"GRAFT" NEWSPAPERS

Fredericton Liberal Mail Makes a Few Timely and Caustic Observations About the Organs and Politicians Supporting and Apologizing For the Hon. J. Kidd Flemming.

(Fredericton Mail.)

The announcement that the friends of good government are to tender a banquet to Messrs. F. B. Carvell, M. P., and L. A. Dugal, M. P. P., in this city on December 3 has greatly alarmed the graft organs, the camp followers and political four-flushers of the Tory party. They are already able to discern the handwriting on the wall and the termination of the carnival of graft and corruption which they have been revelling in for the past seven years. One organ, more reckless than the rest, in an effort to belittle the proposed banquet, declares that there was graft in connection with the old Central Railway and that "$130,000 of the money voted by the province for the construction of that railway was diverted from the intended purpose and disappeared entirely from the public ken." As the organ which makes this statement was then a hide-bound supporter of the government, we presume it knows whereof it speaks. If there was any boodling going on in connection with the Central Railway it is dollars to doughnuts that the Fredericton organ, if it lived up to its record, had a finger in the pie. In fairness to the old government, however, it may be said with truth that the royal commission which conducted a rigid investigation into the affairs o fthe Central road were unable to discover among the vouchers any bogus stock certificates of a newspaper publishing company given in exchange for "blood money." The commissioners who probed the Valley Railway affairs were a trifle more fortunate in this respect; they found where the sum of $1,000 had been paid out for "publicity" in exchange for a certificate, but the certificate had conveniently disappeared. As one of the commissioners remarked, it was like Finnegan, "New on and now off." As before stated, there may have been wrongdoing in connection with the Central Railway, but bogus stock certificates were not palmed off as vouchers and afterwards spirited away.

The old government may have had its faults but it never found it necessary to subsidize a party newspaper to the extent of $16,000 a year in order to have its virtues proclaimed to the world.

The boodle organ, which is so deeply concerned over the approaching banquet, declared that under the old administration minor officials were permitted to bank provincial money in their own name and it goes on to say that one official "preferred suicide." Under Flemming rule of course, all this is changed. Minor officials are permitted to "sass" members of the government and get away with it. Minor officials are permitted to collect money from lumbermen and put it into their own pockets or divide it with superiors. Minor officials are permitted to extort thousands of dollars from the lumbermen and place it in the custody of a treasurer named by the premier of the province and keep the transaction "mum" so far as the other members of the executive are concerned. Instead of committing suicide, minor officials today, when things become warm, quietly skip across the border into the United States and remain there with the connivance of the government until the trouble blows over.

The boodle organ, in referring to the old regime, goes on to say:

"Large sums were hidden away in odd corners where they had no sort of connection."

Under Flemming rule large sums of stolen money are hidden away in strong boxes, where the premier of the province had a connection with them and was able to borrow from time to time to help out a lumbering concern of which he is the head. Under Flemming rule large sums taken from a boodle fund were invested in United States and South American stocks, while further sums were invested in a power company, the head of which has a five million dollar railway deal on with th government of the province. Blessed is Flemming rule and all that it implies.

The days of the old government, says the chief boodle organ, "were the palmy days of the grafter and rake-off men." The days of the Flemming government are the palmy days of the hold-up men and the political bum. When the old government was in power these worthies scarcely owned themselves. Today they roll about the country as if they were millionaires. All the cause for worry which they have is the thought that the old cow has been milked dry and that a day of reckoning is near at hand.

The old government may have had its faults but during the twenty-five years it held office it was not guilty of one-quarter of the rascality which can be laid at the door of the present administration. The members were in the kindergarten class in the boodling game in comparison with the men who compose the present outfit. The old government was punished for its sins of omission and commission in 1908, when it was hurled from power by the electorate. A new government composed of men who made lavish promises of economy and reform was installed in its place. Has this government lived up to its high sounding promises? The answer to this question is furnished by the condemnatory report of a royal commission of its own appointment. The present government has carried on public affairs in a disgraceful, corrupt and scandalous manner and has made New Brunswick a by-word and a reproach in all parts of Canada. The honor and good name of this province demands a change and it cannot come too soon.

OBITUARY

Terence J. Cochran.

Friday, Nov. 27.

Terence J. Cochran, a former druggist of this city, died yesterday morning at his residence in Richmond street after an illness of eight weeks. He was sixty-nine years of age and for many years conducted a drug store here. He was born in Prince Edward Island and was a son of the late Benjamin W. Cochran, formerly postmaster at Halifax. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. Patrick J. Donohue.

