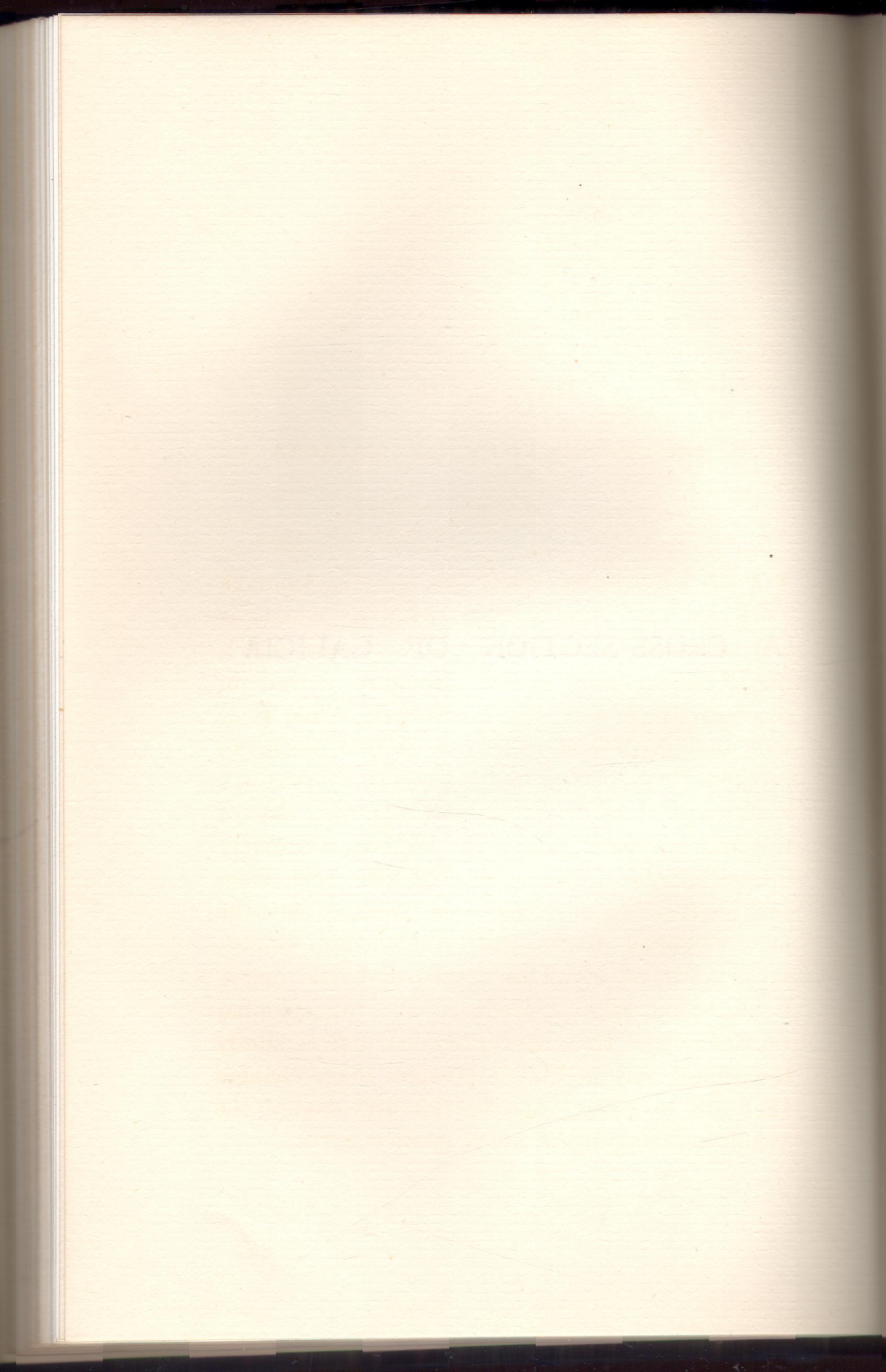


A CROSS-SECTION OF GALICIA



CHAPTER VI

A CROSS-SECTION OF GALICIA

HALICZ, GALICIA,

October 16, 1914.

WE left Lemberg early this morning to make an inspection of the country which is now occupied by the Russians, and over which the Russian Army under Brussilov moved in the early phases of the campaign. While it is true that one would rather see actual battles in progress than spots where there was fighting six weeks ago, it is also true that the first day of this tour through Galicia has been an extremely interesting one. The news that one gets from such a trip is not picturesque reading, but the facts obtained are in their fundamental importance quite as useful as details of battle operations. After all war itself is but the culmination of events that have preceded, and is vitally important only in that it presages other changes that are to come. The battles are merely the visible outcropping of much greater forces.

FIELD NOTES FROM

Here in Galicia we have the first opportunity that has come, to study the conduct of a Russian occupation during the present war ; and the time that has passed since the actual fighting took place is sufficiently long to give one a little perspective of the Russian Army itself, both in its battles here and in its conduct since these battles. On so huge a scale is everything being conducted, that it is perfectly futile to do more than generalize at this time ; the detailed story will require a lot of assembling before anything like an accurate narrative can be given. I shall not, therefore, attempt now to give anything but a very superficial account of impressions. I do believe, however, that the country through which we have to-day travelled may be fairly taken as a typical cross-section of the general situation all over Eastern Galicia, and as such it is not without interest.

We left Lemberg a little after seven o'clock on as perfect an autumn morning as one could wish to experience. The air was fresh and bracing as a clear Indian summer day in North Dakota or Southern Manchuria. The frost was still on the grass, and the leaves all turning made a gorgeous picture of autumn colouring in this beautiful landscape. At the station we found that our colonel had provided a special train for us in which to make our tour.



A Russian Artist sketches a Spy who has just been arrested.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

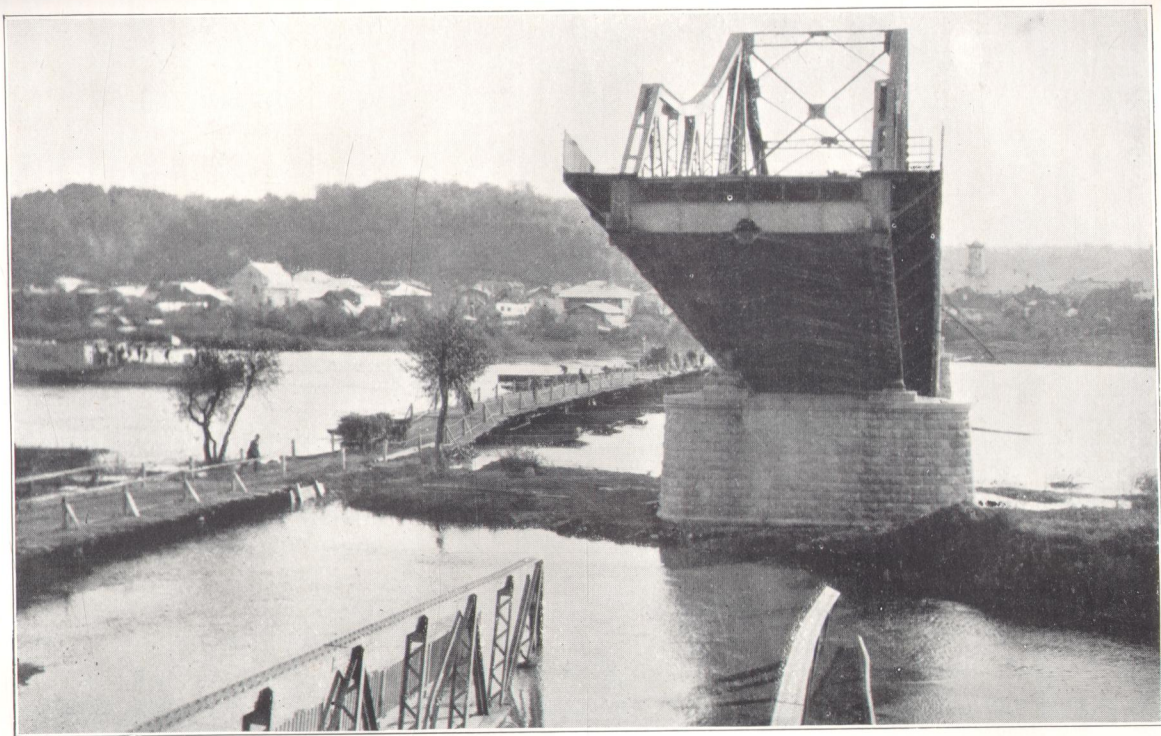
There is a tendency among the correspondents here to bemoan our fate in not being actually in the firing line; but personally I am impressed with the extraordinary effort that is being made by the Russian authorities to give us all that they can, without endangering what they believe to be their best interests, which, after all, is their own business and not ours. To-day, for instance, when engines fitted to the Austrian gauge, and cars to go with them, are about as scarce as hens' teeth, a train composed of a Russian locomotive altered to Austrian gauge, and two cars snatched from the service for the wounded and urgent communication with the front, was placed at our disposal for this journey. A third-class carriage, filled with soldiers as a guard, was attached, and, with sentries with fixed bayonets in our own car (all the country is still an enemy's one, nominally at least), we set out. Our first stop was at Sichov, just outside Lemberg, where there was one of the redoubts in the line of resistance that surrounds this town. This was one of the points made untenable by an enveloping movement, and hence it was abandoned without any effective resistance. It was a textbook fortification, with all the frills of barbed-wire entanglement that the military professors recommend so highly.

