WOUNDED INDIAN SOLDIERS

REFUGEES FLEEING FROM YPRES

GHURKAS ARRIVING AT THE FRONT

LONDON SCOTTISH EXAMINE A HOLE MADE BY A BOMB DROPPED FROM AN AEROPLANE

Prince Louis of Battenberg Was Victim of 'Spy Scare'

London "Man in the Street," Carried Away by His Fears, Responsible for Loss to Admiralty of All Around Specialist and Loyal Subject.

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, Nov. 21.

As England became more alive to the spy peril and as the campaign against the German spy grew one heard a great deal of talk about the First Sea Lord being a "German Prince." Everywhere one went the same cry was heard. Why was a German chief of the Admiralty? Why was he not dismissed? And yet when Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned it came like something of a shock to those who recognized his worth and understood how much he had done for the British navy. But England, or rather the "man in the street," clamored for his dismissal, and Prince Louis, recognizing his position, through the accident of birth, no doubt after serious consultation with the King and his fellow admirals, decided to satisfy the public demand and quit.

Then, and only then, did England realise that it had lost the services of one of the greatest naval strategists it ever had and one of the most loyal subjects of the King.

It is indeed, a remarkable fact that while every one in England is familiar with the careers and faces of the leading British generals, very little is known outside naval ports of the heads of the sister service. There have been a few exceptions, but the general public knows little of Prince Louis of Battenberg. They only knew that "a German" was directing by wireless from Whitehead the movements of every ship and sailor.

Prince Louis of Battenberg was born sixty years ago, not in Germany, but at Gratz, in Austria. His mother was a Polish countess. His father was Prince Alexander of Hesse, younger son of the reigning grand duke of that independent State, which had furnished Wellington with the finest "mercenaries"—as the Kaiser Wilhelm would doubtless call them—under his immediate command at Waterloo and elsewhere.

Victim of Prussian Vandalism.

But the integrity and independence of the grand duchy were not to endure long after Prince Louis' birth, in 1854. Prince Louis' family fought with Austria against Prussia's bid for hegemony in 1866, and after Prussia's triumph they were penalized by the brutal conqueror by the Prussian annexation of the major portion of their State. Of their several provinces—Hesse-Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, &c. — they were allowed to retain but a small district around Darmstadt, their present capital. In 1868, two years after this act of Prussian vandalism against his family, Prince Louis, at the age of fourteen, entered the British navy and received his letters of naturalization as a British subject.

It is perhaps unnecessary to recall that one of his brothers, Prince Henry of Battenberg, gave his life for England in the Ashanti campaign, that three of his sons have been fighting in the present war against Germany, one, Prince Maurice, being killed, one invalided home, while the other is still at the front. Of Prince Louis' two sons, one is fighting in the army and another is following his father's profession.

As a sailor, commander and naval strategist Prince Louis' reputation stands high. Despite his royal connections, his promotions, having regard for his acknowledged merits, have been, if anything, rather slow. On the other hand, he has probably served in more special commands or specialist departments than any flag officer now in active service.

Many Sided Specialist.

This variety of interests stood him in good stead after he became the professional director of the navy and its policy. For it is desirable that the First Sea Lord should at one and the same time be acquainted personally with every branch of the navy's work—engineering, gunnery, torpedo, submarine, aviation, &c.—without allowing his personal inclinations unduly to influence his naval policy in favor of any one. He must be an all around specialist, and there is probably no admiral in the British service who fulfils this all important condition to the same extent as Prince Louis.

As naval adviser to the Military Inspector General of Fortifications (1892-1894), Prince Louis acquired valuable experience on technical questions connected with coastal defence and gunnery. Seeing also that he was twice connected with the British Naval Intelligence Department, the first time as assistant director in 1899-1901, when the enemy presumptive was France, and subsequently as director, in 1902-1904, when Russia in a similar capacity was already yielding place to the Kaiser's realm, there is little which he does not know about the potentialities as well as actualities of both the present allied and hostile fleets.

