

# Glimpses of the "Real Thing" at Port Arthur

Graphic Sketches by First Correspondent Leaving Besieging Army.

(Continued from First Page.)

see the mountain side and road below level. Two horses are lying in the road, killed, I suppose, by the flash. But, no, I remember that a shell laid them out yesterday. Ricalton cries:

"They've begun."

"No," I yell, "it's the storm," and my voice is lost in the thunder.

Is it thunder? Is it cannon? Who can tell? The vivid flash, the great, the artillery, lighting up the whole mountain, come in now on all sides, and as fast as the bayonets of a battery could be pulled.

The horrid grandeur rises. Prayerfully thankful to be in it, I desperately resolve not to run. How the molten sheets drag me from that hole in the rocks! Surely every glass in Port Arthur is leveled here!

The next instant the Russian fire will concentrate on the Phoenix. Yes, there it is—a flash from Golden Mount, like a dynamic spark from one electrode to another, pointed this way, lost in the ink of night.

A double fear—the fear of shame and the fear of death—consumes me. I shiver. But I grow brave, for I am not alone. Ricalton leaps to his feet, wrapped in the trailing car cover.

"Sublime!" he cries, waves his arms aloft, laughs at the storm.

More flashes from the Russian hills, the Japanese answer. The vast night is hideously alive. Artillery, flicks as fireflies make, spits tongues of flames, answering thunder with thunder, lightning with lightning. The rain beats down a torrent.

In the intermittent flashes the ugly eyes of a searchlight look in. It flicks phosphorescently about us and ambles off into the valley, as a cow might run the fur of her tongue over a cocklebur and calmly go to grass. No taste for rocks over there. They are out for softer game. Six more fling their devilry from the head of Cyclops and down the valley struggle with mist and rain.

By Light of Star Bombs. Then, mid the sky's and cannon's bech, as a fairy into the land of demons, a thin red line is traced gracefully over the valley from the Russian side. It reaches high over the mountains from the seaforts and above the center of the great plain falls, as a sailor casts a halcyon over the yard-arm in the deck beyond. In midair bursts the feu de joie, the deluge of fireworks, in war a spy. On other nights this deathly star bomb revealed all secret movements, but now the Japanese have allies in the mist and the rain. Neither searchlight nor bomb can penetrate the storm veil.

Now comes the cackle of infantry fire, followed by the pop, pop, pop of quick-firers, the clatter of Hotchkiss howitzers, the more brightly creak of the Maxim. Another flash—will they have had it in a week? Will they have this time? They are going for the Cockcomb, whose crest stands out vain-gloriously against the sky.

## STOESSEL'S HEROIC STAND AT PORT ARTHUR

### Three Months and One-Half of Dreadful Carnage—Japanese Yet Patiently Creep On Their Prey—What It Cost to Achieve 203-Meter Hill

By Richard Barry. On August 19 I ran eight miles to the fall of Port Arthur. Most of this was up a mountain. It took me a month to get my breath; not from the climb, that was over in an hour, but from the spectacle, an iron chain of forts hung on the brow of a mountain range, and spitting fire at hosts of tiny brown figures swarming up as ants swarm over a pile of moldy crusts. By night there was a change, searchlights playing pitch and toss in the dark, and star bombs mumbled-peg with the mountains. Thus it went day and night for three months and a half. After a while I got down into the action and saw the human impetus, the pallor and agony of it, the unrepeatable bravery. I saw four grand assaults, eight skirmishes, seven bombardments, two naval battles, and the sweat and toil of monster heroism in downright hard digging of dirt and shale such as laborers for money dream not of. There were some excuse exists for the following conclusions.

