



ONE OF THE AISNE TRENCHES SHOWING HEAD COVER AND COMMUNICATING TRENCH

BRINGING UP AMMUNITION TO THE BRITISH ON THE FIRING LINE

### Horrors Attend Moving Wounded Men in France

Pitiful Wrecks of German Soldiers Moan at Every Touch of Devoted Nurses—Uprising Feared Among Soldiers Maddened by Pain.

ON THE REAR OF THE ALLIES' LEFT, BY COURIER TO LONDON, November 14.—The day of the war correspondent is past, and any observant newspaper, with a little "protection," is just as likely to see all that can be seen as the little light-colored gentleman who spends a hundred dollars a day upon an automobile in which he buzzes round the fringe of the scene of action at a tantalizing military zone distance of fifteen miles. If he is lucky he may hear the heavy rumbling of the distant, and even see a few puffs of smoke representing bursting shells, out of which he sets to work to construct an admirable account of a great battle.

A vivid imagination, a shiffling pen, more like a brush than a pen, and perhaps a careful recollection of campaigns where he was allowed to ride and fire from the front, are all that the war correspondent can offer his paper or the public. As the storm rolls forward it is possible to follow in its track and reap the aftermath, but, except from military writers, we shall probably never learn any more of the story of the mighty struggle of the millions. In England the war is still little more than a stirring romance with agonizing chapters, breaking off "to be continued in our next."

**Wounded Exposed Four Days.**  
The fearful horrors of the war can never be grasped by seeing the carefully attended wounded who come back to England and by hearing their tales, however true, some, while there is scarcely a day in any of the French towns near the armies that does not bring with it some live terror from the front. One example will suffice to point this truth. Several days ago the hospital corps and volunteers were notified that a convoy was expected toward midnight, bringing the French and German wounded who had been abandoned by the Germans in their retreat. It was the necessary arrangements were made as usual. But when this convoy arrived, it was the most horrible sight that has ever been seen. The men were lying in a state of complete exhaustion, some with their limbs mangled, some with their faces blackened by the fumes of the gas, and some with their bodies covered in blood and mud. They were lying in a state of complete exhaustion, some with their limbs mangled, some with their faces blackened by the fumes of the gas, and some with their bodies covered in blood and mud.

**German Suffered Most.**  
Under the burning sun and myriad flies, and under later rains, they had been left to suffer the torture of pain and hunger and thirst, until it was a marvel they still breathed. The state of their wounds can be guessed, but will not bear description. It was three o'clock in the morning before they could be disposed of in the hospitals. Even twenty-four hours later not all of them had had a first dressing. It was the Germans who were in far the worst case, for the French fire seems much more destructive than the German, and when it does not kill instantly its ravages are horrible.

**See Only Suffering Humanity.**  
On one of the stretchers lay a fair-haired man with a more refined face, who also spoke French. His nurse insisted upon him being made especially comfortable. I remarked that he seemed to have gained many future-friends among the Germans. "What can one do, monsieur! They are men, and there are women they love, and brothers who are perhaps in German hospitals come to feel for them when we have them here. It is all very well to fight the German army, and crush their regiments, but when a soldier comes in wounded like this, one soon forgets that he is a German. He is only a shipwrecked splinter of humanity."

Another woman who was standing by said:—"I never thought I should say a kind word to a German soldier, yet just now I gave my best handkerchief to a poor boy who was crying his eyes out because he had been shot, and I should never see his mother again. Nobody knew what was the matter with him until I asked him, and it made me cry too, but I had no handkerchief for myself then. I am going to leave the other hospital where I have been working, and I shall see him again. There is want of little care and pity. Our own French soldiers are in Paris, and they would quite likely to break their spite upon even these miserable wretches."

the wounded if the chance were given. In contrast with this popular spirit was the kindness of the French nurses and attendants who had been in actual contact with the prisoners.

The train that was to take them on was drawn up fifty yards from the hospital, and all the carriages and trucks were littered deep in straw. The very worst cases were laid full length on the floors of the trucks. As they came out on stretchers several of them were holding the hands of the "ladies of France" who had been nursing them. Those who could utter along were also supported by having their arms around the necks of French railway employees or volunteers, and sometimes again of the nurses. It seemed hard to conceive these were indeed of the terrible German army—the nightmare of the world for forty years.

