# Glimpses of the "Real Thing" at Port Arthur

(Continued from First Page.)

see the mountain side and road below livid. 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 flashes, too great for artillery, lighting up the whole mountain, come in now on all sides, and as fast as the lanyards of a battery could be

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 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 doath-consumes me. I shiver. But I grow brave, for I am not alone. Ricalton leaps to his feet, wrapped in the trailing cart cover. "Sublime!" he cries, waves his arms

sloft, laughs at the storm More flashes from the Russian bills.

the Japanese answer. The vast night is hideously alive. Artillery, flicks as firefiles spark, soits tongues of flames, answering thunder with thunder, lightning with lightning. The rain beats

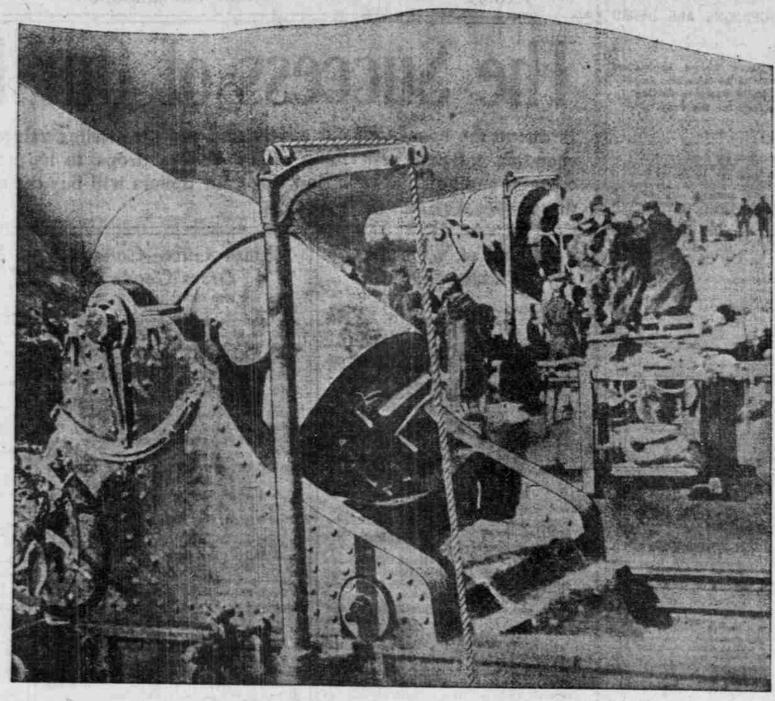
In the intermittent flashes the ugly eve of a searchlight looks in licks phosphorescently about us and ambles off into the valley, as a cow might run the fur of her tongue over a cocklebury and calmly go to grass. No taste for rocks over there. They are out for softer game. Six more fling their deviltry 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 beich, as a fairy jate the land of demons, a thin red line is tossed 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 halyard over the yardarm to the deck beyond. In midair bursts the feu de joie, the delight 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 quickfirers, the clutter of Hotchkiss howitzers, the more sprightly click of the Maxims Another assault—and they have had 11 in a week! Will they win this time? They are going for the Cockscomb, whose crest stands out vain-gloriously against the sky.

HARDEST HITTING ARM OF ATTACK



-Photo by Richard Barry.

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

Boom! Bo-o-o-m! Far out of the ought to know, but who can tell? Is | grand hombardment from the heavens? | one in blue blouse and marengo pants. distance a deep treble.

Ricalton bomb, machine gun, howitzer or that fort?

I can answer none of these questions the de'il had business on his stand

hand." crashes increase, the wind AB. furor mounting, I throw rising. 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 mon-

strous, haughty, wise and terrible, sil-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 val-

# 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 Shuishing, 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 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 Scientistnor 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 purest 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-squads of 12-and deploys single file into the mealle fields to the left. I am discovered, ordered to the rear. I protest. The sentry orders arms, bayonet fixed. I go-back. The regiment goes-shead.

