians raid Semlin and destroy forts.



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Oct. 4—Russians defeat Germans at Augustowo and advance reaches Nugy Valley in Hungary; Germans make unsuccessful attacks on Ossowitz forts; Germans lured into a trap on the Niemen.

Oct. 5—Two Russian armies advance toward Allenstein; fighting near Warsaw; Russians are near Cracow; Germans fortify heights between Breslau and Cracow; Austrians claim victory over Montenegrins in East Bosnia; Servians approach Serajevo fortifications.

Oct. 6—Germans claim victories near Suwalki and Augustowo; Russian forces from the Baltic close in on Germans, and announce German retreat from positions between Wirballen and Lyck; Austrians claim victory at Uzsok Pass, but Cossacks are reported eighty miles from Budapest.

Oct. 7—Germans bring reinforcements from Koenigsberg and check Russians; Russians shell Przemysl; Austrians report victory in Hungary near Tesco.

Oct. 8—Russians claim repulse of Germans in Russian Poland and capture of Biala; Germans deny Russian advance in Suwalki; gains by Montenegrins in Herzegovina.

Oct. 9—Russians announce reoccupation of Lyck; Przemysl reported on fire.

Oct. 10—Russians claim that Germans are retiring from Lyck; Austrians report successes throughout Galicia.

Oct. 11—Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Kalenovitch; Russians [Transcriber: original 'Rusians'] sweep through Bukoi Bukowina; Austrians rush help to Przemysl.

Oct. 12—Russians abandon siege of Przemysl and retreat from Galicia; German-Austrian army captures many prisoners.

Oct. 13—Fall of Warsaw believed near; British Consul asks for American protection; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Serajevo.

Oct. 14—Germans report defeat of Russians at Warsaw and recapture of Lyck; Servians in Bosnia beaten back.

Oct. 15—Berlin reports advance of eight Russian army corps against East Prussia; account made public of how Gen. von Hindenburg lured Gen. Rennenkampf into trap at Tennenberg; Russians report victory over Austrians south of Przemysl.

### *CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE.*

July 26—Belgium increases army to enforce neutrality.



July 27—Belgian Army mobilizes, Holland prepares to maintain neutrality.

July 28—French Army moves to frontier.

July 29—Belgium calls out reserves.

July 30—England takes defensive measures.

July 31—Belgium mobilizes.

Aug. 1—France mobilizes after Germany asks her intentions; will respect neutrality of Belgium.

Aug. 2—Germany sends ultimatum to Belgium, seizes Luxemburg, and invades France; fighting at Longwy, three German spies arrested in England.

Aug. 3—Berlin reports acts of hostility by French; England will protect French coast and defend Belgium; France promises to guard Belgian neutrality; France holds that war with Germany began automatically with invasion of her territory.



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Aug. 4—England declares war on Germany as Kaiser rejects ultimatum on Belgian neutrality; Germany declares war on Belgium; attack on Liege repulsed; Germans cross French border near Mars-la-Tour and Moineville.

Aug. 5—French repulse Germans at border; many Germans killed in attack on Liege, Crown Prince bringing aid, French Army rushing up.

Aug. 6—Germans take two forts at Liege; French Army coming; English coast towns arm.

Aug. 7—Rapid mobilization of French on frontier; French occupy two towns in Alsace-Lorraine; Kaiser and King of Belgium call nations to arms; Bavarians beaten by French at Marrehan; Germans enter Liege, forts still held by Belgians; Germans get armistice to bury dead.

Aug. 8—Holland guards frontier; conflicting reports of fall of Liege; French forces in Belgium; British land on Continent; French take Muelhausen after battle at Altkirch; German spies try to blow up tunnels and bridges near Paris.

Aug. 9—Germans in Alsace fall back on Neu Breisach; Kaiser leaves for front; Belgian War Minister denies capture of Liege, Germans in city but forts untaken; French and English reinforce Belgians; Governor and Bishop of Liege held as hostages; German warning of reprisals; Germans arrested in England; Holland captures and disarms Uhlans at Maastricht.

Aug. 10—France breaks off diplomatic relations with Austria; French student tells how Germans shot refugees; French patrols cover Eifel district in Germany; French open way into Alsace by capturing Bonhomme and Sainte Marie; 100 German spies put to death in Belgium; more caught; Germans forced by French to plan new campaign in Belgium; Allies claim success in cavalry encounters; Germans moving through Esch.

Aug. 11—Germans attack French frontier, take Lagarde and intrench south of Liege; Belgians retake Loncin fort; Kaiser claims victory at Liege; French Army forced back in Alsace; minor checks to Germans; German siege guns before Liege; German advance directed at gap between Verdun and Longwy.

Aug. 12—Germany tries again to negotiate with Belgium for passage of army; Germans bombard Point-a-Mousson; Germans move on Brussels and are driven back by Belgians' left wing; Germans report victory in Alsace; Germans reported to have shot French wounded; German spies terrorize Belgium; battle near Tongres; German official says Kaiser halted attack on Liege and denies heavy losses; Germans complete bridge for siege artillery; Paris papers say Germans burned village of Affleville and shot farmers.



Aug. 13—England declares war on Austria; Belgians beat off Germans in two-day fight; Namur defenses strengthened; battles at Diest, Haelen, and Eghezee; Germans shoot woman accused of attempt to blow up Alsatian tunnel; British, French, and Belgians charge cruelties by German troops; report that Germans hold Diest; German guns reported wrecked by fire from Liege forts; French report severe defeat of Germans by counter-attack at Pont-a-Mousson; Swiss report that Germans lost 10,000 in Alsace; Swiss disarm German troops; Italy's troops guard Alpine passes.



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Aug. 14—Germans mass to attack Allies and move toward Brussels; bombardment of Liege renewed; attempt to storm Pontisse fails; British Commander French and French Gen. Joffre meet at headquarters; French and Belgian forts exchange officers; French win in battle in Vosges Mountains.

Aug. 15—Armies of Germany and Allies face each other on 248-mile battle front; French storm three towns and retake Thann in Alsace; battling at Liege forts continues; Germans said to have shot innocent people in Linsmeau for slaying an officer.

Aug. 16—Fighting at Muelhausen renewed; French take offensive along line from Luneville to Saarburg; clash near Dinant; Germans damage Vise; general advance of French on eastern frontier; South Belgium barricaded; Belgian cyclists fight strong German force; rumor that Austrians are in Belgium.

Aug. 17—French forces sweep on toward Strassburg; desultory fighting clears ground between Germans and Allies; Belgians say Germans torture prisoners; Belgian seat of Government moved to Antwerp.

Aug. 18—British force lands in France; German advance on Brussels checked; Germans evacuate Saarburg; French take two batteries; Germans start second fire in Vise.

Aug. 19—Fighting near Altkirch; Paris prepares for eventualities; Allies fall back and may quit Brussels; Germans occupy Louvain; French report further advance into Alsace; Germans retake Ville.

Aug. 20—French reoccupy Muelhausen, but are checked in Lorraine; other French gains in Alsace; German cavalry occupies Brussels; Belgian Army retires on Antwerp; French victory near Luneville; Germans defeat Belgians at Aerschot.

Aug. 21—French withdraw from Lorraine; Germans rush through Brussels, capture Ghent, levy war taxes on Brussels and Liege, and will try to seize Ostend; England says tax levy is violation of Hague treaty; German assault on Namur begins; report of German vengeance on town of Tongres; Antwerp, new seat of Government, prepares for defense; Germans hold Audun-la-Roman and continue to cross the Meuse.

Aug. 22—French deny German report of victory between Metz and the Vosges; Germans continue bombardment of Namur forts and face Allies on twenty-mile front to Charleroi; main force is aimed at Lille; battle between English and Germans at Waterloo; French close in on Colmar; fight between German and English cavalry at Colmar; fear that Belgian cities may not be able to pay indemnity; Germans accused of shooting Burgomaster and citizens of Aerschot without provocation.



Aug. 23—Allies take offensive against Germans along 150-mile line from Mons to Luxemburg; Belgian commander blows up one Liege fort; others hold out; French repel three days' attack on Muelhausen intrenchments; France protests to Hague against use of dum dum bullets by Germans.

Aug. 24—Allies fall back before German attack on Belgium; report that Namur has fallen; account made public of battle at Charleroi; Germans, led by Crown Prince in Lorraine, pursue French beyond Longwy; success of force headed by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria at Luneville, Blamont and Cirey; French defeated at Neuf-chateau by forces under Grand Duke Albrecht of Wuerttemberg; Germans begin another attack on Muelhausen; English cavalry brigade defeated by Germans south of Brussels; Germans set fire to Hussigny and resume fire at Liege.



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Aug. 25—Battle on new 200-mile-line between Germans and Allies; Germans capture five Namur forts and are attacking others; French withdraw from Alsace to frontier; Allies gain to the south; Germans levy tax on Brabant; report that Lorrainers betrayed French troops to Germans.

Aug. 26—Allies fall back a short distance in Belgium; Belgian success at Malines; French claim success near Nancy and Luneville; report that Lille is abandoned; big battle in Lorraine; Germans fire houses in Liege; Berlin announces British rout at Maubeuge.

Aug. 27—Germans take Longwy and all Namur forts; British-French line falls back on right flank; French reoccupy Lille; details given out of fighting at Mons; Germans take Malines and tax Tourant and Charleroi; announcement of German bombardment of Malines; Paris prepares for possible siege.

Aug. 28—Austria declares war on Belgium; Belgians retake Malines and advance to Brussels; Germans defeat Allies along entire line; report that fall of Namur was due to heavy fog; Germans sack and burn Louvain; art treasures destroyed.

Aug. 29—German force withdrawn from Belgium to meet Russians; French right wins at Guise, left reinforced but repulsed; Germans march on La Fere; Allies evacuate Boulogne; account made public of the heroic defense of Longwy; details given out of fall of Namur; Germans blow up bridges on railway from Antwerp to frontier; French bayoneted company of Germans accused of treachery; Military Governor of Paris orders destruction of houses obstructing forts' fire.

Aug. 30—French left wing again driven back; Allies' lines reinforced; Germans recalled to Brussels to hold city; French reported successful near Amiens.

Aug. 31—Paris defense plans rushed; Allies' left flank again driven back.

Sept. 1—Allies' centre hard pressed; German attack on Belfort fails; British flank reinforced; Germans fortify Brussels.

Sept. 2—French move capital temporarily to Bordeaux to allow Allies to pivot left wing on Paris; German cavalry corps defeated by British near Compiègne; another pushes on to Soissons; French report success in Lorraine.

Sept. 3—Report that Russian troops have been transported to Belgium; Germans take La Fere and Amiens and move to attack Laon and Rheims; Austrians sent to reinforce German left wing; Germans are twenty-five miles from Paris.

Sept. 4—Germans neglect Paris and move eastward; German right wing reported checked and driven back to St. Quentin; Allies driven back behind Conde; Germans move toward Verdun; Germans bombard Termonde; fighting in Alost.



Sept. 5—Germans take Rheims and three forts at Maubeuge; Belgians trap Germans in flooded area near Malines; Germans take Termonde; Germans abandon attack on Belfort.

Sept. 6—German right wing checked near Paris; Kaiser directs attack on Nancy; account made public of evacuation of Senlis and Chantilly.



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Sept. 7—It is now plain that the German march on Paris has been deflected; Allies force Germans back in 160-mile battle from Nanteuil-le-Hardouin to Verdun and report defeat of Crown Prince's army; Germans defeat Belgians near Melle and march to occupy Ghent; repulsed at Capelle-au-Bois.

Sept. 8—British push German right over the Marne; French win on the Ourcq; fighting at Vitry.

Sept. 9—Germans claim capture of Maubeuge; British cross the Marne; Germans fall back; have evacuated Upper Alsace.

Sept. 10—Gen. von Stein admits defeat by Allies; Belgians reoccupy Termonde, Aerschot, and Diest; French join British across Marne in pursuing Germans; fighting near Vitry and other points in centre.

