

# The Conflict

FROM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS  
Compiled by Wm. Mackrill.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

James Adams, graduate of West Point, and European representative of American manufacturers, is in Paris at the opening of the war between France and Germany. He organizes an air ship reconnaissance for the French and narrowly escapes capture by the Germans. The air ship is wrecked at the Chateau Lagouney. Adams is rescued and is married by the Count's daughter, Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance and take the Chateau for headquarters. Adams defends Aimee against assault by Col. Griesman and is knocked down by the Kaiser. Fearing treatment as a French sympathizer he enters a regiment of Hussars, under his friend Col. Lowenberg. A spy is captured and turns out to be Latour, a Parisian club friend of Adams. Arrangements are made for Aimee to be taken away to the home of her cousin. The German army moves west, leaving Griesman in charge of the Chateau, while Adams and his regiment ambush a French column. Report reaches him that Aimee has left, taking with her Latour, the spy. Griesman goes to pursue and orders to shoot. Adams and Sergeant Fleischmann steal an automobile and go to defend Aimee.

## CHAPTER IV.

I suddenly found myself riding among a great concourse of mounted men. To left and to right, through the fields, the regiments were pushing ahead. At intervals groups of men, some on horseback and some on foot, were straggling toward the northwest, joining their troops. And as we settled down to a steady trot, Lowenberg explained to me the movement then under way.

The bulk of the German army lay at this time between the Meuse and the confluence of the Aire and the Aisne rivers. These two streams run in a generally northwest direction, and almost parallel, for some fifty miles, being nowhere more than ten miles apart. Between them, and extending for perhaps thirty miles, lies the Forest of Argonne, a rugged and densely wooded area, consisting mainly of a single line of irregular hills, varying in height, and ending at the river junction in a bold, precipitous headland. On the east the Aire, a rather small but deep stream, has in the course of its century of flow, cut sharply into the hills. On the west, the hills slope gradually to the Aisne, forming a pleasant valley, from one to three miles wide and under a high state of cultivation. At the foot of the hills a fine road winds northward, following generally the course of the river.

According to the main plan of invasion, the Germans intended to skirt the northern end of the Argonne Forest, cross the Aisne at its junction with the Aire, and proceed west to Reims. The French were known to be moving slowly north from their great camp near Chalons-sur-Marne to bar the German advance, to assist in which operation a strong detachment, under General Messinier, was moving northwest from Bar-le-Duc, following the road through the Argonne Valley. This latter move was intended as a coup; but so perfect were the German sources of information that it became known on the second day. The Emperor issued orders for an immediate advance of the left wing, then resting south of the Chateau, and consisting entirely of heavy cavalry, to push directly west, cross the Argonne Forest, and fall upon the French column, with his magnificent hussars, was assigned this important duty. In addition to his own command were three regiments of cuirassiers, three of mounted infantry, and two of lancers—in all about eight thousand men. These were well mounted and were armed with excellent volleys, and a new magazine carbine, carrying sixteen shells of high power, each bullet being so constructed upon leaving the barrel it split into five smaller bullets. The principal object of the attack, however, was panic and disorder, rather than annihilation, as producing a more disastrous effect upon the main French army. An hour after midnight we reached the Aisne river which had been bridged some hours before by a pontoon corps. In the shadow of high Argonne hills it is in-

when I became conscious of a faint, rumbling sound to the south. I held my hand to my ear, straining to hear and interpret the sound. Fleischmann heard it at the same moment. He gripped my arm. "Listen," he said, "it is the French cannon coming north."

For some time we stood in attitudes of keen suspense. A breeze blew lightly from the south, rustling the tree tops. The sound came again—a low, well-defined roll, as of heavy wheels on a hard road. For full a minute we heard it faintly; then it died away as the breeze fell.

"They are not less than five miles away," said Lowenberg. "God, how they creep! Well, let us move down."

We descended through the forest, and reaching the end of the woods worked south. After advancing a couple of miles the lines reformed and awaited the approach of the unsuspecting Gais. Scouts reported the road two hundred yards away. Later came the lancer skirmishers.

They had seen the French—a division of cavalry, followed by infantry and field batteries—twenty thousand men, more or less. They were covering about six miles an hour.

It was a trying wait. Lowenberg conferred with his officers, and they decided to stand there beside Fleischmann, quivering with excitement. I wondered what I should do when the crisis arrived. I was armed with revolver and sword, but I did not wish to fight, for I was friendly to the French. Yet I knew that I could not now withdraw; that I must strike back or go down.

Finally the clatter of hoofs sounded around a bend in the road, and in a minute later the cavalry appeared. With helmets and trappings flashing in the pale moonlight they thundered by, a stream of horses men a mile long, hurrying forward to select a camp, for it lacked but two hours of daylight, and the troops were hungry after their eight march.

A long interval of silence—then the tramp of infantry, steady and regular, like the throbbing of a great engine. As the light brightened to a sickly, grayish yellow, that came in sight, advancing in column of four. We waited until they were well long in front of us. A mile of the column had passed when Lowenberg drew his revolver—the critical moment had arrived.

Our front was easily half a mile long. We were in two lines, each four men deep, with a space of ten yards between. The hussars formed the center, with Lowenberg, Fleischmann and myself close behind.

As the shot rang out our whole line moved into the open field, broke into a trot, then into a gallop. Eight thousand German voices joined in one mighty cry of battle: "Hurrah, Preussen!" And again: "Hurrah, Preussen, Preussen!"

