

MORE MEMORANDA OF WAR

By
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DRAWING THE GERMAN FIRE BY RUSE. IF THE CAP IS STRUCK THE FRENCH FLAG IS WAVED, SIGNIFYING "TOURNE! NOS COMPLIMENTS" ("HIT! OUR COMPLIMENTS")



OFFICER TO SAGER: LOOK HERE! THIS IS THE WAY YOU SHOULD WEAR YOUR HAIR.

FROM the front, December 2, via Paris, December 19.—The plain of Flanders is covered with snow. It has been freezing, and on the dry and hardened earth, the snow, insensible to the pale efforts of a feeble and rayless sun, does not melt. The crackling of shrapnel breaks the monotony, the smoke lingering in little clouds, opaque in the heavy atmosphere of the snow.

Indescribable is the dreary sadness of this overhanging sky, so black and hostile. Some fires are rising from the villages that the obus are ravaging and the cannon thunder in a continuous fashion. We no longer take notice of it, any more than we do of the shells bursting near us.

At one moment we cross the camp of some Hindus. They have constructed for themselves some improvised huts. Their tall and shivering silhouettes stand out against the gray of the sky. They have an air of surprise at the sudden change of temperature, and in their eyes can be read anger and a fierce desire to be avenged somehow at the inclemency of the elements.

Suddenly on the heavy air arises a great cry; a convoy of German prisoners comes gradually into view on the route. It is a residue of a trench that our troops have just taken possession of, the "Boches" march bareheaded, surrounded by foot soldiers (fantasmas), bayonets fixed. A troop of harassed human beings, whose dull eyes betray long privations and cruel fatigues, together with keen disenchantedness—heavy cattle without verve, crushed by pitiless discipline.

A convoy of our territorial arrives from the opposite direction, coming from the trenches after a sojourn there of 23 days in the humidity of the slimy ground. But they have that which I know not what—that something of nervous jealousy that always marks the French trooper, and the contrast is striking between the resigned animality of the one and the unwearied go of the other.

The German officers to whom we chat are unanimous in attesting the immensity of their losses. In the trench attacks one sees the men rush out readily to the assault four by four, arm in arm like so many automata coming out from an inexhaustible trapdoor. If three or four hundred of these passive human beings must be mown down by the mitrailleuse, they will be, but the fifth hundred will have the chance to seize this mitrailleuse. Nothing whatever can give the least idea of the quantities of men that have been left on the banks of the Yser. The adherence to this close formation of attack has given birth to the most terrifying accidents. They do not even take up their dead, they abandon them to the will of the river; or else they heap the stiff bodies one on the other, making an embankment with them for their trenches.

The breaking out of their fury knows no control. They are constrained at the following act of atrocity. A few days ago the Germans attacking a bridge, had put at the head of their column some Zouave prisoners. Before this shield of living and fraternal flesh our soldiers and their mitrailleuse stopped short, ceasing their firing, when from the enemy's ranks came a cry uttered by a vibrating and charred voice, "Tuez donc, N— de —!" At this sublime oath, the general discharge of our troops broke out; the ferocious and cowardly ruse of the Germans was played out, but the unknown hero was dead. It is in scorn of the most sacred laws of honor that they imposed upon us this horrible necessity of firing on our comrades in order to reach them.

not realize altogether the "occupation," only at the place and hour of its breaking upon its victims.

The war is sincerely victorious only beyond the frontiers of the victor. The allies prove this today in paying their successes by inestimable ransoms.

Our last progress brought us near a little village of Flanders. The Germans occupy it; we must fire on it—and we fire, although knowing that there remain somewhere a few aged people and a depot for the wounded, not to speak of the belfry, the monuments and the houses. Well, we are there, the batteries are ready, and the appalling questions remain—must we destroy this town in attempting to crush the Germans who are mining it? Must we risk the heroic and costly assault that will share the part of death and fire?

How measure the sacrifice and define the exact value of the time and of the ground that one can pay only at the price of honor? Think of it, you who are fair, who lament the cruel executions and are astonished at the apparent delays. The nightmare of invasion must be quickly dispelled. But so long as we move upon that which is our own the fine attack that is the joy of battle is mingled with anguish and distress.