Next we stopped to look at an ancient castle,

FIELD NOTES FROM

but the polite information of our guides that it was five hundred years old failed to arouse any enthusiasm among correspondents who were looking for blood only. Hence we proceeded to Chodorov, where there is a junction with a line running south-west towards Stryj. We were then run out a few miles on this line to a point where there was a very fine railroad bridge, which the Austrians, in their retreat, with the aid of dynamite, quietly dumped into the turbid waters of the Dniester, a river which in volume and colour suggests the Saskatchewan at Edmonton, or perhaps the Lio above Yincow in Manchuria. I must say that the Austrian engineers did an excellent job here, for their beautiful steel bridge lay a heap of tangled strands in the river, with the centre pier torn up by the roots.

After having carefully inspected this view of the enemy's handiwork, we returned to Chodorov and were taken to a near-by estate which was the property of an Austrian general, whose duties, and possibly inclinations as well, took him along with the army. This gentleman, it seemed, was not particularly popular with the peasants; and in the period that elapsed between the departure of the Austrians and the appearance of the Russians, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood visited the great man's house and paid him the compliments of many years of



Bridge over the Dneister destroyed by the Austrians during their Retreat.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

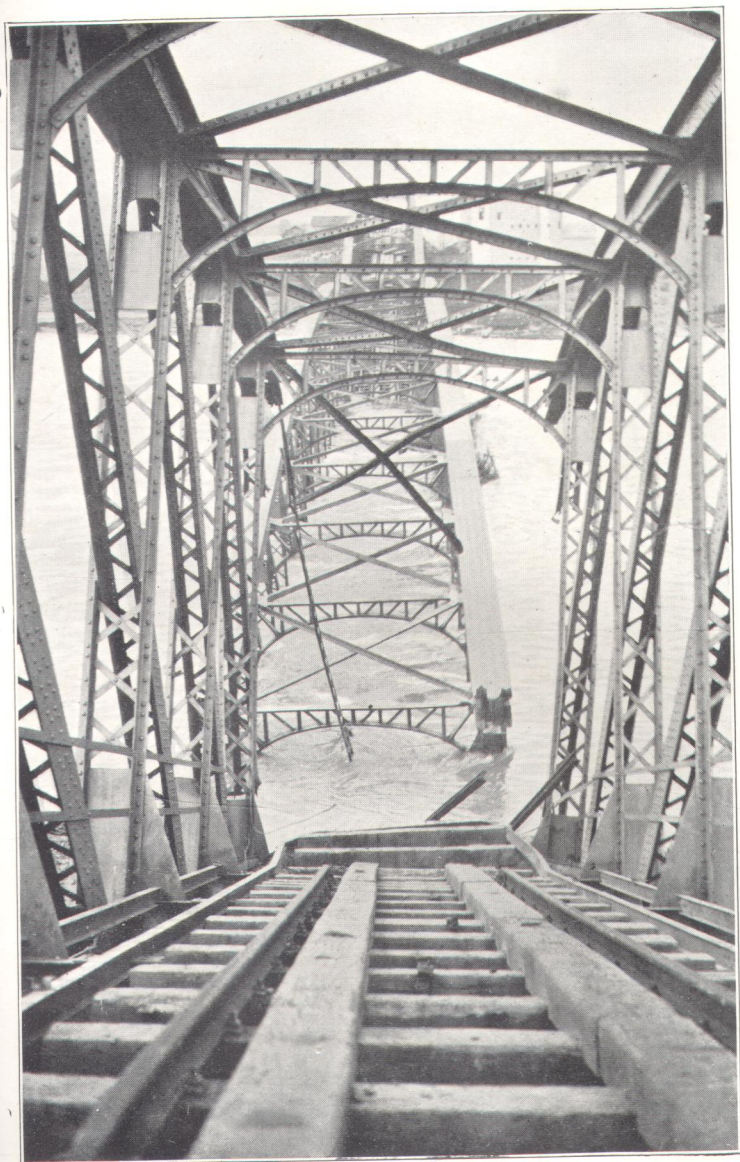
distaste for his person. They certainly did a complete job in house-wrecking. There was not in one room a whole piece of furniture. Every picture was destroyed, and the piano was a dismal chaos of keys and strings on which some local artist had been operating with an axe. After this visit we took our train and proceeded on our way to Halicz, where we are now resting in our handsome train for the night.

We learn that this town formed the extreme left of the Russian army of invasion, and the troops only reached here after two substantial checks. Near here the Austrians had an unusually strong position, and when they finally evacuated it after severe fighting, a large number of them came this way. Their haste was evident from the fact that they blew up the wagon bridge across the river in such a hurry that a number of the engineers who were putting on the last touches of preparations for their explosive enterprise, were blown up by some of their more enterprising comrades, who were anxious to be off. The explosion was not as near as the other was, but sufficiently effective to drop two spans of the bridge into the stream. The Russians were hot on their trail, however, and threw a pontoon bridge across the river just below the old bridge, and continued the pursuit. I am informed that no less than

FIELD NOTES FROM

three divisions of Cossacks passed over this bridge ahead of the main columns of infantry.

Here we have a situation where excesses might be looked for, if anywhere. Cossacks pushing forward after a pretty stubborn fight in which substantial losses have been sustained, are not generally supposed to be over-delicate in their attentions to the natives of the occupied country. What any one can see for himself is, that the town, excepting a few buildings near the dépôt, is intact. What one hears from the officers and natives, is that they behaved with perfect propriety and paid for all that was taken. Generally speaking, one must take official versions as liable to prejudice, and naturally one cannot look for the inhabitants to abuse the Russian troops to a correspondent in khaki who is accompanied by an officer. I am inclined to believe the version as already given, for in every yard there were chickens, and on the outskirts of the town one noticed stock grazing in neighbouring fields. Evidently then, there had been no pillaging here. Besides, the manner and faces of the people showed neither fear nor suspicion of the troops quartered about; and with the possible exception of the Jews, there was not a hostile look. The Jews, one must admit, looked pretty sulky, though on all occasions they were effusively polite.



Railway Bridge over the Dneister destroyed by the Austrians
before retreating.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

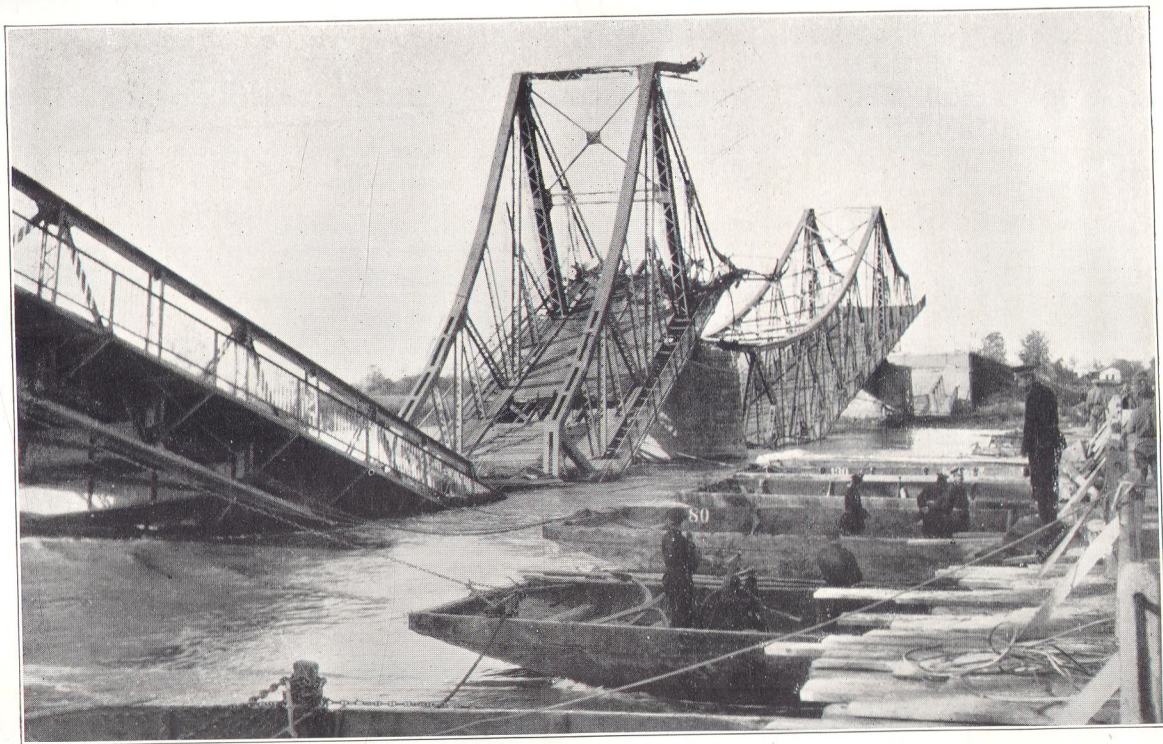
It is true, of course, that the population here is thickly studded with Little Russians, and the Russian language is widely spoken; and as there was no resistance offered by any of the people, perhaps undue excesses were not to be expected. It is equally true, however, that an enormous army, even in its own country, is not much better than a swarm of locusts in a wheat field. All to-day, however, I have been greatly impressed with the condition of the country. With the exception of a few villages where fighting took place, everything seems absolutely normal. Geese, pigs, chickens and ponies are numerous in every town and village, while the whole valley seems to support the stock which one sees in almost every field. Much of the grain is still in the stack, and the fields are full of women working on the fall, ploughing, and gathering in the corn. There is nothing to suggest that a ravenous army, numbering hundreds of thousands, has swept through here, and this fact is significant of the restraint and discipline of the invaders.