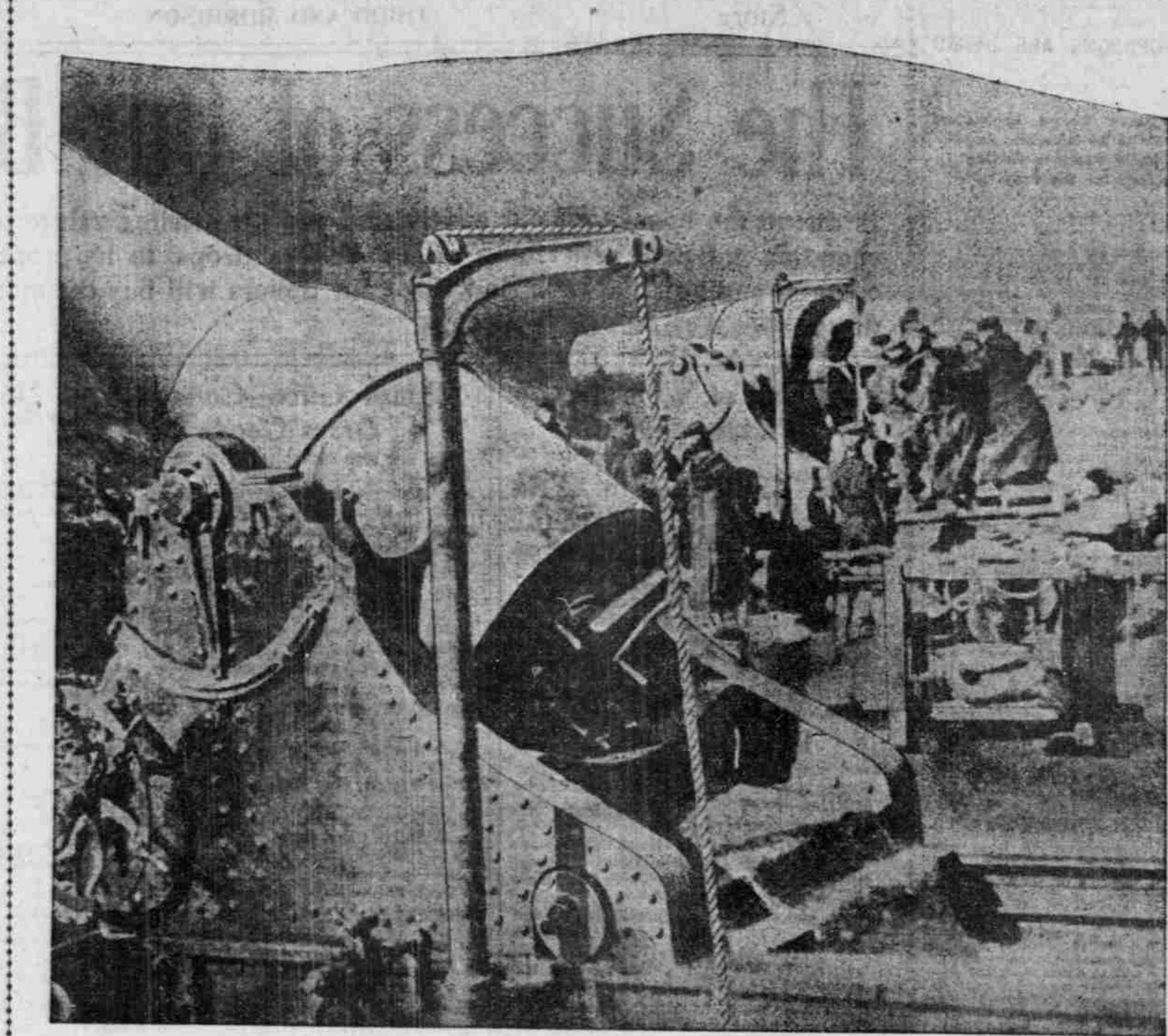
### Romance Outdone.