Sept. 11—German line west of Revigny retreats, but captures fort near Verdun; Gen. Pau seizes German supply train; account given out of battle at Meaux; British report annihilation of German Jaeger regiment; French deny fall of Maubeuge and recapture Muelhausen; Germans march south from Ghent, Belgians in pursuit.

Sept. 12—Belgians cut German Army in two by victory at Cortenberg; whole German line in France retreats, Luneville retaken; Belgians repulse German sortie at Louvain and advance on Brussels.

Sept. 13—Germans repulsed at Nancy and Luneville, evacuate Amiens, lose Revigny and Brabant-le-Roi; Crown Prince's Army threatened; fighting at Louvain and Malines; heavy fighting at Bortzy; battle between Thann and Sennheim.

Sept. 14—Amiens reoccupied by French; Fort of Troyon relieved; Germans make stand on the Aisne; Germans lay waste to Senlis.

Sept. 15—German Crown Prince's army driven back to the Orne; French reoccupy Rheims; fighting on the Aisne; new intrenched positions taken by German armies; La Ferte ransacked by Germans; Franco-Belgian successes at Alost and Rousbrugge.

Sept. 16—New battle on from Noyon to Verdun; army from Douen is circling von Kluck's corps; Germans move nearer Antwerp.

Sept. 17—German Army strengthened between Berry-au-Bac and Argonne; French advance in Woevre district; deadlock on right flank; Belgians repulse attack on Termonde.

Sept. 18—Germans complete bombardment of Termonde; now known that Maubeuge has fallen; Allies' left advances six miles; Germans report gain in centre; Germans intrench on the Sambre; Germans send scouting parties into Belgium.



Sept. 19—Germans fortify along the Rhine; Allies advance on left and right wings and drive back army of German Crown Prince; heavy fighting at Rheims; Germans capture Beaumont; German shells hit Cathedral of Notre Dame and Church of St. Remi in Rheims.

Sept. 20—Germans badly damage Rheims; Allies make slight gains; fighting near Soissons; Germans report offensive move; Allies capture Souain; Belgians retake Lanaeken; Germans bring siege guns up to Antwerp.

Sept. 21—Allies gain between Rheims and Argonne, take Massiges and Mesnil; Germans claim capture of Craonne hills and Betheny; Belgians repulse German assault on Fort Waelhem; Termonde under fire again.



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Sept. 22—Germans claim victories at Craonne and Betheny; their right turned between Peronne and St. Quentin; desultory fighting near Malines and Alost.

Sept. 23—Allies advance on left wing near Lassigny; Germans bombard Verdun; Germans prepare for campaign in Southern Belgium.

Sept. 24—French take Peronne; Germans take Varennes; Belgians report victory near Antwerp.

Sept. 25—Allies beaten back by Germans at Noyon, but renew offensive after being reinforced; Germans advance southeast of Verdun; quarries from Giraumont to Machemok strengthen German position; campaign in Alsace halted by snow.

Sept. 26—Germans take Fort des Romaines and cross the Meuse; Germans burn Bilsen; Austrian and German artillery menace Antwerp.

Sept. 27—Allies repulse charges on right and left wings; Germans gain in centre; Verdun forts withdraw fire; French reinforced on the Meuse; Germans again bombard Malines.

Sept. 28—Allies make slight progress on heights of the Meuse; fog in Woevre district causes suspension of fighting; Belgians retake Alost and repulse Germans at Malines.

Sept. 29—Germans occupy Moll and Malines, bombard Lierre, and shell outer forts of Antwerp; fighting on the Aisne continues.

Sept. 30—Allies drive back both German wings and retake St. Mihiel; French trap Germans in quarries; Germans destroy town of Orchies; Belgians renew bombardment of Lierre.

Oct. 1—Belgians repulse German attacks on Antwerp forts; Germans capture Roye and claim success in attack on Albert; French report gains; French shell Germans in quarries; Scheldt River interferes with attack of Germans on Antwerp; Belgians bombard church at Termonde to drive Germans from steeple.

Oct. 2—Allies checked after pushing north to Arras; Germans driven back across the Meuse; Germans report two Antwerp forts silenced; Cologne prepares for defense; Belgians report German repulse at one Antwerp fort and at Termonde.

Oct. 3—Battle at Roye; Germans claim victory near Toul; Belgians near Antwerp fall back.

Oct. 4—Berlin reports capture of Forts Wavre, St. Catherine, and Dorpweld, and of Termonde; Allies defeat flanking movement and battleground shifts to vicinity of Arras; Allies claim success in Woevre and Soissons regions; British forces aid in defense of



Antwerp; Fort Walheim damaged; Germans take two villages on Dutch border near Maastricht.

Oct. 5—Germans gain on right wing, take three Antwerp forts, and resume offensive in Argonne district and along the Meuse.

Oct. 6—Antwerp warned that bombardment is near; desperate fighting on the Oise; Allies gain at Soissons; German column near Lille; French hold strong positions in Alsace.

Oct. 7—Germans report bombardment of Lanaeken when civilians attack them; Germans closing in on Antwerp and have crossed the Nethe; fighting near Ghent; Allies drive German cavalry back from Lille and gain at Roye; skirmish at Ypres; Allies reinforced; Germans are still shelling Rheims.



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Oct. 8—Antwerp bombarded by German siege guns and Zeppelins; Germans cross the Scheldt; Allies gain near Arras, which is being shelled by Germans; Germans cut railway lines near Ypres; cavalry fights on the Belgian frontier.

Oct. 9—Germans claim progress near St. Mihiel and in the Argonne district; Germans report fall of Fort Breendonk; Antwerp aflame; fighting around Roye; cavalry battles near Lille; Germans occupy Courtrai and destroy bridges between Brussels and *Mons*.

Oct. 10—Antwerp surrenders, Belgian Army escapes; widespread ruin in city; some British troops driven into Holland; fighting at Arras continues; Germans bombard Lokeron; Germans report gains at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne region.

Oct. 11—Germans occupy Antwerp; main British and Belgian defending armies reach Ostend; fighting near Soissons; German attacks in Caronne region repulsed; Allies win in centre; Arras free from Germans; British official report tells how the Germans were routed near Bray.

Oct. 12—Germans enter Ghent; Allies fight to check German reinforcements; fighting at Lasigny and Lens; Germans mass around Ypres; cavalry fighting near Lille.

Oct. 13—Germans press on toward Ostend; severe fighting in Argonne district; Germans take Lille and occupy Hazebrouck and Ypres; Germans occupy Ghent and move on Bruges.

Oct. 14—Belgian Army leaves Ostend and joins Allies in field; Allies reoccupy Ypres; French gain near border; German battalion trapped in canal in Lorraine.

Oct. 15—Allies retake Estaires and report gains at several points; Germans deny repulses and occupy Bruges, Thielt, Daume, and Esschen; German convoy captured by French.

### *CAMPAIGN IN THE FAR EAST.*

Aug. 4—Japanese Government's proclamation prepares people for war in behalf of England.

Aug. 6—Germans fortify Tsing-tau.

Aug. 11—Japan requisitions transports.

Aug. 16—Japan sends ultimatum to Germany demanding withdrawal of fleet in Far Eastern waters and giving up of Kiao-Chau.

Aug. 17—Official announcement that Japan's action will be limited to China Sea and to protection of her trade; ultimatum to Germany made with concurrence of England.



Aug. 18—Count Okuma emphasizes Japan's limitation of war and England reassures United States.

Aug. 19—Germany will reject Japan's demands.

Aug. 20—Kaiser orders resistance to Japan at Kiao-Chau; Japanese Foreign Office makes statement explaining ultimatum to Germany.

Aug. 22—Germany ignores Japan's demands: time limit ends, Japanese envoy ordered to leave Berlin; Japan is expected to make war move at once.

Aug. 23—Japan declares war on Germany.

Aug. 24—Germans blow up bridges to halt Japanese invasion of Kiao-Chau.

Aug. 26—War declared by Austria against Japan; British destroy German wireless and cable stations on Island of Yap.



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Aug. 29—Germans lay mines at Kiao-Chau and fire at landing party at Cape Jaeschke.

Aug. 30—Japanese troops landed near Kiao-Chau; forts fire at destroyer.

Aug. 31—Japanese occupy two islands.

Sept. 2—Japan lands force at Lung-kow; German Legation protests against violation of China's neutrality.

Sept. 3—Japanese occupy seven islands near Kiao-Chau, clear waters of mines, and land more troops at Lung-kow; China protests against violation of her neutrality.

Sept. 9—Japanese advance southward in Shantung.

Sept. 14—Japanese flank Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 15—Japanese cavalry captures Chimo; vanguard of Japanese Army reaches Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 19—Japanese seize Kiao-Chau station and train and land troops at Laoshan.

Sept. 20—Japanese cavalry in clash with German outposts near Tsing-tau.

Sept. 22—Australians seize German wireless station on Island of Nauru.

Sept. 24—British troops land near Laoshan, China.

Sept. 26—Japanese advance on Fangate, where Germans hold valuable mines.

Sept. 27—Japanese defeat Germans on outskirts of Kiao-Chau; food supply in city short.

Sept. 28—Japanese approach Tsing-tau.

Sept. 29—Japanese invest Tsing-tau; Chinese blow up railroad bridges to hinder progress of Japanese troops.

Sept. 30—Germans abandon artillery as Japanese reach Lao-Che.

Oct. 1—Germans destroy railroad bridge at Ta-yu-ho.

Oct. 4—Japanese march along railroad to Wei-Hsein; one Chinese killed.

Oct. 5—Japanese repulse night attack of Germans at Tsing-tau.



Oct. 6—Germans plan to destroy Shantung Railway.

Oct. 7—Japanese seize Island of Yap; Japanese bring siege guns before Tsing-tau.

Oct. 8—German fire slackens at Tsing-tau.

Oct. 13—Arrangements made for departure of non-combatants before final attack on Kiao-Chau.

*CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA.*

Aug. 8—British seize Port Lome, Togoland.

Aug. 9—French are in Togoland.

Aug. 26—Germans surrender Togoland.

Aug. 28—German troops attack Belgian Congo.

Sept. 10—Germans defeated by British in Nyassaland.

Sept. 13—Germans occupy Karangu, British East Africa.

Sept. 15—British defeat Germans in Namaqualand.

Sept. 18—Germans defeated by garrison of seven British at Nakob.

Sept. 22—Germans repulsed in attack on fort in Voi district.

Sept. 24—Germans at Schuckmannsberg surrender to police.

Sept. 25—Australian force takes German New Guinea.

Sept. 26—French seize Coco Beach, Kamerun; British occupy Luederitz Bay; Germans raid Walfish Bay.

Sept. 28—German Congo seized by British and French.

Oct. 13—Detachment of Boers under Col. Maritz rebels because of the pro-British stand taken by the Government of South Africa; martial law proclaimed in colony; British imprison Germans in British East Africa and Germans imprison British in German East Africa.



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Oct. 14—There are but few men in the Maritz rebel force; silence of Boer leaders is found disquieting in England.

Oct. 15—Col. Brits's force captures eighty rebels under Col. Maritz; Gen. Botha takes field; prominent men arrested on charge of treason.

### *NAVAL RECORD.*

July 26—British and French fleets ready for action; Servian vessels in Danube seized by Austrians; German fleet ordered concentrated in home waters; Italy masses fleet.

July 29 and 30—British fleet leaves Portland; British and German fleets in Far East mobilize.

July 31—German squadron stops merchant vessels in Danish waters; British warships near; Montenegrin King's yacht escapes Austrian destroyers.

Aug. 2—Fight between German and Russian cruisers off Libau; German High Sea Fleet seizes Wilson liner Castro and a collier; fleets assemble in Far East.

Aug. 3—Germans chase Norwegian food ship.

Aug. 4—Rival warships off Port of New York; British mine layer sunk by German fleet; British fleet will aim to destroy Kiel Canal.