# A Fort Manned by Dead.

But why be folled? Why come half way round the globe, to be turned back at summit? There is another way-to the right. I hurry along it as day begins to break. The mists 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 Kurepatkin battery. I struggle through battered abattle and entanglement for the elevation. The foss is filled with water-the only most before Port Arthur that has the traditional moraes. The place is deserted and if I can reach the front trench the whole action will ile 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 econer do I look around than I scramble quickly on-into danger. Two figures are rigid there in the half-light of the hombproof, one in khaki uniform, Graphic Sketches by First Correspondent Leaving Besieging Army.

still falling back. This Kuropatkin bat- reserves I had joined were ordered to tery may see other dramas like the the relief. bombproof duel. I hasten down. In the The regiment under fire of the machine village I find the Lieutenant, busy with guns retreated precipitately, leaving onetrenches, improving the defense. He half its number on the slope, Turmoil

They are very wild. Our men are very Lured Into Trap.

Charges burst above two nearest the comes to men in the supreme hour. cockscomb, and they expired, as if hit. theretofore found before Russian post- trenches.

throws all his English at me as I come up: again through the barb wire and full

"The Russiane-they come-I fix them plump into the rear of the second regiment, also retreating, not into its own wild. Ah, it is a wild war." The tele- lines, but into the Maxims and Nordenphone rings. He runs to speak with the felds. Overwheimed on all sides, tricked, General. Then the Sergeant informs me, defeated, two-thirds of the men killed or wounded, grimy with sweat and powder and almost fainting in the muggy Au-They had attempted an assault in the gust, the brigade, its regiments back to rain and dark. Beginning with shrapnel, back, fought as Custer fought on the they had tried to find the searchlights. Little Big Horn, with a coolness that

The guileless infantry then went in, sup-posing the way clear. Half way up the today uninjured but 640. These were saved glacis every searchlight, including the by the reserves from Shuishing, my Lieutwo apparently hit, converged on them, tenant and his comrades, who, as dawn throwing them out, in spite of the rain, came in, hammered the Russian rear and clearly against the red earth. More, They drove the Siberians, sullen with the joy carried nippers capable of cutting all wire of successful trickery, back into their

tione, but here the wire was as thick as Wandering back toward Ho-o-zan, the the little finger, not cuttable with their forenoon well on, the rain almost fin-



dough to be bowled over the first dark | "repulse?" Coming to the place where night, the advance regiment had found, the rear guard had been at my descent of even in the rain, that the cockscomb stood | the mountain before dawn, I looked for out intact as a racing yacht stripped for them in vain. Instead of the greeting I her tryout.

Yet another Russian dodge, for a bat- dust about me, here and there, was tiefield is as full of intrigue as a bail- flicked up, as if stones were thrown at room, completed the disaster. Under our fire of the afternoon, which preceded the rivalry with the storm, Stoeseel had his batteries reply, but when we opened up a few inches from my toe, when I heard with the storm he ordered his guns to the well-known voice of Ricalton yelling cease, one by one, battery by bat- from behind a shoulder of rock: Soon our forces thought that,

expected, from the side of the road the

"Is this a bit of soldier fun?" pelting kept up. One of the stones struck

"Here-out of that, you young ass!" Then I saw him frantically waving. vance, after creeping through the nip- he look for shelter there? The artillery per-defying barbed wire, was about to fire was down. All I could hear was a partially dried. The sun is come and leap with a "Banzai!" over, the para-counter attack of infantry a mile and a gone and is now here again since that pet they were met by light and fire. half in the rear.

# 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. August 19 I ran eight miles to see the fall of Port Arthur. It took me a month to get my breath; not from the climb, that was over in an hour, but from the spectacle, an fron 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 oldy crusts. By night there was a change, searchlights playing pitch and toss in the dark, and star bo umblety-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 unspeakable bravery. saw four grand assaults, eight skirmishes, seven bombardments, two naval battles, and the sweat and toil of ister heroism in downright hard digging of dirt and shale such as laorers for money dream not of. Therefore some excuse exists for the fol-Romance Outdone.

