THE PAPER THAT BOOSTS KEOKUK ALL THE TIME.

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Section Two

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WOUNDED SOLDIER HAS LONG VOYAGE TO MAKE

Hospital is a Million Miles Back of the Trench, With Perilous Journey to Be Made.

CHARON ON THE STYX

Another Rader Story, Telling How the Soldier Who is Shot is More Than Unlucky.

[By Phil Rader. Written for the United Press.]

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LONDON, March 1.—Being wounded in our trenches was gruesome business. If a wounded man dropped back to safety he was not extra lucky, for everything that was done for him during the first few hours only tested his waning strength and was likely to make his condition worse.

Often a man would not know he was wouded for some time. One chap came limping up the trench one day complaining that he had been shot in the leg. He could hardly put his right foot to the ground. We ripped open his trouser leg and could find no bullet mark. Then we discovered that he had been shot through the forearm and that the wound was hours old.

To be hit feels like being punched, so many soldiers have told me. When a man sank in our trenches, the fellows who were not busy usually gathered around him while some one ran two miles through the trenches to get a Red Cross man.

Within half an hour the Red Cross man would come. If the wound was not bad the man would remain in the trench, after the doctor had soaked it in iodine which burns like fire. If the wound was serious, the doctor would do the best he could in the way of dressing it and then one of us, or perhaps two, would be detailed to take the unlucky man back to safety. He had to be carried through two miles of trenches. It was impossible to use a stretcher owing to the sharp turnings, and if you carried a man on your back, you had to be careful at many places to keep his head down below the trench walls as well as your own. One of our fellows who had been wounded in the leg and was being carried on the back of a comrade, was shot through the head and killed one day at one of the many dangerous turnings in our trench system.

After this two mile trench journey was ended the man had to be carried along a pathway down a two-hundred-foot cliff. Here he was safe from bullets or shells, but a warm, clean hospital bed was still millions of miles distant. Here he would be taken into a peasant's house where the first aid men were on du'y. There would be nothing but straw for him to lie upon. The first aid men would dash cold water on his face, wash his wounds and bind them as best they could. Then the wounded man would lie on the straw until nightfall, for it was necessary to carry him through a firing zone to get back to the infirmary, which was another little house in a town a mile distant. He would either be wheeled along the tow path of the canal on a stretcher made of two baby carriages which were connected by a board or "Charon" would carry him in an old boat. "Charon" was an old French peasant with long white whiskers. His boat was floored with straw and because he carried only the most severely wounded men, who often died during the mile journey down the canal, we used to call him "Charon" and we named the canal the Styx. At the infirmary there were real surgeons, but they were pressed with work and they were forced, of necessity, to perform their operations hastily, in an improvised operating room.

If the wounded man were still alive by this time, he would be put into a Red Cross wagon or automobile or some other sort of a vehicle and carried thirty miles to a large town (which I cannot for obvious reasons name), and here he would be put on the next Red Cross train and started for Paris. His bed in the train might be a seat in a third, second or first class coach; or, if he was lucky, it might be a sheeted bed in a regular Red Cross car.

At last his train will pull into Paris or into some other distant city of France where there are big hospitals. Scores of ambulances will be waiting in the railway yards. The ambulance attendants will be running around, each seeking out the wounded who are to be assigned to the hospital which he represents. To them he is only a number or perhaps a chalk mark on the door of the car. They will put him on a stetcher, place him in a huge motor ambulance, perhaps with one or two other men who have been injured on distant battle fields, and the car will race through the streets of the city to the hospital which once seemed to be situated so many miles away and where warm white beds, gentle nurses, flowers and no responsibility await him. It is no wonder that the wounded men who reach the hospital wards sink back onto the pillows with sighs of relief and smile when they catch the first glimpse of the white nurses. Look back at the journey he has taken since that moment he was hit, in the trenches and you can understand how a hospital ward looks like heaven to a wounded soldier.

To get into a hospital is one of a soldier's dreams and there are strict laws in all armies against men wounding themselves. In the French army this self-wounding is known as "mutilation" and the punishment is death. In our regiment an ex-convict who had been released after serving fifteen years, in order to permit him to enter the army, persuaded another soldier to shoot him through the hand. In return for the favor he also punctured the hand of the soldier. When they came to have their wounds dressed the doctors noticed powder marks on their mangled hands and the truth came out. Both men were executed.

RAILROAD MEN'S PLEA FOR INCREASE

Hinted That Workmen May Not Accept Award Made by Arbitration Board.

[United Press Leased Wire Service.]