Aug. 5—British third flotilla has battle with Germans in North Sea; cruiser Amphion damaged; German mine layer Koenigen Luise sunk; many German merchant ships seized by English, French, and Russians; Germans bombard Sveaborg, torpedo boat blown up.

Aug. 6—British cruiser Amphion sunk by mine; French capture German tank steamer; Germans capture Russian ship.

Aug. 7—British and German cruisers reported in fight off Brazilian coast; British steamers destroyed by mines off German and Turkish coasts; British capture German steamer Schlesien; German merchant ship captured by French; Germans capture Russian cruiser; Japanese warships off port of Tsing-tau; German cruisers Goeben and Breslau leave Genoa.

Aug. 8—Thirty-six German ships seized by Belgians; Russians capture Austrian and German merchant steamers; British capture German ship, said to be North German Lloyd liner; naval fight in Adriatic; interest in position of Goeben and Breslau; bombardment of Libau reported by ship Captain.



Aug. 9—British sink German submarine; cruiser Essex takes ship at sea; Goeben and Breslau in the Dardanelles; two German steamers taken at Rouen and one at Colombo; England and France protest against German steamer Karlsruhe coaling at Porto Rico; firing off Shanghai; British fleet proceeds to Tsing-tau; Austrian cruisers bombard Antivari.

Aug. 10—Cruiser Birmingham sinks German submarine U-15; British close North Sea to fishing fleets; Dutch steamer sunk in Baltic; Belgians seize two Austrian steamers; English and Canadian steamers hunt in Atlantic for German cruisers.

Aug. 11—Battle in the Adriatic; Russians capture twenty German merchant vessels in Baltic.

Aug. 12—German destroyer sunk by mine off South Gedser.

Aug. 13—German cruisers bombard Windau; France will check Austria's navy; British said to have bottled up German Far Eastern squadron; German cruisers Goeben and Breslau are flying Turkish flag.



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Aug. 15—Japanese Navy sails to join British fleet; Triple Entente demands that Turkey repatriate crews of German cruisers; Austrian liner blown up by mine in the Adriatic; British capture Austrian liner Marienbad; German steamer W.W. Schneefels brought to Gibraltar as war prize.

Aug. 16—French fleet said to have sunk two Austrian ships in the Adriatic.

Aug. 17—German dreadnought said to be damaged in Norwegian port; French sink Austrian cruiser in the Adriatic; German cruiser Karlsruhe said to have sunk four British merchantmen; British cruisers capture Hamburg-American liners Cap Ortegal and Santa Catharina.

Aug. 18—Two German cruisers captured and taken to Hongkong; fight between British and German patrol fleets.

Aug. 20—British steamer Hostilius captured by German cruiser Dresden; German fleet said to have shelled three Russian ports.

Aug. 21—British and French warships and Montenegrin batteries bombard Cattaro; two German Hansa liners seized at Bombay and Hamburg-American ship at Rangoon.

Aug. 22—Steamers Maryland and Broberg sunk by mines in North Sea; two Dutch steamers reported sunk; German cruiser Dresden sinks British steamer Hyades; British cruiser Glasgow captures German ship Santa Kathina; French capture German four-master and Austrian steamer; account made public of sinking of Austrian battleship Zrinyi.

Aug. 23—Anglo-French fleets destroy Austrian cruiser Zenta and bombard Cattaro; Dutch steamer Alcor blown up by Russians to block Hango harbor; report that French, English, and Russian vessels are aiding Japan to blockade Kiao-Chau.

Aug. 24—Japanese fleet has begun bombardment of Tsing-tau; Cattaro badly damaged by British and French fleets.

Aug. 25—German steamer Elizabeth sunk.

Aug. 26—British defeated in battle with German torpedo boat off Kiao-Chau.

Aug. 27—British cruiser Highflyer sinks Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse; British marines occupy Ostend; German cruiser Magdeburg sunk in Gulf of Finland; mines in North Sea sink a Danish and a Norwegian steamer; Japanese bombard island near Kiao-Chau and blockade port.



Aug. 28—British fleet sinks two German cruisers, sets fire to third, and sinks two torpedo boats off Heligoland; Germans fire at Japanese fleet near Kiao-Chau; Austrian destroyer sunk by British off Corfu; British cruiser Welland sinks German torpedo destroyer; other German ships captured; six vessels blown up in North Sea by mines; Russians capture crew of German cruiser Magdeburg.

Aug. 29—Port of Cape Jaeschke blocked by Japanese warships; passenger steamer destroyed by mines near Russian port.

Aug. 30—British official account of battle off Heligoland; New Zealand expeditionary force captures Apia.

Aug. 31—German gunboat shells abandoned Japanese destroyer at Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 2—British and French ships again bombard Cattaro; steam drifter Eyrie sunk by mine in North Sea.



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Sept. 4—British cruiser sinks Austrian steamer Bathori in Bay of Biscay; British gunboat Speedy sunk by mine in North Sea; British steamship Bowes Castle sunk by German cruiser off St. Lucia.

Sept. 5—German ships sink fifteen British trawlers in North Sea.

Sept. 6—Cruiser Pathfinder destroyed by mine.

Sept. 7—British submarine strikes German warships in Bremerhaven Harbor.

Sept. 10—British capture German, collier.

Sept. 11—Germans destroy Russian steamer Uleaborg.

Sept. 12—Australian Navy occupies Herbertshoehe in Bismarck Archipelago; British take German coal ship Heinze.

Sept. 14—Germans capture Fanning Island and cable station; German cruiser Hela sunk.

Sept. 17—German fleets fire on each other in Baltic by mistake; British cruiser seizes Holland-America, liner Ryndam; French cruiser Conde captures German storeship Helna; Canadian Pacific liner made a British cruiser in Pacific; German cruiser Luxemburg reported to have sunk three British freighters in West Indies.

Sept. 19—Australian submarine AE-1 lost; Austrian warship Viribus Unitis damaged in Adriatic.

Sept. 20—Carmania sinks German merchant cruiser Cap Trafalgar; German cruiser Koenigsberg disables British cruiser Pegasus; fighting between British and German ships in Kamerun River, Africa; six British ships captured by German cruiser Emden; damaged Russian warships arrive at Helsingfors; Austrian torpedo boat 27 sunk at Pola; German cruiser Stettin fights British warships.

Sept. 21—British steamer Clan Matheson sunk by German cruiser Emden; crews of six captured vessels landed in India.

Sept. 22—British cruiser Berwick captures Hamburg-American liner Spreewald and two German colliers; German submarine U-9 sinks British cruisers Cressy, Aboukir, and Hogue in North Sea; British steamer Belgian King sunk near Cape Kureli.

Sept. 23—Russian cruiser Bayan sinks German cruiser and two torpedo boats; Germany says submarine U-9 sunk British ships unaided in North Sea fight yesterday;



Austrian cruisers Maria Theresia and Admiral Staun damaged; trawler Kilmarnock sunk by mine.

Sept. 24—Two Austrian torpedo boats and one destroyer sunk by mines in the Adriatic; Norwegian steamer Hesvik sunk in North Sea; cruiser Emden bombards Madras; Anglo-French fleet again bombards Cattaro.

Sept. 25—Kronprinz Wilhelm sinks British steamer Indian Prince; British charge that Germans fired on Carmania after white flag was raised.

Sept. 26—Fortress of Pelagosa dismantled by Anglo-French fleet; British cruiser Cornwall seizes Dutch steamer with coal consigned to Rio de Janeiro; French gunboat Surprise sinks two German ships and seizes Coco Beach, West Africa; British capture German ship Ossa and seize American ship Lorenzo and Norwegian ship Thor accused of coaling German cruiser.

Sept. 28—French warship sunk at Cattaro by forts.



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Sept. 29—German cruiser Emden has sunk five British steamers in Gulf of Bengal and has destroyed all tank steamers at Madras; British warships bombard Tsing-tau forts.

Sept. 30—British cruiser Cumberland captures Hamburg-American liner Arnfried and nine merchant steamers; Italian ships sunk by Austrian mines.

Oct. 1—Account given out of bombardment of Windau by German squadron; fighting between German and Japanese warships in Kiao-Chau Harbor.

Oct. 2—British Admiralty plans to lay mines as counterstroke to German policy; German cruisers shell Papeete, capital of French Island of Tahiti; French gunboat sinks German auxiliary ships Rhios and Itolo; German cruiser Liepzig sinks Union oil tanker Elsinore.

Oct. 3—German cruiser Karlsruhe sinks seven British ships; British steamer Dawdon and Norwegian steamer Thomos sunk by mines; German steamer Mark bottled up in Philippine port; Italian boat sunk by Austrian mine; Japanese cruiser blown up by mine in Laoshan Bay.

Oct. 4—Anglo-French fleet bombards Cattaro and destroys Lustica; Dutch steamer Nieuwland sunk by mine in North Sea; Rear Admiral Troubridge recalled from Mediterranean to London to explain escape of German cruisers Goeben and Breslau.

Oct. 5—Japanese capture Jaluit Island; British grain ship sunk by mine near Dover; Japanese shells hit German gunboat Iltis in Tsing-tau Harbor.

Oct. 6—French lay mines in Adriatic to offset similar action by Austrians.

Oct. 7—British submarine sinks German destroyer off mouth of River Ems; six Austrian torpedo craft reported sunk by mines in the Adriatic; British trawler blown up in the North Sea.

Oct. 9—It is announced that thirty-two German merchant ships were destroyed at Antwerp.

Oct. 10—Japanese warships silence Iltis forts.

Oct. 11—French fleet sinks two Austrian torpedo boats.

Oct. 12—German submarine sinks Russian cruiser Pallada.

Oct. 13—Russians claim that Germans lost two submarines in attack on Pallada.

Oct. 14—Report denied by Germans.



Oct. 15—British cruiser Yarmouth sinks German liner Markomania.

*AERIAL RECORD.*

Aug. 2—Report that French aviators have dropped bombs on Nuernberg; German troops shoot down French aeroplanes near Wesel; report that Garros, French aviator, wrecked German airship at Longwy; French aeroplanes dispatched toward Nancy.

Aug. 3—German airships fly over Belgium.

Aug. 5—Duel between Belgian and German aviators; Austrians report destruction of Russian aeroplane.

Aug. 13—German aeroplane pursued by Belgians; German aviator throws bomb on Vesoul.

Aug. 15—Harmless bombs thrown by German aviators on Vesoul and Lure; French aviators throw bombs on Zeppelins in Metz; five men wounded in Namur by bombs thrown from German aeroplanes.

Aug. 18—Three Zeppelins wrecked by gunfire, one by fall; German monoplane drops bombs on Luneville; German aeroplane destroyed near Samno, Russia.



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Aug. 19—German monoplane captured in Belgium.

Aug. 20—Pegoud's airship destroyed in flight to drop bombs in Germany; Dutch capture German aeroplanes.

Aug. 23—French destroy Zeppelin.

Aug. 24—France believes five German Zeppelins are out of action.

Aug. 25—Zeppelin bombs fall in Antwerp.

Aug. 29—Russians bring down Zeppelin.

Aug. 30—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris; French Embassy in Washington denies that aeroplanes bombarded Nuernberg.

Aug. 31—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris.

Sept. 1—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris.

Sept. 2—Fight between French and German aeroplanes; Zeppelin renews attack on Antwerp.

Sept. 3—German aeroplanes drop bombs on British transport on the Seine and on Belfort; German aeroplane over Paris destroyed, aviators killed.

Sept. 4—Three German aeroplanes wrecked by French.

Sept. 9—Russian and Austrian aviators killed in battle.

Sept. 12—German aviators killed in battle with French near Troyes.

Sept. 14—Japanese aeroplane drops bomb in Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 17—Berlin claims that no Zeppelins have been destroyed.

Sept. 18—Bomb dropped on Antwerp; Japanese aviator sets fire to ship in Kiao-Chau Bay.

Sept. 20—Vedrine kills German aviator; French aviator Chevilliard captured by Germans.

Sept. 21—Japanese aeroplanes wreck two forts at Tsing-tau.

