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HORRORS AND JOY AT NOVO GEORGIEVSK

German Shells Make Roaring Furnace of Fortress and Take Thousands of Prisoners

Novo Georgievsk, Russia, Aug. 20 (Minsk, Russia, Aug. 20, by telegraph to Berlin.)—The fortress of Novo Georgievsk is a roaring furnace. The hamlets around the forts are bedded with live coals, and the barracks, chapel, bake-houses, and armory buildings, stretching along the heights a hundred feet above the waters of the Narwa and Vistula are in flames.

The fire has reached the munition chambers, and the stores which the Russians could neither move nor destroy are exploding in ceaseless volleys. Bullets are thrown a hundred feet from the windows by these explosions and come swishing and pattering down among the trees by the river side like a hailstorm.

The fire is raging for blocks behind the walls seven feet thick and the chill night wind is driving the flames steadily forward and is forcing them in crimson streams through the sally ports, ventilators and chimneys.

Already some of the walls have begun to melt and are sinking slowly into the craters created by the fire of the Austrian thirty and a half centimeter motor batteries. The glare lights up the plain for miles around, and the prisoners streaming slowly across it by a dozen roads turn slowly in their weary march to catch glimpses of the most terrific spectacle this war has brought.

Now the fire is breaking from the barracks and administration buildings on the other side of the river. On this side flames are moving along with jumps from the topmost windows of the six-story armory on the cliff.

Roar A Ceaseless Crash.
 The roar of the explosives no longer comes in volleys, but in a ceaseless crash. Gratings constructed of iron bars as thick as a man's arm are melting and falling inward to the depths of this fortress furnace.

The walls are so thick that there are still some high vaulted passages cool enough to enable one to go through them and thus reach the inside of the fortress.

Taking one of these passages, I penetrated to the great paved court before the garrison church, the gilding of which catches the glow of the flames leaping from the powder vaults and casemates.

Just before the chapel lies a dead Russian soldier. Somebody has had the time mercifully to throw a coat over his face, but in the glare his outspread hands show greenish white against the cobble pavement. He lies here all alone, forgotten and unburied but never had a man a more heroic funeral pyre, and Emperor William brought his hand to the salute when he passed the body.

Germans Pour Into City.
 Some landsturm are pouring into the court now carrying trusses of straw to bed themselves in the chapel for the night. One of them stumbles over the dead Russian and another throws down the truss of straw, bends over the body, and lays the dead hands upon the breast so that they shall not be trampled by the passing of many feet.

The five is rolling upward to the citadel tower where the Red Cross flag is flying. I passed two Russian nurses, the only clean women I have seen in two days, and a Russian officer of the field hospital, and asked them what madness prompted the bedding of the wounded on the edges of this roaring hell of ammunition.

"It was a mistake," he replies.
Flames Menace To Wounded.
 Whether any of the wounded are still in peril I cannot learn. I think not, but whatever the situation, the fire soon will make all questions superfluous.

It is rolling near the citadel tower, and one far-flung brand hits the Red Cross flag but does not ignite it. The wind has risen a little and the flag flutters valiantly and constantly.

New fires are starting and occasionally you catch the aromatic odor from the green birch trees whose tops are scorched under the ammunition blown from the sixth story of the arsenal. Far up both flanks of both rivers are spots of fire from the burning farms.

Russians Abandon Munitions.
 Machine guns lie mired in the stable yards and whole trainloads of shells stand on the sidetracks leading into the fortress. Some of the bridges were so indifferently blown apart that already the Germans are swinging them black to plumb.

On one track a freight train loaded with shells was released and sent down the track with its engine. A shell was then exploded, evidently under the tender of the engine, in the hope that the whole train would be sent into the air. Nothing of the kind happened. The tender was lifted and

one carload of loaded shells lies half under it, but the rest of the train is unharmed and is packed with tons of goods shells.

Big zinc boxes of unexploded mines lie all along the way, and uninjured rifles will be gathered by the hundred. In many a place you could walk along the muddy roads for two miles in front of the fortress and hardly soil your boots because the ground is strewn with overcoats, belts, cartridge boxes, and rifles.

It is no exaggeration to say that in spots the ground is absolutely carpeted with wreckage of equipment. Here and there the soldiers had time to burn or break the rifles, but more often they are in perfect condition. Here the officer had tried to break his sword before throwing it into the ditch, but he has only succeeded in bending it double.