It is clear from the preparations made in the vicinity, that the Austrians had intended to make a stand here, but thought better of it in the end; for many of their gun positions were never used at all, nor were their trenches ever occupied against the Russians. A number of modern

FIELD NOTES FROM

quickfirers of the latest model had been abandoned in such hot haste that even the delicate sighting apparatus and the breech-blocks were perfectly intact. A whole trainload of these was on the siding when we came in, awaiting shipment to Russia as tangible evidence of the victories in Galicia.

At the station there were a few Austrian and Hungarian prisoners who had just been captured. It seems that they were relics of the early fighting, who had been hiding since the battle. They looked extremely cheerful, and were conversing happily with the Russian soldiery, with whom they fraternized with the greatest possible friendliness. With them, however, had been taken a remarkable-looking individual in skirts and buckskin shirt and a straw hat. He, it seems, was forty miles off his beat, and the experts decided that he was a Hungarian and belonged to the other side of the Carpathians; his association with the captured soldiers so far from his local environment seemed to impress the Russians unfavourably. This gentleman, be it said, did not evince any signs of enthusiasm, though he consented to be sketched and photographed. Possibly he was aware of the fact that he was under suspicion as a spy, and that his chances of an early execution were excellent, for his expression was not cheerful.



Bridge over River Dneister destroyed by the Austrians.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

The country here is perfectly beautiful, and the towns, with their varied architecture and more than varied population, are picturesque to a degree. Certainly none of these quaint villages ever had a definite conception of modern war, or of anything outside their peaceful valley, until this world storm swept through their town a few weeks ago.

ON THE PATH OF WAR

SAW NO HEAT BUT NO

CHAPTER VII

ON THE PATH OF WAR

SPECIAL TRAIN, EN ROUTE LEMBERG,

October 17, 1914.

WE were up at six this morning at our stopping place in Halicz. A heavy frost in the cool, still, morning air presaged the glorious day that followed. All in the vicinity was peaceful and quiet, with only the little half-noises of birds and animal life stirring in the early daylight to break the stillness that lay like a blanket above this wonderfully serene valley. It was hard to realize that such a thing as war existed, and that we were going out to view a field where but a few weeks ago thousands of men were intent on nothing less than mutual destruction.

After breakfast we left the station with a cavalry escort and proceeded some five miles, to a hill where the Austrians had prepared a rather pretentious gun position. Bombproofs, trenches, positions for heavy guns, and the usual advance trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, gave

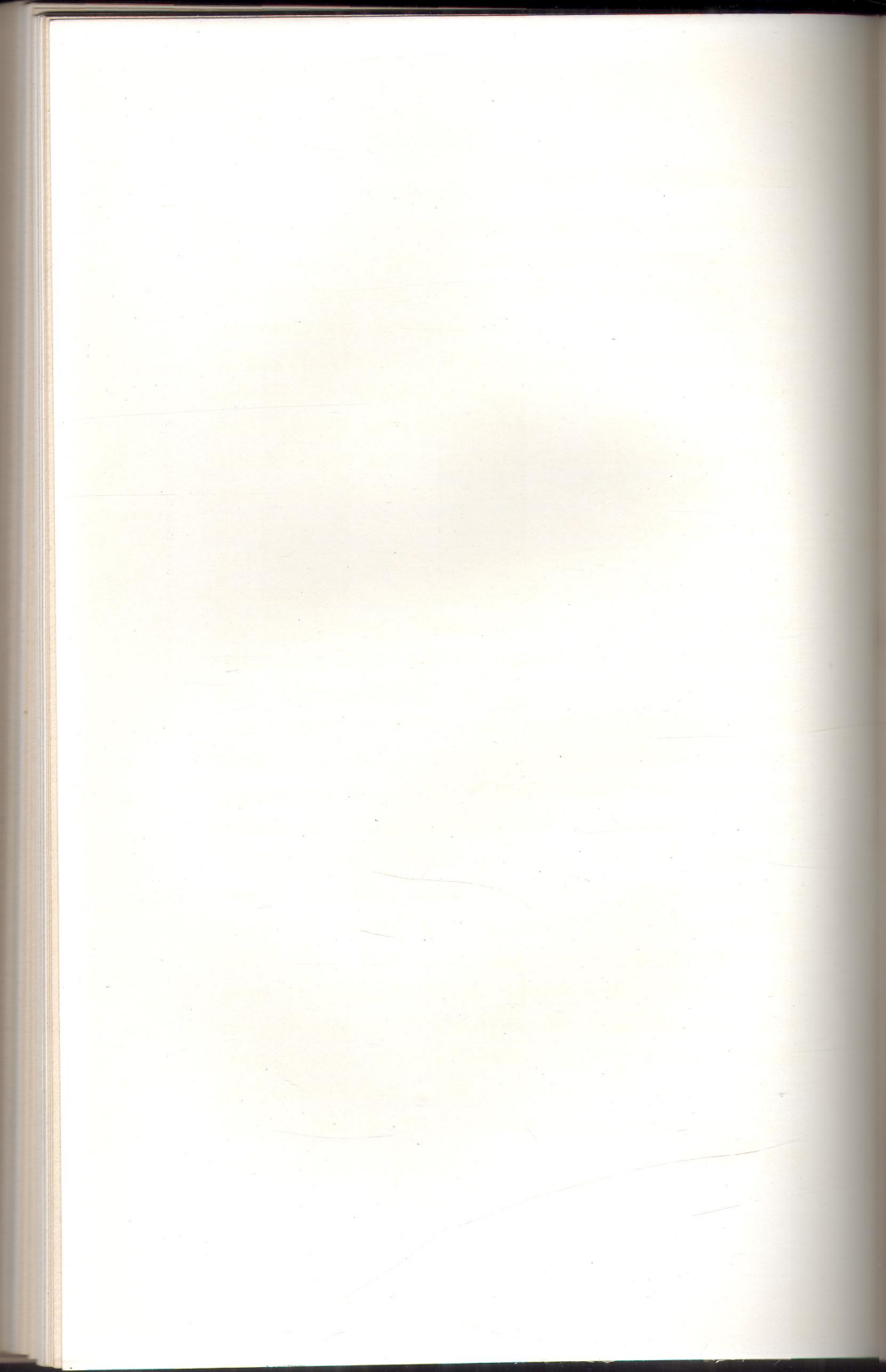
FIELD NOTES FROM

evidence that a strong defence had been planned. The position swept the whole valley, which lay below us like a map in the bright sunshine, with here and there the little villages dotting the plain. The main defect of this position seems to have been that the guns were so placed that at a slight flank angle they could not be used at all. As an amateur in military matters, it was a mystery to me why all this work had been done with such an obvious disadvantage. Perhaps some one knows the answer, but certainly it is not this writer. Evidently the Russians declined to come in the expected direction. In any event the Austrians never had a chance to use their guns, and left with such dispatch that the position remained exactly as they had left it. Here it was that the new field pieces were taken, their breech-blocks so nicely oiled that they slipped in and out as smoothly as a key in a good-working lock.

From here we circuited the hills for a few miles and then descended into the village of Botszonce, a point not far from a really important position vigorously defended by the Austrians. The whole heart of this little town was cut out by shell fire. It seems that when the Austrians abandoned their position farther on, many of them came this way. Retreating troops gravitate towards a village as iron filings to a magnet,



Galician Village destroyed by Russian Artillery. Note how the Churches have been spared.



THE RUSSIAN FRONT

and here the residue from the disaster beyond began to accumulate. One can well imagine the officer commanding the Russian advance watching all this through a field-glass, and tersely giving the order to unlimber a battery and stir those fellows out of the village. No doubt fifteen or twenty minutes sufficed to lay the centre of the town in ruins. The significance of the whole, however, is perhaps in the fact that in about ten acres of wreck and ruin there stands conspicuously alone the town hall with a spire like a church. Immediately beyond are two churches also intact. It is clear that the Russian artillery practice was advised and efficient, for one building not ten feet from the supposed church was completely wrecked, while apparently not a shell struck the churches themselves. This would seem manifest evidence that the Russians, at least, are able to distinguish, even in the heat of action, between sacred buildings and those that are not. I was particularly interested to note the care with which the fire, not only here but in the few other villages affected, has been concentrated on big buildings, while the humbler quarters of the peasants have been spared. In this town not one was touched by shell fire, and the few destroyed were burned by the spread of adjacent fires.

FIELD NOTES FROM

From this little town we pushed on to the ridge of hills again, where the Austrian position had been. This place, we were told, was but one link in the great line which extended from Halicz on the south to Rawa Ruska on the north, hundreds of kilometres away. The defence here was obviously stubborn and hard fought, and fighting continued for several days. It is over now by weeks, but the position with its gruesome relics and numerous newly-made graves tells its own story. For miles the line extended, and every trench spoke the story of the Austrian resistance. Heaps upon heaps of empty shells, broken equipment, fragments of burst shrapnel cases, coats torn and rent by explosions, and hundreds upon hundreds of knapsacks and cartridge boxes. Here and there the positions were occupied by the quickfirers, now piled deep with the big brass cases of the field artillery cartridges. Scattered through the field beneath were caissons and artillery relics that had been left high and dry in the stubble of cornfields in the retreat. It was a strange picture to see a peasant quietly gathering stacked corn in a wagon ten feet from a wrecked caisson that looked as much out of place in the peaceful scene as a ship high and dry on the seashore.