I did not see the fall of Port Arthur, but I saw something greater—the stand of Port Arthur. Looking back it seems a dream, at times ugly like a nightmare, more often a crystalline bar let through a coating of man's life. For I learned that the tales history records and romance weaves—Thermopylae, Arcola, Syracuse, Troy, Jerusalem—are not the caricatures of a poet's dream, cut with a burnt stick at night, but that these things actually do happen. What is more, that you and I have not a shadow of a chance to fight and die for the grand old cause as any that ever trod the earth. Yet it was glory too costly for joy. When I think of the military panorama, of batteries peppered by shrapnel, but hanging to their work like microbes to disease; of the wounded whom no first aid could touch, and of the dead whom no burial squad came near; of the sappers creeping, digging in the night—bound by shells of the infantrymen in assault, losing comrades, right-hand men, messengers, sappers, onward going, the dots of foetid clay livid along the slopes until a handful out of a host crawls up and flings itself, fanatical with the just of battle and worn in the charge so that life can never be the same again in sweetness, into the redoubt paid for a dozen times in blood, and which ever then is but introduction to agony more terrible, far beyond, rising tier on tier, series on series, are redoubts and forts, moats and batteries until the soul grows sick to think that Port Arthur must be bought with sacrifice so vast.

### Nature's Mighty Fortifications.

The Japanese did not take Port Arthur on August 19, as previously arranged, because they were fighting not man alone, but God, who did well by the Russians. They had not only forts and batteries and a great foe to face, but a mountain range. A mountain range so devised by some power greater than the military engineer that every entrance was commanded by at least two and some by a dozen others. The forts were built on the shoulders of these mountains, and it is notorious that though earthworks may cave, mountains are not much affected by shell fire. That is why the fact that the Japanese have thrown 20 tons of steel and iron bursting into Port Arthur has not sufficed to reduce the fortress. I do not believe the Japanese shell fire has done much harm. I know that only about

## HARDEST HITTING ARM OF ATTACK



JAPANESE BATTERY OF 11-INCH SIEGE MORTARS—THESE MORTARS WERE HAULED BY SOLDIERS THREE MILES OVER PRECIPITOUS HILLS, AND MOUNTED UPON EIGHT-FOOT BEDS OF CONCRETE.

Boom! Bo-o-o-m! Far out of the distance a deep treble. "The navy. That's a 12-inch gun. Togo's with us tonight!" Ricalton ought to know, but who can tell? Is it a Japanese siege mortar, a Russian coast defender, field artillery, war bomb, machine gun, howitzer or that grand bombardment from the heavens? They are all in action tonight. Is it defeat or victory? Can they take the fort?

I can answer none of these questions. I only know that "a child could understand the devil had business on his hand."

As the crashes increase, the wind rising, the furor mounting, I throw the car cover aside, wrap the blanket more closely about me and run down the mountain. Ricalton calls, but I hear him not. The reality of this din must be known. Over my shoulder, as I run, the Phoenix looms up monstrous, haughty, wise and terrible, silhouetted as she was born, anon in fire.

At the foot a regiment is drawn along the road, the men squatting on their heels, ponchos over heads, their rifle-barrels, brass-capped, peeping from the corners. I make for the valley.

### In the Midst of the Fire.

Seeking a trench where I have been before, between the lines of fire, I hurry for the village of Shushing, the location two days before of our outposts. No living thing is to be seen, but overhead the big bullets crash from behind and lumber in from the front. Down here between the two lines of batteries the way grows long, the village distant, the desire to return manifold. The artillery of two armies center on you; not a pleasant sensation!

Of course, they are not on you, but you are not a Christian Scientist—nor yet a veteran. It gets on your nerves. You turn back. Then, through the dark, you feel a file of soldiers near and go on.

Starting at every sound, in the pure darkness, not knowing whether we or the enemy occupies the village, and yet so far by this time I could not go back, I entered the village. A dull light around the first corner shows me the headquarters of the infantry line officers, commanding the reserves—a place I had been two days before. I go up. Only a Sergeant is there, answering the telephone.

"My friends? Where?" He waves an arm toward the front. I tumble out of the village and there are the advanced reserves drawn up, squatting on heels, poncho covered, rifles uncapped. A movement is beginning. I fall in with the young Lieutenant I know. The regiment quickly breaks into charging formation—squares of 12—and deploys single file into the meadow fields to the left. I am discovered, ordered to the rear. I protest. The senior orders army, bayonet fixed. I go—back. The regiment goes—ahead.