Sept. 23—British drop bombs on Zeppelin shed at Duesseldorf; London fears Zeppelin attacks and reduces lights to minimum.



Sept. 24—Zeppelin drops three bombs in Belgium; French capture five Taube machines from Germans; destruction of Zeppelin by Russians near Sieradz.

Sept. 25—Duel between Belgian and German aviators over Brussels; Zeppelin drops bombs in Ostend; London prepares to repel attacks.

Sept. 26—Zeppelin raids Warsaw.

Sept. 27—Man killed and child crippled in Paris; three killed in Warsaw.

Sept. 29—Zeppelin drops bombs on two Belgian towns.

Sept. 30—Japanese aeroplanes attack Kiao-Chau Harbor.

Oct. 1—Zeppelin drops bomb near Antwerp, but is driven off.

Oct. 2—Germans report capture of thirty French aeroplanes; it is learned that aviators patrolled the Straits of Dover during passage of British expeditionary force; German aviators drop messages to Russian troops.

Oct. 5—Searchlight tests made in London in preparation for Zeppelin raids.

Oct. 6—It is announced that German airship aided in sinking British cruisers; commander and crew decorated by Kaiser.

Oct. 7—London insures against damage from Zeppelin raids as air fleet is prepared at Wilhelmshaven; French aviators set fire to German aeroplanes.

Oct. 8—German aeroplanes drop bombs on Paris and Antwerp.



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Oct. 9—British air squadron destroys Zeppelin in hangar at Duesseldorf.

Oct. 11—Three killed, fourteen injured from bombs dropped on Paris by German aviators; Zeppelin over Ostend driven away by guns; Japanese drop bombs in Tsingtau.

Oct. 12—Six more bombs dropped on Paris.

Oct. 13—French rout German aviators near Paris.

Oct. 14—French aviator decorated for bringing down German; Cossacks bring down Zeppelin near Warsaw; bombs dropped on Nancy.

### *AMERICAN INTERESTS.*

July 26—Americans are leaving Carlsbad and other resorts.

July 29—Tourists in Paris abandon plans to go eastward; many in London take chances and go into Austria.

July 31—Exodus from Geneva; war panic among American tourists in Paris; President Wilson directs State Department to ask Ambassador Herrick to remain at his post; many left in London as sailing of the Imperator is canceled.

Aug. 1—Many demand passports in France; Americans in London will organize for relief work.

Aug. 2—Americans in Paris form committee to aid countrymen; refugees from Continent arrive in London; Ambassador Gerard appeals for funds; State Department has no funds, but will forward deposits for refugees.

Aug. 3—Bankers and Treasury Department officials agree on plan for \$3,500,000 gold shipment to tourists; hundreds reach Paris after many hardships; fear in Berlin; both houses of Congress pass bill appropriating \$250,000 for relief; embassies will distribute funds.

Aug. 4—Mrs. O.H. Kahn loses automobiles in France; tourists unable to leave Germany; many destitute in Paris; automobiles requisitioned for war; President Wilson approves plan to send \$5,000,000 from bankers and national appropriation of \$2,500,000 in gold; cruiser Tennessee will carry it.

Aug. 5—Ambassador Herrick issues transports to stranded in Paris; millionaires leave in cattle train for Havre; Ambassador Page praises spirit of refugees; two committees in London to relieve distress; cruiser Tennessee prepares to sail with relief fund; Congress



votes \$2,500,000 appropriation; cruiser North Carolina will follow with more gold if needed; Mayor Mitchel appoints relief committee.

Aug. 6—Americans in London get funds from Transportation Committee; many obtain certificates of American citizenship in Paris; Tennessee leaves with gold; Secretary Garrison will use transports rather than pay exorbitant prices to charter ships; Board of Relief named to supervise distribution of funds appropriated by Congress.

Aug. 7—Baroness von Andre and Anne W.N. Davis tell of brutal treatment by German soldiers; Mrs. Philip Lydig tells of kind treatment by French; Mrs. Herrick's American Ambulance Corps organized; \$100,000 sent by Treasury to Paris and \$25,000 to Italy; many Americans leave via Denmark; French and German railways will be open for departure of Americans after mobilization is completed.



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Aug. 8—A.M. Huntington and wife reported to be arrested in Bavaria and held as spies; 7,000 Americans leave England; committee of American and English bankers formed to administer \$3,000,000 gold shipment; Secretary Garrison confers with Haniel von Heimhausen, German Charge d'Affaires, who says Americans will be allowed to leave Germany.

Aug. 9—One thousand five hundred Americans apply [Transcriber: original 'appy'] at Paris Embassy for transports; refugees arrive on the New York; mines menace relief cruisers.

Aug. 10—Mayor of Berlin and others move to care for refugees in Germany; many stranded in Bermuda.

Aug. 11—Cancellation of sailing of Olympic causes rush for steerage on ships leaving London; Mrs. W.H. Page heads committee to look after school teachers; Secretary Bryan orders Ambassador Gerard to make representations regarding Mr. and Mrs. Huntington.

Aug. 12—One thousand refugees arrive in New York, on S.S. Philadelphia; Embassy in Paris arranges for relief of tourists all over France; Secretary Bryan says Huntingtons are safe; refugees arrive on Holland-America liner Potsdam.

Aug. 13—Ambassador Page is seeking ships that may be chartered in London; army officers will aid relief work in Paris; fourteen tourists reached England via Arctic Sea; Secretary Bryan warns all Americans going abroad to get passports; emergency passports to be issued; people in Berlin open homes to Americans; Minister Whitlock reports Consulate at Liege exposed to fire.

Aug. 14—More than 300 Americans arrive in Rotterdam from Berlin.

Aug. 15—Seven ships leave England; less need for transport; German Foreign Office says Huntington was not arrested; Ambassador Herrick arranges for sailings of the Espagne and the Rochambeau; refugees in Rotterdam report generous treatment while in Germany; Germany will provide trains to carry Americans to Bremen and will let cruiser Tennessee land there; Gerard says Americans are now free to leave Germany; ships leaving Italian ports.

Aug. 16—Cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina arrive at Falmouth with gold.

Aug. 17—Eighteen ships that will leave England, within a week can accommodate 20,000; London refugees given gold from cruiser Tennessee; 5,000 stranded in Italy; Nieuw Amsterdam and Laconia reach New York.



Aug. 18—Refugees from Copenhagen arrive on the United States; tourists flock into Genoa; members of Mayor Mitchel's Committee meet every steamer and are prepared to help the needy.

Aug. 19—Relief cruiser North Carolina reaches Cherbourg with Major Hedekin; Miss Morgan's villa accepted as hospital; the Tennessee held at Falmouth.

Aug. 20—Payment on funds sent on Tennessee delayed in London.

Aug. 21—American Rhodes scholars help in harvesting in Brittany; missionaries urge sending ship with gold to Turkey; gold from the North Carolina sent to Italy.



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Aug. 22—Refugees arrive on Campania, Baltic, and St. Louis; Ambassador Gerard denies that Americans have been ill-treated in Germany; cruiser Tennessee at Rotterdam.

Aug. 23—Refugees in London tell of kindness of Austrians; the Tennessee left too little gold in England and France.

Aug. 24—Assistant Secretary Breckinridge reaches Berlin with gold; Ambassador Herrick makes arrangements for Americans in Switzerland.

Aug. 26—Art students in Paris in sad plight; few tourists now ask aid in London; students leave German universities; refugees from Italy express satisfaction with arrangements of Government Relief Committee; relief bureau established at The Hague.

Aug. 27—Cruiser North Carolina sent to Turkey.

Aug. 28—German Government furnishes gold to Ambassador Gerard.

Aug. 31—London again crowded with refugees; tourists in Denmark safe.

Sept. 3—Turkish Government will not permit the North Carolina to go to Constantinople; Americans in London help Belgian refugees.

Sept. 4—Tennessee takes Americans across Channel; British soldiers give up quarters for them at Havre; North Carolina starts for Smyrna.

Sept. 9—Refugee aid cost \$100,000 in five days in London.

Sept. 10—Passports to be required of all in England.

Sept. 12—Major Hedekin reports nearly all tourists out of France and Switzerland.

Sept. 13—Treasury Department will receive no further deposits; sailors on the Tennessee cheer British transport.

Sept. 23—Money from North Carolina reaches Constantinople.

Sept. 28—Americans leaving Brussels.

Sept. 29—Tennessee ordered to Adriatic.

Oct. 10—Consul Deedmeyer says he was forced to leave Chemnitz because of bad treatment from Germans.



*AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.*

July 24—Minister at Belgrade prepares to leave.

July 25—Diplomatic relations severed with Servia; martial law proclaimed; Servian Gen. Putnik seized.

July 26—Servian envoy dismissed; Emperor Francis Joseph takes decisive part in country's action; war measures taken.

July 27—Army deserters sought in Cuba.

July 28—Emperor will take command at Vienna headquarters; food prices raised in Vienna.

July 29—Emperor sends letter to the Czar.

July 30—Government may declare war on Russia; newspaper correspondents expelled from Semlin; Emperor cheered in Vienna; men up to 50 years of age called to service; Count Salm-Hoogstraetem says Slavs in Austrian Army will be loyal.

July 31—Government assures Italy that there is no desire for more territory.

Aug. 1—Whole nation wants war; Government was pressed by Germany to discuss matters with Russia and to localize war.

Aug. 2—Cadets in military academies made Lieutenants; Countess Szechenyi places palace at disposal of army.



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Aug. 5—United States represents France at Vienna and Austria at Paris; food prices fixed; Church permits marriages without publication of bans.

Aug. 6—Russian Ambassador receives passports.

Aug. 7—Pressure brought to bear on Italy to aid.

Aug. 8—Threat to declare war on Italy; full text published of ultimatum to Serbia, of Serbia's reply, of circular note to powers, and of notes exchanged with Germany.

Aug. 10—Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.

Aug. 11—Army corps marches along Swiss border to relieve Germans in Alsace; Italy demands explanation of shelling of Antivari; United States will look after French interests.

Aug. 13—Troops mutiny on southern frontier; United States will look after interests in England; Prince Hohenlohe arrested in Canada.

Aug. 14—Currency question acute; insubordination of troops; Government tells Italy British declaration of war was based upon lies.

Aug. 16—Martial law, proclaimed on Italian border; Consul arrested in St. Petersburg.

Aug. 18—Army mobilization accompanied by disorder and mutiny.

Aug. 19—Massacre at Prague after Czech uprising.

Aug. 25—Troops massing on Italian frontier; Government will join war with Japan; passports handed to Ambassador.

Aug. 27—Fortification of Vienna begun; children of murdered Archduke sent to Switzerland.

Aug. 29—Country reported seething with rebellion.

Aug. 30—Servians charge atrocities by retreating Austrians.

Sept. 3—Troops sent to reinforce German left wing.

Sept. 4—Mutiny of Czech soldiers in Vienna, many shot; Gen. Bobrinsky appointed Governor of Galicia.

Sept. 5—Reports that Italians in Istria and Goerz have been shot for treason without trial stirs Italy; England releases Austrian ships from her ports.



Sept. 6—Year's provisions seized at Lemberg; England orders Consular officers out of Egypt.

Sept. 7—Vienna makes hasty preparations for defense; possibility of famine.

Sept. 8—Government appeals to Jews in Poland to fight against Russia.

Sept. 10—Panic in Cracow; Archduke Frederick admits loss of 120,000 men in Galicia.

Sept. 11—Berlin paper tells of agreement with Germany before war started not to make peace separately.

Sept. 14—Troops admit that there have been no Russian cruelties; Vienna official report claims victories.

Sept. 16—Guns taken by Russians bear initials of German Emperor.

Sept. 17—Report of preliminary steps for peace with Russia; all available men called to arms.

Sept. 18—Police forbid public to spread unfavorable war news.

Sept. 21—Field Marshal Vodinowski executed on charge of aiding Russians; Field Marshal Foreich commits suicide after being cashiered for defeat.