All the way back to Halicz the soldiers' effects were strewn, abandoned in their flight from

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

this position. It is extremely difficult to get an accurate story at present of any of these operations in detail, as the men who fought them are either dead or are still fighting at the front now hundreds of kilometres away to the west. The villagers have nothing but hazy ideas, and out of the confusion of their bewildered minds one gets little or nothing of fact. All the Russian officers and soldiers now here are of the reserve, and they have only general ideas as to the details which have come to them indirectly. It is useless, therefore, to try and picture or analyse any of these operations along this front.

What puzzles one most, perhaps, is the contemplation of what must have been the feelings of these villagers throughout this valley. Take Botszonce or Halicz as an example. One could hardly find a more isolated community in Europe. Their little valley is on the road to no place that any of us have ever heard of, and probably not one Westerner a month ever passes this way. Here in the midst of their isolation the population suddenly find their whole familiar countryside filled with armed men. Their trees are felled and their fields dotted with trenches and gun positions, while they behold their hills torn open to emplace heavy guns, and the whole countryside stretched with barbed-wire entanglements. Then while they are still dizzy with watching preparations

FIELD NOTES FROM

of which they understand nothing, their peace and quiet are torn asunder by the tumult of rifle and shell fire.

The quiet little streets, where their people have for centuries bargained and gossiped, are now filled with the flotsam and jetsam of defeat, and intermittent streams of wounded men are poured into their public buildings. Finally comes the first wave of retreat, and for hours their country roads are choked with artillery, transport and angry drivers belabouring the sweating horses. They see their town clogged with weary and exhausted men pausing for a moment's rest; and then suddenly hell breaks loose in the centre of their village, and they see their buildings falling in ruins, with bricks and cement flying in every direction, as the shells of the batteries on the hills miles away come pouring into their town.

That too passes away, and in the still deadness of the cessation from tumult, they wander about their ruins like ants about a broken hill. Then comes the vanguard of the Russians and for days they see nothing but cavalry and infantry in strange uniforms pouring through their streets. And now they too are gone, and the echoes of war have died away. Even yet these people are wandering about the streets in a sort of bewilderment.



Halicz.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

But even in this little town which had the misfortune to be in the path of war's desolating march, there seems no hostility towards the soldiers. No one here was apparently treated badly, and save for the destruction of the centre of their town, which took place in a few minutes, nothing further befell them. As one looks it all over, the pathos of it sinks in. Yet the destruction of a town sheltering troops must, of course, be a military necessity, and as such accepted as legitimate. But it certainly is hard on the peaceful inhabitants.

After lunch with the commandant at Halicz we take train for Lemberg, and expect to sleep there to-night.

But even in the most favorable conditions, it is
time to bear in mind the fact of water desalination
there being no doubt as to the fact that the
No one has yet been able to find a way to
save the water in the case of the water of the
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THE WOMEN IN THE WAR

THE HISTORY OF THE

CHAPTER VIII

THE WOMEN IN THE WAR

VLADIMIR VALENSKY, RUSSIA,
October 21, 1914.

EVERY cloud, so the proverb runs, has its silver lining. Surely there can be no greater cloud than the ghastly shadow of war which lies all over Europe to-day, but equally true is it that this one also has its silver lining, a side filled with human sympathy, love and the best instincts of which the race is capable. This, of which I would write a few lines, is the world of devotion and beauty supplied by the sisterhood of the Red Cross in Russia at war to-day. For several weeks now we have travelled constantly amidst scenes of war and the wreckage that man has created among his fellows, and there has not been a day in all these weeks that the picture has not been softened by the presence everywhere of the gentle womanhood of this country, ministering to the smitten, and alleviating the suffering of those who have fallen before the tempest of shot and shell that

FIELD NOTES FROM

has swept across this great zone in which we have been travelling.

As the troops have responded to the call to the colours, so the women and girls have given themselves broadcast to the work of alleviating the misery of the wounded, and of speaking the last low words of love and sympathy to those whose minutes upon this earth are dragging to their appointed end. Most significant of all to the stranger who has been led to believe that Russia is a land of two classes—the aristocrat and the peasant—is the democracy of the women. In response to the appeal to womanhood, there is here no class and no distinction, and one sees princess and humble peasant woman clad in the same sacred robe of the Red Cross. On more than one occasion I have discovered that the quiet, haggard-faced sister, whom I have questioned as to her work among the wounded, was a countess, or a member of the élite of Petrograd's exclusive society.

As my mind runs back over the past days, a number of pictures stands clear in my mind as typical of the class of selfless, high-minded women whom the exigencies of war have called from their luxurious homes to the scenes of war's horrors. In Lemberg, just at twilight, I spent two hours in one of the huge barracks of misery in which were crystallized all the results of man's

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

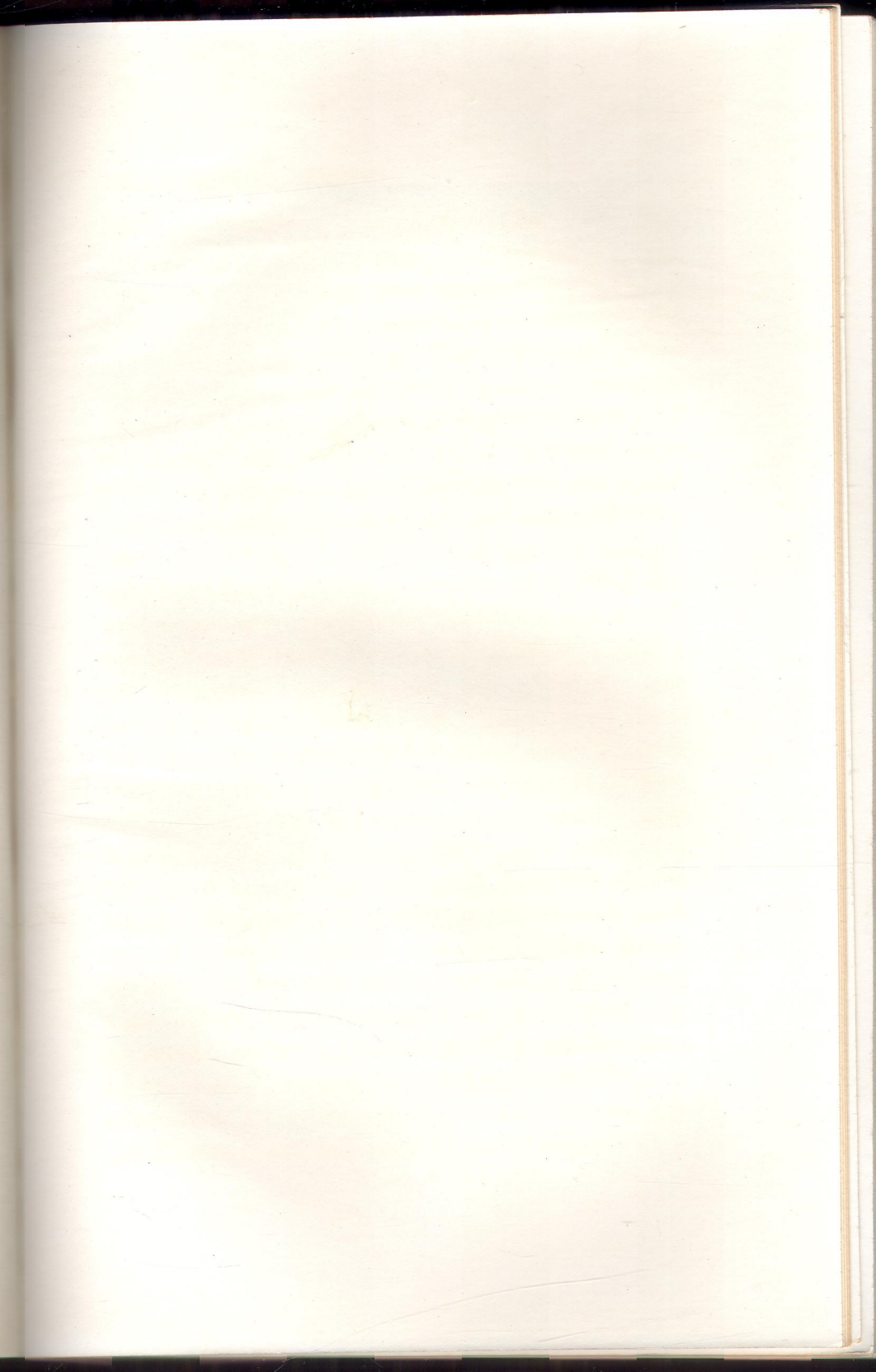
ingenuity to destroy his fellow. There went with me the round of the wards a woman whose pale face and lines of sadness bespoke the drain on nerve and sympathy that weeks in the hospitals had involved. In her uniform frock and white-faced headgear, with the great red cross of mercy on her bosom, she seemed to typify womanhood at its very best. As we entered each ward every head was turned in her direction. At each bed she paused for a moment to pass a smooth, white hand, soft as silk, across the forehead of some huge, suffering peasant. Again and again the big men would seize her hand and kiss it gently, and as she passed down the line of beds every eye followed her with loving devotion such as one sees in the eyes of a dog.