A scientific and eminently intellectual naval officer, Prince Louis when afloat was none the less a breezy captain, and as a squadron commander he became a most daring and inventive tactician. Both officers and "tars" who served in the Mediterranean in the late nineties, under the then Sir John Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson, love to tell the story of how Prince Louis, at that time still a captain, but placed by Admiral Fisher in command of a small squadron operating at manoeuvres against a much larger force commanded by Admiral Wilson, completely outwitted the latter.

Sir Arthur Wilson was blockading the Prince in an awkward harbor—the exit from which, in face of superior force, was supposed to be an almost impossible task. Prince Louis waited for a particularly dark night, then rigged out the fastest of his smaller craft with huge beams spread out both horizontally and vertically and studded with lights, so as to give these craft from a distance the appearance of large battle ships with lights.

Escapes with Ships.

Having done this, he sent them out at full speed and slipped them through the blockader's lines. Whereupon the entire blockading fleet started off in pursuit of the "skeleton" battle ships, while Prince Louis' capital ships made off in safety in the opposite direction. This is by no means the only tactical triumph achieved by Prince Louis at manoeuvres, but is one of the numerous illustrations that could be given of his skill in mimic warfare.

As a rear admiral he commanded the Second Cruiser Squadron (1904-6), when his flagship, the Drake, became a record holder in respect of both gunnery and speed. For, although Prince Louis has ever supported Lord Fisher's views on the primary importance of big guns and first rate shooting, he has shown himself after his advent to the Admiralty an equally resolute believer in light cruisers of high speed, such as the Germans have long favored and as have been launched recently for Britain in the shape of the Birmingham and Lowestoft class.

As commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet from 1908 Prince Louis was in charge of that finest of all the pre-dreadnought squadrons, the eight King Edwards. In 1910 he relinquished this command for that of the Third and Fourth (Reserve) Divisions of the home fleet, but the international crisis of the summer of 1911 found him once again in command of the King Edwards off Berehaven, for to him had been intrusted by the Admiralty the all important task of containing, with an inferior squadron, the dreadnoughts of the German high sea fleet should they have attempted either to make a raid on the English Channel ports or to "break through" the Channel into the Atlantic, while the British dreadnoughts were waiting for them in the North Sea between the Scottish and Norwegian coasts.

Designed Sensational Manoeuvres.

In the following year, on the reorganization by Mr. Winston Churchill of the Board of Admiralty and his creation of a naval "war staff," Prince Louis was appointed Second Sea Lord, and owing to the persistent ill health of Sir Francis Bridgeman he it was who designed the sensational manoeuvres of 1912.

Prince Henry himself was in command of the Blue, or defending, fleet, whose mission was to prevent a landing in England under cover of the Red, or enemy fleet, under Admiral Callaghan, which was allowed a considerable start. The Blue admiral destroyed the Red fleet, but only after a considerable raiding force had also been landed.

RUSSIANS IN WILD BAYONET CHARGES

(Special Dispatch.)

VILNA, Nov. 21.

Three wounded soldiers with the St. George Cross glittering on their breasts who have been brought into hospitals here, with ten others, unwounded, are all that are left of a whole company of Russian soldiers, but one of these wounded men verified a remarkable story illustrating how the Russians fight and their devotion to their officers, which I was inclined to imagine exaggerated, in the Army News, the official organ of the Russian army, published at the front in the field printing office of the General Staff.

"In the march into Galicia of our south army," he said, "one of our strong columns, composed of three classes of arms, was making a forced march on the line Trembovl-Podgaetz-Galicz. The road was intersected by numerous small streams running from north to south. It became absolutely necessary to gain the crossings. To accomplish this our column marched practically without interruption, making from thirty-five to forty versts (twenty-one to twenty-four miles) a day.

"It is quite clear that in the circumstances the commissary train fell considerably behind, and we did not always receive our food in time. All this, one would think, would considerably weaken both the offensive and defensive power of our men. It was on a hot day that we had just crossed the River Koropetz. The banks of this river near the village of Virzhbuv were strongly held by the Austrians, and they were so placed that on the east bank of the river they endangered the flank of our column.

