

# UNIVERSITY MAN TELLS ABSORBING TALE

# MRS. IDA ROGERS IS TOLD POISON KILLED HER BABES

We march back over the wretched roads and pass our three days interval of so-called rest either billeted in the stables and haylofts of the village or encamped in the woods around the chateau.

In bad weather the first is the more agreeable, for one has a light roof over his head, can wash and fraternize with the artillerymen and the soldiers of other regiments. But if the skies are clear it is pleasant to camp by the chateau, where with the rude little cabins that the soldiers put up when the leaves were still on the branches. Here one may make fires at will, and at nightfall, with the smell of wood smoke and the crackle of logs among the trees, the conditions of life in the army come closer to what we imagined they would be when we enlisted.

So then is the part that has been assigned us in our first month of field service—a not very active part so far but one which novelists have made interesting. How long will it continue? What changes will the future bring us? This is the most frequent subject of surmise and discussion in trench and cantonment. If our winter is to be nothing but a series of alterations between the discomforts of crowded dugout and squalid village there is not one of us who would not be glad to be shifted immediately to the north to hear all the rigors of an open campaign in order to share some of its action. But if victory in the north determines an advance all along the line it will be as well to be at this point as at any other.

North of us, behind the bristling crest, the frontier is not far. Between and directly on our road is the cathedral city of Soissons. Little more than a year ago I walked in its ancient streets and from its lofty ramparts in the shade of its cluster of Gothic towers, looked eastward at twilight over the broad, beautiful landscape. To dream of reentering this city as we would reenter it has filled many a night's watch. The great opportunity would have been carried at the point of the bayonet; our ranks would have been thinned, but the flag would still wave in the undulating line of blue and red as it winds up the hillside to the town and rolls through the antique gateway and our officers would look as gallant riding at the head of each battle-worn company.

The midwinter afternoon would bathe its sunbeams the beautiful towers and flag bedecked balconies. From the one would peal forth the thunder of welcoming bells, from the other the acclamations of thousands. The army of deliverance, we would enter the narrow streets of the ancient city, the first stage of our long victorious advance would be accomplished, and amid the benedictions of a grateful people our heroes would distribute that supreme emotion that life can offer, that emotion idealized on the fields of France, of her revolution and empire, whose name is that of the winged figure, her soul, her love, her glory, her head of their victorious battalions—the color!

### Bombardment at Night.

December 14, 1914. We have been camped in the woods for the last three days. These intervals of rest between our periods of service in the trenches are usually passed in cantonment at the village, or sometimes in the dugout lines. During our last absence the Germans got their range well and bombarded at long distance across the hills. The precision of their fire seems to have astonished those who witnessed it. At half past 10 at night the shells began to fall on the peaceful little village. When they ceased thirty soldiers and inhabitants had been killed.

In the hay left where we had slept a few nights before a "marmite" crashed through the roof and killed five outright and wounded thirteen of our comrades of another company. So we did not return to X— this time. Those who remained in the village spent their time pulling down what was left of the church tower, whose peaked roof, showing across the ridge, gave away the position of our headquarters to the hostile batteries. We halted half way and went into camp in a huge homopop but in the sand under the black branches of the winter forest.

This morning we came back to the trenches for the sixth time. I happen to have kept track of our periods of trench duty (though I have lost count of the days of the week and month), but there is really nothing to distinguish this from the other stages of the monotonous existence that this war, these desolate trenches impose upon us at present. Once more the rattle in the dark, the hasty packing and departure, the march out of the woods and up the hillside, the bivouac in the last quarter of the last moon of the year. A screen of driven clouds pales its radiance and hides the stars.

Great after crests the forested hills spread out beneath and around us in the vast twilight. A pine grove crowns the ridge that we are mounting under cover of darkness. We have been told that the position we are going to occupy is one of extreme danger from artillery fire. It is not the gruesome recitals of the ambulance men that make us believe it. It is not the riven branches nor the crated like sides half full of rain water in the fields, on the border of the grove are the fresh graves of our comrades. They have written the soldiers' names on the bars of the little crosses; on the poles droop their red caps.