And in each bed was a story not a detail of which was unknown to the great-hearted gentle woman. Here was a man, she told me, the front of whose head had been smashed in by a shrapnel ball which had coursed down and come out at the back of the neck. "Two weeks ago," she said, "I could put two fingers up to my hand in this man's brain. Yet we have fixed him up and he will recover," and with an adorable movement she stooped quickly and patted the great, gaunt hand that lay upon the coverlet. And so we went from bed to bed. When she at last left me I asked the attending surgeon of her. "Ah,

FIELD NOTES FROM

yes," he said, "she is here always, and when there is a rush, I have known her to spend fifty hours here without sleep and with little food. Who is she? Countess —. There are many, many like her here."

Again comes to mind a picture at Rawa Ruska. The street from the station is lined on both sides with hospitals. As I was returning to the hotel last night I paused beside an open window. Inside the room was an operating table, on which, beneath the dull rays of an oil lamp, was stretched the great body of one of Russia's peasant soldiers. This point is near the battle line now, and many of the wounded come almost directly here from the trenches. The huge creature that now lay on the table was without coat, the sleeve of the left arm was rolled to the shoulder, and over him hovered two girls as beautiful as a man could wish to see. The one sitting on a high stool, held in her aproned lap the great, raw stump of bloody flesh that had been a hand, and even in the dull light one could see the smears of red upon her apron. As she tenderly held the hand, she spoke in a low and gentle voice to the soldier, whose compressed lips showed the pain his wound was costing, although no groan or murmur escaped him. The other girl, kneeling by his side, was sponging the hideous member with the gentleness of a mother handling a baby.



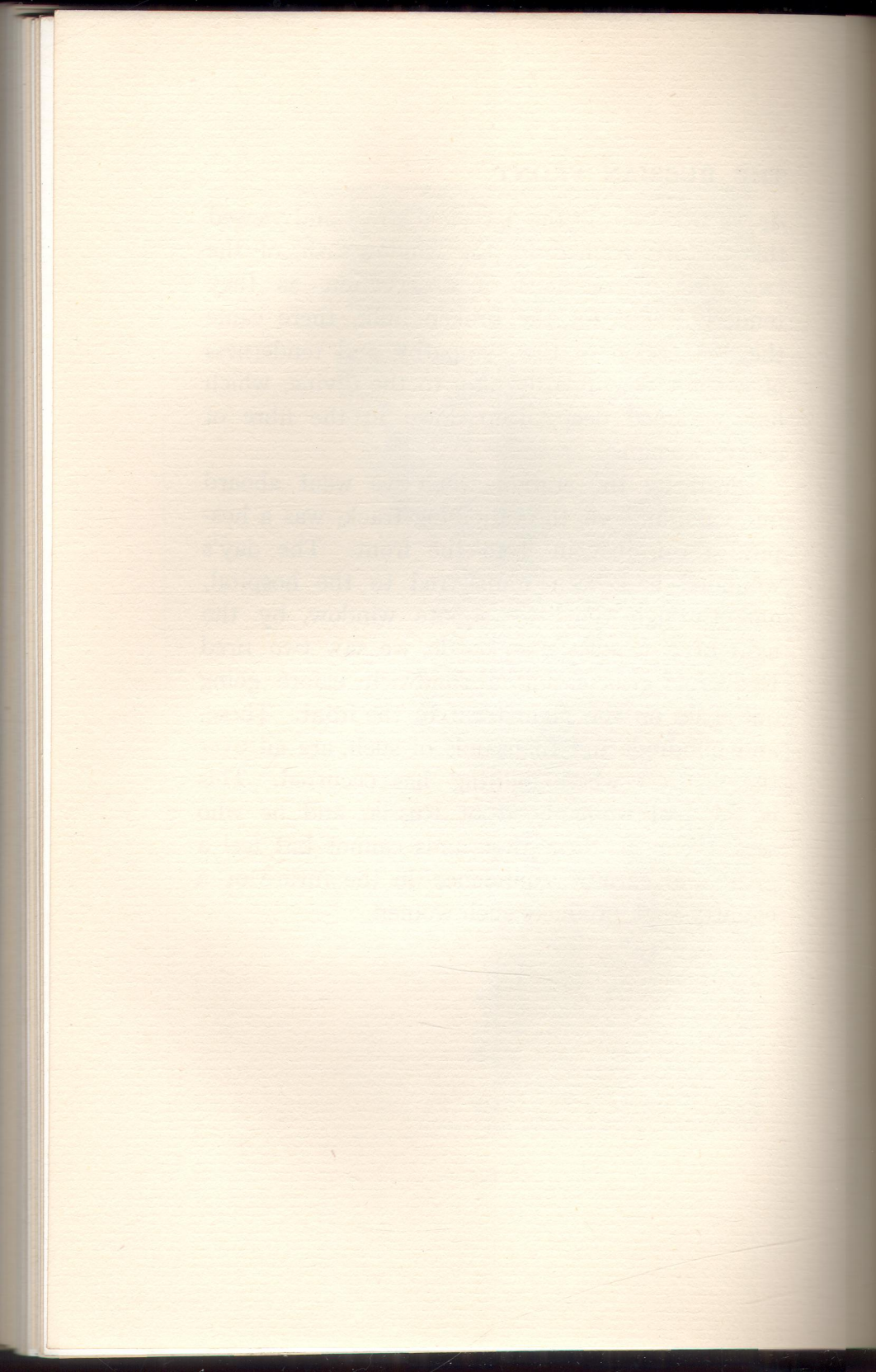


Correspondents' Special Train.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

As we stood out in the darkened street and viewed this picture, framed by the window-sash, of the two girls, unconscious of observation as they tenderly cared for the broken hulk, there came the realization of the sympathy and tenderness of woman, a sympathy akin to the divine, which lies ingrained deep, deep down in the fibre of every woman.

Down by the station when we went aboard our cars, and on the adjoining track, was a hospital train, just in from the front. The day's wounded had been transferred to the hospital, and through the little square window, by the light of a candle in a bottle, we saw two tired Red Cross girls eating a sandwich before going out again on the night train to the front. These, and hundreds and thousands of such, are all over the districts where fighting has occurred. This is the real womanhood of Russia, and he who sees them in their thousands cannot but feel a great and earnest confidence in the future of a country that produces such women.



THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF
GALICIA

TO THE RUSSIAN CONSUL AT
LONDON

CHAPTER IX

THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF GALICIA

HEADQUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN GENERAL STAFF,

October 22, 1914.

*(More particular identification forbidden by
Censor.)*

HAD Russia been fighting Austria alone in this war, the whole world would have been ringing for the last two months with the account of vast operations, magnificent strategy, and battles which in size and extent have never before been known in the world's history. But with the coming of the war here, there broke also the great cloud all over Europe, and the details and scope of this remarkable campaign have, as it seems to me, been completely overshadowed by the nearer and better understood operations in the country of Western Europe, which is much more intimately known to Englishmen and to Americans. While England and the United States were hanging with bated breath on the invasion of Belgium and

FIELD NOTES FROM

the subsequent movements in France, the situation in Galicia received scant attention, and barring occasional reports of the capture of towns, the names of which were hardly familiar to us, very little news came from this zone.

It seems, therefore, appropriate at this time to sketch briefly and simply what has been done down here by Russia and how she has done it. But before beginning the narrative, in justice to the writer it must be explained that he is still attached to the General Staff of the Russian Army, with such regulations governing written matter sent out, that nothing like a definite story of movements of troops can be written even now. If in this chapter I can show merely the greater strategy and plan so as to make intelligible the general scope of the movements, all that at this time and from this place is now possible will have been accomplished. It must be remembered, however, that numbers of troops, army corps, exact positions, and anything, in fact, that can possibly be of the smallest benefit to the enemy, have been ruled out, and any possible ambiguities in what follows must be charged by the reader to the exigencies of the case. With the mere statement that the operations against Austria involved the movement of more than a million of Russian troops against about a million of Austrians and Hungarians, it will be under-

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

stood that the scale of the campaign was enormous.

At the commencement of the war the invasion began from three different directions, and the Russian troops were formed into three great groups, each composing many army corps, the total aggregating twenty. These movements started from three bases. Brussilov from the extreme east, with his base on Odessa, crossed the boundary formed by the river Zbrucz (local spelling), with his central corps on the line of the railroad at Wotoczyska, and commenced his march on Lwow (Lemberg), which is the strategic centre of central Galicia. Simultaneously Russky's army started with its innumerable army corps and auxiliary troops, having Kiev for its base. These divisions crossed the frontier with their centre on the line of railroad running from Radziwitow through Brody and Krasne to Lemberg.

