

WORLD'S GREATEST WAR DAY BY DAY

Private Letter From A German Soldier at The Front

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)
ROTTERDAM, Oct. 12.—Much of the news of the war gets into the German press in the form of letters which officers and privates at the front send to their families. Written by men who describe what they actually see and feel, some strange mixtures of sensations experienced and actually encountered result—documents of strong appeal and wide human interest. One of these appears in the KOELNISCHE ZEITUNG of September 16th.

"From a wild French forest, on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan (Sept. 2) the best greetings. During the last two days we have again been at the extreme front, after we had been given a chance to rest up and get enough to eat. Our position is a dangerous one, being well advanced into the French lines, and we are obliged to fight off many attacks on the part of an enemy much superior in numbers.

"Yesterday we fought from early morning till late in the night, opposing Alpine chasseurs and negroes, whose courage it would be foolish to question. The woods here are very extended and cover a ground which is much broken up. They are so dense that very often you do not see the enemy until you are within 50, even 30 paces from him, and quite frequently we can look into their eyes. They get so close to the blacks that we are obliged to shoot at them.

"We are greatly indebted to the color of our uniform. The French are constantly at a disadvantage because of their red pants and blue coats. The Alpine Chasseurs are fine fellows, and in German uniforms they would make a good appearance. In the French hotel porter uniform nobody looks smart. The Chasseurs wear red or blue knee breeches, ribbon-puttees, long blue cutaways, and a blue cap. Prisoners without arms make an appearance of utter neglect. There are prisoners taken every day, because the ordinary French soldier is only too ready to throw away his arms, make 'hands up' and shout 'pardon'.

"It is now one in the afternoon, and so far, we have not been disturbed. The dead are buried, and we are lying under the trees enjoying a spell of quiet and the peace of the forest. I have just finished reading the newspapers of my worthies, and most of them are taking a little noon nap. Everything about us is peaceful. The forest is fragrant with the smell of foliage and pine needles, and the sky laughs in a wonderful blue. It is hard to believe this is a scene on which men are butchered—the

scene of what I saw yesterday. But the dull thud of thunder of artillery in the distance reminds me of this."

Two days later the letter is continued. "We are out of our positions. Yesterday we began another advance and attack on the enemy's positions. We are still in the forest and so far as I can judge from the map there are several kilometers of it yet, part brush, part high growth.

"This is dangerous territory for us, because the alternating strips of high trees and new wood make it easy for our opponents to get the best of us. The greatest caution is necessary and our advance is a matter of taking one foot of ground after another. We just advance 200 meters and then down for cover. Bullets begin to chirp through the air, but of the enemy nothing is seen.

"When the trees are big enough fairly good cover is offered by them. Directly the fire opens the battle line halts and falls flat to the ground, every man waiting and looking for a target. There is no shooting done here with the German rifles except one has somebody on the sight. But often there is nothing to be done but to advance again, and to frighten the fellows with our 'hurrahs'. Along the line travel Stentorian 'Fix Bayonets', then come the command 'March-March' and the line springs to its feet, plunges forward and a nerve-racking 'hurrah' smashes through the woods. The enemy's fire begins a veritable hail of lead. Some fall but onward crashes the German line.

"As soon as we reach the position of the enemy his fire ceases and all take to flight. Our bullets follow them and then many a Red-pant lies on the floor of the forest. But our bullets do not find a mark long, the enemy has disappeared; we after him, only to meet another terrific hail of lead. Again we fall to the ground for cover, and this time we felt a blow—a bullet had struck my cooking utensil. I owe my life to the quick fall to the ground—for another second and I would have never risen again. Another bullet hits the ground just beside me—but never mind that. Up and at them—at the very hide of the fellows.

"We soon reach our goal—a trench of slight elevation to the left from where a heavy fire has done much damage in our line. Many of us are down and others crawl to the rear to get their wounds attended to. Now fire! The crest of the trench becomes out-

target. The rattle of snaretry from both sides becomes deafening. One of us will have to give in. Fire! fire! We have learned how to shoot straight—the fire in the trench weakens, the trench itself is veiled now by a cloud of dust raised by our bullets.