James Deering.

James Deering, of 74 St. James street, died suddenly Wednesday. Although he had been in failing health for the last three years, his death was unexpected. It brings deep sorrow to his wife and two small children, and sympathy for them from many friends. Mr. Deering was thirty-six years old and a native of Newfoundland. The funeral will be held 2.30 o'clock this afternoon.

Mrs. P. A. MacDonald.

Mrs. Peter A. MacDonald died at her home in Moncton Wednesday of heart trouble. She was thirty-eight years of age, and was formerly Miss Evelyn Peebles, a daughter of the late George Peebles. She is survived by her husband, one brother, George of Moncton, and three sisters, Mrs. Frank Gibson, of this city; Mrs. William Seeley and Mrs. Theodore Stackhouse of St. John. The funeral will be held this afternoon.

Mrs. Janet S. Trueman.

By the death of Mrs. Janet Scott Trueman, widow of Joseph Trueman, of Point de Bute, Westmorland county, New Brunswick loses one of the oldest residents. Mrs. Trueman, whose death occurred early on Wednesday morning, was in her ninety-eighth year, her birthday being on the coming Saturday. She was a native of Scotland, but came to New Brunswick at an early age and had ever since resided in Westmorland county. She is survived by three sons, Johnston and James Amos, of Point de Bute, and Adam Scott Trueman, of Denver, Colorado, and one daughter, Mrs. J. N. Wells, Toronto. One sister, Mrs. Spragg of Boston, also survives. The late Judge A. I. Trueman of this city was a son. Among the grandchildren are: J. MacMillan Trueman of this city and Rev. Dr. James Scrimgeour, of British Demerara. The funeral will take place on Friday afternoon from Mrs. Trueman's late residence in Point de Bute.

Mrs. Martha J. Parker.

Newcastle, Nov. 26—The death of Martha Jane, widow of Hugh Parker, of Derby, occurred at the home of her son, George Parker, Derby, yesterday. Deceased was eighty-five years old; was in good health till a few days ago, and died suddenly. Three sons survive: George and Duncan, of Derby, and Christopher, of Gorham (N. H.) The funeral will be held tomorrow at 2.30; interment in Methodist cemetery.

John B. Woodworth.

Hillsboro, Nov. 25—The death of John B. Woodworth, a much respected citizen, occurred at his home at Albert Mines on Monday, after a brief illness. Mr. Woodworth was the son of the late Joseph Woodworth, and was in the seventy-third year of his age. He was of a genial, kindly desposition, and was greatly respected by all his friends and neighbors. He is survived by two sons and four daughters. The sons are Herbert and John, both of Vancouver. The daughters are Mrs. John W. Steeves, Albert Mines; Mrs. Clifford Bishop, Boston; Mrs. Rolla Steeves, Lower Hillsboro, and Mrs. Lula Woodworth, of Boston. His wife, who was Miss Annie Bishop, of Montville, died a few years ago.

James Thom.

Montreal, Nov. 26—James Thom, local manager for the White Star Steamship Line, died this morning.

Mrs. David Phillips.

Friday, Nov. 27.

Friends of Mrs. David Phillips, of Randolph, will regret to hear of her death, which occurred last evening after a trying illness. She is survived by her husband and two sons, who are Rudolph and Wallace, of Fairville. Mrs. William Linton is a sister, and three brothers in the United States also survive.

John Gallagher.

John Gallagher, one of the best known and most highly respected residents of Kings county, died at his home in Belleisle Creek on Wednesday. He had been ill for about two years. He was fifty-nine years of age, and was a life-long resident of Belleisle Creek. He leaves to mourn his wife and two children, Mrs. James Barry, of Waterloo street, and Dr. C. M. Kelly, of this city, are cousins. The funeral will take place from the Sacred Heart church, Norton, today. Burial will be at Norton.

Mrs. Mary Graham.

Saturday, Nov. 28.

The death of Mrs. Mary Graham, widow of John Graham, occurred yesterday at her residence, 51 Metcalf street. She was seventy years of age, and had been ill for only a short time. She is survived by one son, Enoch W., of this city.

James M. Finnigan.

James M. Finnigan, one of Freeport's highly respected citizens died on Thursday aged 78. He leaves his second wife, six sons and four daughters. One son is a prosperous boot and shoe merchant in St. Andrews, N. B. Blair Finnigan, the latter's son is joining the second contingent.

Hugh F. Murray.

