# The European War Situation as Shown by Press Dispatches

## LOCKED IN A BOX CAR WITH DEAD AND DYING

**Jean's Trip From the Battle Line After He Was Wounded New Saw a German Soldier Until He Awoke From Unconsciousness in Calais Hospital, Because the Enemy Was so Far Away.**

(By Herbert Corey.)

Calais, France, Nov. 25.—Jean's eyes have a remarkable quality of friendliness. They always seem ready to smile at you. But when we first saw him they were only puzzled. He was sitting propped up in his bed at the sisters' hospital here. He was staring at a cropped-head, round-faced German in the next bed.

"A Bosch," said Jean, wonderingly. "A Bosch!"

Jean had come in from the front a week or so before. His thin little body is scarred all over with the evidences of shrapnel. It was as though a cloud charged with fragments of iron had burst above him. By one of those miracles of which the battle line has been prolific he had not been killed. No bones had been broken. No vital spot had been penetrated. He had merely been lashed by a whip of steel. He needed only food and rest to make a certain recovery. By and by he turned his eyes from the German and wriggled luxuriously between the sheets.

"This," said Jean, with profound conviction, "is good."

The friendliness came back into his eyes. His wan cheeks—a wilderness of beard had but recently been shorn—showed a spot of color. He smiled at his visitors. He thought he might soon be invalided home, and was already planning his march down the Boulevard des Capucines. He would engage the fiacre of George, the fat Devonshire cabby, and progress gloriously from cafe to cafe. He would find a friend in each.

"For five years," said Jean, "I sold jewelry to Americans on the Grand Boulevard. They are all my friends."

He wanted to talk about his American friends in the fluent but twisted English his experience as a watch seller to Americans upon the Grand Boulevard had taught him, but the callers wanted to hear something of his adventures. "That shell, now," one of them hinted. "How does it feel to be hit by shrapnel?"

**When the Shell Came.**

Jean hardly knew. Although he was among the first called to the colors he had been under fire only half a dozen times in all. Until he was wounded he had hardly heard the whistle of a bullet. That day—it was near Arras—Jean was lying in his trench with hundreds of other little red-legged infantrymen. He had not even been watching the scene. He had been tired by the march of the night before, and was half asleep. After a time, he explained, one becomes ennuied. There had been nothing to see. No enemy was in sight. Only there was the pound, pound of the great guns. Now and then round, white clouds were formed in the air by the exploding shells.

"Then—eee!" said Jean.

A shell burst over his trench. No one else had been hurt. His comrades put on the first aid bandages, and that night the stretcher men carried him back of the lines. The busy surgeons were working under the glare of acetylene torches in the shelter of a bank. It made him think of a fair, he said—the flaring lights and the running to and fro and the cries. He explained carefully that the wounded men very seldom cried out. He meant the shouts of the surgical orderlies, as they directed the stretcher men where to place their charges. There was blood everywhere. One looked at a surgeon, and he was washing his hands. The next time one saw him—pah! He was blood to the elbow.

Jean was fortunate. That night he was placed upon a train, bound for the base at Calais. Some of the wounded had been lying in the field hospitals for days, waiting for their chance to be moved. Some had lain in the trenches or on the field for days before the stretcher men found them. Jean called good-by to an orderly who had found time to be good to him. He thought his voice might have been weak, for the orderly did not hear. It grieved the wounded man. It seemed as though he were leaving a friend to go out in the darkness.

"Fancy how weak I was, M'sieu," said he. "I wept."

There were four others in the straw on the floor of the cattle car in which Jean started for the base. They talked to each other a very little as they laid there in the darkness. The door of the car had been closed. They had heard the iron bar drop into its place outside. Jean did not think at first that any of his companions had been seriously wounded. No one of them complained. They whispered weakly to each other. Then they relapsed into silence. Just before the train started Jean heard one of them—he must have been an Englishman—speak in an undertone.

"Bessie," he said. "Bessie."