One young fellow kept a wistful watch from the window and suddenly his face lighted up and he beckoned me to come near. "That little lady in black with the white coat—I want to see her. I fetched her, a buxom damsel who came up laughing and jumped into the carriage. She could not speak a word of German, but kept shaking hands and patting the occupants on the head, with little interjections of "bien, bien. En voilà de bons enfants! Bon voyage!" &c., and they would hardly let her leave. One who ought to have gone because he was not very badly hit hid himself in a pantry till the train had started and could not conceal his delight at being left.

**Wounded Not Surrender Dying.**  
The original order was that everybody who was to be killed, but the nurses absolutely refused to allow many of their charges to be moved. "They never ought to have been brought here, and the least that can be done is to let them die in peace," said one. This woman had charge of a wretched patient with a broken spine among others. There were twelve of the trucks, which appears to be almost confined to the German wounded by French fire. For the doctor and that his jaws and whole head were "growing stiff." They were propped up almost in a man's arms, and he said:—"The last words he would say were:—"I want to see her."

One carriage in the train had "reserved" a room in which a German officer, the ostroperous officer. A short, bullet-headed, thick-set fellow, with close cropped hair and a sneering mouth, he marched contemptuously down the platform. A couple of reservists with fixed bayonets kept him company. "This is the way of the German," said one of the lieutenants like Von Forstner are made of, and it is such that they would fight to the last inch of their German uniform. In one of the next carriages were two well educated soldiers, one in spectacles, speaking French fairly and keeping up a fire of question and answer with a few Frenchmen. Both of them were convinced that France had declared war and would suffer for it, and quite good humoredly retorted against all the accusations against the Kaiser and his false news. "We shall all be wiser another month or so," they said.

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BRITISH SOLDIERS HANDING OUT SOME SIX-INCH HOWITZER SHELLS FOR INSPECTION BY FRENCH SOLDIERS

### English Prisoners Face Fire of Allies

Two Motorcyclists, Captured by Germans, Are Forced to Enter Trenches—One Is Killed in Effort to Escape, but Other Succeeds and Tells of Teuton Cruelty After Their Surrender When Surrounded on Scouting Trip.

No more dramatic adventure of the war perhaps has befallen any one than to be captured by the Germans. The story of Lord Cowdray, and Sergeant Major Mackay, of the Army Motor Transport, Geoffrey Pearson is dead, and his body rests in the middle of a great plain, the battle field of the Marne, surrounded by innumerable little crosses which mark the resting places of many comrades, French and British.

**On the Retreat!** From Mons Geoffrey Pearson and I were acting as motorcyclists, and were letting out our machines for all they were worth along a straight road, with open country on either side. Suddenly we seemed to ride into a perfect hailstorm of bullets. Ahead of us the road ran into a little wood.

"Come on, Jeff! We'll ride for it! I shouted, and we dashed through in safety, but hardly had we entered the wood than we rode into a group of German cavalry, scattered about on either side of the road. They immediately fired on us, and, seeing the game was up we tumbled off our 'bikes,' put up our hands and surrendered.

"The Germans were wild with delight when they discovered we were British, spat at, struck and hustled us. They allowed us to mount our machines again, but plainly let us understand what should happen to us if we attempted to escape. We had no intention, however, of leaving the German army had the use of our machines. It is all very well to fight the German army, and crush their regiments, but when a soldier comes in wounded like this, one soon forgets that he is a German. He is only a shipwrecked splinter of humanity."

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**Starved the Prisoners.**  
"The Germans treated us shamefully. They gave us nothing to eat and taunted and jeered at us continually. The night we spent in the open, lying on the roadside without any covering between two men. The Germans made themselves comfortable enough, you may be sure. Then in the morning we were handed over to a regiment of infantry, the King of Spain's, and they marched along with them. They ordered us to carry their packs. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, I took the one handed me, but Geoffrey, like the high spirited fellow he was, flatly refused and got a smack across the head with the butt of a rifle.

"The Germans took us with them in their advance against the French and made us go into the trenches with them. We were thrust into the line with the rest under a terrific fire from the French guns and infantry. The French shrapnel and their bodies began to pile up in the trenches.