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Sept. 23—Serbs captured at Shabats to be court-martialed for firing at troops.

Sept. 24—Italian frontier fortified.

Sept. 27—Cholera spreading among wounded soldiers.

Oct. 2—Emperor is urged to shift Government from Vienna.

Oct. 3—Alarm in Vienna over possibility of Russian invasion.

Oct. 8—Panic in Hungary as Russians advance.

Oct. 9—Much distress in Vienna.

Oct. 12—Archbishop accuses Hungarian soldiers of atrocities in Russian Poland.

Oct. 13—Report that eight commanders have been dismissed and two have killed themselves.

Oct. 14—Austrian guns were used by Germans at Antwerp.

### *BELGIUM.*

July 29—Antwerp's trade paralyzed.

July 30—Forts provisioned; export of horses and vehicles prohibited.

July 31—State Railway trains into Germany suspended.

Aug. 1—Government buys entire wheat supply in Antwerp.

Aug. 2—Neutrality an issue with England; German Ambassador said to have promised that there will be no invasion; guards mobilized at Liege and Namur to hold bridges; Civic Guard called out; Parliament summoned.

Aug. 3—Antwerp in state of siege; King appeals to King George; England will defend neutrality; frontier being intrenched.

Aug. 4—King addresses Parliament; Socialist Leader Vandervelde joins Cabinet.

Aug. 5—King Albert takes command of troops.

Aug. 7—King issues proclamation to army.



Aug. 8—King thanks President Poincare for aid.

Aug. 9—Gratitude to Belgian people expressed by French Academy; English and French stamps sold in Post Offices.

Aug. 10—Germans mobbed in Brussels.

Aug. 11—Government asks Holland's intentions if neutrality is violated; Germany tries to negotiate for passage of her army.

Aug. 13—Tribute to Belgians from Premier Asquith; Government will appeal to neutrals because of alleged German atrocities; German prisoners treated kindly.

Aug. 14—American Vice Consul Duras says Germans underrated Belgians; fighting spirit due to inspiration of growing democracy; people of Liege deprived of all means of communication; Government feeds soldiers' children.

Aug. 15—Refugees say that Germans executed priest held as hostage.

Aug. 22—France pledges aid; report that Minister Whitlock offered to take Brussels under American protection at time of its surrender.

Aug. 23—Report persists, but United States denies that he was authorized to offer protection; panic in Ghent and Ostend; German General's proclamation to Brussels; Cologne Gazette defends levy on Brussels; country praised in French army bulletin.

Aug. 24—Government rejects another German plea for free passage for troops; Brussels pays first installment of fine; documents sent to London in support of atrocity charges against Germans; Minister at Washington protests to State Department against German statements of Belgium's conduct on battlefield; legation in London issues note protesting against reprisals.



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Aug. 25—Minister Whitlock reports to Secretary Bryan that he persuaded Brussels authorities not to oppose Germans; statement made by Minister in London charging German atrocities; text published of communications with Germany concerning passage of troops; fugitives rush to Holland.

Aug. 26—Refugees flock to Paris; Ministers of foreign powers protest to Berlin against Zeppelin attack on Antwerp; Foreign Minister sends protest to Washington; Baron von der Goltz made military ruler in part occupied by Germans.

Aug. 27—Resolution in British Parliament for expression of gratitude to Belgian heroes.

Aug. 28—Men in captured towns ordered by Germans to help with harvest; Germans name hostages because of failure of Brussels to pay war levy.

Aug. 29—Germany defends destruction of Louvain and other repressive measures; commission to protest against atrocities may not be received by President Wilson.

Aug. 30—Gen. Leman's defense of Liege praised by German officer; Antwerp in darkness to guard against Zeppelin attacks; Government's reply to Austria's declaration of war; Gen. von Stein says Germany will grant no concession.

Sept. 1—Mrs. H.H. Harjes tells of German cruelties; refugees must leave Antwerp because of scarcity of food; four men guarantee payment of Brussels fine; Dutch artists protest to Kaiser against destruction of Louvain.

Sept. 2—English residents ordered out of Brussels.

Sept. 4—Namur citizens starving; officials at Brussels warn citizens against giving Germans excuse for reprisals.

Sept. 5—Germans change clocks to German time; new official German statement accuses citizens.

Sept. 6—American newspaper correspondents say they saw no cruel acts by Germans; names announced of famous paintings ruined in Louvain and of buildings lost and saved; refugees flock to London.

Sept. 7—Officers tell of German atrocities; charges that Germans destroyed Dinant and shot many inhabitants.

Sept. 8—Survivors tell of attack on Namur; list of fines made public imposed on Belgian cities.

Sept. 9—Mayor of Ghent sends appeal to President Wilson concerning German atrocities; council of defense formed.



Sept. 10—Stories of German atrocities greatly exaggerated, says Bank Director Helfferich.

Sept. 11—Gen. Leman asks King to pardon him for losing Liege; Prince Henry of Reuss charges atrocities; Mrs. N.L. Duryee describes horrors of German invasion; Gen. von Boehn replies to charges of German atrocities in Aerschot; London Daily News says Termonde was burned for lack of ransom; destruction in towns near Namur; lawyers and Judges in Brussels refuse to adopt German customs.

Sept. 15—Foreign diplomats inspect conditions in Malines.

Sept. 16—Belgian Commission, which charges German atrocities, received by President Wilson.

Sept. 21—German official statement issued on destruction of Louvain.



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Sept. 22—Only newspapers published in Germany allowed to be sold in Brussels.

Sept. 25—Nobleman charges that American and Spanish investigators were deceived by Germans on sacking of Louvain.

Sept. 26—Ostend protests to President Wilson against dropping of bombs by Germans; outrages against Germans charged by Bethmann-Hollweg.

Oct. 4—Government issues “Gray Paper” on negotiations with Germany, showing negotiations with Germany and other powers concerning the war, (printed in full in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Oct. 18.)

Oct. 7—Government moved from Antwerp to Ostend; all able-bodied men of Antwerp called out for defense of city.

Oct. 8—King and part of army move out of Antwerp; refugees flee in great numbers to Holland and England.

Oct. 9—Government protests to neutrals against monopolizing by Germans of foodstuffs in Brussels.

Oct. 10—Germans deny that there is famine in Brussels; much suffering among Antwerp refugees; German coin put on same basis as Belgian.

Oct. 12—Large quantities of stores fall into German hands in Antwerp and many prisoners taken; refugees crowd Ostend; people will be allowed to return to their homes in Antwerp.

Oct. 13—Government moves to France, and will be established at Havre.

### CANADA.

July 30—Halifax garrison active.

Aug. 1—Cabinet meets, will send to England offer of men.

Aug. 2—Ten thousand men volunteer; Royal Naval Reserve called out; fishermen will respond.

Aug. 3—Ports of Quebec and Montreal in charge of military authorities; militia called to duty; reserves to sail for England.

Aug. 4—Cabinet meeting; mobilization of expeditionary force begins; message of appreciation from King George; British and French reservists sail.



Aug. 5—Country-wide response to call for service; Government buys two submarines built for Chilean Navy; Montreal port guarded; German Consulate at Vancouver attacked.

Aug. 6—Austrian and German Consulates stoned in Winnipeg; England accepts offer of expeditionary force; Sydney is being fortified.

Aug. 7—German Consuls asked to leave country.

Aug. 9—Canada's offer of 1,000,000 bags of flour accepted by England.

Aug. 10—Cruisers hunt in Atlantic for German ships; ports closed; much grain goes to England.

Aug. 14—National Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire will equip hospital ship for Admiralty; married men not accepted for service without permission of wives; cruiser Good Hope arrives at Halifax; American mass meeting called in Toronto.

Aug. 15—Japanese of British Columbia want to form regiment.

Aug. 17—Americans of Toronto will raise fund for soldiers' families.

Aug. 18—Emergency session of Parliament opened by Duke of Connaught; war vote to be \$50,000,000.



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Aug. 19—Parliament endorses [Transcriber: original 'indorses'] England's participation in war; speeches by Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; women exercise veto power to prevent husbands from going to war.

Aug. 21—Move in Parliament to contribute million bags of flour to Belgium; all war measures passed; Bank of Montreal will contribute \$100,000 for patriotic purposes; two cruisers added to naval force at Esquimalt.

Aug. 22—War session of Parliament ended; troops on way to Quebec.

Aug. 23—Princess Patricia presents flag to Light Infantry.

Aug. 25—Second army is being mobilized.

Aug. 26—Applications by letter from American citizens for army service refused.

Aug. 29—All available troops to be maintained under arms; Princess Patricia Light Infantry sails from Montreal.

Aug. 30—Troops delayed at Quebec.

Aug. 31—England accepts food offers from Alberta and Quebec; unsuccessful [Transcriber: original 'unsuccessful'] attempt to wreck troop train near Montreal; volunteers will replace Bermuda garrison.

Sept. 10—Declared that Department of Militia and Defense kept secret the passage of Indian troops through the Dominion.

Sept. 11—Passage of Indian troops denied; officials of White Pass & Yukon Railway warn Germans and Austrians not to try to pass through the Yukon.

Sept. 24—Thirty-two thousand troops sail.

Sept. 28—Laurier wants French-Canadian regiment.

Sept. 30—Cadets from Royal Military College sail for England.

Oct. 5—Col. Hughes, Minister of Militia, says he can raise another large contingent of men; second expeditionary force is to be organized.

Oct. 7—New York Staats-Zeitung barred from the mails.

Oct. 8—First [Transcriber: original 'Frist'] contingent of troops reaches Southampton.

*ENGLAND.*



July 24—England will side with Russia in event of hostilities with Austria.

July 27—Sir Edward Grey asks France, Italy, and Germany to confer with England to avert general conflict.

July 28—Germany refuses to accept Sir Edward Grey's proposal for conference, but sends conciliatory reply; nation averse to war, but will aid Allies; Home Rule strife forgotten.

July 29—Report that Grey is forming new peace proposals; London Times pessimistic.

July 30—Unionist papers declare England must fight if Germany attacks France; war preparations continue; political parties declare truce; amending bill to Home Rule bill dropped; preparations in Far East, at Malta, and Cape Town.

July 31—Government joins France in trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; country is calm; preparations at Hongkong for hostilities.

Aug. 1—Sir Edward Grey favors throwing weight of navy at once in favor of France and Russia; Lloyd George does not favor participation; special meeting of Cabinet called; King George appeals to Czar for peace; Cabinet in night session; Belgian neutrality an issue; London Times denounces Germany.



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Aug. 3—Sir Edward Grey addresses House of Commons; country will defend French coast; Redmond pledges Ireland's aid.

Aug. 4—Ambassador leaves Berlin; King issues call to arms and thanks colonies for their support; Government controls railways and takes foreign warships building in her ports; Vice Admiral Jellicoe takes command of fleet; papers in London reduced in size; people advised to economize.

Aug. 5—Food prices rise; order specifying contrabands of war; bill passes House of Commons to restrain movements of undesirable aliens; many spies arrested; women volunteer as nurses; King's message to fleet; Prince of Wales wants to fight; United States will care for interests in Germany; German cable cut at Azores.

Aug. 6—House of Commons grants army increase of 500,000 men; royal decrees revoke prohibition against importation of arms into Ireland, making trading with enemy illegal, prohibit English vessels from carrying contraband of war between foreign ports, and make it high treason to lend money to Germany; Asquith says "White Paper" issued by Government shows how Sir Edward Grey tried to obtain peace; coast towns arm; contraband of war announced.

Aug. 7—Rush of volunteers; Prince of Wales receives commission in Grenadier Guards; Embassies stoned in Dresden and Berlin.

Aug. 8—Parliament passes bill providing for Government seizure of foodstuffs; Capt. Fox, commander of the lost Amphion, given new command.

Aug. 9—More Germans arrested.

Aug. 10—Newfoundland offers men; Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.