"Advance, comes the command again. We all are impelled forward by the mad desire to get at them. One hundred meters separate us from the enemy. Many sacrifices are demanded in the final charge. Again the enemy's fire weakens—then it almost ceases.

"Advance" shouts somebody. The fellows must be driven out of the trenches. Some of them already are leaving, but our bullets lay them low as they run. Another half—another advance. Only fifty meters to the trenches now—barbed wire entanglements block our progress.

"But the fellows in the trenches have lost faith in themselves. They desert their position in masses—running, scrambling, stumbling, falling—some in a manner that shows they will never rise again. We forget to take cover. Standing we pour our fire into the groups of fleeing men. Good comrades fall—cry for help—bid you farewell with the last breath. Farewell good friends we must advance.

"Soon we have disposed of the enemy, who has laid so low many of us. The barbed wire is hacked through with our bayonets. We reach the trench. It is filled with wreathing, struggling bodies. We aimed well. In the ditch lies a kaleidoscopic mixture of bodies swathed in blue and red—and pale ones from which glassy eyes look into the azure sky.

"But on with the pursuit. Some of us remain behind to disarm the wounded so they cannot fire in our backs. Many another sprawls, falling on the soft forest floor.

"The height is taken, but the day is not yet done. Everywhere the French have taken prisoners to stem the tide of retreat. There is yet many a bloody encounter, but we get the enemy out of the forest, and once they reach the open our waiting artillery does the rest. Our share of the work is done, the gruesome forest and its experience are ours.

"Most of us had lost their comrades in the mad rush through the trees and brushwood. Indescribable were the scenes which followed when we found one another still alive.

"So we take a rest, and while doing this listen to the humming and whistling of our shells as they go over us on their way to a village in which the French have sought refuge. Soon the buildings are aflame and the French again on their way.

"You have done well," said our corps commander. "With you fellows I'd fetch the devil out of hell."

DENMARK TRYING TO PRESERVE NEUTRALITY

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 12.—Denmark is taking extreme measures to preserve its neutrality and avoid participation in the European war.

The army is partially mobilized the way to the North Sea has been mined and the country is generally on a war footing, but every effort is toward the preservation of peace. Even the British flags have been hauled down from English hotels and the Danish flag hoisted. The German language is not heard in Copenhagen. There is also little English, French or Russian. No one wants to speak anything but Danish. The newspapers publish the war news without any sort of comment and in the restaurants and other public places discussion of the war is avoided as much as possible.

One move of Germany toward the Schleswig-Holstein frontier and every able-bodied man in Denmark will be called to the colors. They are all ready to fight, but the supreme desire is for peace.

FRANCE AFTER 100,000 HORSES

St. Louis Dealers Now Have Order for 4500.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 12.—Another order for 4500 cavalry horses and mules was placed with local dealers by representatives of the French government, the largest order for army horses received here since the Boer war. This order, which is to be filled within the next few days, will cost France approximately \$750,000.

Eight representatives of the French government, who made the purchase declared they would remain here six weeks, and were authorized to buy a total of 100,000 horses at an expenditure of about \$12,000,000.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT.

One development of the war is to disclose that there is a city in Galicia the name of which is spelled PRZEMYSL. Readers of the war bulletins have been designating it "that town" and passing on. This is no longer necessary. It is an easy word to pronounce when you know how.

According to a correspondent of The Journal the consonants r and z in the Polish language taken together have for all practical purposes the sound of ch as in the French word "charmant."

Put the consonant p in front of this and you will get the same sound as the pch in the German word pschoor.

The vowel e always has the sound of e in pen. Pronounce the y as in any and the s as sh. The l is barely heard and can be ignored. Hence the word is pronounced "Pachem-ish."

It doesn't look the part.—Portland Journal.

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