I did not see the fall of Port Arthur, saw something greater-the of Port Arthur. Looking back stand of Port Arthur. seems a dream, at times ugly like nightmare more often a celestial bar let through the coating of man's life. For I learned that the tales history records and romance weaves— Thermopylae, Arcola, Syracuse, Troy, erusalem-are not the curlycues 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 touched shoulders with an age that has produced men as willing to fight and die for the grand old cause as any that ever trod the earth. t was glory too costly for joy. When think of that mighty panorsma, of batteries peppered by shrapnel, but hanging to their work like microbes to disease; of the wounded whom no first nids could touch, and of the dead om no burial squad came near; sappers creeping, digging in the night-hounded by shells of the infant-rymen in assault, losing comrades, right-hand messmates, never pausing onward going, the dots of feetid clay livid along the slopes until a handful out of a host crawls up and flings itself, fanatical with the lust of battle and worn in the charge so that life can never be the same again sweetness, into the redoubt paid for a dozen times in blood, and which even then is but introduction to agomore terrible, for far beyond, rising tier on tier, series on series, are re doubts and forts, mosts 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 moun-tain range so devised by some power greater than the military engine at every eminence 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 must affected by shell fire. That is wit That is why fact that the Japanese have the fact ing into Port Arthur has not sufficed reduce the fortress. I do not bemuch harm. I know that only about

one in 400 of the Russian shells has done damage. A shell appeals to the imagination and lets the hotel correspondents hear the cannonading at Chefoo, 80 miles away, but for casual-

ties we must look to bullets.

Bullets make little noise and little wounds. There have been about 30 000,000 discharged at Port Arthur in months And 20,000,000 bits of steel flying about are bound to hit a few hearts in Japan and other hearts in Russia. Even though men have been known to get them in the brain walk off, many are sure to arteries and spines. Some 30,000 Japanese have got them thus, for good and all, or for the action. How many Russians, Stoessel alone knows

Dispatches said four days ago that 205-Meter Hill was captured, and that this was a strategic move which gave the Japanese command of the town. We have had these dispatches very frequently for three months. They are from the Japanese, who must report progress. The command of the town is not essential. It is not Port Arthur, but Stoessel that Nogi is after. ist as it was not Richmond, but Lee

that Grant was after.

As for the strategic position, no one can say that any one fort at Port Arthur is the key. Very clever engine were assisted by God in devising the forts, and the result is that no single one can be said to be the key. All are so arranged that each is commanded by two or three or a dozen others, so that when one is taken the Russi Such is the condition at 235-Meter Hill. The Japanese have driven the Russians out, but they may not be able to mount guns there, nor do aught but use the place for an advanced pe sition for another assault. Ten years ago, when the Japanese took Port Arthur from the Chinese in a single day, one fort, Issuzan, taken, the others fell. That was the key. Today no single fort is the key. 203 is dominated by fort is the key. 208 is dominated by the Table fort, the Table fort by the Chair fort, the Chair fort by Golden Hill, and Golden Hill by Linotishan. And after all this is taken only the west has fallen; there remains the

# Months of Patient Sapping.

Yet the 263 is an advance. I walked ten miles on September 19 to see the taking of 202. Two months and a taking of 200. Two months and a half of sapping and waiting, then one day of assault has turned the trick. Though it may not mean the fall of Port Arthur or the command of the city, it means the beginning of the end. This for the reason that, mathematically, every contraction in the Russian line means a gain in Japanese strength. The smaller the circum-ference the less the resistance. And, after all, it is simply a question of mathematics. The loss of life appals, the spectacle attracts, the glory enbut the keen inter ter minds-such is Fort Arthur, Nogi and Stoessel. And the checking move was made as long ago as May 26, when the battle of Nanshan was fought. The fate of Port Arthur was sealed then just as it was again sealed sealed then just as it was again sealed the other day when 200 was taken. A lot of sealing, you say. Good wine always needs it.