"I had a good opportunity of seeing the German soldier under fire, and must say he is plucky enough. He seems to be imbued with a sort of Oriental fanaticism, and goes about his duties stolidly, paying no heed to the bullets flying around him. But Geoffrey and I were getting a bit tired of the German. In the trenches we were constantly exposed to the risk of being killed by the French or British fire, so we thought we might take a chance of escape.

**A Dash Under Fire.**  
"We decided to make a dash for it. The Germans were all very busy with the fight, and we managed to creep away unperceived out of the trench and British fire. The long grass. There were some German prisoners with us in the trenches, and they were just as plucky as the Germans.

**Deserve the Punishment.**  
Boston Transcript.—Mrs. Scrapp-Statist, the show that married men live longer than single men. Scrapp—Yes, and it serves them right.

ers with us in the trenches, and they remained there, while I was a prisoner in the hay above them. Hungry as I was I could not help laughing at them, that they should be there, all unconscious of the near proximity of their former prisoner.

"From the window of the loft I saw an old peasant with a cow, and that gave me an idea for escape. As soon as the Germans left the house I stole out, got into a house next door, loosed myself a couple of peasant's clothes, and in order to complete my make-up captured a calf. I led it right through the German lines into the French. None of the Germans took the least notice of me, but the French imagined I was a spy, until one of their officers, who spoke English well, recognized me, and passed me through to the British.

"I have got that peasant suit still, and mean to keep it as a souvenir of my experience. A week later I returned to Verdredes and found the body of poor Geoffrey Pearson lying where I had left it, and buried it there, with the assistance of some peasants, marking the grave with a cross, on which I cut the name and date, so that it may be found easily later on."

**General Smilowski** explained that these bullets had been served out to such soldiers as had been detailed to fire on scouting aeroplanes, but the prisoners from whom these clips were taken had been fighting in the ranks.

### Russian Wounded Reach Petrograd by Hundreds

Capital's Accommodations for 50,000 Will Soon Be Inadequate, According to Present Indications—Youthful Aviator Is Decorated for Valor.

Were it not for the daily arrival of the wounded from the front and the continuous streams of soldiers on their way to the railway stations Petrograd might be as far removed from the seat of war as it were in the depths of China. A wise government has even prohibited the crying of war news in the streets, and the many correspondents at the street corners mutely exhibiting their stock of papers, old and new, for almost every week brings a new journal into being.

Reams could be written full of thrilling incidents of the war as related by the wounded returning from the front, and the many correspondents scattered throughout Poland and Lithuania but miles and miles away from the actual scenes of operation. So fantastic were some of these tales that I set myself the task of verifying as far as possible some of them, going to hospitals and talking with officers and men who have passed through a veritable "hell" of fire, din and smoke. Petrograd is equipped to take care of 50,000 wounded, and from present indications it cannot be long before this number will have to be taken care of.

Hundreds arrive daily and thousands are concentrated in the field hospitals awaiting transportation to the different centers. The ambulance trains are marvels of practicability and comparative comfort. They are fitted with hammocks for the seriously wounded, to whom every jerk of the train means increased agony. But the trains move only at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, and the broad gauge of the Russian railways enables smoother travel than on any other.

**Thousands Dead Wounded.**  
Thousands of hands are at work here providing for the wounded. As all the restaurants and places of amusement close at eleven o'clock and the Russian is not accustomed to retiring early, the evenings are given up to really benevolent work. Students, male and female, college boys, men and women in society, and the thousands of moderate means whom war has deprived of employment go about collecting money, clothes, little luxuries and tobacco and bring them to the depots, sorting and distributing until all hours of the night.

All society affairs have been stopped. No dinner parties, no games, practically no enjoyments of any kind are allowed in the Russian houses, and the money saved is given to the Red Cross and the funds for relieving the needs of the reservists' families.

At the Elizabeth Hospital, where some three hundred are being treated, there are eight almost any one of which is enough to cause a shudder. Here, for instance, is an artilleryman who has been struck in the shoulder by an explosive bullet, his entire shoulder having been torn away and his arm hanging by just a few strings of muscle. He was hit by a bullet while in charge of a gun, and as he remained conscious for some time after he was struck he knew what had happened. It was in a skirmish with Austrians on the Galician frontier, when the Russians, having got the upper hand, stormed the Austrian positions and took a group of prisoners.

Among them were about twelve men whose cartridge belts contained explosive bullets, and the wounded officer kept five of them. They were explosive bullets fitted with a percussion cap and bore the date 1912 and the Austrian War Office mark.