"Our commander immediately decided to attack. The enemy, however, did not wait for us to attack and likewise advanced. In a few minutes a pitched battle commenced. Our infantry defiled in a long chain, and regardless of losses went forward on the run. Under a terrible rifle and machine gun fire our men at a distance of six hundred paces started the bayonet attack. One of the battalions was caught under the cross fire of machine guns, but that did not stop it, and on it went under the leadership of its commander, though losing men by the dozen, and went straight for the machine guns. There were no firsts and no lasts.

"At the command 'After me!' it seemed as if a solid wall was advancing against the enemy. We succeeded in finally capturing the guns. The Austrians made for the river and our artillery followed them up. The corps commander, who at the beginning of the battle had ridden out to the forward chains of the attacking regiments, was observing the battle from an elevated position.

"As soon as the enemy was seen to be retreating an effort was made to gather our forces and form our original lines. At a gallop the corps commander approached our regiment. We met him with a loud cheer, and many of us waved our caps. The sun was setting. The battle was drawing to a close. The artillery was firing a few parting volleys. Heaps of corpses in light gray Austrian coats and in Russian embroidered shirts mutely demonstrated the fury of the battle.

"The sight gripped one by the heart, but brought tears of delight to the eyes. The faces of the soldiers fairly glowed. There was not a sign of fatigue, not a sign of hunger. All were drunk with victory. The commander of the corps, whose bravery the soldiers had complimented with their rousing cheers, stopped at a small group of men.

"'What party is this?' asked the general. 'The remains of the Third battalion of the N. regiment, your excellency,' reported the senior officer. It was the battalion that made the charge on the machine guns. The Ninth company had actually made the capture. The commander asked the Ninth company to step forward. The company advanced. The captain was the only officer left alive. Out of the entire mass of the battalion stepped forward ten unwounded and three wounded soldiers. The latter had been able to remain in the ranks. One of them was a sub-lieutenant.

"In the hands of one of these heroes was still a rifle, the bayonet of which was covered with blood, and with which he had in the sight of his officer killed two Austrians. The corps commander, not without a shudder, thanked the company, and on the strength of the power conferred on him by the commander in chief, promised them the St. George's Cross as soon as they reached headquarters."

And this is but an incident, as proof of the stories told of the Russian officers' self-denial, of their courage and self-sacrifice, proved, too, by the terrible losses in the officers' ranks. Petrograd is today in mourning over the loss of hundreds of officers of the guards.

HOW MOSCOW TREATS HER WOUNDED

(Special Dispatch.)

Moscow, Nov. 21, 1914.—There is no such simple and cheerful and openhearted and gossipy city in all Europe as Moscow. It has the qualities that enable it to yield unreservedly to a great impulse whenever the moment calls. Russian downrightness is at its strongest here.

Moscow is the heart of Russia. And the heart of the city has gone out wholly to the army. The battles are fought far away on the frontier, but every day trains loaded with wounded come rolling in from the frontier, and Moscow receives them as a mother receives her children.

In almost every street you see the sign of the Red Cross, with the inscription "Home for Sick and Wounded Warriors." Under the management of the Moscow City Council there are 31,000 beds for the wounded, of which at the time of writing 18,500 are occupied. About seven thousand convalescent men are lodged in the homes of Moscow citizens. The War Office has provided in the city accommodation for 12,000, and on the contributions of private individuals 19,000 beds are maintained. Half the elementary schools are used as hospitals, and in the remaining half the children are taught in two shifts.

Moscow is the chief distribution centre for the wounded. The less serious cases are dealt with at the hospital near the station, and at the first opportunity are sent on further into the interior. The severely wounded are left in Moscow.

All these figures were interesting enough, but I was anxious to see the work done, and Mr. Chelnokoff, one of the Moscow deputies, kindly put me in charge of a municipal surgeon, Dr. Nikolsky, who took me on a round to various types of hospital. The first we came to was a small home, maintained by the parents of the pupils of a well known private school. A quaint old Moscow house, with endless nooks and crannies and abrupt staircases—the kind of house described in Tolstoy's novels—had been turned into a clean, bright hospital, in which about thirty soldiers were living like princes under the charge of a woman doctor and a large staff of nurses.