CHICAGO, March 27.—Hint that officials of the enginemens' brotherhoods asking for wage increases for 65,000 railway enginemen on ninety-eight western railways will have difficulty in holding members to an award of the federal arbitration board if regarded as unsatisfactory to the workers, was made in a statement issued tonight from the brotherhoods' headquarters.

"Failing to obtain justice by an appeal to arbitration," the statement said, "it has been repeatedly hinted that the Newland's act probably will not again prove to be the same pleasing and harmonizing influence that its framers designed it to be.

"That the post-award development might be quite serious, is known to be true throughout high labor circles.

"It is pointed out that western railway employes look upon this arbitration as the real test of conciliatory measures in bitter industrial controversies."

Both Grand Chief W. S. Stone of the Engineers' brotherhood, and President W. S. Carter of the Firemen's brotherhood, as well as railway officials, have made open assurances that they would abide by whatever award the board should make.

Under the Newland's act which provides for the federal arbitration board, the only legal recourse either side will have is the filing of a bill of exceptions before a federal district judge. Being an equity case, such a contest, if filed, would be heard by Federal Judge George A. Carpenter.

The long drawn out arbitration between the railways and the enginemen will start on its last lap Monday when officials of the brotherhood and Attorney Sheean for the railways will submit briefs and offer arguments.

President Carter of the Firemen's brotherhood will begin the argument for the enginemen Monday and expects to speak all day Monday and Tuesday morning. Attorney Sheean will reply and Grand Chief Stone of the engineers will close the appeal.

The argument calls for an award by April 20. The award, unless contested, will become effective from that date.

No Time to be Fighting.

[United Press Leased Wire Service.]

COPENHAGEN, March 27.—The absence of the German crown prince from his headquarters at the front at Verdun, was explained in private advices received here tonight. The stork is expected to visit the Crown Princess Cecelie within a few days. The crown prince has been at Berlin for several days in anticipation of the event.

Concrete Dome.

[United Press Leased Wire Service.]

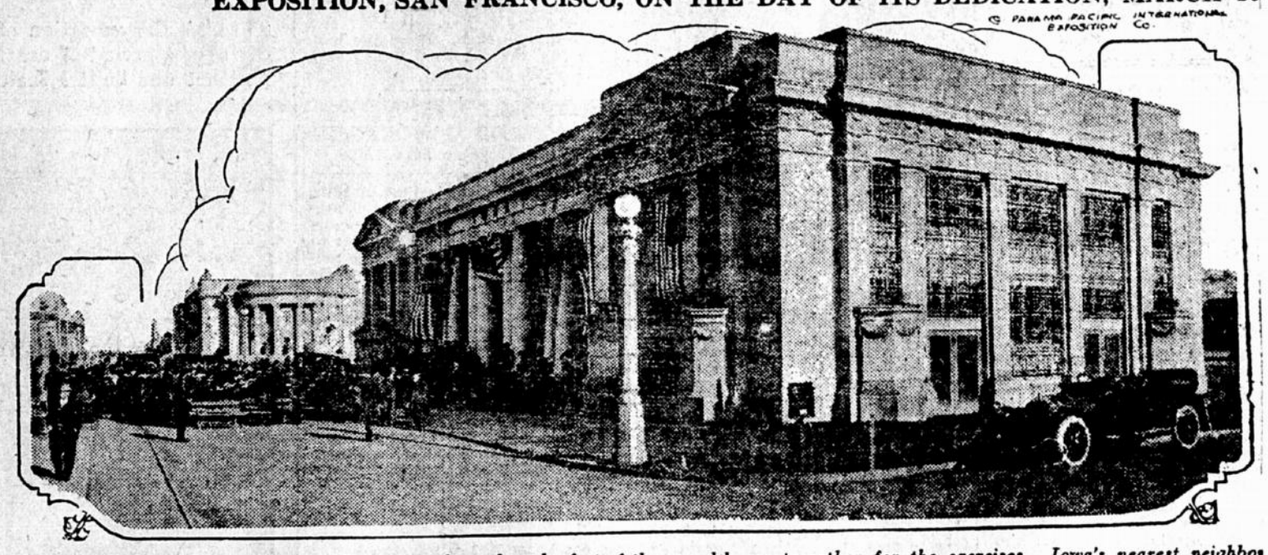
NEW YORK, March 27.—Somewhere there is a concrete dome in the New York fire department. Three thousand spectators gasped today when an iron shutter fell three stories, striking a fireman squarely on the head. Two minutes later an ambulance corps couldn't find a fireman who would admit his head had been bruised.

Scholars are Released.

[United Press Leased Wire Service.]