The train was started, with jerks and harsh clanking of the coupling links and groans from the wheels. Conversation became impossible, even if one had desired. The noise was too great. Jean thought he had not suffered greatly, except that as the hours wore on his poor body ground down through the thin layer of straw to the boards of the box car floor. Two of the others had broken bones. The heavy jolting of the train began to grind the shattered surfaces of bone together.

"They cried out," said Jean, looking at us with awed, frightened eyes. "I heard them strike the floor with their hands. One of them kept saying, over and over:

"It is impossible. It is impossible."

In the end he thought they must have fainted. Or perhaps the increasing noise of the train drowned their cries. They seemed to be growing weaker, he had noticed. Or perhaps Jean himself partly lost consciousness. He was feverish from his wound, he said. He greatly desired water. When the light of the sun finally penetrated through the crevices of the car's side he looked about him. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness, told him his companions were still alive. From time to time they moved. A very little. The train stopped at a way station. After a long time one of the wounded said to another:

"What is your wife's name?"

"Ernestine," said the other.

"Then——" began the first. But he did not finish his sentence. Jean wonders what he meant. He has the agile imagination of a Frenchman. He scents a romance.

The day went on. The car remained there, on the side track. No one entered. They did not want food, but they were in agonies of thirst. Jean pounded, feebly, on the car side until one of the men whose bones were broken begged him to stop.

"I cannot bear it," said he. "The vibration——"

They heard from far up the line of the great train, the noise of cars being thrust together. The iron shrieked and clamored. At last the shock came to them. One of the men with broken bones shrieked aloud and fainted. The other was silent until long after the car had been jolting over the clicking rail ends, with a queer, stuttering progress, as though the engineer were not sure of himself. At last he began his pitiful complaint:

"It is incredible. My God, it is incredible!"

That night the jarring movement of the train was halted. They heard the iron bar wrenched from its place and the door thrust back. People came to them bearing lanterns. Jean does not know whether they were men or women. He only remembers that for hours—for centuries—he had been thinking only of the thirst that tortured him. He had forgotten the pain of his wounds. The hard boards of the floor no longer hurt his cut and bruised body. With all the intensity of his being he longed for water. His lips were dry and hard. He could no longer moisten them.

"They took one of us out here," said he. "Dead? I know not. I was drinking."

They drank, these sick men, until they became ill and vomited. Then they drank again. Their dried tissues fairly soaked up the water. At last the door was slammed shut again, and the horrible ride recommenced. Jean gave way again. He lay bedded in the straw, like a hurt animal, and cried in an agony of self-pity. He wondered why the comrade had been taken from their maimed company. He tried to remember the bearing of the strangers. There is a difference in the manner in which one picks up a dead man, he explained, and the way in which one lifts a man who still has capacity for suffering. He could not remember. He was again becoming thirsty.

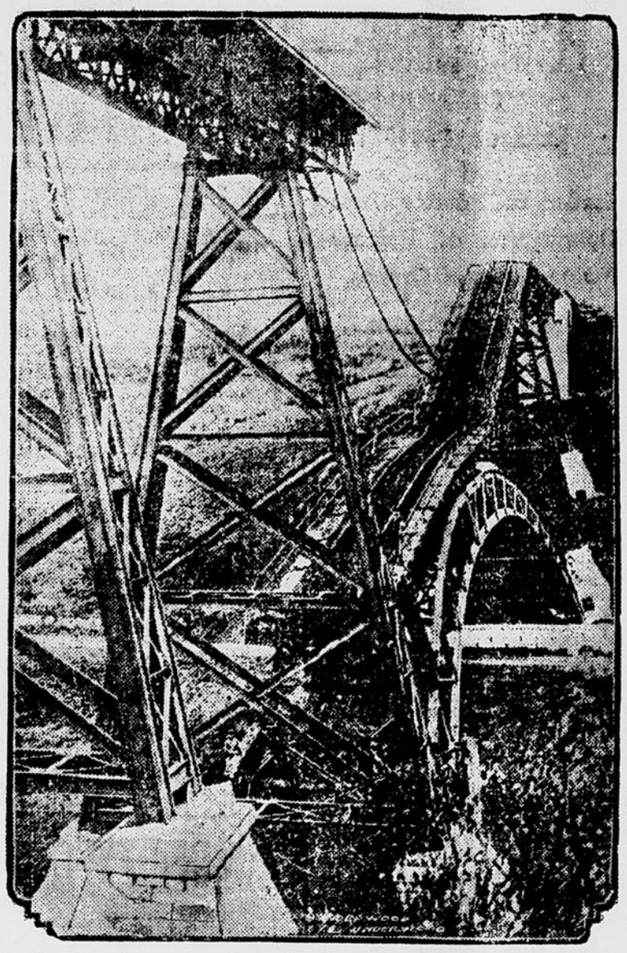
That day the car was opened again. The sunlight streamed through the rough, square door. Surgeons were here, who dressed Jean's wounds. Three of the others were taken out of the car—why, where, he does not know. He did not know then how many were taken, for by that time he was only conscious by spells. For some reason the car door was left open, and cooling breezes came in. Tears came in the little man's eyes as he spoke of this. Then the door slammed shut again. The air became insufferably fetid. It seemed almost tangible. He felt himself struggling for breath. He tore off his clothes in the effort to get cool.