A big, light, airy school, which I next saw, was less homelike, but entirely adequate for the care of 150 soldiers who reposed here, some reading, some playing the balalaika.

The most curious hospital I saw was a row of new tramway sheds, where a floor had been laid over the rails and the pits from which the cars are cleaned. In long halls, lighted from the roof, stood line upon line of beds. Everything needful was here—fine bathrooms, perfectly equipped operating and bandaging rooms, kitchens and store rooms. Some of the sheds which lie close to the railway are to be used as temporary resting spots for those of the slightly wounded who are to be sent on to hospitals in the provinces. A branch line brings the trains up to the very door.

Then we visited the Soldatenkov Hospital, one of the most up to date hospitals in Europe, and certainly the best in Moscow. The men who lay here were severely wounded, but they were living in almost palatial splendor.

Moscow knows better than any other city the vast sweep of a great war. Exactly 102 years ago Napoleon rode grimly out of the ruins of the city. The railway by which I travelled from Warsaw to Moscow followed for some distance the route of Napoleon's advance and retreat. At wayside stations, under a leaden sky, and in a bitterly cold wind, stood peasant women in sheepskins bidding farewells to sons and brothers, who were going off to the front. Near some of the stations hospitals have been established, and convalescent soldiers were walking about with their arms in slings. When in the morning we crossed the Beresina, near Minsk, a blizzard was raging, and fields and forests were wrapped in snow. The Russian winter, that brought ruin to Napoleon, has set in early this fateful year.

BATTLE OF TRENCHES ONE ENDLESS GRAVE

That all is not glory and excitement at the front of a battle line is graphically illustrated by the correspondent of the Scientific American, an officer of the French army, who draws the following pen picture in the special war issue of November 7:—

"All along the roads and the fields can be seen the vestiges of numerous trenches. We have fought here ardently for a month and slowly, step by step, we have forced the enemy to retire.

"At the actual hour the army can be classed in two categories—one half is digging trenches in order to fight and the other half is fighting to dig trenches."

Chinese, Humiliated by Japan, Favor the Manchus

Pleas for Resistance to Invasion from Shantung, Unheeded by Government, Which Has No Efficient Army, Cause Tears Among Citizens of Young Republic.

(Special Dispatch.)

PEKING, Nov. 21.

This is a land of lamentations. China sheds tears of bitter regret because she has no efficient army, because she has no money to put what army she has upon a war footing and because the lack in those two directions has contributed to the loss of the province of Shantung.

There is not a Chinese native who does not believe that Shantung has been Japanned even more effectively than Manchuria. To tell the average Chinaman that Japan will adhere to her declarations that she will abide by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and preserve the integrity of China is to provoke ironical guffaws—and more tears.

"Humiliation!" shrieked an American educated Chinese at me the other day with passion which almost burst him. "Why, humiliation is not the word to describe what is now happening. Those—those"—and he spluttered in his anger for an epithet, "those—adjectival little fellows constitute the last straw which will bring our—our collective hump to the ground!" And then he laughed. "I said a hump! China is nothing but a hump—just a h-u-m-p." He slowly spelled out the word. "If we weren't a hump we would be fighting like Belgium is fighting—and we have not got a fight in us. The dwarfs can come in, they can commandeer anything in sight; they take our food, our carts and horses, our pigs and chickens, our houses—and—our women. They pay for nothing, or if they do pay it is their own price, and that in paper money of their own make. And this great republic, of which we talked so much, stands it. Bah!"

Turn to Manchu Leaders.

He was a very, very much disgusted Chinese, and is now pro-Manchu. Thus are revolutionists against this new régime made. The Chinese are prone to make the immediate responsible for the past and release it of obligations to the future. That is why there is so little real change and why China is where she is to-day. And it is a crisis like this which makes the Chinese rise temporarily in their wrath and curse the past, the present and the future; swear resonant oaths that there will be no repetition of such an outrage—and then go away and do nothing.