Aug. 11—King inspects troops at Aldershot; mobilization of Territorials completed; Information Bureau gives out official war news; Admiralty notifies United States of planting of mines in North Sea; Secretary Bryan transmits Germany's request for permission to send messages through London to the United States; Admiralty says Atlantic is safe, but that Germans have laid mines in North Sea.

Aug. 12—Exports of foodstuffs forbidden, no Americans barred.

Aug. 14—Prisoners of War Information Bureau formed; money situation improved; embassy informs Secretary Bryan of rules governing aliens; Kitchener's plan for raising new army contemplates long war.

Aug. 15—College men volunteer.



Aug. 16—Refugees from Berlin reach Scotland and tell of abuses; J.E. Redmond says he has rifles for Irish volunteers.

Aug. 17—Government reassures the United States that Japan's activities will be limited.

Aug. 20—Troops impress French favorably.

Aug. 21—Public told to watch for notes from aeroplanes; country protests against German levy of war tax on Liege and Brussels; press asks President Wilson to try to stop violation of rules of war.

Aug. 22—Admiralty says Germany violates Hague rules by planting mines in North Sea; protest to United States against allowing fuel to be carried to German cruisers at sea.



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Aug. 23—Full text of British “White Paper” published in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Aug. 24—First casualty list of expeditionary army includes Earl of Leven and Melville.

Aug. 25—Kitchener appeals for men; probability of three years’ war discussed.

Aug. 26—Recruiting active; Indian Moslems loyal; members of staffs in Munich complain of bad treatment by German military authorities; Daily Chronicle warns against quarrel with United States on contraband question; army’s marching song for this war is “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary.”

Aug. 27—Army’s pluck lauded by Gen. Joffre; Parliament votes expression of admiration of Belgians.

Aug. 28—Sir John French’s report on activities of troops read in Parliament; Peeresses sign letter expressing devotion to country.

Aug. 29—Message to Scots Grays from Russian Czar; Lord Roberts says hundreds of thousands of men will be needed and assails young men who go on playing games; navy congratulated by Canadian Premier and Sir John French.

Aug. 30—Lord Kitchener tells of British share in fighting in Belgium and France and of loss of life, but says troops have been reinforced.

Sept. 1—Government asks United States to care for her interests in event of war with Turkey; Anglo-American corps being formed in London.

Sept. 3—Many recruits join army.

Sept. 4—Asquith, Balfour, Bonar Law, Churchill, and others speak in London Guildhall, appealing for volunteers; 700 Ulster volunteers enroll in one hour.

Sept. 5—Allies sign agreement that none shall make peace without consent of all; official denial that dum dum bullets were used; London agreement regarding contraband will be adhered to as far as is practicable.

Sept. 6—Churchill announces formation of one marine and two naval brigades.

Sept. 8—Gen. Joffre expresses thanks for army’s support; Kitchener’s reply; five thousand recruits in one day; German prisoners held in concentration camps.

Sept. 9—Government will not consent to peace proposals unless Germany will acknowledge that Belgium is entitled to redress; troops praised by Belgians.

Sept. 10—House of Commons votes to add 500,000 men to regular army.



Sept. 12—Permission from Greece to establish naval base at Lemnos; complete equipment for Territorials lacking.

Sept. 16—John Redmond calls Irish to arms.

Sept. 17—Prize courts established.

Sept. 19—Lloyd George appeals for Welsh recruits.

Sept. 20—Casualty list shows many officers killed or wounded.

Sept. 21—Percentage of officers in casualty lists out of proportion to number of men.

Sept. 24—Censorship tightened.

Sept. 25—Admiralty publishes report on sinking of three cruisers in North Sea, saying disabled ships must look after themselves; shortage of rifles denied in London Spectator; Asquith and Redmond appeal to Ireland for aid.



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Oct. 4—Thousands of Irish enlist.

Oct. 8—Sportsmen's Battalion organized by Mrs. Cunliffe Owen.

Oct. 9—Government will not allow American army and navy officers to observe operations.

Oct. 11—Loss of officers is a peril.

Oct. 12—Fall of Antwerp aids recruiting; infantry standard lowered to admit more men; London Morning Post condemns Churchill's attempt to relieve Antwerp with small naval force.

Oct. 14—Foreign Office denies existence of secret agreement with Belgium, which Germans charge is shown by documents found in Brussels.

### *FRANCE.*

July 24—Government will side with Russia in event of hostilities with Austria.

July 25—Paris mobs want war; President Poincare and Premier Viviani absent from France.

July 26—Emergency council of Cabinet held; people see hand of Germany.

July 27—Government agrees to Sir Edward Grey's proposal for conference to avert conflict; general impression that Germany inspired Austria's act; President Poincare hurries home; anti-war demonstrations in Paris; Ambassador tries to enlist Germany's aid for mediation.

July 28—Army moves to frontier; Socialists protest against war.

July 29—Demonstration as Poincare returns from Russia; Cabinet council; business at standstill in Paris.

July 30—Troops guard railroad.

July 31—Answer to Germany's note about Russia; Government joins with England in trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; steamship La France taken over in service of Government.

Aug. 1—President Poincare orders mobilization after Germany asks intention of Government concerning her ultimatum to Russia; Cabinet council; Delcasse becomes War Minister; American Ambassador and Consul will look after German affairs;



Government promises to respect Belgian neutrality unless another power violates it; German Ambassador is leaving.

Aug. 2—Ambassador Cambon blames Germany for conflict; state of siege declared in France and Algiers; Socialists patriotic; railway communication with Germany and Belgium cut off.

Aug. 3—Berlin reports acts of hostility by French; Ambassador leaves Berlin and German Ambassador leaves Paris; riots in Paris.

Aug. 4—Paris newspapers reduced in size; General Staff prepared for German moves; Prince Roland Bonaparte offers services; Gen. Joseph Joffre leaves for frontier; statement by Premier Viviani in Chamber of Deputies; war measures passed; many Americans want to fight for France.

Aug. 5—War bills voted in Parliament; United States represents Austria at Paris and France at Vienna; President Poincaré's address to nation; Gen. Pau will command one arm.

Aug. 6—Ambassador embraced by the Czar; Premier Viviani asks women to gather crops; army under command of Gen. Joffre.

Aug. 8—President Poincaré replies to King Albert's message of thanks; Paris City Council changes name of Rue de Berlin to Rue de Liege.



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Aug. 9—Academy salutes Belgians; martial law proclaimed.

Aug. 10—J.G. Demombynes, student, tells how Germans killed French refugees on frontier; diplomatic relations with Austria broken off; Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.

Aug. 13—Dr. Alexis Carrel goes to front as surgeon.

Aug. 17—Garibaldi offers to raise army; Prince Antoine of Orleans wants to fight for France.

Aug. 18—American volunteer corps raised in Paris; severe military law enforced; Carthusian monks, who were expelled, return to fight.

Aug. 19—Third reserve army raised; Gen. Joffre in supreme command.

Aug. 20—Government will protest to powers against German atrocities which it charges.

Aug. 21—Prefects ordered to take note of atrocities; foreign volunteers mobilize in Paris; service of Anglo-American Rough Riders accepted.

Aug. 22—Government charges Germans with using dum dum bullets; Paris food prices low.

Aug. 23—Government protests to The Hague against use of dum dum bullets by Germans; army bulletin praises Belgians; success of Gen. Pau thrills people.

Aug. 26—Refugees from frontier flock to Paris; American volunteers go to Rouen to enter training.

Aug. 27—Government presents affidavits to neutral countries that German officer shot at Red Cross nurses.

Aug. 30—1914 reserves to be called out; Paris stores food; Vice Admiral de Lapeyrere will command allied forces in Mediterranean.

Sept. 2—Germans accused of setting fire to wood that sheltered St. Quentin refugees.

Sept. 3—Gen. Gallieni issues proclamation to people of Paris; many leave city; Government in Bordeaux; Havre guarded.

Sept. 4—Exodus from Paris continues; sanitary precautions taken.

Sept. 5—Schools of Paris closed; Cabinet takes steps to send food to country districts.



Sept. 6—Gen. Joffre warns troops against premature attacks in mass; siege awaited calmly; 1915 recruits called out; neutral diplomats want Ambassador [Transcriber: original 'Ambassador'] Herrick to ask United States to protest against possible destruction of Paris art treasures; Germans levy war taxes on captured cities.

Sept. 8—Suggestion to have art works regarded as international property taken into consideration by President Wilson.

Sept. 9—Decree ordering all men exempt from service because of ill-health to be reexamined; many regret flight from Paris.

Sept. 10—Gens. Exelmans and Toutee wounded; military authorities warn Parisians against overconfidence; intrenchments dug.

Sept. 11—President Poincare sends message to President Wilson in answer to Kaiser's charges on dum-dum bullets; Government commandeers all automobiles; Gen. Joffre and army congratulated by President Poincare.

Sept. 12—Road from Havre to Paris reopened, rail service being resumed; fresh troops ready in Paris.



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Sept. 14—Much booty has been taken from Germans; Senlis laid waste.

Sept. 16—Troops accused of destroying German field hospital and killing doctors.

Sept. 18—Stricter watch on spies; minors allowed to enlist, with permission of mothers.

Sept. 19—Suffering in Luneville; statement issued by Washington Embassy to show that Germany began the war.

Sept. 20—Northern France is being laid waste; Menier chateau raided.

Sept. 21—Foreign Office sends protest to neutrals against bombardment of Rheims Cathedral; Ambassador Jusserand lays complaint before United States State Department.

Sept. 22—Loss in officers very heavy; their uniforms may be changed; refugees return to Paris.

Sept. 23—Germans say they were compelled to bombard Rheims.

Sept. 24—Germans admit aiming one shell at Rheims Cathedral to drive out observers; refugees advertise in newspapers for relatives.

Sept. 25—Germans again shell Rheims Cathedral; formal complaint of German atrocities filed at United States State Department; statement by Ambassador Jusserand.

Sept. 26—Stricter news censorship in Paris; Belgian refugees aid in gathering grapes at Bordeaux.

Sept. 28—Joffre denies Rheims Cathedral was being used for observatory; two German spies shot.

Sept. 30—Association of Architects expels German members.

Oct. 2—French soldiers are charged by German Foreign Office with torturing wounded at Orchies.

Oct. 4—German charges officially denied.

Oct. 6—German prisoners sentenced to die for looting.

Oct. 7—French are charged by Germans with themselves pillaging French towns, an alleged order of Gen. Joffre being quoted.

Oct. 11—Problem of caring for refugees becomes serious.



Oct. 15—Learned societies plan expulsion of German members.

*GERMANY.*

July 23—Government approves of Austria's course in Servian trouble.

July 25—Berlin mobs want war; Kaiser leaves Norway for Berlin.

July 26—War spirit in Berlin; French believe Government had hand in trouble, despite explanation of Baron von Schoen; Government wants Austro-Servian quarrel localized.

July 27—Kaiser returns to Berlin and confers with military officers; Government was warned of mobilization of entire Russian Army; France still suspects that Government inspired Austria's note to Servia.

July 28—Socialist anti-war meetings fail.

July 29—Kaiser holds naval council of war and exchanges messages with the Czar.

July 30—Government calls on Russia to stop mobilization within twenty-four hours; three questions put to Russia; panic at Saarbrucken; Cabinet meets at Potsdam; troops massing at Tsing-tau.

July 31—Nation put under martial law; Kaiser makes speech in Berlin; "nuptials of war" of Prince Oscar and Countess von Bassewitz; Reichstag summoned; Crown Prince assigned to command.



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Aug. 1—Government's inquiry about France's intentions concerning ultimatum to Russia causes French mobilization; Kaiser signs mobilization order; Reichstag convoked; war speech by Chancellor; Government pressed Austria hard for understanding with Russia and tried to localize war; reserves in China go to Tsing-tau; officials in South Africa hurry home.

Aug. 2—Russian Ambassador receives passport; ships at sea ordered to seek neutral port; Minister von Pourtales made demands upon Russian Foreign Minister three times; Albert Ballin says Kaiser sought peace; martial law declared in Kiao-Chau.