The section to be relieved is waiting for us in the shadow of the pine grove, once more the hasty transfer, the descent into the black dugout, the jostling and disputes as the men get placed in the dark. A chill wind sweeps through the underground gallery. Some one strikes a match and tries to rekindle with straw from the floor the embers that smolder here and there in holes picked out of the wall. The sergeant stops him before he has gone very far. It will soon be daylight, when no blue smoke must be seen curling out of the pine trees.

And while we are getting settled a trumpet voice of command calls us to go out during the day. It is a sinister confirmation of the reports of the peril of our situation. Certainly, shivering here in the unfamiliar dark, the prospect of the six days before us is not cheerful.

### Trenches Like Catacombs.

Guerre des tranchées! What is it that the word "trench" conveys to those who read it continually in the war bulletins—those who are disinterested, with curiosity; those whose hearts are at the front, with anguish? Probably much of what it would have conveyed to me before the war—a kind of open irrigation ditch where the soldiers had to fight up to their knees in water, how they slept and how they ate being questions I did not ask myself. Certainly the condition of the combatants is not anything like this, yet in the other hand the comfort and elaborate construction of some of these works of defense, such as I have seen them described by soldiers in their letters home, are of examples which I at least have never had the good fortune to inhabit.

The typical trench dugout resembles catacombs more than anything else. A long gallery is cut in the ground with pick and shovel. Its dimensions are about those of the cages which Louis XI devised for those of his prisoners whom he wished especially to torture, that is, the height is not great enough to permit a man to stand up and the breadth does not allow him to stretch out. Down the length of one curving wall the soldiers sit huddled, hunched close, elbow to elbow. They are smoking, eating morsels of dry bread or staring blankly at the wall in front of them. Their legs are wrapped in blankets, their heads in mufflers.

Slung or piled about them, filling every inch of extra space, are jugs, sacks, cartridge belts and other equipment, various draught sweeps by. Tobacco smoke and steaming breaths now now rise and drive through. The floors are covered with straw, in which vermin



A DAY'S WORK IN THE FRENCH ARMY. French infantry in action against the Germans. (Below)—A bathroom in the trenches near Soissons, where the French soldiers refresh and cleanse themselves, only too yards from the German advance lines.

The logs, sods are fitted over the screens so as to make a light covering and then loose earth is thrown back on top. This is an effective protection against all but the heaviest shells. If the roof is badly made, out of branches, for instance, the rain drips through and makes life even more miserable inside. Where the lines run close together the soldiers sleep in the simple trenches and fire through small holes in the wall of the combined trench and dugout. Generally there is room to build the trenches out in front of the dugout or alongside. There is a section of a company of infantry for each trench, and between the trenches there are deep communication ditches. A squad has stayed behind in the woods to bring us the day's provisions. Before daylight it arrives and the distribution takes place. Great loaves of bread are handed down the line; each man takes his ration of half a loaf. There is one box of sardines for each two men. A cup of coffee, a small piece of cheese, a bar of chocolate must last us all day, until darkness permits another squad to leave the trench to go down after the evening soup. After food comes mail. Too much praise cannot be given the Government for handling the soldiers' mail so well. There are daily distributions on the firing line. The short winter day has dawned. Its feeble light falls through the narrow

Continued from First Page. Thus far only from reading the news-  
papers. "We had quite a talk," said Mr. Levy. "She is weak, you know, but conscious of her condition. I went there to comfort her. It would have been a cruel thing to go over the details with her at this time. She realizes that she will be charged with murder and is prepared to face it. I tried to strengthen her and came at her request. I knew her people and knew Rogers ever since he came to New York years ago."

"Her condition is pitiable. Any fellow who has a drop of red blood in his veins would sympathize with her; would have nothing but absolute sympathy for her. I saw Mr. Martin after our talk, but we did not discuss the case. There is nothing that I can say now, but next week, when I have gathered the facts, I shall probably have a statement to make. Mrs. Rogers will be guided entirely by me as her counsel. Of course, I shall forbid her to say anything yet. It would not be just to herself."