There is on the front a flux and reflux of non-combatants. The trains of refugees who gain a free country are received with the pity and sympathy that is their just due. There are also some who cannot or will not go away too far from their homes that are violated, and these sad caravans loiter about at the expense of the line of fire. It is necessary to find an asylum outside risks and suspicions.

The brutality of the departures is lugubrious. At D—the whole town had to be evacuated in one hour during the night. In the confusion dramas happen.

One woman, distracted, runs along the column, pushing before her two children, weeping, crying out: "Go and look for her, I have lost one; I tell you that I had three; go, she is there, and there!"

Further on a boy of 14 years says that at the moment when the last one quitted the village there still remained his grandparents, paralyzed, both of them. He wanted to go and look for them, but we have to prevent him, the village is inaccessible. It is being consumed rapidly. Happily, lately our liberating march is but rarely and momentarily retarded by these fragile halts. To forget all that we must go quickly to the country of the enemy.

For many reasons it is not the hour to examine, to look into things. Never have the allies put into line troops of equal number to those of our invaders. They have not sufficed to chase them at one stroke, but to crush them magnificently on the Marne, on the coasts of the North Sea, and to drive them back foot by foot. It is not by man to man that we must count when one sees opposed the forces of the Allies and the German armies. We have seen that very well. We hear of the heavy German artillery dragging painfully along toward the River Yser, in order to undertake again to smash through an opening to Calais. We are told of formidable attacks, as if we did not know already the full value of the German attacks by having repulsed them.

English artillery was not what it is at present. Now the heavy cannon of our allies make terrible ravages. As for the excellence of the French artillery, its cannon, and notably its mighty No. 75, do wonders every day. The work that remains to be done is of the hardest. We have before us armies that rise up in the energy of despair. But never mind, the spirit of our adversary is no longer intact. Its confidence is touched. Its plan, that relied on its force, is broken.

Passed by censor.—V. T.

FROM THE FRONT, via Paris—In these last eight days the Germans have made, from the Lys to the North Sea, a desperate effort.

It was around this strategic position of Ypres a new mad rush, the most intense and infuriated of the campaign, centered. It was, in part, the English who accomplished this repulse, and they did it with their fine sangroid and habitual intrepidity. At one moment they let the enemy advance, already seeing victory, then they slew them at leisure. The Germans were prodigal with their ammunition; they sacrificed some thousands of men. However, they did not seriously shake our front. They only obliged us to evacuate Dixmude. Dixmude exists no longer except in name. Since October 13, the date on which the first German obus fell on the town, the church and its turret, the assembly-rooms and the belfry, the solitary convent and its old chapel with mingled the dust of their stones with the mud of the roads. They are in ruins, vast ruins, where bodies lie without sepulture.

Between Nieuport and Dixmude the foundations forced the Germans to abandon their trenches that were invaded by water. This part of the country is transformed into a frightful cesspool, in which are engulfed pieces of artillery and on which float innumerable bodies. An intense fog arises from these humid grounds, not allowing an advance to the enemy's positions. Still prevents anything whatever being seen at a few yards' distance. All at once a pale sun pierces the veil. And forthwith the battle commences.

The reports of the cannon succeed each other rapidly. The obus whip the air, whistling and falling within a few yards of our ranks.

Scorning danger, with heads held high, bayonets fixed, the foot soldiers run, bounding with the instinctive hope of destruction. Some blue bodies throw themselves headlong and sink, disclosing the passage. The enemy at a few yards, picking us off with their sharpshooters, grin behind their flaming rifles.