Russ Try To Hide Idently.
 Everywhere is a litter of red shoulder straps, which the men have torn from their overcoats so that the number of their regiment should not be disclosed when they were taken prisoner.

Many a square yard of the freight yards lying a mile from the citadel is bedded with shrapnel. A trainload of linseed cakes for cattle is burning. Shells and lime, reels of barbed wire, and thousands of bushels of grain are sizzling and melting.

Not one touch of waste, of ruin, or of squalor is lacking in this picture, and the details of wreckage range from the minutest to the most colossal, for at one point the Russians tried to send one of their heaviest guns across a viaduct two miles from the fortress. The viaduct sank five feet, the track gave way, and the gun

now awaits the arrival of German engineers.

Take Many Prisoners.
 There are so many prisoners that often the Germans cannot keep them herded, and you get the strange contrast of passing a column of 10,000 prisoners flanked by perhaps 100 guards, and then coming on to a lone Russian soldier who is paddling through the mud in search of somebody to capture him.

With a captain and Mr. Conger of the Associated Press I passed one such individual.
 "Poor soldier," the captain said, "nobody wants him. Will not you gentlemen be so kind as to capture him?"

Mr. Conger speaks Russian, and he questioned the man, but got no answers more illuminating than that somebody had told him to go somewhere. So we all saluted and the waif of war splashed onward to his highly indefinite destination.

I saw one column of probably 2,000 prisoners who appeared to be both guarding and guiding themselves. There was not a German within a thousand feet of them and no German with them when at a command from one of their own officers they swung off down the plain and down the road leading into a stretch of woods.

Kaiser An Hour On Ground.
 The emperor spent an hour amid these scenes this afternoon, attended by Gen. Hindenburg, Bessler, Falkenhayn, and Mueller.

The emperor's face was radiant, except when he passed new made graves, when he slowly saluted. Sven Hedin, whom the emperor called to his auto, says it is proper for him to say nothing more than that the conversation was about the war and that his majesty was very confident and happy. Gen. Hindenburg's face was ashen, as always, and his eyes were weary.

Troops Roar A Greeting.
 At the end of the ceremony of the Kaiser's parade the emperor's automobile, with the imperial standard flying, was rushed down the highway from the lane to the fortress, through the lines of squealing pigs, scared hens, staring peasants, and wide eyed, good natured prisoners, who saluted him. A roar of cheers from the troops followed him for two miles.

Turning into a pasture road that had been terribly cut up by cannon, his machine took the ruts by leaps, and he must be a well man or he never would have stood the punishment those leaps must have inflicted. I saw him very close and there is not a line of weariness or illness in his face.

Thirst Rips Victors.
 Despite the horrors of the scenes around us there is a wonderful spirit of jubilation in the air. I don't hear a whine from anybody, but the thirst is making the men groan a bit. One dare not drink from the wells. This minute I would give a week's wage for a drink of water. I am faint. My Spanish colleague has thrown himself on the ground. I believe he has fainted. He has gone dead white.

Touching Devotion
Displayed by Sons of A Polish Official

London, Sept. 11.—Touching devotion was displayed by the sons of a Polish official whom the Germans condemned to death. When the enemy entered Kalish, a town close to the frontier, which suffered a fate similar to Louvain, they sought out the Russian functionaries, and seized M. Novikoff, who was sent to prison. Every day he was questioned concerning the Russian troops and mobilization. Although these questions were put under torture, M. Novikoff maintained silence until, infuriated, the Germans hauled him before a court-martial, by which he was sentenced to death.

By chance M. Novikoff's two sons, one a student, the other a collegiate learned the hour appointed for their father's execution, and they resolved at any risk, to be present. They reached the scene when their father was already standing with bandaged eyes before a file of soldiers.

The elder son, Sergei, rushed forward, and pushing his father aside, faced the soldiers shouting, "Fire, fire!" He is the father of a large family. It is easier for me to die." Then the second son, Ivor, seized hold of his brother, crying, "I will die for my brother; fire at me you dogs!"

The effect of this dramatic incident upon the soldiers was such that they were undecided what to do, and their officer helplessly dropped his sword. After consultation with other officials the officer commanding the detachment announced that the execution was postponed, and ordered his men to take the two boys to prison.

When the soldiers went to raise M. Novikoff they found that he had been driven insane by the terrible strain; nevertheless, he too, was removed to prison. The boys are now threatened with trial by court-martial for interfering with a German military order.

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