While the lawyer was with Mrs. Rogers District Attorney Martin arrived at the hospital, but did not enter Mrs. Rogers's room. It is understood that two indictments, each charging murder, will be brought against the woman on Monday, when the prosecutor will present the evidence in the case to the Grand Jury.

After Mr. Levy left, Capt. Banks of the Morrisania police station doubled the police guard on the woman. Two policemen now watch her. The fear is apparent that despite the calm with which she met the story of her children's death she might attempt to end her life.

It is likely that it will take two or three days to present all the evidence to the Grand Jury. If Mrs. Rogers is indicted she will be removed to a cell in the Bronx county jail, but only after the physicians in the hospital have pronounced her out of danger. That, however, will not be until the fifteenth day of the month, when she will look the doctor's tablets.

Dr. Hague, his assistant, Dr. Woods; Coroner Healy and his physician, Dr. Riegelmann; Mrs. Byrnes, the landlord's wife in the flat house at 224 West 167th street, and many other witnesses will be called before the Grand Jury.

Emory R. Buckner, counsel for Mrs. Caroline Giddings Rogers, the legal wife of Rogers, who will soon sue for divorce, had a talk yesterday with M. L. Jacobs, one of the attorneys acting for Rogers. The conference had to do with the serving of papers in the divorce action.

Mr. Buckner said that Mrs. Caroline Rogers admitted that Mrs. Ida Rogers called on her in 1911. At that time Mrs. Ida Rogers begged Mrs. Caroline Rogers to take Rogers back, saying she intended to return to her husband, Arthur M. Walters, from whom she afterward separated and from whom she got a divorce.

Mr. Buckner also explained that the separation of Mrs. Caroline Rogers from her husband took place in last October. The only reason for the delay, he explained, was that Mrs. Caroline Rogers was writing to friends in the South concerning the best way of getting a divorce quietly. She was anxious to avoid publicity, as she wished to save her husband's name as much as possible.

### Lawyer Goes as Comforter.

Attorney Levy had a long conference with the woman in the Lebonon Hospital last night. He went there, he said later, more as a comforter than as a counsellor and did not discuss with her the details of the facts of the case which he knows

### A. B. FROST, JR., COMING HOME.

Was Arrested in Brittany on Suspicion of Espionage.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

PARIS, Jan. 9.—A. B. Frost, Jr., son of the American illustrator, who was imprisoned at Belle Isle because he was suspected of espionage, will sail for New York on the Rochambeau.

Mr. Frost was watching the debarkation of German prisoners at Belle Isle when his arrest was ordered by the French Government because some gossip Breton people said they had heard him speaking in German to some of the prisoners.

### NO IMMORTALS IN WAR TIME.

French Academy's Decision to Elect None Revives Joffre Talk.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

PARIS, Jan. 9.—It is reported that the Academy has decided not to elect any members during the war to fill vacancies among the Immortals. The effect of this decision will be to keep alive the talk of the election of Gen. Joffre to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Count Albert de Mun.

The Academy's action was probably taken with the idea of preventing literary rivalries during the war.

# Stern Brothers

42nd and 43rd Streets, West of Fifth Avenue.

Motor and Carriage Entrance on Forty-third Street.

Will Commence To-morrow, their Annual January Pre-Inventory

## Clearance Sale of Oriental Rugs, Carpets and Hall Runners

EMBRACING every weave of guaranteed quality and practical sizes, from the smallest door mat to the largest carpet, affording an excellent range for discriminating selection, at unprecedented concessions from regular selling prices.

Caucasian and Beloochistan Rugs, Average size 2 by 4 ft., Formerly \$12.00, at **\$6.50**

Kirman, Iran and Sarouk Rugs, sizes 4 to 5 ft. wide by 6 to 7 ft. long, at **\$49.50 to 88.00**

Ghorovan and Bidjar Rugs, sizes 8 ft. 6 to 10 ft. 6 wide by 12 ft. 6 to 15 ft. long, at **\$85.00 to 228.00**

Silky Kurdistan and Moussoul Rugs, size 3 ft. 6 by 6 ft. 6, Formerly \$29.50, at **14.75**