### A Fort Manned by Dead.

But why be felled? Why come half way round the globe, to be turned back at the summit? There is another way to the right. I hurry along it as day begins to break. The mist heavy, the rain drizzling, the first light struggling, I find the conical hill in the center of the plain, quite detached from the fortress proper, taken by our troops the day before, and called the Kuropatkin battery. I struggle through battered abutts and entanglements for the elevation. The loss is filled with water—the only moat before Port Arthur that has the traditional moat. The place is deserted and if I can reach the front trench the whole action will be before me like a chessboard. Across the parapet lies a line Sergeant, his head gone. There has been no time for the dead. The trail is thick with khaki bodies. Picking my way slowly forward, halting at each yard to be sure that I am not in range of the musketry whose wild rattle is now filling the air, I at length find myself near a bombproof partially splintered by shells. The plain now luminous, I pause for rest and safety, the din not lessening.

But no sooner do I look around than I scramble quickly on—into danger. Two figures are right there in the half-light of the bombproof, one in khaki uniform,

still falling back. This Kuropatkin battery may see other dramas like the bombproof duel. I hasten down. In the village I find the Lieutenant, busy with trenches, improving the defense. He throws all his English at me as I come up: "The Russians—they come—I fix them. They are very wild. Our men are very wild. Ah, it is a wild war." The telephone rings. He runs to speak with the General. Then the Sergeant informs me.

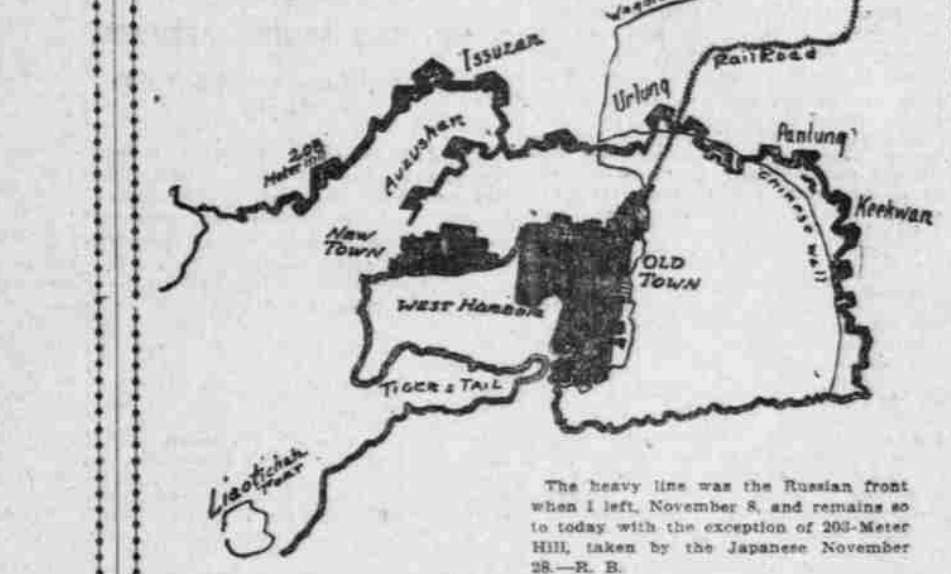
### Lured into Trap.

They had attempted an assault in the rain and dark. Beginning with shrapnel, they had tried to find the searchlights. Charges burst above two nearest the cockcomb, and they expired, as if hit. The guileless infantry then went in, supposing the way clear. Half way up the glects every searchlight, including the two apparently hit, converged on them, throwing them out, in spite of the rain, clearly against the red earth. More, they carried snipers capable of cutting all wire theretofore found before Russian positions, but here the wire was as thick as the little finger, not cuttable with their weapons. Thus, instead of a lump of

reserves I had joined were ordered to the relief. The regiment under fire of the machine guns retreated precipitately, leaving one-half its number on the slope. Turmoil again through the barb wire and full plump into the rear of the second regiment, also retreating, not into its own lines, but into the Maxims and Nordenfolds. Overwhelmed on all sides, tricked, defeated, two-thirds of the men killed or wounded, grimy with sweat and powder and almost fainting in the muggy August, the brigade, its regiments back to back, fought as Custer fought on the Little Big Horn, with a coolness that comes to men in the supreme hour.