Rapidly the distance diminishes. Then the terrible "hand-to-hand." One hears no longer the fusillade; the bayonets do their work, burying themselves into the flesh, indifferent to the cries of pain, to the twisted mouths, the prayers of the protruding glassy eyes. . . . Complete silence. Friends and enemies appear asleep 100 yards the one from the other. A stray ball sent by a scared sentinel whistles across the space—and that is all. It is a dark night. One must be aware of the enemy, who may be lurking about the camp. Two sentinels only must mount guard, but we remain enveloped by the hollow of the ditch. The grass touches lightly our skin, our charged arms are heavy between our fingers and our eyes peer during long hours into the darkness of the night. The alertness, the spirit, the decision, must not be weakened. Amid the silence there are some slight suspicious noises. A drop of water gurgles in falling to the ground, a



THE ACCOMPANYING DRAWINGS ARE LIKENESSES OF SEVERAL GERMAN GENERALS MADE ON BEETS BY A YOUNG FRENCH SCULPTOR NOW IN THE TRENCHES NEAR YPRES

flint stone rolls, one knows not why, and all at once the soft footstep of a hare advances cautiously, its large phosphorous eyes wide open in the night. . . . Elsewhere, in the infinity of the country, some vague noises are heard; there is in the air an inexplicable menace which touches us, seizes us. It seems to us that we have been there many hours. One has thirst, one would drink the mud of the ruts if one dared. But to drink is to move, and we must remain immobile like the stones, and as silent.

Soon, in a second or so, the struggle is going to open. The guns will be made to speak, one sees the black silhouettes oscillating, the mount stumblings, the riders falling. Presently we shall rise, run, strike, act. But first we must harden ourselves, calm the pulsations of the arteries, count the beats of the heart that strike against the ground in our breasts. . . . Toward 3 o'clock an officer comes, "Will you pull me by the sleeve. . . . " "Will he asks me in a low voice, "see something that you have never seen before? And pulling me by the hands he makes me descend the edge of the plain. On all sides are ambulances, picking the dead and wounded. My guide drags me along, jumping a ditch, where at each instant the soles of my boots slip on something slimy.

Suddenly, extending the arm, my guide stops and says softly: "It is there; wait a minute. Presently, when the moon shows itself, you will see." Like him, I stretch out my arm; the contact of something cold makes me withdraw it instinctively. But when the moon clears from the clouds and lights the place where we are I recoil, seized with horror in the presence of a spectacle that I have before my eyes. . . . Some rows of the enemy's soldiers were there, struck by mitraille, close, one to the other, they were not lying but standing, scarcely were they inclining against each other. The moon lighted up their blanched faces. Some had the eyes open, others the head thrown back, holding out their arms—

they had been struck at the moment of firing. Here and there some had the fists turned toward the chests, teeth dull, grimaces of greenish wax, and the mouths appearing like black holes. . . . Of the dead, sunken in the mud, some seemed to sleep, faces buried in the ground like drunkards. Certain ones remained kneeling, sinking on their heels, the head in the chest, the gun in hand. They are bent as if pleading in their agony. Their very silence seems to cry out.

In one trench were two men, bayonets crossed, one a Prussian, and another a Frenchman, face to face. The latter had pierced the heart of the German, the former had plunged his weapon into the stomach of the Frenchman. A blood-curling group, standing upheld by the walls of the trenches, tragic mankind furiously slain there, and who appear still like enemies, even after death. Horror penetrates us.

"Let us go, it is frightful." At the same moment some balls whistle near us. A pointed helmet topples and rolls to the ground from one of the bodies. We withdraw, not without turning the head from time to time to look at this wild scene, lighted by the rays of the moon, its green reflections serving as a frame to the brilliant victory that

County for \$340 for the entire tract. Out of that patch have since been taken millions. . . . Only a few years ago, when natural gas began its flaming career, soft coal lands were again treated as a despoiled doormat. But gas soon finished its meteoric journey, while bituminous still plods steadily on its way as the world's foremost fuel for steaming purposes. . . . And to prove that the tortoise has won more than one race, I can point to the fact that men are now paying \$1290 an acre for Western Pennsylvania coal, which they refused to purchase in the late '90s at \$50.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quite a Pardonable Mistake. Houston, Tex. Chronicle. "Tickets," said the collector as he opened the door of the car in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the pasteboard, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around, the collector said: "Is there another gentleman in the car?" "No." "Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?" "Other portmanteau?" "Yes; on the floor there by the other."