At Indian Mountain, near Moncton, on Wednesday morning, Hugh F. Murray, aged about 45 years was found dead in bed at the residence of a friend. Wesley Wilson, with whom he had stopped overnight. The deceased belonged to Kent county, having resided on the South branch of the St. Nicholas river for some years. He has a sister somewhere in the United States and it is presumed he has other relatives in Kent county.

Captain Michael Tucker.

Peter Campbell has received word of the death at Bristol, England, of Captain Michael Tucker, at the advanced age of 82 years. Captain Tucker passed away on Nov. 18. Deceased was an Englishman, and for many years he sailed out of St. John as mate and master, and made his home at St. John. His wife was Miss Coxeter, of this city. On the decline of the sailing vessels he made his home in Bristol.

Mrs. Edward T. Rourke.

Saturday, Nov. 28.

Friends in this city will learn with sincere regret of the death, at Savannah, Georgia, yesterday, of Mrs. Mary Rourke, wife of Edward T. Rourke, formerly of St. John, and now a resident of Savannah. The late Mrs. Rourke was a native of West St. John, and a daughter of Timothy Collins, who now resides in Boston.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Rourke leaves four sons and four daughters, twenty grandchildren, three brothers and two sisters. The sons are John, of Sydney (N. S.); Edward, of this city; Robert, of St. Paul (Minn.), and Walter, of Jacksonville (Fla.); and the daughters are Elisabeth, of Savannah; Mrs. Sappington, of Baltimore; Mrs. Jarvis, of Charleston (S. C.), and Mrs. Gillespie, of Savannah.

John and Jeremiah Collins, of Boston, and Timothy, of Amherst, are brothers, and Mrs. Flaherty and Miss Catherine Collins, of Boston, are sisters. The funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Arthur E. Wilkinson.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 27—Arthur E. Wilkinson, traffic superintendent of the I. C. R. for Nova Scotia, died today. He is survived by his wife, a daughter of the late T. B. Cook, former general storekeeper on the I. C. R. The body will be taken to Moncton for interment.

Frank Jardine.

Newcastle, Nov. 27—The funeral of late Frank Jardine of Quarryville, who died on Tuesday, aged 78, was held yesterday afternoon, Rev. L. Beaton officiating, and interment in the Presbyterian cemetery, Blackville. Deceased was a native of Quaryville. He leaves ten children—Everett, Benj. H., John E., Frank D., George and Matthew, of Quarryville; Stephen Y., Blackville; Mrs. J. M. Brown and Mrs. Herbert Holt, Quarryville; and Mrs. David A. Mauderville, Bryenton. Two sisters also survive: Mrs. Sarah Gerrish, Quarryville, and Mrs. Alex. Jardine, of Renous.

Rev. Canon Pollard.

Ottawa, Nov. 27—Rev. Canon Pollard, rector of St. John's Anglican church, died here today. He was born at Exter (Eng.), in 1830 and coming to Canada was ordained in Fredericton in 1858.

He was transferred to Ottawa in 1869 as curate of Christ Church Cathedral and in 1897 became canon. In 1869 Rev. Canon Pollard married Miss Annie Porter, daughter of the late William Porter, M. P. P., for St. Stephen (N. B.)

Abraham Colpitts.

The funeral of the late Abraham Colpitts at Bloomfield on Monday afternoon last was largely attended. There was a short service at the family residence after which the cortege proceeded to the United Baptist church at Midland. Rev. C. W. Walden, asisted by Rev. Mr. Creed conducted a very impressive service. Interment was in the family lot nearby.

Abraham Colpitts was one of the best known farmers in Kings county. He was born ninety-two years ago at what is now called Penobsquis. When eight years old his parents brought him to Norton parish and the family settled near Bloomfield. There Mr. Colpitts resided continuously throughout his long life. His father, Rev. Robert Colpitts, was one of the founders of the Free Christian Baptist denomination, and his grandfather, Robert Colpits, sr., was the founder of the Colpitts family which has now spread over the province. Robert Colpitts with his family came to this province in 1783 and settled in that part of Westmorland county which is now called Albert county.

The deceased, Abraham Colpitts, was the last of his generation. He was a good man and will be kindly remembered by numerous relatives and friends.

Mrs. Ellen Carberg.

Rexton, Nov. 28—The death occurred at her home at South Branch, Monday morning, of Ellen Walsh, relict of Patrick Carberg, at the age of 75 years. Mrs. Carberg is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Michael Whitty of Prince Edward Island, and three sons, Fred in Maine, Patrick in New Hampshire, and James of South Branch.

