

# "WAR"

## Our New Serial Story

THE MOST FAMOUS WAR NOVEL OF MODERN TIMES, SHOWING GERMANY'S RUTHLESS HAND IN FRANCE, AUSTRIA AND DENMARK



Under the title "Disarm" this novel won for its author, Baroness Bertha Von Suttner, the Nobel Peace Prize

The story contains some passages strangely prophetic of the present world struggle, although the final scene of the story is the Franco-Prussian War of 44 years ago. The hypocrisy of a nation adopting conscription and a policy of huge armaments and pretending to hope for peace is proven to the hilt.

IT IS A WOMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST WAR

START WITH THE FIRST INSTALMENT

the north station. Here the crowds of wounded and dying were arriving, and the public crowded in with supplies and looking for friends; there were nurses, nuns, physicians, men and women from every rank, and the officials were busy pushing back the crowds. They sent me off too. In I protested: "I want to take the next north," but was informed that there were no trains for passengers, in order to keep the lines opened for the arrival of the wounded. Only one train would go out, and that was exclusively for the Relief Corps.

"May I go by that train?" "Impossible." The voice within kept calling for me to come. I was about to despair when I caught sight of the President of the Relief Corps. I rushed to him: "For pity's sake, help me, Baron S—." You know me! Baron S— Tilling. General Althaus's daughter. You are about to send a train to Bohemia. My dying husband needs me there. If you have a heart, let me go with that train."

With many misgivings he finally arranged to put me in the car of a surgeon who accompanied the train. It would be ready in an hour. I could not stay in the waiting-room; everything was turned into a hospital, and everywhere lay and crouched the wretched neglected forms of the mangled and wounded. And train after train came in with more wounded, and they were as quickly placed and carried away. At my feet was laid a man who gasped unceasingly, making a continuous gurgling sound. I stooped to speak a sympathetic word, but covered my face in horror. He no longer looked like a human being, his under jaw was shot away, and his eyes were hanging from their sockets. He was reeking with decay and corruption. My head sank back against the wall. But the sickening idea came into my head—could it be Frederick? No, it was not he.

As they carried the poor gurgling wretch away the regimental doctor said, "He need not go back to the hospital—he is already three-quarters dead." And with that the agonized creature threw up both his hands in pleading to heaven.

The hour passed, and I started with the two surgeons and four Sisters of Charity and several soldiers. The carriage was hot and filled with mingled odor of hospital and incense, and I felt deathly sick. I leaned back in my corner and closed my eyes.

"Are you ill?" asked the sympathetic young surgeon. "I hear you are joining your wounded husband at Konigsgratz. Do you know where to look for him?"

"No, but I expect to meet Dr. Bresser."

"I know him. We visited the battle-field together three days ago." "Visited the battle-field?" I repeated, shuddering. "Oh, tell me about it."

The surgeon told his story, and I put it afterwards into my journal as I remembered it. From there I copy it now. I had remembered it quite accurately, for into every scene my imagination thrust one fixed idea—that there would be found my wounded Frederick, calling for me:

Behind a little hill the ambulances lay protected. Beyond, the engagement had already begun. The very earth and air trembled with the heat and explosions. Clouds of smoke and roaring artillery filled space. Orders came that we should fetch the wounded from the field. It takes some heroism to march into the midst of a battle when none of the fury of the conflict is in the mind to urge you on. The corporal in charge of the relief ordered the men to a point where the enemy had opened fire. Across the open ground they met groups of wounded dragging themselves and helping each other. One tall man

strove, but not from a wound but sheer exhaustion. They explained: "We have eaten nothing for two days. After an enforced march of twelve hours and a bit of sleep, we were called to the fight unrefreshed."

The relief patrol pushed on. Let them look out for themselves, the surgeons were urged on to the more desperately wounded. They might be picked up on the way back, after help had been rendered to those lying thick in the battle. Everywhere lies a bleeding mass. The wounded swarm about thicker and thicker, creeping and dragging themselves over mounds of corpses, all stretched in mangled positions with the death-writhings still evident—hands clawing the ground, eyes and tongues protruding, feet gnashed, and mouths gaping as in last breath had been drawn. So many, with their limbs and bodies mangled into shapelessness and stiffened with the death agony.

