

IMPORTANT STRATEGIC VALUE OF THE VICTORY OF LUBLIN

Petrograd, Sept. 15.—The tactical results of the great Russian victory in Lublin may be looked for immediately, I am told, on the East Prussian frontier.

For many days the wounded from the great battle have been pouring from the lines to their various destinations in hospitals and homes, being greeted on their arrival by enthusiastic crowds and often visited at the station by one of the Imperial family. It is they, who, with their eye witness accounts of their small part in the fight, lend to the official facts their needed embellishment of color and humanity.

An officer wounded in both legs in the fighting South of Zamost, related how he went with his regiment by train from the East of Lemberg to near Chelm, the journey, which in its dreary uneventful fatigue, tried the men much more severely than the wonderful marches achieved by some of the other columns. They were detained early one morning to the sound of distant gun fire and that same afternoon were in action against Austrian infantry en-

trenched along a line which included the village of Michailowka. They entered the village the same night the Austrians having fallen back to a half circle of small, deep hills which overlooked the village in the valleys. Some houses had been set on fire, but the flames had been extinguished by the villagers themselves.

At three o'clock the following morning the attack on the hills commenced. The Austrians occupying them numbered 15,000, of which a number were in a deep wooded gorge. The Russian artillery swept the crest of the hill and shelled the gorge with shrapnel. The Austrians replied strongly, but once again showed that inferiority in speed and accuracy which all observers have mentioned. My informant describing the shell fire, states that at any moment he could see more Russian shrapnel bursting in the air above the gorge than he could count.

At noon the position was stormed, his own company being among the attackers. The Russian infantry, at the word of command arose with cheers, repeated again and again, and

rushed the hills. Austrian guns on their left cut them about badly.

He tells of a company officer badly wounded who would not let two of his men stay behind to carry him off. With a pool of his own blood widening around him, he sat on the ground cheering on his men from behind. My informant himself received a bayonet thrust in the left forearm as they took the first stretch and he killed his assailant with a revolver. At the same time the position was stormed from the East and the Austrian surrendered almost immediately.

The gorge, he adds, was full of dead men, lying in heaps. On the slopes, even at Galitch, where he was present, he had never seen so many dead in an equal space. Artillery officers visited the spot later in the day to see for themselves the effect of their fire, and were astonished that their shrapnel had proved so deadly. The troops gave the place the name of "The Valley of Death."

The Austrian General commanding the village watched his men being disarmed. Present-

ly the Austrian standards were brought up from the gorge, and at the sight he drew a revolver and shot himself.

In the big fighting between Zamost and Tomaszow all the men were excited by a rumor that at last they were to meet German troops. On the morning of the day when he himself was wounded and placed hors de combat, he suddenly heard a cheering, a noise swelling as says, he was lying with his men in a wood and corps after corps took it up. He did not get what it meant, until three motor cars came slowly along the road behind him, and in the foremost of them he saw General Ruzska. His iron men who had marched all night leaped up in their places and cheered likewise and then the cheering passed along, tinkling across the country as the car moved between the lines, and being still faintly audible for another half hour.

Like all line officers, my informant sees in Ruzska the achievement of the triumph of his own order. Adored by the army, praised from his personal courage as much as for his genius

of a leader, the General is a product of that Russian middle class which gains no social advancement by army rank. He is a typical Russian officer, dark bearded, a little above the middle height, and wearing a new uniform of khaki with shoulder straps, in the simplest form. His capacity for work is superhuman. Recently he worked two night and days without sleep.

The men in general, though worked and marched to the utter limit of their capacity, did not suffer from lack of food, the work of the new field kitchens being admirable. The Cossacks carried little bags of apples on their saddles, which they consider good as a preventative of both hunger and thirst. The continual capture of transports has helped out the rations.

The transportation of prisoners to the interior of Russia is now proceeding. Many of them have suffered severely from cold and hunger and there are numerous cases of dysentery. It is said the men will be employed on various public work, including road making in the Urals.