BERLIN, (via wireless to Sayville, L. I.), March 27.—Through the good offices of the Italian government, six German scholars who participated in the geographical congress in Australia and were interned at the outbreak of the war, have been released, it was announced here tonight.

IOWA STATE BUILDING AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE DAY OF ITS DEDICATION, MARCH 10



This photograph of Iowa's pavilion was taken when the first of the crowd began to gather for the exercises. Iowa's nearest neighbor at the Exposition is the State of Washington, whose pavilion is shown next door. All the buildings appearing in the photograph are State structures. The exhibit palaces are in a magnificent group located elsewhere on the grounds.

ALLIES HOLDING SMALL PORTION

Great Part of Belgium in the Hands of the Germans, Allies Controlling But 300 Square Miles.

GERMANS HOLD 11,000

Belgium Stood Sixth Among the Nations of the World in Relative Value of Her Commerce.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27.—"Out of 11,370 square miles of territory occupied by Belgium before the present war, less than 300 square miles thereof is still held by the Belgians and their allies; and the normal population of the part of the country still held by the Belgians is only 100,000, while the peace population of the whole country was more than 7,000,000." Thus begins a statement just prepared by the National Geographic society showing what Belgium has lost of her territory since the present war began. It then continues:

"All of Belgium's cities, her commerce, industry and resources of mine and timber lands now lie behind the German lines, which sweep from Westende, on the North sea, to Basle, where the Rhine leaves Switzerland for Germany.

"Independent Belgium today is a thin strip of land wedged into the French department of Pas-de-Calais. This area is the sand dune, infertile, low-lying, sparsely populated part of Belgium. Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, Ghent, Charleroi, Louvain, Namur, Ostend, Malines and some score of other important cities of the low country are under German domination. In that strip of territory which the allies defend there is not a single city with 20,000 population, and there are but ten small towns in all the section.

"The coal fields of Liege, Mons and Charleroi, with their annual outputs in normal times of 22,000,000 tons a year, are in the hands of the invaders. The great steel and iron works of Liege and Charleroi are lost. When, in the years before the war, one passed through the busy city of Liege on the Paris-Berlin express at night, he saw thousands of splashes of fire-glow in the fleeting shadows, where the restless furnaces of foundries trading with every country labored. The American traveler who watched these fires gleam by, recalled to mind a strip of railroad eastward out of Cleveland, where factory and foundry line the way for miles.

"The iron, zinc, lead and maganese mines of Belgium lie behind its enemy's lines. Its rich quarries of marble, granite and slate are in its northern and eastern provinces. Here also, are its forests and its more important manufactures. These sections have been in the hands of the invaders from the early days of the war. Ghent is the capital of the Belgium textile industry, an industry which occupies many of the cities and towns of Flanders, where woolen and cotton stuffs and lace genres are made, but the looms all lie behind the German front. So, too, is all of Belgium's agricultural country lost; and a sand drift and stretches where dairy farming was carried on in peace times are all that now remains under the shadow of Belgium's battle standards.

"Belgium stood sixth among the nations of the world in the relative value of her commerce before the war broke out. Today this commerce has been completely crushed: no free

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CHARGE BAYONETS IS NOT JABBING

Very Seldom Does it Occur After Such Order, That the Bayonets Are Actually Used.

COLONEL EXPLAINS IT

Men in the Trenches Throw Up Their Hands Instead of Remaining There and Being Pierced.

[By William Philip Simms, United Press Staff Correspondent.]

FLANDERS, March 12.—(By mail to New York.)—"Just how do they charge bayonets, anyhow?"

It was the American Red Cross nurse who asked the question. Her hard day's work at the first-aid hospital was done and she was sitting with some of her sisters and brothers at-arms in the "living room" of a two-thirds wrecked Flemish farmhouse whose yard stood barely above the far-reaching inundations.

"Not like you think," said the colonel. "It isn't once in a thousand times that they charge bayonets in the way the public supposes. Nobody would get out of such a melee alive if they did. Pictures showing thousands of soldiers busy sticking their bayonets through thousands of other soldiers are misleading; generally speaking such fighting never, or very rarely, takes place."

"For instance: Imagine yourself a soldier. You are with a couple of hundred other soldiers of your company. Suddenly Andre, the soldier on your right, says to you in a low tone: Fix bayonets; pass the order! You tell Leon, the soldier on the other side of you.

"Down the line the command makes its way. 'Oh, damn!' says Leon very probably. 'Fine—o!' chirps the soldier next to Leon, 'I'd as leave absorb a German bullet as drown here in the mud!' The next fellow says, 'Vive la France!' and a light shines in his eyes, the light of ardent patriotism. In short every man receives the command after his own fashion.

"And then what happens?" The American Red Cross girl's cheeks burned with excitement.