"Those," said the traveler with dignity, "are my feet."

THE ROMANCE OF COAL

ACROSS the continent comes the news that a Colorado gold mine has produced \$23,000,000 in 15 years. The newspapers devote considerable space telling how South Dakota this year yielded \$7,000,000 of the yellow metal.

Romance clings around the glories of Cripple Creek and the Black Hills, but when it comes to hard cash Pennsylvania's coal mines could buy and sell all the Dakota and Colorado gold half a dozen times. . . . There is no other mineral romance in this country that matches the romance of Pennsylvania's coal. Key-But alas! For every dollar some stone State coal has been worth more than all the American States combined. All the gold dug from the earth this year would scarcely pay for half the anthracite mined in one small district of Pennsylvania. The man who would trade our soft coal for the silver output of all the states would instantly subject himself to an investigation in lunacy. . . . If everybody in the United States dropped \$3 in a hat it would just about pay for our coal at the mines during 1914. To buy all the gold and silver of the country, each individual would need to put in the hat only \$150. . . . A million dollars in the guise of a gold mine and it fires the imagi-

nation of a continent. Lay \$10,000,000 at your doorstep in the shape of coal and you kick it out of the way. . . . Poetry and story still wreath the California forty-milers, but who recalls the birth of anthracite, which has been 20 times more valuable than all Sierra's gold? . . . When 40 years ago the Nation went wild over the wealth of Pennsylvania petroleum, men wouldn't even take the trouble to insert the one word coal in their leases of land. They were out for oil. . . . But alas! For every dollar some Coal Oil Johnnie Steele romantically made in petroleum some Berwind has coined ten out of the much-despised bituminous. . . . They were talking about this romance of Pennsylvania black diamonds. Thomas Fisher, who knows coal as any mother knows her own baby, told how his father and others like him could have leased thousands of acres of bituminous lands during the oil craze and got it for nothing. But they were swept away by the lure of oil, while the far more valuable coal was neglected. . . . Wellington Christ, of Pinegrove, recounted how his grandfather had sold 800 acres of anthracite in Schuylkill

our allied armies have just registered. An army corps is a great family. For three months we have encountered each other at the crossroads, in the woods, in the encampments, on the field of battle. We have had time to recognize one another. No work disgusts us.

When I see men of high society, a shovel in hand, conscientiously hollowing out a trench, then I comprehend the meaning of the word "quality." It is a surprise, when one opens a newspaper, to see with what adoration the soldiers are spoken of. The heroes! No, the heroes are dead. Those who live are like you and me. But there are more heroes. Their name is Legion. To get accustomed and to know how to train one's self—that is all. Evidently many disappear at the very moment of success. Like the horse of Don Quixote, that accommodated itself not to eat when he had to die. There is, however, a school of courage, by which we must pass in order to learn its virtue. The first reaction of courage is to scorn the enemy and mock at the adversary who is not agile enough to kill you.

Nothing must prejudice the courage that will prove one's neighbor. I know some natures, indolent, timid, shy, that are suddenly seized by a strong energy. It is a matter of mysterious psychology. And then the courage is actually a training. The example of the chief, Albert of Belgium, whose birthday we lately celebrated, a soldier King, who familiarly mixes with his soldiers, his brethren, leading them to the attack, even being their orderly.

One day we distinguished a man who, completely equipped, slept lying on a bundle of straw. This was the King. What is so touching in the situation of the chief of a little country, of which the sovereignty is no longer exercised, save on a territory of a few square yards, and who appears grander in his distress than some others do in triumph, is that he has accepted without hesitation the struggle against the formidable armies of the Germans, that he has made a resolution to face the invasion with all its violences and all its miseries out of respect of the given word and out of regard of duty.

And I, who have just been present at the epic combats on the Yser, who have passed through the fields of battle, who have seen all the atrocious horrors and the beauties sublime of the war, who have contemplated all the spectacles, I become tender in thinking of Albert I, Chevalier of the Right, King of Honor, tomorrow Emperor of the Peace. Passed by the Censor.—M. 4.