The last great group of army corps, commanded by Ewerts, had its base on Brest-Litowsk, and moved south via Lublin to drive out the opposing Austrians in their front, and take the whole in the flank. This, in a very broad and general way, was the movement planned and the general scheme of strategy, which, it may be said, was carried out to the letter. The greatest weakness of Russia at the start of the hostilities was in

FIELD NOTES FROM

her lack of strategic lines of railroad. If one takes a map of Galicia, it will be observed that the Austrian Government has numerous lines which run to the frontier of Russia and then stop. This enabled the Austrians to mass troops almost instantly. The Russians, on the other hand, had few such lines, and the result was that the initial operations were much more difficult than they would otherwise have been. Time, in war, is the chief factor of the whole enterprise. Had Russia had more railheads at the frontier, she would no doubt have swept Eastern Galicia before the Austrians could have concentrated in any great force. But the lack of such facilities enabled the enemy to prepare defences hurriedly at many points, and to contest the Russian advance at every step. The opinion in England and in the United States also, seems to have been that the Austrian troops were inferior, and that Russian advances were due largely to the weakness of her enemy. Those who have travelled over the field of operations, and read in the page of abandoned battlefields the tale of stubborn resistance, must change their views about the Austrians, and at the same time admit the remarkable impetuosity and courage of the Russian troops, who, against enormous obstacles, tore their way through a clever and ferocious resistance. The army of Brussilov was the most distant from the



Galician Peasants.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

strategic centre aimed at (Lemberg), and hence had the farthest to go, and perhaps in the early days the hardest fighting. The Austrians, with their superior railway facilities, were able to prepare a preliminary line of resistance to this army, along the bluffs and high ground between the forks of the stream known on local maps as Ztota Lippa, and here they made their first stand, a battle which in any other war would have taken columns to describe, but which in this struggle falls into the class of a mere skirmish.

From this point the Austrians fell back on a second line of defence, and one which was, in fact, an extremely strong one. This was the hills and ridges east of the river called Gnita Lippa. By the time this position was reached by the Russians, Brussilov's left was in touch with Russky's right that had crossed the boundary around Radziwitow. The position now defended by the Austrians extended from the town of Halicz on the Dniester river, which was the Russian southern flank, in a practically unbroken line through and north of Krasne. The battle which was engaged over this extended line lasted for periods, in different parts of the position, of eight to ten days in the south, to nearly two weeks on the Krasne position itself.

The Austrian line was a very strong one and

FIELD NOTES FROM

was defended with an intelligence and vigour which for days on end promised to thwart utterly the Russian efforts to break through. Trenches by the mile, with bombproofs, barbed-wire entanglements, and all the other devices of modern field fortifications had been erected to block the advance of the invading troops. Modern field guns, machine guns and field howitzers were all turned against the Russians, and their losses were undoubtedly very heavy. Some of the details of the general line were contested for eight and nine days, being now taken by one side and now by the other, with each assault and counter-assault leaving the piled-up heaps of the dead and wounded in its wake. All this time Ewerts' numerous army corps were slowly pressing down from their base on Brest Litowsk, driving back heavy forces of the Austrians. But these columns were not determining factors in the first big fight before Lemberg. It was the collapse of the Austrian defence towards the south of the line that broke down the first big Austrian stand on their main line of defences. Heavy masses of them fled via Halicz, blowing up a fine steel bridge in their retreat. But the Russians, in spite of their days of incessant marching and heavy fighting, were not to be denied, and, throwing a pontoon bridge over the river, followed up their victory.



Transport fording a River in Poland: remains of destroyed Bridge can be seen in the Foreground.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

This movement threatened to envelop the whole Austrian right, as a glance at the map will show, and rendered the defence still going on around Krasne no longer tenable. Orders were therefore hurriedly given for the abandonment of that hard-fought field. It must be understood however, in justice to the Austrians, that, even after thirteen days of resisting the Russians, their line in this part of the field was not broken, nor even severely shaken ; and their retirement was due to the strategical exigencies created by Brussilov's enveloping movement on the south. The Austrians then evacuated their base at Lwow (Lemberg), and without offering any further resistance in the city, retired to their newly-created and even stronger position extending through Grodek and north to Rawa Ruska. Here, for the first time, all the Russian armies were in touch, as all the Austrians were also. Ewerts and his numerous corps had forced back his antagonists to the line between Rawa Ruska and Bitgoraj. This then presented an enormous front, with all the armies of both sides in touch with each other, and all engaged practically at the same time. It is difficult to form more than the merest approximate estimate of numbers engaged, but it is safe to put the total on both sides as above 2,500,000.

This battle, the details of which are so little

FIELD NOTES FROM

known, was without doubt the hardest fought struggle, and on the most gigantic scale that the war had seen up to the time when it took place. Ewerts on the north would not be denied his advance, and his repeated assaults on the Austrians resulted in bending in their left day by day until their line was bent into a right angle, with Rawa Ruska on the north-eastern corner. Here for eight days a battle raged which the annals of history certainly cannot up to this time duplicate, for the ferocity and bitterness of attack, and the stubbornness and courage of the defence. The Austrians, let it be said, were in an extremely strong position round this quaint little town, and were prepared to defend themselves to the last ditch, which in fact they did to the letter. At the extreme corner of the defence, which I suppose one might call the strategic centre of the whole battle—if one place in so huge an amphitheatre can be picked out—they fought for six days with an endurance which was almost incredible.

Here there are no less than eight lines of defence in little more than a mile. Each of these was held to the last minute, and some of them changed hands several times before the Russians came finally over them. Each trench tells its own story of defence. Piles and piles of empty cartridges, accoutrements and knick-knacks are

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

heaped in every ditch. Right across the field between their positions, is written their hurried change of line, with new graves and hundreds of haversacks scattered in between. Then comes another trench with the same signs of patient endurance under shot and shell. The last and strongest position of all before the final collapse is a place to make the blood curdle. By this time the Russians had brought up their heavy field howitzers, and when they finally got the range, they literally destroyed the whole position. One can walk for hundreds of yards stepping from one shell hole into another, each five feet deep and perhaps ten feet across. One can pick up the dirt of the trenches and sift the shrapnel balls out in handfuls. And yet even here the Austrians hung on for a time, as the mute evidence of the field too clearly tells. In every direction from each shell hole is strewn the fragments of blue cloth of the Austrian uniform, torn into shreds and ribbons by the force of the explosive; and all about the field are still bits of arms, a leg in a boot, or some other ghastly token of soldiers, true to discipline, hanging on to a position that was alive with bursting shells and flying shrapnel.

Beyond this line was the artillery position of the Austrians, and here again we find heaps upon heaps of brass shrapnel shells, with shattered

FIELD NOTES FROM

wheels and splinters of caissons in every direction. This last stand finally caved in, and the next field, dotted with dead horses, shows where the remnant of the Austrian artillery took its way. The Austrians never had a chance to make a stand in the town itself, and with its loss came the dissolution of the whole defence along the entire line of battle, and what was really an overwhelming disaster to the cause of the Dual Monarchy. The Austrian army here split in two. While it is an advantage for victorious armies to have separate bases, it is anything but desirable for an army in defeat, for naturally each fragment falls back on its own line of communications. This is what actually happened here at this time. The Hungarian corps on the Austrian right retired through the Carpathian passes, while the Austrians fell back in confusion on Cracow, with the Russians taking Yaroslav on their heels. This, then, was the first great phase of the invasion of Galicia. The Russians at the conclusion of this part of the campaign held Galicia up to the river San and Yaroslav, and had swept everything in this zone before them with the exception of the fortified position of Przemyśl, which as I write still forms a strong position in the present Austrian line. So much for the purely military aspect. Let us now turn to the methods of the Russians and the



Transport crossing a River in Poland, the Bridge having been destroyed by the Germans.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

manner of their behaviour while in a conquered country.

The Russians, after six weeks of campaigning, were left in absolute control of the whole of Galicia, up to a line running from the Carpathians on the south, through Przemysl and along the river San to the important town of Yaroslav. If one goes back over this campaign and studies out the movements from the start of the war, one cannot but be enormously impressed with the remarkable achievement accomplished by the Russian Army in a comparatively short campaign. Starting from widely separated bases, with meagre railway facilities, they manœuvred three giant armies, each composed of many corps and all working in general union, and achieved, without one effective setback, a series of victories of enormous magnitude. They did this in the face of an enemy whom history will show to have been by no means weak. The theory that Austria was a web of factions that would dissolve at the first impact, and the belief that her troops would not fight, has been absolutely disproved ; and it serves to magnify the achievements of the soldiers of the Czar, when we accord to the Austro-Hungarian Army the credit which is due to its courageous defence and the stubborn resistance put up at every favourable opportunity.

FIELD NOTES FROM

My opinion is that no troops could have made a braver resistance than was offered in many instances by the defeated army. I walked over one position which the Austrians held for a day in a stubble field with no defences whatever save the few inches deep pits that each man dug out for himself. For a mile the pathetic evidence of their determination to stick was visible on every hand. An unbroken line of accoutrements and fragments of shells mark the position where they held on absolutely without any shelter. Right in the centre of this hideous zone was a crossing of the roads, and there stands to-day a moss-grown old cross which for a century perhaps has received the reverence of the passing peasant. All through this terrible day, the carved figure of the Christ upon the cross looked down upon the dying and wounded. The top of the wooden upright was shattered with a bit of shell, while one arm of the figure of Christ was carried away by a shrapnel fragment. Could anything be more incongruous than this pathetic figure of Him, who came to spread peace and goodwill among men, looking down to-day on a field sown with mangled corpses? At the very foot of the cross is a newly-made grave and a rude wooden sign nailed upon the monument itself: "Here lie the bodies of 121 Austrian warriors and four Russian warriors of the —th regiment."