"I must have hurled myself about," said Jean in a gasping whisper, "and got out of my place." He looked at us with great, frightened eyes. "I put my hand on the other man in the car—there in the darkness—and he was dead. I had touched his face. I was alone with him."

Jean knows no more, until he found himself in the bed at the sisters' hospital at Calais. As we rose to go he began to stare again at that German in the next bed—to stare as though he could never get enough of staring. The German's head swung to and fro. He muttered in his feverish sleep.

"Is it not absurd?" said Jean. "He is the first German I have seen in the war."

BRIDGE IN POLAND DESTROYED BY THE AUSTRIANS RETREATING BEFORE RUSS



To retard the progress of the Russians, the Austrians destroyed this magnificent bridge in Poland during the recent fighting when the czar's overwhelming forces drove the Austrians before them.

## PUGILISTS ARE REAL PATRIOTS

London, Nov. 25.—Somebody's complaint about the lack of patriotism among the pugilists, has brought out a spirited letter from a boxing editor, who says that were he to give a list of all the professional boxers who have joined the colors since the declaration of war he would have to fill several newspaper columns. He gives a few names of men who have exchanged the twenty-four foot ring for a less circumscribed arena. They are worth recording:

"Dick Smith, our light heavy weight champion; Bandsman Rice, challenger for that title; Bandsman Blake, who may be said to have a really sound chance of annexing the middle weight belt; Pat O'Keefe, the actual holder; Tom McCormick and Johnny Basham, both of whom have been promised chances of contesting for the welter weight title; Petty Officer Curran, one of our leading heavy weights; Seaman Hayes, the famous feather weight, with a host of engagements; Symonds of Plymouth, a practical certainty for fly-weight honors."

## BRITAINS CREATES NEW WAR MONOPOLY

London, Nov. 25.—Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, secretary of state for war, has issued a decree reserving all the hides of full grown cattle for military purposes. A special company having charge of the leather business of the country is organized. All the tanneries will be operated in connection with this company, receiving their quotas of hides which they are to tan for the army from it.

**HORSES PERISH.**

Montreal, Nov. 25.—Pneumonia has caused the death of over fifty horses out of 742 purchased by agents of the French government for light cavalry service and brought to Montreal from Texas. It is feared an equal number may succumb. The animals arrived Sunday and were placed in a shed on a steamship pier.

## UNITED STATES TO KEEP GUNS

**Discarded Rifles will Remain in U. S. Till European War is Ended.**

Washington, Nov. 25.—Krag-Jorgenson rifles discarded by the United States army, when the new high power Springfield rifles were developed at the government's arsenals and supplied to all the troops, will not be sold during the European war to any bidder, no matter what country he may represent. Secretary Garrison announced today he had made this reply to several agents who approached him on the subject at the outbreak of the war. He feared the arms might actually be intended for one of the belligerent powers, and after a conference with President Wilson, who approved his decision, directed that no bids whatever be considered for the weapons until hostilities cease.