#### Nogl a Man of Granite.

Nogi has fought the campaign masterly fashion. It has been said he looks like Grant. So he does A grim smile, tacitura jow grim smile, tacitura i power in the joints. is a soldier and a philo is to say a piece of granite cast in human mold: He is a Japanese and

a samural, that is to say a veneered savage. He has held consistently to his plan of campaign from the first. This plan was to demonstrate on the west, where 203 is, while he Russian right center. He has been plercing that right center for He tried it first on months August 19, lost 20,000 men, because God, the engineers and the desperate back-to-wall fighting were in the way. He tried it again on September 19, again on October 9, again on October 29, and finally on November 28. He fought it out on that line though it took all Summer, a regular Grant. Now it looks as if he would take all Winter at it. But he will have to turn from Grant to Hannibal and weather the Alps, for he will find the Man churian mountains bleak with wind, sleet and snow and bare of cover. He is fortunate in soldiers. They are marvels of endurance, seem to stand anything, exist on promise and a prin and conquer all things save when

#### God reinforces the clever engineers. No Massacre Likely.

Of course silly reports come from Port Arthur. One of the sillest is that the Japanese will massacre the garrison when the citadel surrenders To massacre means to kill wantonly They will not kill wantonly, but they will kill. So would you kill, and vi-clously, as they do, had you had your red cross flags and your flags of truck fired upon, had you seen your wounded comrades shot before your even, had you been held above your own dead unable to bury them, while the stenct from a brofling midsummer sun stiffed you; had you been held to stew for months in your own juice under the forts allied with God. No. You would not massacre, but you would kill, be-cause war is not an afternoon tea or a Queensberry contact And you would kill as many and as long as you because you would be out for blood with your throat on the raxor edge of death. I make no criticism of the Russians for holding the Japanese in the stench of their own dead for shooting wounded lying between the lines, for using handballs of dung in defense of their forts. I m record the facts which I saw and was

Every war is a horror. These grewworld milst expect. Archimeder was not dishonored in the use nor Bayard in the use of boiling pitch.

# Japanese Have Abandoned Swords.

Late dispatches tell also of an assault in which trained swords-men entered the Ehrlung and Keekwan forts. There are no trained swordsmen, as such, in the Japanese army. Every officer carries a sword, usually a shining thing gotten through forged in mysticism. no privates carry swords. When officers get in opposing trenches they use their swords, snipping they use their awords, weed heads off clean as boys snip weed tassels. But there are no trained tassels. But there are no trained bodies of these swordsmen. It is a civilized army, a highly civilized army, as Russia and the world is

Port Arthur! The Japanese

Could I ever finish telling of either? One the apex of the world, the climax

of all things political, scientific, poetsoldierly virtue. And when we say soldierly virtue do we not sum up manly virtue? The subject calls. The the man calls. Is the world deaf? Can it forever see these hero-isms performed in its dooryard, maps obliterated, continents swam; ew civilization created, and not take

stance a deep treble.

It a Japanese siege mortar, a Russian They are all in action tonight. Is it The one in khaki has his teeth in the cease.

The navy. That's a 12-inch gun. coast defender, field artillery, star defeat or victory? Can they take the throat of the other, whose eyes popped tery. like peas from the pod, peer over, rak- like the searchlights, the artillery ishly curious, at his limp hand dropped was done for. So when the ad- from behind his shelter. But why should I only know that "a child could under- over the khaki back and holding a pletol. The khaki hip is drenched with blood,



GUARDING THE WATER.



POWDER FOR THE MORTAR.

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

and go out where the bullets are.

serves falling back, the squads of 12 escaping from one terrace to another, in moment the whole brigade was threatened. At this moment an orderly ga

deep in the dunga, attempting, not to side. The star bombs cease, the searchlights come on, but to cut their way back, for die away, the artillery flage, the infan- a battery of pompome and a regiment of I saw his fun. try grows noisier. Then I see the re- sharpehooters had sortled, almost segre- at me." I cried,

happened. The faces are ghastly with | Turning to look for their comrades of | But as soon as I got near him he rat bloat. I leave the shelter of half-light the second regiment, they found these out and dragged me into the ditch at his

"Where are the soldiers?" I asked. Then

At this moment an orderly gallopins

good formation, continually firing, but with annihilation and at this moment the along fell from his horse several hun-



XX Japanese Siege Parallels and Trenches

The Japanese building of the system of slege parallels and approaches mapped here is the greatest feat of military engineering since the invention of gunpowder. Bach 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 15 miles of these caps along a four-mile front, and in them the Japanese army lives in full sight and range of the Russian batteries, yet pate. The sape are made to take advantage of every connemic 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 open, 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.