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**Young Aviator Wins Cross.**  
A young aviator with three bullet wounds in his chest is one of the hospital's favorites. On his breast glitters the Cross of St. George, Russia's highest military decoration, conferred only for bravery on the field of battle. He is only nineteen years of age, but has been a member of the flying corps for more than two years. His story, as told in the official record, is this:—

He was sent to reconnoitre the enemy's position before dusk. It was in Galicia, and the territory was unfavorable for a landing at any point. He flew a single plane machine and went up about 1,200 feet, at which height, however, he was about to return to his base when an explosive bullet struck one of the cylinders of his motor, chipping off a piece of the cylinder and a valve, and tearing away part of his jacket, inflicting terrible wounds in his chest.

An interesting case is that of a Cosack who had been out on a scouting expedition and, with eleven of his comrades, suddenly found himself opposite a detachment of twenty-five Austrians. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, and he, receiving a sabre cut on his right shoulder, was taken prisoner, while some of his comrades were killed, and the others escaped, after killing five Austrians and wounding several. His captors brought him before an officer in charge of a patrol, some four miles from the scene of the encounter, and after being questioned regarding the position of the Russian main body, from which he had been detached, and refusing to answer, the officer, notwithstanding the fact that he was badly wounded, ordered him to perform the Cosack dance on horseback, called the "Jigitovka."

"The Cosack could do nothing but comply. He mounted his own horse and began the series of gyrations composing the dance. His horse was comparatively good, and he noticed that the other horses belonging to the Austrians were some little distance away. Suddenly digging his spurs into his mount he gave him his head and made off, trusting to his horse's instinct to carry him back to the lines.

He was not long in returning, and Cosack he even managed to pick up a carbine off the ground while going at full speed, and fired a few shots at his pursuers, who had recovered from their surprise. They in turn shot at him, and one of their shots took effect, striking him in the upper left arm. He finally reached the lines half dead from the loss of blood, and is now resting comfortably in a hospital.

**It would seem more likely that the Russians would make use of the fortresses by falling back to the rear, and thus gain the strengthening value as supporting points in their defensive line. As long as the Russians hold these they have a safe place, where they can**

**It Was Thought That Little Army Was All but Shattered.**  
[By Special Wire to the Courier] NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—A cable from the Herald from London this morning says:—

By a mighty effort toward which the unimpaired morale of the troops and the brilliant leadership of veteran commanders largely contributed.

**ONLY 10 MORE SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS**  
SURE WE BELIEVE IN SPARTY!  
GRANDMA SEZ—

Get three little men up our house, just now. A few weeks ago they were little infidels scoffing at us, but now they are true believers.

LAST EDITION  
FORTY-FOURTH YEAR  
NEW YORK  
ANALYZE  
TAS

### Capture of Bel... minent Follow... to Roulers—E... Straightened

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—In his view of the war situation the military expert of the New York Times today says:—

"If the reported capture of Roulers by the Allies should be confirmed, would indicate the beginning of the campaign for the capture of Belgium. The occupation of this city would form an important step in any strategic plan to force the Germans to retreat from their positions along the Yser."

Both the French and German official statements tell of successes at various points along the battle line in France; in some cases at the same point. Evidently the fighting has consisted only of minor skirmishes. The British success at Armentieres, close to the Belgian border, will improve their position by tending to straighten out the line.

The further progress of the German forces in Poland, south of Vistula, has carried them within fifteen miles of Warsaw. By this advance the army of General Mackensen is advanced some miles beyond the troops next to the south.

The Russians appear to making little opposition to the move. For the defence of Warsaw they have a circle of forts, which they may use to encourage the Germans to attack, over-extend itself they gain an opportunity to strike a blow on the German flank by way of Novo Georvsk that may have decisive effects. The immense number of the Russian forces will be a great asset in any attack against the Germans in the other parts of the battle line sufficient to check their progress. The Russians can still spare a strong army for any special objective that they may select.

The fortified district of Vistula and Novo Georvsk on the Vistula river, twenty miles northwest of Warsaw, forms the central feature of the Russian scheme for the defence of the Province of Poland. These forts, with their circle of forts protecting the principal military base for the supply of reinforcements of the Russian armies. It seems unlikely that they would be surrendered except on a last resort, a crushing defeat of the field armies.

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