Down we swept with thunder of hoofs. Cheer after cheer echoed back from the high hills. Fifty yards a hundred yards—the French were rallying around their standards, shouting and reconstituting in great confusion. Some leveled their rifles, and a patter of bullets angered the Germans, who opened with their carbines and rifles. I can recall little of that mad rush. My horse was running away. I could not have held him if I would. The bullets flew thicker. The French were forming, kneeling at the roadside and firing as rapidly as they could work their guns. Others were running. Ah, it was no use either to run or to fire. That solid wall of men and horses slid like an avalanche down the grassy hill. It crashed the French back; it flattened them; it crushed them into a mass of shrieking, cursing humanity. My horse reared and came right in their midst, his great hoofs crushing the skulls of two who were struggling to their feet. My very soul thickened at the horrid smash of iron on skull. On we went, straight through the seething mass of men, and wheeling sharply in the field beyond the road came back in another mad charge.

Suddenly Lowenberg's horse stumbled, wavered, and went down with a hollow crash. Fleischmann, sliding easily to the ground, had bounded upon the back of a huge riderless horse and was once more cutting and slashing, right and left.

## SCOFFS AT WHITE SQUAWS.

Educated Indian Says They Are Like the Red Man, As They Paint and Wear Feathers.

Johnny Mine, a Kickapoo linguist and philosopher, whose real name is Mah-ne-quah-che-mah-eh-c-m-a-h-a-e-i, and who can speak ten different languages, was in Washington recently in the interest of the Mexican branch of his tribe. He is said to be the most accomplished Indian linguist in the world, and withal is a well educated man. He has some rather uncomplimentary opinions about the white man's governmental methods, but he thinks the white man's wife is a person entirely above criticism.

"Not much difference between the white squaw and the red man," explained Johnny. "They both paint, white squaw with white paint, red brays with red paint. They both have to wear feathers when they're dressed up; Indian he wears eagle feathers white squaw wears any kind of feathers she can get. White squaw's not much different from the Indian."

## NEEDED NO PROTECTOR.

"Maggie" Kline and her celebrated song "Throw Him Down McCloskey" established a character of aggressiveness which has been followed by many persons. Miss Margaret Jordan of Brooklyn, and by the way a niece of the masculine "Maggie," followed her Aunt's teachings when she encountered Joseph Szwalsky, a middle-aged Sicilian who became too familiar in a street car a few weeks ago. The blood of the family asserted itself and she smote the "masher" with a sound rap on the jaw. He was left in

such a dazed condition that he made but feeble resistance to arrest. When the case came up for trial the prisoner claimed that Miss Jordan and her companion had been flirting with him, which the ladies denied. The Judge who heard the case commented favorably upon the method of defense adopted by the lady, remarking that she was a brave girl to hit the masher the way she did.

## USES FOR BAGS.

Don't throw away salt and four bags when you have used or emptied from them the contents. Wash them out and tuck them in the drawer you consecrate to the thousand and one cloth needed for daily household tasks.

For dust cloths, or for polishing glass and silver—for all sorts of uses where a soft cloth is needed—they are as good as cloths especially bought and made up for the work, and much less trouble to prepare.

An occasional thrifty housewife finds more important use for them, one woman, whose pennies are so scarce as to seem very few and far between, indeed, even using the larger sizes to make little rough-and-ready shirt waists for her two riotous boys. Being new stuff, it wears well.

But the saving of them for cloths and rags appeals to most of us who have the house purse to manage, and who know the immense drain that little things make.

## INCREASE IN FALSE HAIR.

Where It Comes From and How It is Handled—Great Care Required.

London is the point of distribution for most of the false hair which finds its way into the market. Within the last five years, it is stated, the wearing of false hair in one or other of the many artistic and clever forms in which it is now offered has advanced by leaps and bounds. A conversation by one of the leading artificers in this line elicited many interesting facts. He scorns hair from Chinese man or woman, deeming it fit only for the cheapest and most common of fringes, transformations, etc. The markets here and other good manufacturers of artificial hair frequent are mainly in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. The idea that girls selling their hair deprive themselves of all their tresses at once is, it seems, erroneous. A girl blessed with long, silky hair, and wishing to make money out of it, goes to the hair merchant and tells him exactly how much of it she will part with, or she divides the hair herself, and offers it to him, to be cut off. Sad to relate the hair merchants, as a class, have the reputation of sharp, if not actually dishonest dealers, and they are so lacking in principle and sympathy that they invariably clip

of the meek and passed ea through, his burden fairly tucked under his arm. A moment later Lowenberg was in the saddle and Fleischmann, sliding easily to the ground, had bounded upon the back of a huge riderless horse and was once more cutting and slashing, right and left.

Our division now separated and drove the frightened infantrymen north and south. They had no chance to form nor could they load. They threw down their guns and fell, a mob, a rabble, every man for himself. The attack then degenerated into merely a pursuit. The cavalry at the head of the column and the artillery at the rear became inextricably involved with the fleeing infantrymen, and after a feeble attempt to stand joined in the flight to the river, which was wide and shallow. We pursued them for several miles in the direction of Chalons, not caring to overtake them, although our men did pepper them unmercifully with the new quatriple bullet. Their loss of life was not heavy; but the ground was strewn with wounded, and with guns, knapsacks, belts, and equipment of every description. Such an utter demoralization I could not have imagined. Our success was complete.

A detail of two regiments was left to care for the dead and wounded of whom we had but few and to gather up and to bring to camp the abandoned equipment. It was eight o'clock when we started north to join the army. The sun was just peeping over the horizon with the new quatriple bullet. Their loss of life was not heavy; but the ground was strewn with wounded, and with guns, knapsacks, belts, and equipment of every description. Such an utter demoralization I could not have imagined. Our success was complete.

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