Aug. 3—Rumor of invasion of Holland, but Minister gives assurance that neutrality will be respected; United States will protect German interests in Russia and other countries.

Aug. 4—British envoy leaves Berlin; appeal made to Italy; Reichstag opens; speeches by Kaiser and by Chancellor, who promises to make reparation to Luxemburg and Belgium after the war; emergency measures.

Aug. 5—Russian Ambassador and staff assaulted in Berlin; Embassy in St. Petersburg wrecked; school children sent to garner crops.

Aug. 7—Report that pressure was brought to bear on Italy to secure aid; Kaiser's proclamation to nation; soldiers march cheerfully to war; British Embassies stoned in Dresden and Berlin.

Aug. 8—Threat to declare war on Italy; Russian official papers blame Germany for war; papers says Government is traduced.

Aug. 9—Hermann Wendel, Socialist member of Reichstag, volunteers for service in the army.

Aug. 10—Men of the Landsturm being mobilized.

Aug. 11—Anti-war riots in Berlin.

Aug. 12—Official hints that Kaiser halted attack on Liege to prevent further loss of life; attempt on life of Crown Prince at Aix-la-Chapelle; receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices acknowledged.

Aug. 13—Troops in Belgian Luxemburg said to be starving; British, French, and Belgians charge cruelties by troops.

Aug. 14—Chancellor states Germany's case and calls war a life-and-death struggle of the German and the Slav; report that Kaiser sent personal telegrams to Belgian King demanding surrender of Liege forts; aviators drop pamphlets over Poland urging revolt against Russia.



Aug. 15—Government said to have asked Ambassador Whitlock to repeat to Belgium offer of increased territory in return for free passage of troops; belief that acquisition of Russian Poland is sought; many members of Hohenzollern family in field; French and English signs removed from shops.

Aug. 16—Prisoners well treated by French; French say officers' corps is tyrannical and demoralized; Russians accused of cruelty.

Aug. 17—Untrained men called to colors; Paris journal reports prisoners bitter against Kaiser.

Aug. 18—Chancellor said to have called treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality a "scrap of paper"; E.G. Treat says Kaiser called the Czar an Asiatic barbarian.



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Aug. 19—Speech in Reichstag shows that Socialists are backing Government.

Aug. 20—Alsatian Deputies escape to France; Kaiser said to be responsible for attacks on Liege; Government asks United States to represent her in Far East in event of war with Japan.

Aug. 21—Committee of merchants works to aid trade and addresses explanation of the war to Americans; French charge German prisoners with robbing the dead.

Aug. 22—Japanese envoy ordered to leave Berlin; American Ambassador will look after interests of Japan; dum dum bullets not used by Germans, it is declared; great mortality of officers attracts attention; England protests to United States against allowing fuel to be carried to cruisers at sea.

Aug. 24—Full text of German “White Paper” printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES; German-Japanese Commercial Treaty will cease to be effective; statements on Belgium’s conduct on battlefield protested against by Belgian Minister at Washington; Berlin newspapers given to returning Americans to meet alleged false reports.

Aug. 25—Kaiser decorates two sons and Duke of Wuerttemberg for bravery; tax levied on Brabant; boys from 16 to 19 years ordered to drill.

Aug. 26—Prince of Saxe-Meiningen killed at Namur; food supply limitless, says Count von Bernstorff.

Aug. 27—Food prices fixed by Government.

Aug. 28—Emperor orders Ministry to care for fleeing population of East Prussia; army to be sent from Alsace.

Aug. 29—Force withdrawn from Belgium to meet Russians; name of Englische Strasse in Berlin changed to Deutsche Strasse; Japanese State debt seized.

Aug. 31—Fourteen staff officers captives of Allies; many losses have occurred in charges of massed infantry; Gen. von Stein says there will be no concession to Belgium; railways again open.

Sept. 1—German officers take charge of mobilization of Turkish Army; Socialist manifesto assailing the Kaiser.

Sept. 2—Casualty lists show heavy losses; new gun developed by Krupp hurls powerful shell; wireless reports to Washington Embassy accuse Russians of atrocities.

Sept. 4—Czar says he will take from Prussia more than Kaiser gets in Belgium; Namur citizens starving.



Sept. 5—Six hundred Japanese students captured on Dutch frontier; new official statement puts blame for destruction of Louvain on citizens; Prince Lichnowsky goes to front; Russian refugees from Germany charge cruelty.

Sept. 6—Reichstag leaders pledge nation's entire strength.

Sept. 8—Professors in universities will renounce distinctions conferred upon them by British universities.

Sept. 9—Attempts made to obtain Dutch sympathy; Kaiser sends message to President Wilson, charging use of dum dum bullets by Allies.

Sept. 10—Experts from Krupp works brought down in aeroplane by Belgians.

Sept. 11—Prince Engalitcheff charges atrocities on Russian border; Consular officers leave Egypt; aviators decorated by Kaiser.



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Sept. 12—Crown Prince appeals for tobacco for men; many officers and men decorated.

Sept. 13—Gen. von Boehn's reply to Belgian charges of atrocities in Aerschot.

Sept. 16—Government notifies China that Germany reserves right to deal with Chinese Empire as she sees fit because of breach of neutrality; placard set up in Compiegne asserting sovereignty over territories occupied.

Sept. 17—Ambassador Gerard reports peace talk with Chancellor, who suggests that United States ask Allies their terms; heavy losses reported.

Sept. 18—Prussian Guard Corps said to be wiped out; eight army corps leave Belgium and France for eastern frontier; Crown Prince appeals for clothing for soldiers.

Sept. 19—Prince August William receives the Iron Cross; stories of looting in French towns; fine demanded of Luneville; food problem acute for army in the west.

Sept. 20—Some States of empire said to resent Prussia's plunging country into war.

Sept. 21—Dutch traffic along the Rhine halted; soldiers' diaries show shortage of rations; discontent among Bavarian troops; French find iron crosses inscribed "1814-1914."

Sept. 22—Troops accused of atrocities in report of Sir John French; Frenchwoman says artillerymen shelled hospital at Etain.

Sept. 24—Fine of \$600,000 exacted from Tournai, Belgium, for death of one Uhaln.

Sept. 25—General Staff lists prisoners for exchange and admits totals announced were erroneous; thirty-first casualty list given out.

Sept. 26—Krupp works running night and day.

Sept. 27—Epidemic of typhoid among soldiers.

Sept. 28—Brussels used as intrenched camp; shortage of horses.

Sept. 29—Big Krupp guns being placed on warships; Winter clothing for army ordered; Rotterdam hears that soldiers are ill from lack of food because commissariat broke down.

Sept. 30—Krupp guns are dubbed "Busy Berthas"; women give gold ornaments in exchange for iron rings.



Oct. 4—The King of Bavaria is in command of six army corps in Silesia.

Oct. 5—Losses at Antwerp shown to be heavy.

Oct. 8—Director of Berlin Royal Museum says that works of art brought into Germany will not be retained.

Oct. 12—Prussia's losses estimated at 211,000; officials guard Antwerp from plunderers.

Oct. 14—Notice sent to Holland that status of River Scheldt will be continued as heretofore; rejoicing in Berlin over fall of Antwerp.

*HOLLAND.*

July 30—Government declares neutrality.

July 31—Mobilization of army ordered; Austrian Government steamer detained for time, but released.

Aug. 2—Country may be flooded to prevent invasion; fear that Germany may not respect neutrality; bill in Parliament to stabilize food prices.

Aug. 3—Rumor of invasion, but German Minister promises that neutrality will be respected.



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Aug. 5—Reservists in America summoned.

Aug. 6—Neutrality in Anglo-German and Belgo-German wars declared.

Aug. 8—Frontier guarded.

Aug. 9—Uhlans captured and disarmed at Maastricht.

Aug. 10—Queen Wilhelmina suggests formation of committee to aid the needy.

Aug. 11—Martial law in several provinces.

Aug. 13—Troops massed on frontier; some districts flooded.

Aug. 15—Queen orders Court festivities canceled.

Aug. 16—Paralysis of trade in Rotterdam will render thousands destitute.

Aug. 18—Everything ready to flood frontier if Germany strikes.

Aug. 20—Food supply causes anxiety; patrols capture German aeroplane.

Aug. 21—Country prepared against invasion; soldiers fire on Zeppelin using searchlight; declaration of neutrality renewed; bakers making bread from potatoes; people of Tongres flee from Germans.

Aug. 23—Minister of Industry and Commerce assures England that goods will not be improperly supplied to Germany.

Aug. 25—Mobilization ceased.

Aug. 29—Southern frontier under martial law.

Sept. 9—Germans want people's sympathy; some places put in state of siege; rice substituted for wheat flour.

Sept. 15—Artists protest to German Emperor against destruction of Louvain.

Sept. 26—Martial law on eastern frontier to stop smuggling of goods into Germany.

Oct. 2—Neutrality is being maintained at great cost; trade is paralyzed.

Oct. 3—Severe embargo on foodstuffs.

Oct. 7—Amsterdam fixes price of wheat.



*INDIA.*

Aug. 15—Mass meetings in Calcutta and Bombay to voice people's loyalty to England.

Aug. 26—Moslems still loyal to England.

Aug. 28—Troops will be sent to France.

Sept. 9—Men and money offered to England; message from Viceroy read in House of Commons.

Sept. 14—German tale of revolution denied; loyalty reported by British Foreign Office.

Sept. 15—Mussulmans in Russia support declaration of loyalty to England.

Sept. 21—Aga Khan, leader of Mohammedans, offers to enlist; potentates eager to serve.

Sept. 24—Preparations for comfort of soldiers being made in England.

Oct. 1—Troops land in France; message to them from King George.

Oct. 2—Great welcome given to troops at Marseilles.

*ITALY.*

July 24—Country will simply safeguard her interests in the Balkans and on the Adriatic; appeal made to other countries to be conciliatory.

July 25—No disposition to espouse Austria's cause.

July 26—Government looks to England to prevent war.

July 28—Concentration of the first and second naval squadrons ordered at Gaeta; warships on the Clyde ordered home.

July 31—Government assured that Austria is not seeking more territory.



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Aug. 1—Government informs Germany of neutrality and says obligations under Triple Alliance apply only to defensive war.

Aug. 2—Cabinet ratifies declaration of neutrality; Government orders all Bourses closed.

Aug. 3—Fleet assembles in Far East; neutrality formally proclaimed, but reserves are called to colors.

Aug. 5—Report of German ultimatum to Italy; war may be declared on Austria.

Aug. 6—Ambassador to London justifies attitude of neutrality.

Aug. 7—Germany and Austria bring strong pressure to bear to obtain aid.

Aug. 8—Germany and Austria threaten war; King said to be indignant at reported offer of colonies in return for aid.

Aug. 13—Alpine passes and northern frontier guarded.

Aug. 14—Government aroused by report that Turkey has purchased two German cruisers.

Aug. 16—Strong feeling in favor of England.

Aug. 19—Refugees from Germany complain, of outrages.

Aug. 21—Prefects vote against joining with Germany.

Aug. 24—German Ambassador's efforts fail to persuade press to advocate intervention; Allies are pressing Italy.

Aug. 31—Romans leave cards at Belgian Legation to show sympathy over Louvain.

Sept. 7—Socialist Reform Party endorses [Transcriber: original 'indorses'] neutrality.

Sept. 13—Populace of Rome cheers for France.

Sept. 14—Radicals favor war; anti-Austrian demonstration in Rome.

Sept. 16—Rioters in large cities demand aid to Allies.

Sept. 20—More than 500,000 men are under arms.



Sept. 21—Damage to Rheims Cathedral arouses sympathy for France; British Embassy in Rome cheered.

Sept. 22—Thousands offer to enlist in British Army.

Sept. 30—Gabriele d'Annunzio urges country to join Allies.

*JAPAN.*

July 30—Alliance with England may involve Government in war in case of attack on British warships.

Aug. 1—Navy prepared.