The secretary did not say what concerns were represented in the offer for the discarded rifles, or to what countries the bidders stated they desired to sell the weapons. It is reported, however, that one offer purported to be in behalf of a Central American republic, and another for China.

## PARIS IS CHEAPLY FED AT PRESENT

**Limitations in the Matter of Food Changes Diet of the Gay Capital.**

Paris, Nov. 25.—Attention has already been called to the fact that Paris was never so well nor so cheaply fed as since the war began. This situation continues, and applies to the entire country, excepting the unfortunate regions that have been ravaged by the occupation of the hostile troops.

Paris suffers in this respect from only one thing ;its delicate taste is rebellious to the coarser quality of bread to which bakers were confined by government order, and are praying that the bakers be permitted to furnish the "pain de fantaisie" as they call the fined qualities of French bread.

The limitation of baking to this one coarser quality was intended to so simplify the work of the bakers as to remedy the difficulty caused by the exodus of so many of their employees to the front. Some of the higher classes of bakers, which in Paris come under the category of pastry-cooks, continue to make the "croissant" which constitutes the principal part of the Parisians breakfast, but for the population in general there are no "croissants," no cakes or cookies of any sort, and they are obliged to take common bread with their coffee in the morning.

Formerly considerable quantities of Viennese bread called "pain Vennois," were consumed in Paris, though in most cases it was not "made in Vienna." It has been proposed to change the name of this bread to "pain Liegeois," at the same time honoring the heroic Belgian town and getting rid of a name that is no longer popular in Paris.

**EXTEND MORATORIUM.**

Paris, Nov. 25.—A dispatch to the Journal des Debats from Bordeaux today says the French government before the end of the month probably will extend the moratorium for another period.

## WANTS SUFFRAGISTS TO FORM SOCIETY FOR WORLD'S PEACE

**Mrs. Pethick Lawrence.**

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the famous English suffragist, is in the United States furthering her project for the joining of women all over the world into an organization for the promotion of peace. Mrs. Yawrence is the editor of one of the largest suffrage papers in the world. She is not a militant.

## GERMANS REFUSED TO AID BELGIANS

**American Relief Commission Issues Statement Showing their Attitude.**

London, Nov. 25.—The American commission for the relief in Belgium has issued the following statement:

"With regard to a statement published in America and credited to General von Frankenberg, governor of Antwerp, to the effect that if America had not been so kind-hearted as to send foodstuffs to Belgium the Germans themselves would have considered it their duty to bring food from Germany, we cannot conceive that the German governor of Antwerp ever authorized such a statement and are inclined to believe that the report is unfounded.

"The following cities through their representatives have made repeated appeals to the German representatives in Antwerp for food: Malines, Lierre, Willebroeck, Boom, Duffel, Torhagen, St. Nicholas, Coutisch and Wahlen. They were refused.

"Last Friday two town councillors of Antwerp came to our headquarters in Rotterdam and stated they had been released by the German authorities under bond of five million francs ($1,000,000) to obtain help for the destitute of Antwerp and upon their urgent representation we sent 540 tons of supplies to Antwerp.

"The provinces of Limbourg and Luxembourg adjoining the German frontier have made repeated appeals to the Germans for the right to buy food in Germany and import it into Belgium and have been consistently refused. On the minor question of salt alone, of which there is an abundant supply in Germany, the privilege of importation was refused and we have had to send salt from the British Isles.

"These are only a few of the instances which make it impossible for us to believe any such statement was authorized by a responsible German official. The first and most natural inquiry we made when we were asked to undertake the work of relief was: 'Why do the Germans not supply the civil population with food?' and it was not until we were absolutely satisfied through American Minister Whitlock and by much corroborative evidence as to the German refusals or inability to supply specific requests for food that we undertook the responsibility of advising the American people the feeding of the Belgians was up to them.