The funeral was held Wednesday morning at South Branch and was largely attended. Requiem high mass was sung by Rev. P. Hebert.

Mrs. T. H. Wilson.

Monday, Nov. 30.

Many will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Wilson, wife of Thomas H. Wilson, druggist, in Fairville. She passed away at noon yesterday after a lingering illness, which had not developed into a serious nature until very recently.

Besides her husband she leaves to mourn one daughter, Mary Ethel, and two sons, Robert S. and Arthur S., all of this city. The funeral is to take place on Tuesday afternoon from her late residence. Much sympathy will be extended to Mr. Wilson in his sad bereavement.

Daniel Coram.

Daniel Coram, a well known resident of the West End, died suddenly on Saturday afternoon at 3.15 while engaged in his duties as watchman on board of R. R. Lee's steam hoisting scow No. 1 at No. 4 berth.

Mr. Coram had complained at times of attacks of heart trouble and recently was forced to rest for a short period on account of illness, but on the day of his death he appeared to be in his usual health until he suddenly collapsed while sitting on a bench on the scow, and passed away almost immediately. Fellow workmen called Dr. Kenny but Mr. Coram had passed away and the coroner gave permission to have the body removed to the residence of Mrs. Joseph F. Smith, 233 Lancaster street, niece of the deceased.

Mr. Coram was in his 61st year and had been engaged in work along the waterfront for more than forty years. He had been in the employ of Contractor Lee for fifteen years and was regarded as a competent and conscientious employe.

Mrs. Walter Welsford, Mrs. J. F. Smith and Mrs. Gilbert Dykeman, of this city, are nieces.

The funeral will be held this afternoon from his late residence, 233 Lancaster street, West End.

Mrs. Sarah Marshall.

Monday, Nov. 30.

Mrs. Sarah G. Marshall, widow of the late Hon. Robert Marshall, of this city, died in New York on Saturday after a brief illness. She had gone there about six years ago and since had been matron of a large hospital. The body is to be brought here for burial and the funeral will take place on Wednesday afternoon from the home of W. C. Whittaker, 249 Charlotte street, who is a relative.

She was a daughter of the late Peter Besnard. Older folk remember that Capt. Scarnell, R. N., a son-in-law of Peter Besnard, died and was to have been buried on the day of the St. John fire. The house caught fire and the body was removed to another, which also was soon in flames, and the body was then taken to Hazen's Castle to await burial.

John McGoldrick

Monday, Nov. 30.

John McGoldrick, one of the best known men in the city, died last evening at his home in Rockland road, after an illness of only a few weeks. Mr. McGoldrick for twenty-seven years was representative of Stanley Ward in the city council, and held many offices in City Hall, including deputy mayor, chairman of safety board and board of public works. He also ran for commissioner when the commission form of government was introduced in 1910, but was defeated.

Mr. McGoldrick was in his sixty-second year. He was the oldest son of the late Patrick and Catherine McGoldrick, and was the last of four sons. He leaves to mourn, his wife, one son—Harry, and three daughters: Jennie and Marion at home, and Mrs. Frank Mullin, of Paddock street. One sister, Mrs. M. A. Morgan, New York, also survives. Rev. Thomas McGoldrick, a brother, died ten years ago. The other two brothers, Frank and Patrick, have been dead for some years.

Mr. McGoldrick was a life-long resident of the city, as was his father. The latter had been engaged in the iron and metal business, and John succeeded him thirty-five years ago, four years previous to his entrance into the common council. Several years ago John McGoldrick's son, Harry, became associated with him, and recently has been conducting the business himself.

The late John McGoldrick was widely known for his spirit of friendliness. He made a great number of friends during his life and retained most of them, at least. He was always ready with assistance where he was in any way able to give it. He was commissioner of the free public hospital for twenty years and was also a member of branch 134 C. M. B. A., the Elks and other organizations.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday afternoon from his late residence, 185 Rockland road.

Captain R. H. Fleming.

Monday, Nov. 30.

Captain Robert H. Fleming, harbor master for the port of St. John, died suddenly yesterday morning at his late residence, 11 Pagan Place, after a brief illness. The late Captain Fleming is survived by two sons, A. E. Fleming, local agent for the Eastern Steamship Company, and Fred A. Fleming, electrician with the C. P. R.; and by one daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hastings, of San Francisco.

Captain Fleming, who was in his 68th year, was one of the best known navigators in the city and had been enjoyed the esteem and confidence of a wide circle of business men in his long, honorable career of thirty years in shipping. He was appointed harbor master in 1908.