Cross with Figure partly shattered by Shell Fire.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

After the terrible fighting that had gone on for weeks, there followed a period of recuperation and refilling of the wastage of both armies. The Russians engaged the forts of Przemyśl and took the town of Sambor, and rested for a little. In the meantime the Austrians, encouraged by their German allies, were making frantic efforts to pull themselves together. The fragments of the army that had escaped through the passes of the Carpathians were taken by rail to Cracow, while the army that went that way was reinforced and stiffened up, and the whole reorganized and whipped into shape for further operations. The view that the heart of the Austrian army had been destroyed was now contradicted, for shortly after the 10th of October they again showed signs of life. We hear that their left in Cracow joins the German right, and that many German army corps are united with them there. Rumour among us also says that the German Staff is in command of all their present operations. In any case, the second phase of the Galician war is now in full blast.

The Austrians began this by a terrific attack on Sambor, which was held by the Russians. Their impetus was so great that for several days it seemed possible that the Russians might be dislodged permanently from their hard-won position on their left flank. Indeed at Lemberg, where

FIELD NOTES FROM

the guns could plainly be heard, there were constant rumours of Austrian victories. But their offensive ultimately failed, and the tide of battle gradually ebbed from round Sambor, and the interest shifted to a point which is between Sambor and Przemysl. Here the Austrians concentrated a number of army corps, less than four, and made a heroic effort to break the Russian line, with the idea of taking Lemberg, which was a practicable scheme, entirely dependent on the success of their attack. For a day or so their efforts seemed to be showing results, and a number of the hospitals in Lemberg were ordered to be in readiness for an instant removal. But this also failed, and also the Sambor movement, with a dreadful loss to the Austrians in dead and wounded, besides more than 5,000 prisoners taken by the Russians.

While this action was at its height, the combined Austrians and Germans delivered a stroke against Yaroslav, which the Russians had been holding since the days following the retirement of the Austrians from their Rodek-Rawa Ruska line. The details of this battle are not known to us, and indeed, the action is still under way as I am writing these lines. From what we gather, however, the Germans, after occupying Yaroslav, were driven out by the Russians in a terrible counter-attack, and since then have made



Church destroyed by Artillery. Note the Cross untouched.



THE RUSSIAN FRONT

no headway whatsoever. In a word, the movements of the Austro-German united armies in this last effort to wrest Galicia from the Russians seem now to have been absolutely futile. For three days we were travelling just in the rear of the Russian line, and during all that time the cannonading was terrible and without intermission. We are too near the operations, both from the point of view of distance and time, to get any real perspective of the general situation ; but at the time of writing it seems safe to venture the statement that the Dual Alliance have shot their bolt on this frontier, and that hereafter there will be no serious opportunity for them to regain the territory which they lost in Galicia.

The fortress of Przemyśl still holds out and may very well last until the end of hostilities. It is strongly defended, and will take a lot of battering before its capture can be effected.

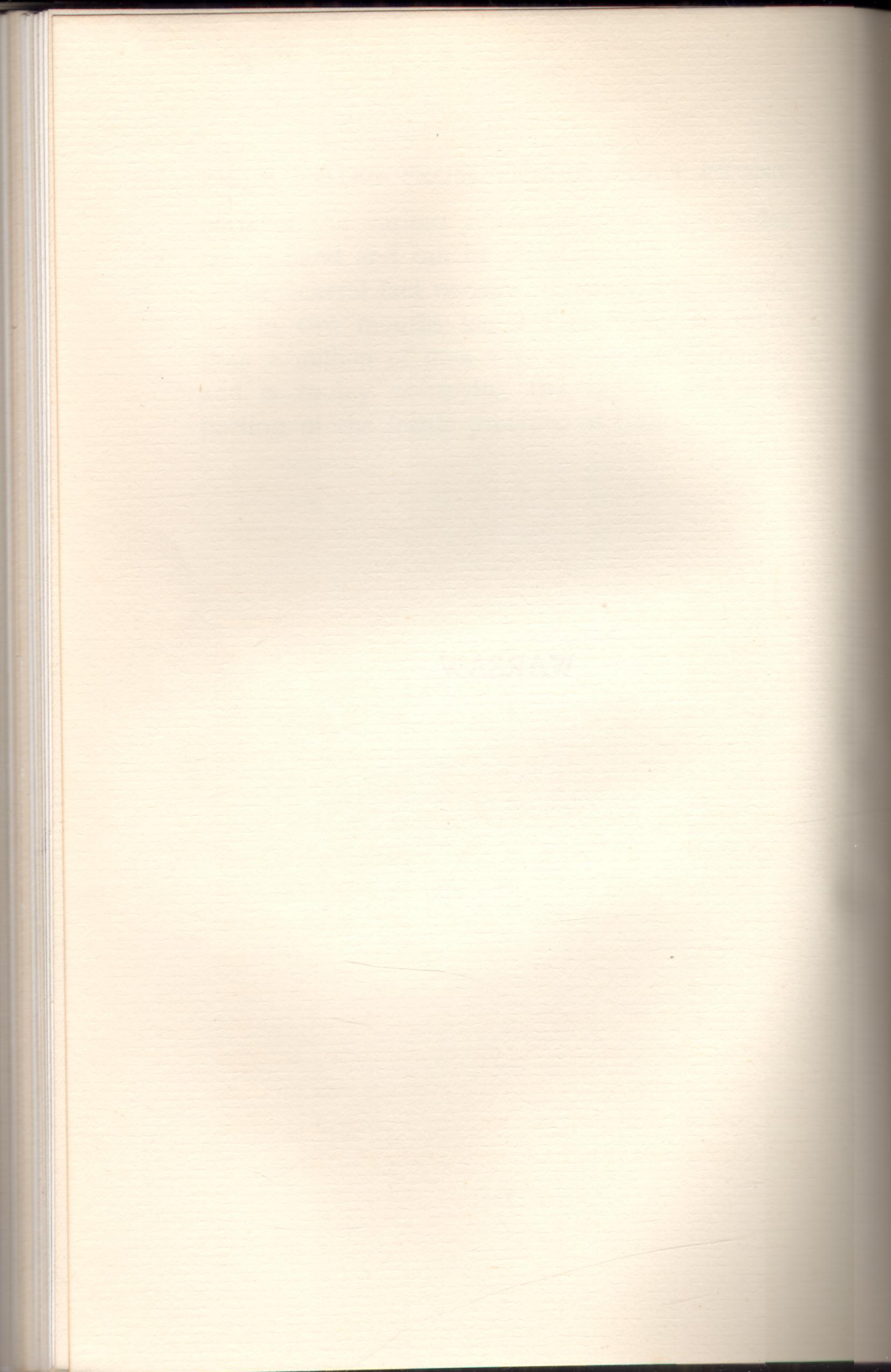
What I have written of the military situation in Galicia is, I believe, approximately a correct outline of the general movements. It is almost impossible to get more than a very general idea of how things have actually happened, except in a very hazy way. The fighting has extended over such an enormous area, the numbers engaged have been so large, and the units of command have been so numerous, that nothing like an accurate account can be given until the re-

FIELD NOTES FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT

ports of the various commanders on both sides are to hand and can be digested.

The general fact remains, however, that Russia has in two months handled an army of more than a million of men with no serious setbacks, and is to-day occupying the richest and best portion of the fertile province of Galicia.

WARSAW



CHAPTER X

WARSAW

WARSAW, POLAND,

October 25, 1914.

THE carefully-picked delegation of personally conducted war correspondents was returned to the headquarters of the General Staff of all the Russian armies two days ago; and a council of war was held as to what was to be done next with the impatient band of international white elephants who were caged in the two special cars on the headquarters' siding in the railway yard. At three in the afternoon we were all taken to the sanctum of the potentates of strategy, and instructed as to our next move. Three of our number were missing from this trip owing to causes over which they apparently had no control; and when we gathered in the private saloon of the Chief of Staff we learned that one among us had committed an indiscretion, and was already on his way to Petrograd, while two others are not to make the next trip.

FIELD NOTES FROM

The Russian correspondents, it appears, are dissatisfied with our travels in many lands. They had all set their respective hearts on mingling with the soldiers in the trenches, and taking notes amidst the bursting of shell and the melancholy "ping" of rifle bullets. As soon as the meeting was called to order by the Chief of Staff, they all began to talk at once, employing their best line of enthusiastic utterances and three at a time. When the discussion had finished, and he who had already made the plans had an opening, we were smilingly and politely informed what the plans were; and it was gently but pointedly added that if the programme was unsatisfactory no one was under any obligation to go at all. On the contrary, the road to Petrograd was in working order, and an express train was available for the use of the dissatisfied who cared to make a comfortable and expeditious journey to the place whence we came. After some bubbling of rage and mutterings on the part of the suppressed, we were returned in large, powerful motor-cars to our special car, to await the commencement of our second tour.

After jiggling along in a troop train for nearly thirty hours, we at last arrived at Warsaw about two in the morning. Every one here has had a thoroughly good scare; for nearly eight days the German guns have been thundering away

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

to the west, while German aeroplanes and dirigibles have been flying over the city and dropping bombs promiscuously about the town. There is the most intense indignation here among all classes at the action of the Germans in this matter. Warsaw cannot fairly be considered a fortified city, and during the fighting practically every available soldier was rushed forward to the firing line. Yet for days the aircraft of the Germans sailed over the city, dropping their infernal bombs absolutely without regard to who was killed or what was destroyed in their irresponsible career. The first aircraft that flew over the city dropped pamphlets printed in Polish, in which the population were politely informed that they need anticipate no alarm from explosives dropped in the city, as they were intended merely for use against the soldiers and to destroy public buildings. They were advised to stay within doors while this programme was in progress.