"It doesn't always happen the same way," the colonel went on. "But usually the soldiers count off, one, two. Then all the No. 1's leap from the trench. The artillery has already 'prepared' for the attack by slamming shell after shell into the enemy's trenches in order to demoralize them, but, as No. 1's run forward, stooping very low, the No. 2's, still in the trenches are 'firing' as will protecting the charge. A whistle blows. The No. 1's fall on their stomachs and hide behind any little natural protection they can find. If the object is really worth while, like a stump a foot in diameter, there is a regular scramble for it, I tell you! If there is no protection of any kind the soldier takes his soup spoon, usually already in his hand at such times as these, and digs a little hole in the soft, wet ground to stick his face and part of his head in. Now and then he lifts his head and shoots.

"'Forward! Another dash!' comes the command, and, under the bullets from the enemy's rifles the soldiers rise to a stooping position and run forward again. Or maybe they run forward on all fours. Back of them their own trench-mates are potting away at the German heads which show above the trench in front.

"So is this dash accomplished. When near the German position

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RUSSIAN PRIVATE TO GET MEDAL

Bilikoff Captured a German Machine Gun, Carrying It Back to His Trench on His Back.

WARSAW IS BOMBARDED

There Have Been Ninety-five Aerial Attacks on the City and Ninety-two People Were Killed.

[By a United Press Staff Correspondent.]

PETROGRAD, March 13 (by mail to New York)—The next Cross of St. George to be bestowed by the czar for valor in battle will probably go to Private Bilikoff, whose amazing exploit in capturing a machine gun from the Germans is related in official dispatches just received from the East Prussian front.

Bilikoff's company had routed the Germans from their trench at the point of a bayonet, and the retreating soldiers were endeavoring to save their machine gun, under a furious fire. A number of them had already been killed, and a detachment of fifteen from a neighboring trench was coming to the rescue. But Bilikoff beat them to it. Rushing forward, he quickly removed the gun from its carriage, and, placing it on his back, where it acted as a shield, he dashed for the Russian lines. On his way to shelter, two bullets struck the gun, and others whistled about his head, but he was unhurt, finally depositing his trophy in the Russian trench. None of his comrades returned, and the gun carriage and the dogs which were hauling it remained with the Germans.

Warsaw is the most bebombed of all cities in the various war areas of Europe that have been visited by aircraft. In the past five months, according to an official report, it has been attacked by aeroplanes ninety-five times. The total number of lives lost as the result of these raids has been ninety-two, and curiously enough for quite a period there was one person killed in each separate attack.

"If there is such a thing as divine love, there is certain divine hate as well," says Ida Roe, a well known German writer in an article appearing in a German journal received here.

"I boil with anger at the mere thought of anything English, the race which has insulted us Germans more deeply than all the other nations put together, and I have a mortal hatred against them.

"To us mothers and women of Germany, this consuming hatred is the only thing that enables our hearts to bear up under the sufferings we now have to endure. Do not talk to us of mercy, charity and compassion. There is no room for any of these in the hearts of those who hate the English with that terrible hatred we German women bear for them."

Running no Risks.

[United Press Leased Wire Service.]

NEW YORK, March 27.—The Rotterdam freighter Blotberg, was a floating rainbow when she passed into the harbor here today. Her 400 foot sides, her stacks and her masts flashed the red, white and blue of Holland. Across each side in big green letters were painted the word "Nederlands." Her captain said he wasn't running any risks from German submarines.

DISEASE WINS FOR THE ALLIES

Pasteur Institute and Individual Scientists Keep the French and English In Good Health.

BROTHERS REUNITED

German Officers Who Are Prisoners in England, Are Made as Comfortable as Possible.

[By Ed. L. Keen, United Press Staff Correspondent.]

LONDON, March 16.—(By mail to New York.)—Battling with disease is bringing victory to the allies' "arms"—victory even more striking than the fray of lead. From all parts of the battleground comes reports which thrill scientists.

Immunity of the troops in the western battlegrounds from tetanus, typhoid, dysentery and similar martial plagues is declared to be remarkable. This immunity is said to be largely due to the Pasteur institute of Paris and individual scientists.

Accompaniment of each division of the army by a bacteriological labratory is said to be a great step in medical science of war. These laboratories continually test the soldiers' drinking water, test man's blood, and give anti-serlum treatment upon suspicion of microbe infection.

The medical advances made are regarded as the paradox of the war. While scientific genius has brought the machinery of death to the Nth degree of perfection, it has also discovered new means of keeping soldiers free from disease.