He commanded a number of well remembered steamers in the bay service, including the steamers Empress, Secret, and City of Monticello. The latter, it will be remembered, was wrecked off Yarmouth, several lives being lost.

The funeral will take place from his late residence this afternoon. Service will begin at 2.30 o'clock.

CAUSE OF WAR EXPLAINED AT GREAT LENGTH

(Continued from page 1.)

bassador came to the Quai D'Orsay (the French foreign office in Paris), and endeavored to carry through a proposal which he represented as being peaceful, but which was in reality threatening. He declared that the conflict should remain "localized," and that any intervention on the part of a third power would result in "incalculable consequences." This was tantamount to letting it be understood that Austria should have every liberty to crush Servia, and that Germany would have recourse to arms to prevent Russia from succoring Servia.

Austria's Action.

"Confronted with this situation, the first thought of the powers forming the Triple Entente was to gain time to examine the conflict with greater care, and, if possible, to render it less acute. The powers therefore asked that Vienna extend the period of delay allowed Servia for her answer. Then Austria became fearful that she would be left without a pretext of war, and she endeavored to ward off this danger by another expedient. She declined or avoided the request for an extension, and declared insufficient the Servian answer, which was given to her in good time, and which admitted and accepted her principal demands.

"Austria thereupon ordered her minister at Belgrade to leave the Servian capital, (July 26), and diplomatic realtions with Servia were severed.

"With this development, the situation became considerably aggravated. The powers of the Triple Entente, however, still endeavored to bring about a settlement. In the meantime, M. Von Schoen, the German ambassador in Paris, came to the Quai D'Orsay and demanded that France exert her influence on Russia in a peaceful sense; but he refused to exert similar peaceful influence at Vienna.

Britain Tried to Avoid It.

The report then goes on to show how Britain tried to avoid a crisis, through mediation of the Austro-Serb difficulty by the four powers not directly interested therein. France and Russia accepted this proposal, but Germany refused. The powers of the Triple Entente did not, however, give up all hope and Sir Edward Grey, British foreign secretary, started a new project for a four-sided mediation, in which Russia joined at the demand of France. Germany, however, evaded this.

The French report shows how the Triple Entente in many other instances endeavored to avoid the conflict, Germany balking every effort.

In conclusion the French report says: "France, moved by a deep love of peace, exhausted every means of conciliation at her command. The successive violations of the neutrality of Luxemburg and of Belgium, and the invasion of her own territory were necessary before she decided to draw the sword to defend her very life."

Germans and Austrians to Help Prisoners

Peking, China, Nov. 30—The American minister to China, Dr. Paul Reinsch, cabled today to the American embassy at Petrograd a request that the Russian government permit two Americans to go to Siberia with funds for German and Austrian prisoners there. These funds were collected by Germans and Austrians throughout the East. It is estimated that the number of German and Austrian prisoners in Siberia already is 40,000.

Irate Recruit—Yus, turned me dahn on accahnt of mee teeth. Wot I wants ter know, guv-nor, is this—is it for fightin' or bitin' yer wants yer noo army?—Tatler.

IN THE TRAIL OF THE ARMIES OPERATING IN THE EAST

Awful Conditions Described by Special Correspondent Now With Austrians.

The Terrible Scourge of Disease—No Sanitary Service Exists in Many Parts of Galicia—Following the Route of the Russian Retreat—The General Idea of the Fortresses.

The following is a fine picture of conditions in the eastern theatre of war. Since this was written the Russians have defeated both the Germans and Austrains, but the article gives a vivid idea of what is taking place in that territory.

(By Robert Dunn, Staff Correspondent of the Evening Post.)

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Przemysl, Austrian Poland (Galicia), Oct. 30—Last evening while we skidded down the hill toward the River San, the flashes of Russian artillery fire twelve miles to the eastward pulsed through the night mist like reddish heat lightning. Yet then, as we passed the sentries of the outer and the inner fortifications, where nothing was visible except great redoubts of sod and masses of wire entanglements, and received the pasword—Feldruf it was—you could hear no detonations; nor any throughout the night in this long-beleaguered Austrian stronghold. But certainly a battle was on. In the streets our headlights struck the blinking eye-lids of endless files of gray infantry, trudging afield under their cowskin knapsacks; and toward midnight in the Cafe Stieber it was being whispered that again the Russians were attempting to surround the city.