Down through a little ravine the patrol pushed. Here the dead and wounded were lying in heaps together. The shrieks for help, the begging, weeping, and lamenting mixed with the cries for water. Alas the provisions were soon exhausted, and what can a few men do with this mass of hopelessness? If every helper had a hundred arms they could not do all of the rescue work. But they work like heroes until, suddenly, there comes the signal horn calling to another part of the field, while the broken wretches piteously beg not to be deserted. An adjutant comes in hot haste. Evidently a general has been wounded. The surgeons must follow, begging the poor fellows to have patience for they will return. But the promise was never meant and never believed.

On, on they must follow the adjutant. Cries and groans to right and left are unheeded, and though some of the rescuing party falls, they are left with the rest. Men writhing with horrible wounds, torn by horses' hoofs, crushed by passing guns, seeing the rescuers, rear themselves and call for help with a last effort. But on, on, over them all!

So it goes on, page after page, in my journal. One account tells how a shell burst over a group of wounded who had just been bandaged and relieved, tearing them to pieces. Again, it tells how the fighting broke out around the ambulances, a fleeing and pursuing troop sweeping down the wounded, dying, and surgeons, all together; or when terrified riders on horses, maddened with agony, rushed over the wounded on the stretchers, throwing them crushed and lifeless to the ground. Again, the most frightful scene of all is described: A hundred helpless men lay in a farmhouse where their wounds had been dressed, when a shell set the place in a blaze, and their shrieks will ever remain in the memory of those who heard it—in mine, for I fancied again, while the surgeon spoke, that "Frederick" was there, and I heard his voice out of the place of torture, and I felt his hand in my seat.

"Oh, dear lady," the surgeon claimed, "I must not try your nerves. But I had not yet heard enough to strike my thirst for the horrible; I would hear more, and I said, 'No, no, continue: How was the next morning?'" So he continued:

A battle-field by night is hideous enough, but under the glorious sun the fiendish work of man seems doubly fiendish. What the night made seem ghastly, the daylight revealed as absolutely hopeless. Then one first realizes the countless dead—in the streets, the fields.

There is no cannonading, no rattle of musketry, no drums or trumpet-blasts, no flags, no regimentals; the only sound is the low moaning of the poor wretches who are dying without aid. The steaming earth is saturated with red puddle that shimmer, reek, and clot in the sun. Everywhere lie scattered the abandoned sabres, bayonets, knapsacks, cloaks, broken carriages, wagons, and cannon, the half-dead horses staggering up and down and hideously bellowing out their dying shrieks. There is a little hollow into which the wounded had dragged themselves, but it is clear that a battery had driven over them. The hoofs and wheels crushing them into a pulpy oozing mass which still alive—yes, hopelessly alive—

But even more horrible than all this is the certain appearance of that vile scum of human beings, the ghasts which creep in the wake of the battle, to plunder and spoil the dead. They slink among the corpses, mercilessly tearing off their valuables, mutilating and hacking even the living if they still have life enough to defend themselves, snatching out their eyes to make them unrecognizable.

And so they lie, day after day, these poor wretches, for the Sanitary Corps, though they work untiringly, cannot stop for the hopeless ones who beg that they be shot or stabbed in their helpless misery. From above the carrion crows are watching from the trees, preparing to descend for their dinner. Even the starved village dogs come and lick the open flesh. Then comes the great internment. They dig long shallow trenches, and the bodies are thrown in helter-skelter, heads up and heads down. Also they burn the bodies into mounds

and cover them with a few feet of dirt. Let the rain wash it away, who cares?

"Now, will you hear what happened the next day?"

"Oh, I can tell you that," I interrupted. "In the capital of the victorious country the reports have arrived. In the forenoon, while the hyenas of the battle-field work round the trenches, the people in the churches are singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and in the evening, wife and mother of those who have been buried—while yet breathing perhaps—put lighted candles on their window-sill, for the city has to be illuminated for a sign of joy."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "such comedy is marked in the cities—and yonder the tragedy continues."