Typhoid, which for a time threatened decimation of the allies' ranks in France and Flanders, is now greatly decreased. Absence of tetanus is said to be remarkable, at a percentage below that ever attained in all medical history, considering conditions under which wounded are treated and the enormous number of men involved. There are no "epidemics" of any sort in any territory of the fighting.

Separated for many years, three brothers owe their reunion to a war incidence. Two are in the British army, and one of them, a survivor from the torpedoed battleship Formidable, met his sailor brother by chance in the Strand. The other was just off a warship back from the Mediterranean, and while they were exchanging yarns, a mutual friend interposed with the remark, "I suppose you know your brother Jim is in hospital near here." The two did not even know that Jim was in the army, but they preceded to make inquiries and found that he was back from the front with a nasty wound. Jim, on his side, had no idea that Jack and Harry were in the navy, but there was as jolly a family gathering as hospital rules permitted, as soon as the sailors located him.

The British government is doing its utmost to make the enforced stay in England of captured German officers as pleasant as possible. At a cost of $100,000, Castle Donnington, Leicestershire, one of the most beautiful old halls of England, has been converted into a home of rest for German officers. There is accommodations for over 300 officers and on the stately lawns there are wooden huts for the sixty German privates who act as valets to their superiors.

It is true that the money has not been spent on luxuries, but the pris-

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KAISER'S ATTEMPT TO BE CONCEALED

His Every Move at the Front in the Western Theatre of War Is Known by the French.

IS ALWAYS GUARDED

Spent the Day In One House, But When Night Came, He Moved to Another.

[By Henry Wood, United Press Staff Correspondent.]

PARIS, March 16. (By mail to New York)—France laughed up her sleeve during the second visit of the kaiser to the western battlefront over his efforts to conceal his whereabouts.

Since the beginning of the war, the emperor is known to have taken every possible precaution to keep the enemy from knowing even the city where the headquarters of the general staff are located. The journeys of the kaiser back and fourth from the French and Russian fronts is something which cannot be concealed. To make up for this his brief visits either to the western or eastern general headquarters are surrounded with the utmost secrecy and mystery. Possible attempts against his life can only be prevented, he is convinced, by keeping the enemy ignorant of his actual whereabouts.

Despite these precautions there was not a moment while the kaiser was at the western headquarters that his every movement and every detail of his life were not known to the French. They even know every precaution taken to guard him against possible attacks, and to safeguard his goings and comings. So far from having been able to conceal from the French the location of the general staff, France knew this from the moment that the site was chosen.

It was early in September that Charleville, situated on the Meuse, just northwest of Sedan in the province of Ardennes, was selected by the Germans as the basis for their campaign against France. The little French town, just over the Belgian frontier, has excellent railroad communication with Germany and is not so far into France that the general staff could not beat a hasty retreat should French successes render that necessary.

The principal public and private buildings of this town have been divided up between the kaiser, the members of his staff, and various departments of the government. Of all the men who hold out here, no one figure is perhaps more picturesque than that of General Von Haeseler. As former chief of the Fifteenth Army corps, at Metz, it was he who, during the last maneuvers of the German army, turned the marvelous trick of capturing, at least theoretically, the kaiser. His eighty-four years prevent an active participation in the war, but having demonstrated that the kaiser might be captured, he was retained at the western general headquarters for the express purpose of seeing that his august sovereign wasn't.

The general has been given the residence of J. Jacquet, the village notary, and from an easy arm chair, he directs those portions of the army that come under his command.

The ministry of war is located in the newspaper plant of the "Petit Ardennais."

The residence of M. Longueville, the village flour dealer, is held down by the commander in chief of the German army operating against France. The two commanding generals of the army are living in the residence of M. Masson, owner of the "Magazins-Reuins," the principal department store of the little town.

The residence of M. Marcadet, in the Place de la Gare, bears the sign "De Moltke,. Generalissine" and although General Moltke is no longer there, his successor is. It is also in this same square that the kaiser himself has picked his residence, that of M. Georges Corneau, editor and director of the "Petit Ardennais."

The house is of no particular style of architecture, although since the kaiser took it over it has become known as a "chateau." It is three stories high, with a mansard roof, while two towers with round pointed cupolas flank it on two sides. There is a dog kennel on one side of the house and the village commons on the other. A few steps away there is a pond fed by a little stream called the "Virgin."

On the top of the porch, of the nearby railway station there have now been installed a battery of machine guns. They guard completely the approach. A little farther away there has also been installed a wireless apparatus that the kaiser may be warned in time of an approach from any direction. Still off to one side near the Meuse, has been installed special cannon for combating aeroplanes or any other aerial attempt which might be made on the life of the august occupant.

What amazes the French more that

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