To this place from the Austrian staff headquarters, as the crow flies, it is scarcely sixty miles, but by motor-cars and rail it took us three days and nights. As to both mud and landscape, you might have been touring the Piedmont region of Virginia. The single-track railroad was all but blocked with returning hospital trains, trains of wounded, of Russian prisoners, Red Cross trains going forward; each with no less than two engines and two dozen cars. Remember, that for all one reads of France and Belgium, this eastern war theatre is by far the greater both in length of firing line and numbers engaged. They extend for 500 kilometres south-southwest of Warsaw, now that the German and Austrian armies are joined. Here three nations with some 6,000,000 men in arms face one another in practically unending battle.

But mere figures are a weak wonder. A nearer marvel lies in the contrast, both human and military, between the war here and the war in the west; and in that difference there is a resemblance of significance for Americans. Yesterday as we pushed our car over the high divide between two forks of the San, no veteran of our War of the Secession could have stood among those yellowing birches and believed his eyes. Arms bandaged in slings, limping, bracing themselves with sticks, the wounded slipped and tottered down the hills—afoot, mind you, in muddy, gray uniforms and high-fronted caps, almost the exact color and design of the South's. It was 1864, not 1914. It was as if the years between had profited mankind nothing, the world had not moved since then.

In the last letter I cited the likeness of a British to an Austrian headquarters; but outside the headquatrers there is the grim, laborious opposite to that swift and deadly "petrol" war in France. Into the railroad station rolled a train of wounded, of bearded creatures crowding the wide doors of luggage vans, staring at you from their swathings with the meek daze of the discarded conscript. The hind car was a passenger carriage. Two men in gloves, clad from head to foot in white rubber, stood on the platform. There was a stretcher outside the last compartment. Two soldiers were lugging a limp body from it, by the head and heels, as one does a dead man. He sank upon the canvas without a sound nor the tensing of one muscle. He was middle-aged, yet only thinly bearded, his nose had once been broken, and his cheeks had a queer greenish pallor. A Red Cross man pushed through the hushed throng, his arms forward, unfolding a big square of paper. He slapped it upon the carriage with the same perfunctory deftness that a theatrical advance agent shows a billboard. It read in great vermillion letters: Cholera.

That morning in my visit to Gen. Conrad von Hotzendorf, who, so to speak, is the Gen. Joffre of the Austrian army, he had given warning of the disease without—and justly, from his viewpoint—conceding any alarming figures. In half an hour this was all that one could get out of that alert, questioning, and genial master of a nation's fate, who, with his gray-white pompadour hair and over-bright eyes, somehow suggests a young lion, though he is quite sixty; who, though he has lost one son, and had another wounded, wears no black on either arm of his small body. And the same night, by rail, on this last lap to the front, was but following the white trail of the scourge. All along the ties and rails it lay, livid, in the tons of lime scattered there to destroy infection dropped by returning sick and wounded. Next day here and there a hospital car bore in white chalk the fateful legend, Cholera verdachtig. We may land in one of these yet. That night we moved our blankets from the stuffy carriage to sleep in the open air on one of the flat cars that carried our motors. And we woke in the morning to find hanging, one on the foot of my navy cot, one on the radiator of the machine, two pairs of much-soiled undergarments flung from a passing train.

As the Soldiers Return.

By 8 o'clock in the afternoon we had passed seven trains. In one I counted twenty-seven cars, with but a single surgeon aboard. And from the battlefields in this region alone there are at least three lines of rail open. Ever since the opening of the war one may have been haunted with the thought that no human agencies could, with justice to modern humanitarianism and science, cope with the immense masses of wounded. Here, for the first time, the truth of such a speculation hit me concretely. As the jammed cars ground westward, the great red crosses on them, with Kranke in black letters underneath, began to dance in the back of my mind. Vanished, they still flew over the weeping willows of the roadsides, over the high thatchings, green with moss of the peasants' log hovels. And you knew that on the Russian side, with their far greater numbers, now in retreat before the victorious Austrians, the same pitiful cargoes should be trundling eastward.

Still they passed us. Arms were thrust out from bandages, holding caps, which we showered with cigarettes. They shouted and scrambled for them. Tied to the button on each man's right shoulder was a small white tag, noting the nature and location of his hurt. Occasionally at a halt some grimed and hairy fellow would step off for a moment upon the lime of the white trail, dragging after him a bandaged foot. And your one thought was: It all cannot last long—it never, never can last. The while the famous Viennese caricaturist in our party, which included the several degrees from a real Hungarian nobleman to a "sob-sister" from Newark (N. J.) sketched us into roars of laughter.