Persian and Mahal Rugs, sizes 9 to 10 ft. wide by 12 to 14 ft. long, at **\$78.00 to 158.00**

Kirmanshah and Sarouk Rugs, sizes 9 ft. 1 to 10 ft. 7 wide by 12 ft. 8 to 14 ft. long, at **\$175.00 to 298.00**

Fereghan and Serebend Rugs, size 3 ft. 6 to 4 ft. wide by 6 to 7 ft. long, at **\$19.75 to 39.50**

Persian Hall Runners, Formerly \$29.50 to 65.00, at **\$17.50 to 39.50**

Formerly \$135.00 to 388.00

Formerly \$298.00 to 575.00

### The January Sale of Linens

WILL be continued to-morrow, featuring the very best qualities of household and decorative linens of every description.

at **20% to 33 1/3% Less Than Current Prices**

Satin Damask Table Cloths, circular and square designs, 1.75 to 9.75, Usually \$2.50 to 11.00

Real Madeira Luncheon Sets, 13 pieces, at **\$4.95, 5.50, 6.75**

Napkins, doz., **\$1.75 to 6.00**, Usually \$2.50 to 8.00

Real Madeira Tea and Luncheon Napkins, doz., **\$5.25, 5.75, 6.50**

Linen Sheets, hemst'd, Single bed size, Pair **\$3.40 to 8.00**, Usually \$4.75 to 10.00

Cluny Lace Trimmed Linen Centerpieces, at **\$1.95, 2.75**

Linen Pillow Cases, scalloped and hemst'd, Pr. **\$1.00 to 1.95**, Usually \$1.35 to 2.50

Tea Cloths, " **\$3.50, 4.25**

Dresser & Buffet Scarfs, **3.25, 4.25**

Crochet Bedspreads, hemmed, at **95c**

Satin Finished Bedspreads, hemmed; Usually **\$2.50**, at **\$1.95**

### Bric-a-Brac, China and Glassware

Will be placed on sale Monday, at pre-inventory reductions of

**20% to 50% from Regular Prices**

China Vases, Ornaments, Bon Bon Dishes, Bronzes, Jewel Boxes, Smoking and Writing Sets, Mounted Crystals, etc., arranged on special tables and repriced expressly for to-morrow, in six groups.

at **\$2.50, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00, 15.00 and 25.00**

Pronounced price concessions have also been made on

French, Vienna and Italian Bronzes, Marble Busts and Statuary, Onyx and Marble Pedestals and Urns, Imported Lamps and Electroliers, together with Lamp and Candle Shades.

### Dinner and Glassware at 20% Off

Comprising our entire stock of Imported and American-made Dinnerware in complete or open stock patterns, English and Italian Service Plates, Cups and Saucers of all kinds, together with Glass Table Ware and rich American Cut Glass.

## Lace Curtains, Bed Sets, Portieres and Couch Covers

The Upholstery Departments, will begin To-morrow, their highly important January Clearance Sales, featuring Extraordinary Price Inducements in

Imported Irish Point Curtains, Values \$5.00 to 12.50 a pair, at **\$3.65, 5.25, 6.75 and 8.50 pr.**

French Lace Panels, in desirable widths; Values \$5.25 to 10.50 each, at **\$3.75, 5.50 and 6.75 each**

Reversible Velour Portieres, in a variety of plain and embroidered styles, in lots of two to five pairs, Values \$22.50 to 32.50 a pair, at **14.75 to 24.25**

Imported French Lace Curtains, White and Arabian; Values \$5.00 to 17.50 a pair, at **\$3.75, 4.90, 6.50 and 12.50 pr.**

Italian Filet Lace Panels and Stores, Values \$26.50 to 37.50 each, at **\$19.50, 24.50 and 29.50 each**

German Moquette Velour Couch Covers, in Oriental designs; Values \$15.00 to 22.50 each, at **\$9.75, 12.50 and 18.50 each**

Also Lace Bed Sets, Curtains and Panels in a variety of styles, including Sash Curtains, at Corresponding Price Reductions.

Mail and Telephone Orders receive prompt and careful attention. Telephone 6700 Bryant