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VALLEY OF DEATH FOR AUSTRIANS

London, Sept. 15.—A despatch to the Chronicle from Petrograd says: "The fiercest fighting which preceded the Russian victory at Lublin was in a gorge near the village of Mikolaiiff which the Russian soldiers reverently named the valley of death. The gorge was full of dead men lying in heaps, according to a soldier who reached here to-day.

"When we attacked at three o'clock in the morning," he said, "the gorge

contained fifteen thousand Austrians, a large proportion of which were mowed down by the artillery fire which plowed through the valley in the darkness. The Austrians surrendered and we entered the gorge to receive their arms, while their general stood quietly on a hill watching the scene. Eight of his standards being turned over to the Russians, was more than he could bear for he drew a pistol and shot himself."

HOW ZEPPELIN AIRSHIPS DROP BOMBS WHILE FLYING ALONG

London, Sept. 15.—The method used by Zeppelin airships in dropping bombs has been described as follows by an English refugee, who has just arrived here from Belgium. The dirigible hovers over its objective at a sufficient altitude to keep it out of range of the enemy's guns. At the same time it lowers a steel cage attached to a steel wire rope 2000 or 3000 feet long. This cage is divided into compartments, and it carries one man whose duty is to throw down the bombs. The cage is sufficiently strong to make rifle fire against it ineffective, and because of its small size and the fact that it is kept constantly in motion it is very difficult for heavy guns to hit it.

Fell Asleep From Sheer Exhaustion
German Troops Too Tired To Leave Village Captured By French

Paris, Sept. 15.—During the third day's fighting in the battle on the Marne, a detachment of the French, which had chased the enemy out of a village, was halted by an old woman who led them to a barn, where there were still thirty Germans, telling them to make no noise as they were asleep.

A man crept noiselessly into the barn and found the Germans sleeping so soundly that it took half an hour and a tremendous shaking to wake them. One explained that he had not slept for three days. They had been harassed by the French and English, and the evening before they had entered the barn, where all fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

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WIDOW GAVE HER ONLY SON

He Was Under Age but at Her Pleading the Authorities Sent Him to the Front With the Army

When war broke out the work of a London Consul of one of the Allies was the urgent despatch of his compatriots in England to the front.

Taking his turn at the busy Consulate was a boy with his mother. Although only just over 17 he had the physique of a muscular man of 25, and the mother, dry-eyed and proud, accompanied him to the Consul's room. Formal questions were soon put, and the answers came pat. Mother—widow; father—a famous maitre d'armes in his day; only son—a brilliant swordsman, "carrying on." The question of age was forgotten for the moment. The Consul asked it. The truthful reply was given.

"I am very sorry," began the Consul, "not only is he exempt because he is a widow's only son, but he is also under military age."

Only then did the mother weep, and her tears and entreaties flowed. "Oh, take him, Monsieur! It will break my heart if my brave son is not allowed to fight for his country! He is ready to start now!"

Formalities went by the board. The Consul saw to it that the widow's son left in the next batch, and it was a dry-eyed mother who bade her son farewell.

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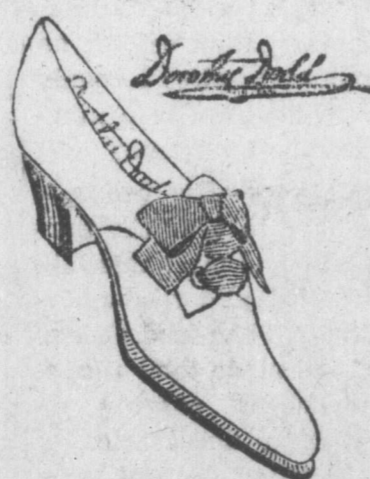


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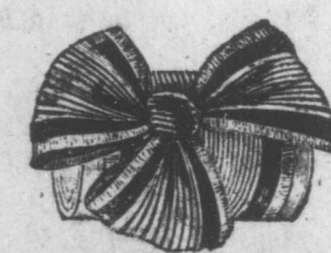
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