**Report Cruelly False.**

"If the Germans are prepared to feed the Belgians an early announcement to that effect and an organization for that purpose will be required immediately to save the lives of millions of people. As regards the report that no one is starving in Belgium the official statements of the Spanish and American ministers in Brussels, the appeal of Cardinal Mercier and the daily detailed accounts from every source of widespread suffering prove such a report cruelly false and there are considerably over a million and a half people dependent on the soup kitchens at the present moment is in itself sufficient evidence."

**BUYS YARDAGE.**

**Fairmount in North Dakota Hopeful of Securing Division Headquarters.**

Fairmount, N. D., Nov. 25.—Residents are elated over rumors that the Soo road is to establish a division headquarters here. Deals for additional yardage here by the company and inquiries for other property have caused residents to feel certain there is truth in the rumors.

Promoter Rosholt of Mineapolis, who constructed the Fairmount & Vebler road southwest of here, is being importuned to extend the line next year to Watertown, S. D.

His intentions were to build as far as a point where the Dakota Central crosses the Milwaukee, in order to get double connections at the southern terminal, but the proposition submitted by Watertown may cause a change in the plans.

**MARYLAND TO SAIL.**

Minot, N. D., Nov. 25.—Fred Stockwell of this city, a member of the crew of the United States battleship Maryland, writes that the ship will sail for foreign ports, but that he nor other members of the crew do not yet know their destination. The battleship has been taking on provisions and undergoing repairs. The ship was near Mazatlan, Mexico, during the trouble on the west coast, and Stockwell saw service there.

## REPORT AMERICANS PROTEST AT PLAN

**"Occidental and African Savages" in European war Declared Detriment**

Washington, Nov. 25.—A number of Americans in Munich have united in a protest to their countrymen here against the use by Great Britain and France of "Occidental and African savages to fight her battles in Europe," according to a wireless message from Berlin received today at the German embassy. The message follows:

"The American Truth society of Munich invites a protest from their compatriots at home against the conduct of England in calling to her aid occidental and African savages to fight her battles in Europe. England has imported from India hordes of Ghurkas, Sikhs, Afridis and other Hindoo tribes, and France, emulating her example has brought over from Africa the barbarous Senegalian negroes and the savage Turcos. Americans, can you contemplate without scorn and horror this introduction into Europe of thousands of heathen Africans and Asiatics to slaughter your Christian kinsmen?"

It bears the signatures of John L. Stoddard, Leslie R. Bissell, J. Milner Goit, Rev. Walter Wardell Jennings, J. B. Bauer, Mrs. Charles Cashier, Maude Fay and Edyth Walker.

## STUDY THE WAR

**Teacher Insists Silence in School is Inconsistent.**

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 25.—"Silence in the school room on subjects relating to the European war is inconsistent with the purpose and spirit of education," declared Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of the American School Peace league, addressing a sectional meeting of the State Teachers' association.

"What is going on abroad," she said, "should be presented in the school room in such a manner as to give the pupils a proper interpretation of the whole dreadful story. The task is difficult, but the American teacher is equal to the emergency."

**DUKE NEAR DEATH.**

Amsterdam, Nov. 25.—According to a Berlin dispatch to the Telegraaf the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha narrowly escaped death in the eastern theater of the war by a shell which exploded near where he and his staff were standing, killing Colonel von Berg and wounding two other officers.

**BOND FORFEITED.**

Bottineau, N. D., Nov. 25.—In the case of the State vs. Beecher of Eckman for pigging, the defendant failed to appear and his $300 cash bond was declared forfeited.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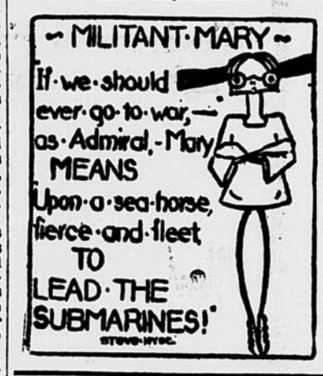

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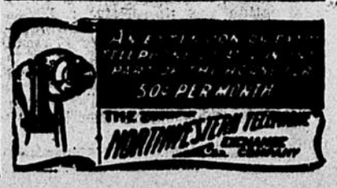
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