Most of them died as Custer died, for out of that brigade of 8000 men there are today unnumbered but 60. These were saved by the reserves from Shushing, my Lieutenant and his comrades, who, as dawn came in, hammered the Russian rear and drove the Siberians, sullen with the joy of successful trickery, back into their trenches.

Wandering back toward Ho-o-san, the forenoon well on, the rain almost finished, I wondered: was it "reverse" or



The heavy line was the Russian front when I left, November 8 and remains so to today with the exception of 203-Meter Hill, taken by the Japanese November 28—R. B.

dough to be bowled over the first dark night, the advance regiment had found, even in the rain, that the cockcomb stood out intact as a racing yacht stripped for her tryout.

Yet another Russian dodge, for a battletield is as full of intrigue as a ballroom, completed the disaster. Under our fire of the afternoon, which preceded the rivalry with the storm, Stoessel had his batteries reply, but when we opened up with the storm he ordered his guns to cease, one by one, battery by battery.

Soon our forces thought that, like the searchlights, the artillery was done for. So when the advance, after creeping through the nipper-defying barbed wire, was about to leap with a "Banzai!" over the parapet they were met by light and fire.

"Here—out of that, you young ass!" The yelling kept up. One of the stones struck a few inches from my toe, when I heard the well-known voice of Ricalton yelling from behind a shoulder of rock:

"Here—out of that, you young ass!" Then I saw him frantically waving from behind his shelter. But why should he look for shelter there? The artillery fire was down. All I could hear was a counter attack of infantry a mile and a half in the rear.



GUARDING THE WATER.

So scarce is good water on the road to Port Arthur that the Japanese have posted sentries over all the pure water, and none of it can be taken without an order from an officer in charge. To the front of the sentry in the photograph may be seen soldiers making use of a stream of impure water, the good water being to the sentry's rear.



POWDER FOR THE MORTAR.

Japanese soldier running from bombproof with powder charge for 11-inch siege mortar, which was engaging a Russian battery as the photograph was taken.

