With House Blown to Pieces by Shells, He Calmly Took Bath

Edward Hunt Graphically Describes Destruction of Antwerp by Shrapnel

Found American Vice-Consul in Coal Bin With Teeth Chattering—Indescribable Confusion Reigned in Streets With Many Houses Blazing—Shells Fell and Exploded in Lead Showers With Methodical Regularity.

The best description of a town under bombardment, written of the present war, appears in the Metropolitan magazine for January, with Edward E. Hunt, the author. Mr. Hunt was under fire at Antwerp all night with two companions, and his story is most realistic.

A portion of it follows:

I was awakened by a tremendous roar and a shock which seemed to lift the house from its foundations. Immediately there came a distant boom, a shrill snarling whistle, then another explosion which pounded the air like storm.

Boom —— wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeleleleiei-kkkkkkkkBANGGGGG! Boom——wheeeeeeeeeeeeeEEEEEEEIEIEIEI EIEIEKKKKKKK BANGGGGGGG! Every pane of glass in the house blew out in the chaos which followed the bursting of that fourth bomb. It had hit directly across the street, less than thirty-five feet from where I was dressing. I could hear screams and sobs; then the sound of people rushing by the house, and the crash of glass, which littered the sidewalk, splintering to bits as the people ran. But above every other clamored the continuous mad-dog snarling of the German shells: Boom—wheeeeeeelelele