What a terrible journey it was! Long after the surgeon ceased to tell his story we caught glimpses from the window of the effects of the war. True, there were no scenes of devastation but everywhere families were hurrying with their belongings, leaving home to go they knew not where, for the cry, "The Russians are coming," filled them with terror. We passed many trains carrying the wounded to the inland hospitals. The stations were crammed with men waiting to be carried farther. They had been brought by wagons and carts from the field, and were waiting to get either to the hospitals or cemeteries. At every halt the Sisters of Charity in our party immediately busied themselves, but I was useless. The uproar about the stations was like a bewildering dream; people were running about confusedly, the troops were taking the trains to go farther, the wounded and bleeding were swarming everywhere, and the screams of women added to the frightful conditions. Cannons and baggage wagons rumbled by; trains followed, carrying the reserves from Vienna. The soldiers were crammed in cattle-trucks and freight-cars—just as cattle are sent to the slaughter—and were they not, I could not help thinking, were they not being sent to the big political shambles where the official butchers seek their profits? They rushed by on the rattling wheels like the wind, and a howling war-song pealed from the cars. An armed host marching through the fields or roads on foot or horse, with flags flying, has a certain antique touch of the poetic, more of the movement of free will in it; that the railroad track, this symbol of modernism and civilization which brings the nations nearer together, should be used to thrust men into the battle to let barbarism loose is a hideous contradiction. And even the creaking telegraph, mastering the lightning to do man's will, to advance his interests, to relieve his anxieties, to bring his life into immediate and close touch with his fellows—to think that it should be used in the service of barbarity! Our boast before the barbarians is, "Behold our civilization, our railroads, our telegraph lines," and then we debate these things by using them to enforce and multiply our own savagery.

Such thoughts deepened and embittered my sorrow. Happy were they who were simply weeping and wringing their hands, whose souls did not rise up in wrath against the whole hideous comedy, who did not accuse nor arraign any one with the blame—not even that Lord of Armies whom they believed to be the loving author of all their misery!

Late in the evening I arrived at Konigsgratz, my companions having left me at an earlier station. What if Dr. Bresser failed to meet me? My nerves were quite shattered by the night's experiences, and only my extreme anxiety about Frederick sustained me.

The station in Konigsgratz was overflowing with wounded men; they were lying everywhere—in every nook and corner, in the ground, and on the stones. The night was very dark, there was no moon, and only a few lanterns lighted the station. I sank on to a bench, put my luggage on the ground before me, overcome with the desire for sleep. I began to realize the absurdity of my coming. What if Frederick were already at home, or perhaps dead and buried? Oh, to be able to sleep and forget it, and perhaps even never wake again to behold all this world of horror! At least, let me not live on and find Frederick among the "missing." Was perhaps my boy at home calling for me? What if I did not find Dr. Bresser? What should I do in that case? Luckily I had a little bag with money about my neck, and money always affords some help out of difficulties. And involuntarily felt for the bag. The fastenings were torn off—it was gone. What a blow! Still, the floods of mis-

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### PRZEMSYL OUTER FORTS HAVE FALLEN

London, March 18.—A Press Association report from Petrograd says that the outer forts at Przemsyl have fallen before the Russian attacks.

Petrograd March 18.—Russians are again fighting upon German soil. A dispatch from Warsaw states that the German forces, defending Lausargen, in East Prussia, have been beaten back by the Russians after a fierce attack. The Muscovite troops advancing into Prussia.



not because it is Made in Canada, but because it is the equal of coffee made in any country.



### Turkey.

The ships in the Dardanelles are hammering still pretty much where they were a week ago, though they have wiped out some of the fortifications. The British admiral ventures the calculation that the fleet will be through the Strait by Easter. When the present gateway is stormed there is very little in the way of fortresses left to deal with. What there may be in the way of modern German redoubts armed with great Krupps we hope Admiral Carden knows; others can only guess. The vali of Smyrna has refused to surrender at the demand of the besieging fleet. He has also refused the foreigners, American and other, to set apart a zone of the city which can be declared neutral. The whole city is declared belligerent and residents are advised to get out of it. Of the seven great cities in western Asia Minor to which St. John addressed appeals, the only one that remains is Smyrna. It was then one of the most ancient of cities, and is still the one great commercial city of Asiatic Turkey. It has a population of a quarter of a million, chiefly Christian. The Turks call it Gagar Isur, Infidel Smyrna. So that the Turk does not care much who or what may be hurt. Its chief trade is with Great Britain. It is probably the extent of its British interests that leads the Turkish governor as it were to make a shield of them. Smyrna is the centre of many Protestant missions though these do not much reach the Mahomedans.

—Montreal Weekly Witness.

Injun Bones and Huskies" by J. R. Fraser in March Rod and Gun is no lap-dog story but an account of a desperate encounter which two adventurers in the far north had with a band of ferocious huskies from which they narrowly escaped with their lives. "That Cub of Patrick's" is a somewhat amusing tale—though Pat himself found the experience very provoking—of a captured bear cub that proved one too much for his captor. "A Visit to the Nakimu Caves of Glacier Park, B. C." "Win-dobin's Cabin," "The Passing of the Buffalo" and other stories and articles, along with regular departments, go to make up a fine March number. The sportsman's publication is issued at Woodstock, Ont., by W. J. Taylor, Limited.