Then the Russian prisoners. Mostly they peered from tiny gratings in the tops of their wheeled prisons, the round-brimmed, khaki-colored caps looking ironically English above their snub Slav noses and corn-colored beards. To my greeting in their language, "Drashtite! Kak poshevlate?" those crowded in the doorways around the bayonets of the guards returned the hail, and held out brass buttons from their uniforms in exchange for cigarettes. Once, in his eagerness during a halt, one tumbled out, to be fiercely prodded back into the coop.

The shift into the motors was at some tongue-twisting village. In the sunless and bluish Galician haze we headed for Sanok, among the quilted cabbage and vivid green winter rye fields, along the stucco roadside shrines. The town, held for three weeks by the Russians, showed no more sign of it, than one heavy cornice, in the usual pale stucco style of Poland, split by a shell, two bullet-holes in the Etappencommando's window, and that utter dearth of cigarettes and matches which is the unvarying mark of every captured town in Europe. But Sanok was not otherwise conventional, except for Galicia. When I say that, despite its horde of soldiery, its thrifty Jews, in their curled peikas and black coats, it is filthier than the meanest Chinese village—and without China's lamplit gayety—no careless superlative is meant. There was more mud on the sidewalks than in the roadways.

No Sanitary Service Exists.

Most travelers have put up with foul sanitation, but Sanok, where we spent the night, had absolutely none. Our inn had only an open yard behind, but the proprietor's wife wore an elegant wig, and had her face powdered. So, incidentally, if Austria has never been able to clean Galicia—the sequence is obvious. But perhaps one is unjust, and the filth was made by the Russians, though it is the same in Neu Sandec and here where they have never been. The point is that no attempt is made to clean anything, anywhere. A sanitary service, in our army's sense, appears not to exist. Vera Cruz, before we started to scour it, was a spotless town compared with any in Galicia. And sometimes one wonders why cholera haunts eastern Europe.

Thus the next morning it was hard to show sympathy with my two naturalized fellow-citizens who tackled me on the eternal question of how to get back to America. They had their fare and their papers, but neither the initiative to start, nor even to write to our embassy in Vienna—to the servants they employed for the very purpose of helping them. Stated so, they gaped at the fact. Neither had ever been west of the Hudson or north of 14th street. They were of that mass of "Americans" whose money-orders support those Galician villages and half southern Italy. One was a little woman in black with a sharp chin and gold teeth of a Grand street hallmark; the man wore a "sealskin" coat of the same locality, and greeted me over the top of a fence on the main street, behind which he was making such a toilet as one can in Galicia. Decidedly it is a country with a people which makes you an iconoclast regarding our immigration laws. This mine for the melting-pot—and after the war probably we shall be deluged with its product—fills one at once with understanding for the ideal yearnings expressed by a Mary Antin, and at the same time makes you cynical toward the pathetic realism of Slav literature. It emits the essence of life here—its filth and stench.

We followed the route of the Russian retreat. By 10 o'clock we had overtaken and passed three trains of supply wagons headed for the front, in all 469 rigs by count, and not one motor-truck. You were in a different world, a different age, from those of the war in France. Long and narrow, on very small wheels, with in-sloping sides of woven willow withes, the soiled, hooded coverings of these carts first raised the aforesaid mirage of our Civil War. From every hilltop a train wound forward, an endless coil of evenly spaced, whitish dots along the road. Abreast of it, with the heap of hay high from each tailboard, the vacant peasant faces under their round sheep-wool caps stole cowed and wondering stares at you, as they urged on the bony horses to the creak of countless little wheels in the glut of mud. You felt the amazing, searching force of organization that war demands; ability in administration against grim, far-flung odds beside which the most complex commercial enterprises must be child's play. No. It could never, never last. What of the wives, daughters, mothers, of those sturdy drivers? Barefoot in the sodden fields they hoed over the muck for potatoes no bigger than walnuts. O, for one good winter blizzard in this grim land The spring planting, the war, for the moment assumed an equal precariousness.

Where these great outfits had camped, or still were parked in serried ranks, suggested, but on an enormous scale, the Klondike trek in 1898. Fires twinkled among the heaps of fodder; gray, straggling privates boiled soup in their aluminum pots. There were parks of artillery caissons, wagons also heaped with hay; at a railroad station where we crossed the line, mountains of shrapnel and machine gun ammunition; a field bakery of a dozen oblong, low mud-ovens, belching smoke from stove-pipes. At one cross-roads, where plainly a stand in the retreat was made, an artillery cover of pine branches stuck in the hillside, dismembered wheels prone in the mud before it, a wrecked mass of wagons—yes, some marked with red crosses—behind. But the smaller trains returning down the road bore the grimmest flavor. In most sat mute beings with bandaged heads, or grasping their canteen with the arm not cased in a sling or splint. In a few, gray blankets outlined hidden shapes from which you turned your eyes, because they did not brace against the jolting. And still riding across the fields, emerging or vanishing along the lines of woods, lone horsemen kept up the search which the instinct of all flesh to hide in its final hour requires.