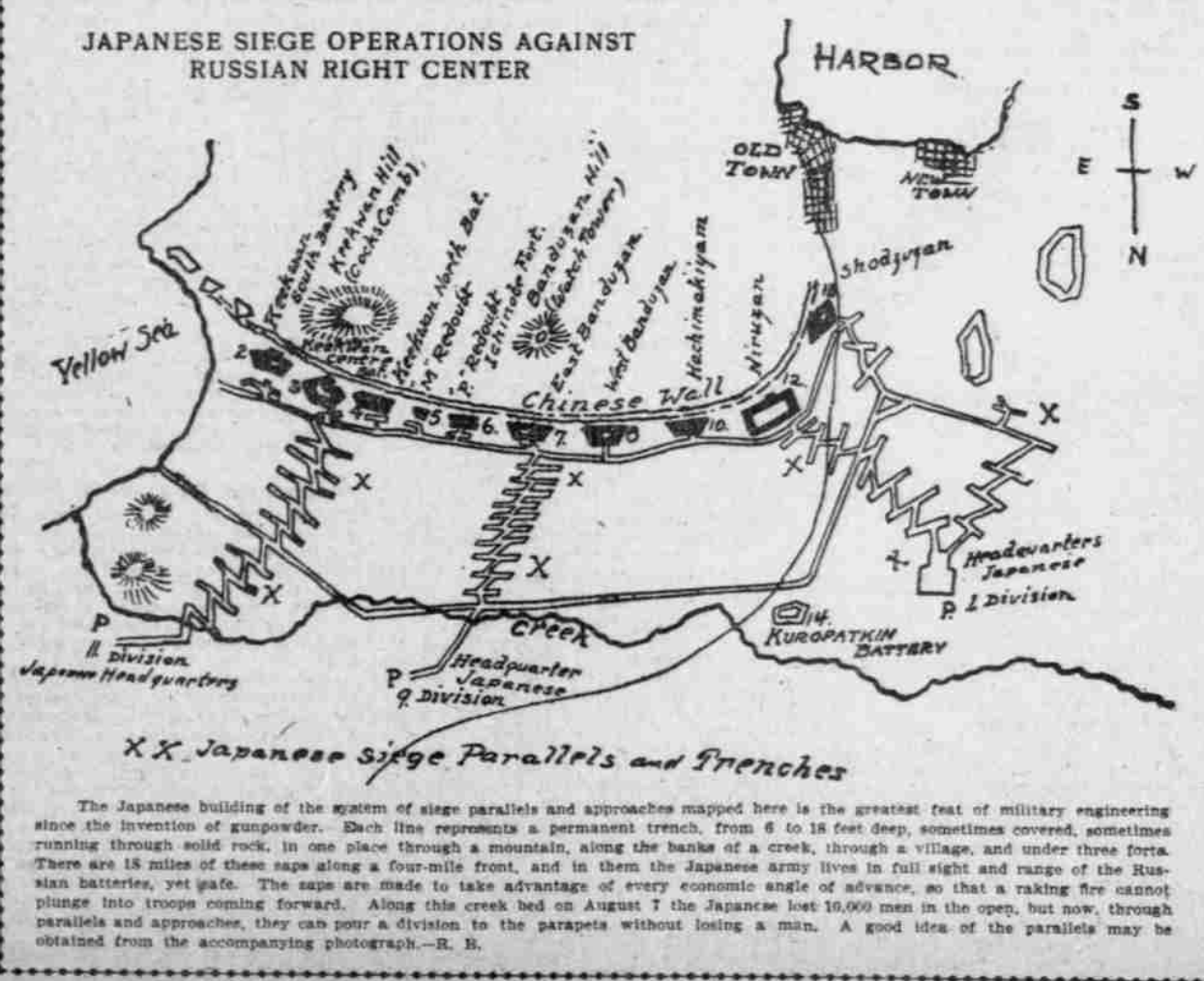
happened. The faces are ghastly with blood. I leave the shelter of half-light and go out where the bullets are. The star bombs cease, the searchlights die away, the artillery flags, the infantry grows noisier. Then I see the reserves falling back, the squads of 12 escaping from one terrace to another, in good formation, continually firing, but

Turning to look for their comrades of the second regiment, they found these deep in the dungs, attempting, not to come on, but to cut their way back, for a battery of pompons and a regiment of sharpshooters had sorted, almost segregating them from the command. At this moment the whole brigade was threatened with annihilation and at this moment the

But as soon as I got near him he ran out and dragged me into the ditch at his side.

"Where are the soldiers?" I asked. Then I saw his gun. "You were tossing things at me," I cried.

"Those! Spent bullets! You—" At this moment an orderly galloping along fell from his horse several hun-



The Japanese building of the system of siege parallels and approaches mapped here is the greatest feat of military engineering since the invention of gunpowder. Each line represents a permanent trench, from 6 to 18 feet deep, sometimes covered, sometimes running through solid rock, in one place through a mountain, along the banks of a creek, through a village, and under three forts. There are 18 miles of these saps along a four-mile front, and in them the Japanese army lives in full light and range of the Russian batteries, yet safe. The saps are made to take advantage of every economic angle of advance, so that a raking fire cannot plunge into troops coming forward. Along this creek bed on August 7 the Japanese lost 10,000 men in the oep, but now, through parallels and approaches, they can pour a division to the parapets without losing a man. A good idea of the parallels may be obtained from the accompanying photograph.—R. B.