Aug. 2—Emperor summons Council and asks War Minister to report on condition of army; warships get ready.

Aug. 4—Proclamation prepares people for war on behalf of England.

Aug. 5—Count Okuma says Japan would have liked to join the United States in mediation offer.

Aug. 7—Warships off Tsing-tau; reserve army officers told to be ready; navy squadrons organized.

Aug. 11—Army aboard transports.

Aug. 12—Telegraphic communication with Europe interrupted; Ambassador confers with Russian Foreign Minister.

Aug. 17—Official announcement in London that Japanese operations will be confined to China Sea and to protection; ultimatum to Germany made with concurrence of England.

Aug. 18—Count Okuma emphasizes war limitation and England reassures the United States; ultimatum to Germany was not inspired by England.



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Aug. 20—Count Okuma denies that Government has territorial ambitions.

Aug. 21—United States sends formal declaration of policy bearing on ultimatum.

Sept. 5—Baron Kato makes speech in Diet outlining events leading up to war with Germany and break with Austria, and thanking United States for good offices.

Sept. 10—Government tells Russia that no peace will be concluded until Allies consent.

Sept. 15—Papers controlled by Germans ordered suppressed.

Sept. 26—Charges of misconduct on part of troops in China denied at Washington Embassy.

Oct. 5—Assurance given to China that Shantung Railroad will only be used temporarily.

Oct. 7—Ambassador Guthrie and embassy at Washington assure State Department that taking of Jaluit Island is only a temporary move.

Oct. 15—England tells China that she cannot interfere with the occupation of railroad.

### *RUSSIA.*

July 21—Belief that Government will aid Serbia in possible conflict with Austria.

July 24—Cabinet meets; Government will ask Austria to extend time allowed for Serbia's answer to ultimatum.

July 25—Army is mobilizing.

July 26—Warning to Germany against invasion of Serbia; army manoeuvres countermanded, but Government still hopes for peace.

July 27—Czar warns Germany of general mobilization of army.

July 28—Force masses on eastern border; lights along Black Sea coast ordered extinguished.

July 29—Intervention imminent; prayers for Serb victory; Baltic lights out; Czar summons reservists.

July 30—Germany demands halting of mobilization within twenty-four hours and sends Grand Duke of Hesse to urge peace; war activity in Warsaw; railroads taken over.

July 31—Railway bridge on Vienna-Warsaw line blown up; no reply sent to German note; mobilization order.



Aug. 3—Czar issues statement outlining events leading up to war.

Aug. 8—Czar addresses Duma and Council of Empire; Duma pledges people to country's defense.

Aug. 9—Minister Sazonof, in speech before Duma, blames Austria for war.

Aug. 10—Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.

Aug. 14—Army works in secret, 5,500,000 men mobilized; Poles support Russia.

Aug. 15—Home rule promised to Poland after war if people remain loyal.

Aug. 16—Poles enthusiastic over promise of autonomy.

Aug. 17—Unrestricted use of Dardanelles demanded of Turkey.

Aug. 18—Many Poles join army.

Aug. 24—Finns loyal.

Aug. 27—Poles loyal; St. Petersburg well supplied with food.

Sept. 1—Name of St. Petersburg changed to Petrograd; other cities with German names would have them Russianized; Germany charges atrocities in East Prussia.

Sept. 3—Report that soldiers have been sent to Belgium through Scotland.



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Sept. 4—Gen. Bobrinsky appointed Governor of Galicia.

Sept. 6—Year's provisions seized at Lemberg, which is to be called Lvov.

Sept. 12—Prisoners are proving a problem.

Sept. 14—British Press Bureau denies that troops have landed in Belgium or France.

Sept. 16—Proclamation issued to captured Austrian districts.

Sept. 21—"Orange Book" shows Government's negotiations in cause of peace.

Sept. 27—Full text of "Orange Book" printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Sept. 28—Soldiers occupy Tilsit estate of German Emperor; war fund presented to Czar by Petrograd bankers.

Oct. 8—Lemberg made a province.

Oct. 15—Refugees are a serious problem in Warsaw.

### *SERVIA.*

July 25—Parliament will meet in special session; King Peter moves capital from Belgrade to Kraguyavatz.

July 26—Army mobilizing; Crown Prince will command it; panic in Belgrade as people flee.

July 28—King Peter goes to Nish.

Aug. 4—Sending of press dispatches forbidden.

Aug. 8—Full text given out of Austria's ultimatum and of reply.

Sept. 19—Government will conclude peace with Austria only by acting with Triple Entente.

### *RESERVISTS.*

July 26—Ambassador Dumba tells Consuls to warn Austrian reservists to prepare to return for service; Serbs in New York ready to sail.

July 27—Austrians await call.



July 28—Chicago Serbs anxious to return home.

July 29—Reservists ordered to return to Austria; Servians in Indiana ordered to await call.

July 30—Servians in New York prepare to sail; Giuseppe Garibaldi will fight for Serbia if Italy remains neutral.

Aug. 1—Mass meeting of Slavs in Central Opera House, New York City; Dr. Winter issues proclamation for general mobilization of Austrians in New York district.

Aug. 2—Swiss called to colors; Germany and France recall all military reserves; England sends for naval reserves.

Aug. 4—Many flock to consulates; Servians fight to sail on Greek ship; French and British reservists leave Canada; Austro-Hungarian Military Benevolent Society formed in New York; hotels affected by leaving of French chefs.

Aug. 5—Canadians respond to call; 2,000 Frenchmen sail on La Lorraine.

Aug. 6—Attempt to ship Austrians, Hungarians and Germans given up; English and French to go; many leave destitute families.

Aug. 7—Reservists will go as individuals, not as organized parties, by order of Department of Commerce.

Aug. 15—Many Frenchmen sail on the Rochambeau; Dutch and Germans on the Potsdam; Secretary Bryan says men in America cannot be forced to join foreign armies.

Aug. 22—British ordered to be ready for call to colors.

Aug. 25—German and Austrian reservists on the Potsdam taken prisoners at Falmouth, England.



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Aug. 31—British vessels take Austrian and German reservists from two Pacific Mail liners near Hongkong.

Sept. 5—German reservists from Holland-America liner Nieuw Amsterdam held prisoners by France; French reservists sail on the Espagne; Germans from Puerto Colombia reach New York.

Sept. 9—British cruiser captures the Noordam and makes German reservists prisoners.

Sept. 25—Germans taken from Holland-America liner Absteldyk by British.

### *RELIEF WORK.*

Aug. 1—Hungarians form committee to aid New York families.

Aug. 2—Austrian headquarters established in New York City.

Aug. 6—Prince of Wales starts fund.

Aug. 7—American women of title in England start fund; American Ambulance Corps organized in Paris by Mrs. Herrick.

Aug. 8—Committee of American women formed in London to aid sufferers; gift from Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and many other contributions; Belgians in New York form relief committee; French fund started in New York.

Aug. 10—French-Belgian relief fund started in New York.

Aug. 11—Ambassador Herrick asks Red Cross to send hospital supplies to Paris.

Aug. 12—Duchess of Sutherland is at head of French Red Cross work in Brussels.

Aug. 13—Rothschilds give \$200,000 to French fund.

Aug. 14—Prince of Wales fund reaches \$5,000,000.

Aug. 15—English nurses arrive in Brussels; Germans in New York start fund.

Aug. 17—Servian societies aid Servian Red Cross.

Aug. 21—Relief fund started in New York by German Historical Society, which gives iron ring as souvenir to contributors.

Aug. 24—Ex-Empress Eugenie contributes to French fund.



Aug. 27—Noblemen in England offer homes to Red Cross.

Aug. 31—Appeal for aid in equipment of American Hospital in Paris.

Sept. 1—British War Office accepts Oldway House equipped as hospital by American women; large contributions in London.

Sept. 7—American ambulance corps first on field near Paris.

Sept. 8—Mrs. W.E. Corey places chateau in France at the disposal of the Red Cross.

Sept. 12—Hanotaux issues appeal for French refugees; Duchess of Marlborough to aid servants out of work; Duchess of Westminster a nurse.

Sept. 13—Briand thanks American women for care of wounded in Paris; Ambassador Jusserand will forward money for French Red Cross.

Sept. 14—Chinese send Red Cross men to aid Japanese and Germans at Kiao-Chau; American Red Cross steamship Red Cross sails from New York.

Sept. 15—Work of rich American women praised by French Socialist organ; Mrs. Penfield organizes corps of Red Cross workers in Vienna; Prince of Wales fund increased by soccer teams.

Sept. 17—Babies and Mothers' League formed in London.

Sept. 19—Committee of Mercy formed in New York City.



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Sept. 20—Belgian Legation in Washington plans aid for women and children.

Sept. 23—Lady Paget appeals to American women for socks.

Sept. 25—American Women's Fund in London gives six motor ambulances; home of Mr. and Mrs. C.M. Depew on the Oise used for hospital.

Sept. 28—Appeal for Belgian relief addressed to Canada repeated to United States.

Sept. 29—England generous in offering homes to Belgian refugees.

Sept. 30—Duchess of Marlborough to act for Committee of Mercy in Great Britain.

Oct. 5—Prince of Wales fund reaches \$15,000,000.

Oct. 8—Mrs. J.P. Morgan on shipboard knits socks for soldiers; praise is given to the work done by the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris under Dr. J.A. Blake.

### *PEACE AND MEDIATION.*

Sept. 7—Germany reported ready for peace; Oscar Straus and diplomats confer with Secretary Bryan.

Sept. 8—Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Spring-Rice deny peace proposals.

Sept. 10—Bankers' peace movement afoot; German banks feel strain; Pope issues appeal.

Sept. 11—Apostolic Delegate in Washington has mission on mediation to President Wilson; opinion in England that peace moves must wait.

Sept. 12—Kaiser has received informal inquiry from United States Government; Allies will unite in demanding compensation for Belgium.

Sept. 17—Report of preliminary steps for peace between Austria and Russia; Ambassador Gerard reports conversation with German Chancellor, suggesting that Allies state terms.

Sept. 18—England denies that Germany and Austria have made peace proposals; Gerard's message will probably be sent to Allies, but United States will make no further move at present; President Wilson receives appeal from women of all nations and from General Conference of Friends.



Sept. 19—Ambassador Gerard's message has not been forwarded to any embassy; National Peace Council in England thanks President Wilson for mediation offer.

Sept. 21—President Wilson believes time has not come to move for peace; he receives appeal from suffragists.

Sept. 23—Ambassador von Bernstorff denies that German Government initiated peace propositions.

Sept. 26—Churches start peace campaigns to further efforts made by President Wilson.

Oct. 4—Prayers for peace held in churches throughout United States in accordance with request in proclamation by President Wilson.

*THE MEN OF THE EMDEN.*

By THOMAS R. YBARRA.

What matter if you

Be staunch and true

To the British blood in the veins of you,

When it's "hip hurrah!" for a deed well done,

For a fight well fought and a race well run—

What matter if you be true?

Hats off to the Emden's crew!



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Theirs was the life of the storm-god's folk,  
Uncounted miles from the Fatherland,  
With a foe beneath every wisp of smoke,  
And a menace in every strip of strand.  
Up, glasses! Paul Jones was but one of these,  
Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, their brothers, too!  
(Ha! those pirate nights  
In a ring of foes,  
When you douse your lights  
And drive home your blows!)  
Hats off to the Emden's crew!

Erect on the wave-washed decks stood they  
And heard with a Viking's grim delight  
The whirr of the wings of death by day  
And the voice of death in their dreams by night!  
Under the sweep of the wings of death,  
By the blazing gun, in the tempest's breath,  
While a world of enemies strove and fumed,  
Remote, unaided, undaunted, doomed,  
They stood—is there any, friend or foe,  
Who will choke a cheer?—who can still but scoff?  
No, no, by the gods of valor, no!  
To the Emden's crew—  
Hats off!

### FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote A: The second installment of this chronology, recording events to and including Jan. 7, 1915, will appear in the next issue. The chronology will then be continued in each succeeding issue.]