On the long hill of switchbacks, leading to the divide I mentioned, pieces of lint and bandages were scattered among the alders. Everywhere were empty ghoulash cans, ghoulash naturally being ration in this army quite as seriously as is tea for the Briton; and, msybe, too, it has paprika transports. On the height of land, marked by a cross, we met the only motor of the day, and it was hitched to and being dragged by a team of horses. Down the other side, the road was being graded, and that by women, mind you, barefoot, with their scarlet skirts hitched above the knees and hooded heads bent low on the long shovels.

Hard to Believe.

One had to pause and convince himself of the calendar year. For beside such a triumph of feminism as that last, the next instant you were jerked back a century or so. A beggar, in his garb, tumbled straight out of mediaeval allegory, set waving on high a gleaming brass crucifix. Under the stone arch of a roadside shrine knelt a gray infantryman, with bowed head and rifle leaned against the robe of Christ. And on the doors of the Ruthenians' cabins—the Little Russians—were whitewashed holy crosses, as a token to their invading brothers, modern angels of death, to pass them by in peace.

War, you wondered, war again in the old blood-stained arena of all the races of Europe. And this was but the spoor and fringe of it. Shall any one ever see the gasp and sethe of it, who has the eyes and heart to tell the truth?

It was thus we descended through the darkness, until the lamps of Przehysl looped upward in even lines from that river-bed where 70,000 men have just fallen within their shadows.

At the present writing, it is hard to believe that the Russians will take it. They have not powerful enough artillery. The Austrian is taught that Przemysl and Belfort are the two first fortresses of Europe. Still, as the world knows, the first lesson of this war has been the answer to, What is a fortress? Just march around it. Liege, Namur, Maubeuge, an army may march around, but not here, through the mud and forests of Galicia.

One judges as much from facts obtainable, and by the seeming atmosphere and spirit of the inhabitants and garrison. Of that anon, in detail. But you hear no boasts; instead, if one pries, he gets a generous recognition of the Russian strength. It is the best of spirits. Across the street the Cafe Stieber is full of them—the cafe of the dual empire being the best expression of all military genius. It solves the problem of how to kill the solider's worst enemy, time.

And it is midnight. If I listen as I write, there can be heard the fitful, droning detonations of the mortars in the outer cincture of forts, only one of which has yet been destroyed.

HOW COSSACKS WIN SYMPATHY OF CAPTIVES

Surprise Inhabitants of Conquered City by Their Kindness—A Typical Case.

(By Percival Gibbon.)

Petrograd, Nov. 30—A member of the Duma at the front with the Red Cross, gives an account of the entry of the Russian troops into Tarnow, where the town authorities had duely assembled with a crowd of people to offer welcome. The general in command of the division said:

"You have heard how the Germans on entering a town of the enemy immediately proceeded to impose upon the inhabitants a military contribution. I shall lay contribution upon you, but the Russian demands will not be the same as the Germans. In the first place, you will clean up your town and put everything in proper order. I am told that in your yards and squares many dead bodies of horses are lying about. I know you have many infectious diseases among you already, that there will be more if this is not quickly attended to. Therefore you will first clean up.

"Next I hear you have still many sick Austrian soldiers in your town. When we entered Dynow we found in the hospital there more than 200 Austrian soldiers sick with dysentery, who had been abandoned by their own comrades without even food to eat, and not being assisted by their fellow countrymen, the peaceeful inhabitants of the town. My second order is that all medical men in your town under the direction of the divisional surgeon of my troops take all proper measures to succor the sick, whosoever they may be, throughout your town.

"Thirdly, I demand from you," turning to the Roman Catholic Bishop, "that you instruct the clergy of your diocese to pray in your churches for the Emperor Nicholas, for this territory must henceforth be Russian."

As may be imagined, the long faces gradually broadened as the general proceeded, until the burgomaster in reply was acclaimed when he declared that the might count not merely on their doing with all their might what was required, but even on the townsfolk going beyond their strength to show their gratitude for the treatment meted to the conquered city. It was the Cossack division which entered Tarnow, and the Cossacks are not the mildest of Russians.