Japan has come into Shantung to put the Germans out and ostensibly to act the part of the gracious neighbor and restore to China something that had been filched from her by the War Lord. China refuses to believe any such thing. Chinese newspapers are filled with what purport to be true stories of Japanese outrages. They describe how Chinese who have refused to hand over live stock or food have been maltreated and murdered, how homes have been battered in by Japanese soldiers, the male inmates turned out and the women ravished. There are innumerable stories of a heartbreaking character. The Japanese say they are not true.

Beg to Fight Japanese.

The people of Weihsien, a city on the Shantung railway which has been entered by Japanese soldiers, have in their despair petitioned the government, saying, "The misery the people have sustained on account of the presence of the Japanese is past the power of description. Alas! before the destruction of our nation we have already been converted into slaves, bearing all kinds of tyranny."

"Is not China still an independent nation?" they ask. "Has she not a host of heroic men who are willing to sacrifice their all to defend the honor of their country? We people of Weihsien are willing to sacrifice our lives to help them. Let God decide our destiny. Let the high officials bethink themselves."

And the high officials, knowing that China is financially unfit to fight for her independence, knowing that she has neither the men nor the equipment to face the trained veterans of Japan, and knowing that it would be folly to encourage Japan to an act of hostility against China at this time of stress in the world, hustle around the diplomatic table and try to save their "face"—and Shantung. It is all they can do, but it recalls a very striking ejaculation made by a prominent foreign official in the Salt department recently, that "the Chinese devote so much attention to the gentle task of 'saving their face' that they, like the ostrich, when it believes it is out of sight, leave the bulk of their anatomy available to be kicked!"

Hear Threats of Conquest.

And while the officials in Peking, confronted with their knowledge of the true facts of their position, are struggling to come to an amicable arrangement with the Japanese for the occupation of the railway connecting Tsingtao with Tsinanfu, the people of Weihsien and other people cry out that they are being outraged. "Woe to him," they write to the government, "who should venture to make any protest—as he will be attacked with Japanese bayonets."

They relate a case. "Mr. Wang, a returned student from Japan, tried to reason with the soldiers. They cut his cheeks so that his bones were exposed. The Japanese said, 'You slaves, our great imperial Japan will, by and by, be your master, therefore all your rivers, mountains and fields are our property; should you dare to speak you will become a corpse the next moment.' Mr. Wang fought with them though he was not armed.

"He was stabbed in the side—and died." This may be exaggerated by the petitioners, but the Chinese believe the story, and the many others like it. But the Japanese deny them.

In the Council of State members recently aroused and branded the Japanese soldiers as despoilers of their country side and outragers of their women; they asked how Great Britain could justify her joint action with such troops when she is fighting in Europe to uphold the integrity of Belgium? And they ask the government what it intends to do about the business. The government does not know. It has lodged protests against the violation of China's neutrality, it has issued orders to the troops to prevent them precipitating armed conflicts, and it is hoping that it will get justice when the war is over. It can do nothing else short of entering upon a war, which would be suicidal.

Contend for Railway.

The chief bone of contention is, of course, the railway line. China asserts that Japan is not entitled to occupy it, because it is a Chino-German concern. Japan declares that it is a German railway, in which the German government dominated, notwithstanding that there were a few Chinese and several German shareholders. It was used, they point out, to convey German troops into Tsingtao and to transport provisions to the garrison right up to the time of the investment, and, furthermore, they assert that it is part and parcel of the leased territory of Tsingtao and must be occupied by them.

China contests every point, but is willing to make an amicable arrangement under protest for the working of the line by the Japanese until the end of the war. But even in the doing of this the Chinese feel it in their hearts that they are entertaining a forlorn hope when they leave it to the Powers who shall be Powers after the war to see to it that the Japanese shall leave Shantung. The Japanese entrance into this trouble bred in Europe has created a problem the settlement of which might be

Obvious.

London Telegraph:—Gertie—I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles.

Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't."