After this reassuring announcement some other airmen proceeded to carry out this promise by dropping bombs quite at random. As near as I can learn, thirty-two were dropped, and the number of killed is placed at fourteen, while from twenty to thirty were wounded by the explosions. It is interesting to note that not one of this number was either a soldier or an

FIELD NOTES FROM

official of any sort, and that of the property destroyed, which was small, no building was official. The casualty list composes men, women, and children, all absolutely innocent, and having nothing whatever to do with the operations of war. One bomb fell within a few hundred yards of the American Consulate, and just opposite the Hôtel Palonia. Neither of these buildings has the slightest resemblance to a public institution, and the occupants of both were correspondingly indignant at what is regarded here as an outrage. One of the aeroplanes was winged by the Russian soldiers and fell into the street. Of the two men in it, one was killed, while the other, it is said, blew out his brains rather than submit to capture.

Sentiment here is ferocious against the Germans, and, incredible as it may seem, there is more enthusiasm for war manifested in the streets than in any part of the war zone that I have yet visited. Each regiment that passes through on its way to the front receives a perfect ovation from the people. Women run along beside the soldiers handing them food and cigarettes, while they are cheered to the echo at every street corner. It is hard to believe that all this ardour that one sees is coming from Poles, and that the recipients of it are the soldiers of the Czar.

The people of Warsaw have had a great fright,



Austrian Prisoners with their Russian Guard.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

and thousands upon thousands left when the advance of the Germans seemed to make the occupation of the town probable. For eight days the fighting continued to the west of the town ; and now that the armies of the Kaiser have retired, and the sound of their guns has died away, the relief expressed on all sides is intense. Warsaw has resumed its normal aspects, and everybody is going quietly about his or her own business.

The one thing that impresses the observer more and more each day is the sobriety and good behaviour of the Russian troops. I have now been with the army nearly three weeks, and have seen thousands upon thousands of soldiers from all parts of Russia. I have yet to see the first drunken or disorderly man connected with the army, either officer or soldier. The traditional dread of soldiery when armies are spread over a country is absolutely lacking. It is certain that the prohibition of strong drink has worked wonders in the Russian Army, and is one of the great factors responsible for the splendid showing, both in the field and in the cities, that is being made by these armies to-day in both Galicia and in the Polish theatre of war. Of the northern armies I am not in a position to express any opinion.

THE FIRST GERMAN INVASION
OF POLAND

THE FIRST GERMAN DIVISION
OF POLAND

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST GERMAN INVASION OF POLAND

LOWICZ, POLAND,

October 27, 1914.

WE left Warsaw in motor-cars early this morning for a tour over the field where the Russians fought a battle which, in its results, will prove one of the landmarks in the present war. In point of numbers engaged on both sides there have been far larger operations in other theatres of the war, but for definite effects the outcome of the battle before Warsaw cannot be overestimated in its importance. It seems moderately clear now, from evidence available, that this beautiful Polish city on the Vistula was to have been the high-water mark of the German autumn campaign; and with this and the line of the Vistula to Ivangorod occupied for the winter, the Germans could have afforded very well to have rested on their laurels, and to have devoted the bulk of their attention to the French frontier.

FIELD NOTES FROM

But in their estimate of the psychology of peoples they seem to have failed here as in almost every other zone into which they have carried the war. As they imagined that Belgium would be passive, so also did they conclude that Poland would be at least neutral in her sympathies, and perhaps even more, would actively assist them in a war against Russia. Thus their armies advanced confidently toward Warsaw, jubilant in the idea that after one easy engagement the city would be theirs, and the end of the autumn fighting arrived at. They appear to have allotted to this job, from all their hordes, only five army corps, the bulk of this being formed, as far as one can learn, of reserve and Landsturm men, with a scattering of the first line to stiffen them up. There seems no doubt that at the beginning of the conflict the Russians were greatly outnumbered; but as their line held with stubborn determination, time was given for fresh troops to come up, and for a flanking movement to be launched around the German left wing. The net results of Germany's Polish campaign were, the evacuation of their position against Warsaw and a hurried retirement to the west and south-west. Events that have followed day by day since the retreat started show clearly that Russia is following up her victory here with commendable dispatch. Every



A Cossack Patrol entering a Polish Village during the German Retreat.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

morning we hear of towns abandoned by the Germans and positions evacuated.

As I have written before, it is extremely difficult to judge of operations over so vast a scale save in a very general way. News is jealously guarded, and among the rumours and private advices that pour in from all sides, it is difficult to pick the absolute truth out of the mass of reports that one receives. It is clear, however, that the German programme here, up to the date of writing, is an unmitigated failure, and that they are now retiring as speedily as possible, stopping only to fight rearguard actions, in order to delay the Russian advance sufficiently to permit them to get out of this theatre of war with their transport and guns with a fair margin of safety. The actions in the zone which I have been through to-day might in a lesser conflict be treated as important battles; but considering the numbers engaged and the character of the resistance, one must, I believe, conclude that the stands made, though vigorous and resulting in desperate fighting and heavy losses, are now merely to protect the retreat on some line where a definite stand will be made. Where this will be is merely a matter of speculation, and one can estimate it as easily in London as here.

The Warsaw action once lost, it was clear and logical that Germany would do just as she is doing.

FIELD NOTES FROM

Certainly it would have been madness to try further campaigning in Poland, which, contrary to their anticipation, is bitterly hostile to them. The significance and benefit of this campaign here cannot be sufficiently rejoiced in by the Allies of Russia; for it means, as we within our limited perspective here read it, the first complete failure and reversal of programme that Germany has encountered since the war began. The second important point is the effect that it has had upon the Russian soldiers. Their *moral* has increased a hundred per cent, and any apprehensions they may have had with regard to their ability to withstand the German legions have been dissipated for all time. The enormous prestige which the soldiers of the Kaiser have enjoyed is gone, and the report of their superiority over Russian troops has been proved to be a fiction. The Russians in their first days of fighting around Warsaw showed their mettle; and no doubt the Germans now realize that they have been badly informed as to the nature of the enemy who, they were told, would be an easy prey to their advancing columns. The German retirement must have a very depressing effect upon the invading army; it is certainly encouraging to the soldiers of the Czar and to the great bulk of the people of Poland itself.

We had not been an hour out of Warsaw on our

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

journey, before another thing became clear to all of us who have ever known the life of an army in time of war ; namely, that Russia is at last under way in this campaign, and that the huge engine of her organization is moving with a tremendous momentum. Never have I seen sights which could be more encouraging to an ally, and impressive to the citizen of a neutral country, than those I see daily. The highways for miles and miles are packed with the preparations for an advance in every quarter. Transport, Red Cross supplies, and miles upon miles of ammunition trains, are all moving to the various fronts with a precision and orderliness that must for ever dissipate the idea that Russian organization is lacking when it comes to the final test. The whole nation is aroused at last, and one may well hope that from now on, the Allies will find Russia crowding ever closer on the German frontier. If the Germans are to stem this rising tide even for a moment, they must speedily release troops from the Western frontier, or find themselves overrun with the well-drilled and disciplined armies of Russia, under perfect control, and conducting themselves, as far as the observer can see, with the greatest tact and friendliness alike to population and prisoners and the wounded of the enemy.

We have seen numbers of captured prisoners,

FIELD NOTES FROM

and among every lot is a sprinkling of the blue coats of the Austrians; this lends colour to the rumours which we hear on every hand, that the Germans have detached regiments of their own to stiffen up their allies in the south, and taken regiments in return which they have placed in their own line. It is reported that in the engagements in this vicinity, the Germans graciously allotted to their allies the places of honour in the firing line, where the glory, and incidentally the death rate, was the greatest. But this I can only repeat as gossip and hearsay. It is certain that there are Austrian prisoners, wounded, and dead.

The German line has now retired more than a hundred kilometres from their high-water mark, and is in places not much above that distance from their own frontier. As far as one can make out, the Russians are not far from Lodz, which one day we hear has been occupied and the next, is in the hands of the Germans. It is difficult to hit upon the truth, though private advices received here state emphatically that Lodz has been evacuated. In any event, that contingency, which spells the last important city in their hands between Warsaw and Kalisz, is hourly expected, and no doubt will have come to pass by the time this chapter is read in London.

After touring about all day in a motor-car one begins to realize that the good people of



Stanley Washburn chatting with German and Austrian Prisoners in Poland.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

Warsaw had excellent reasons for apprehensions lest their fair city should fall into German hands. We are told that for eight days the windows shook and rattled with the concussion of artillery fire ; and what with that and the interest of bombs falling from above, and machine guns and enterprising infantry soldiers in the streets firing at the aeroplanes, one can well believe that life here was filled with the spice of the uncertain. One gets but a few kilometres out of Warsaw, when the signs of the devastation of war become increasingly evident. Dead horses lie about in the fields, houses wrecked with shell fire are everywhere, and the inevitable trenches and rifle pits in every direction.

It is evident from the great holes in the ground that the Germans had some of their big guns with them, and were doing their best to get into the city whose chimneys and spires loomed alluringly just over the rolling prairieland dotted with its beautiful groves of trees. I noticed one quaint, old-fashioned windmill, just outside the town, that had been wrecked by a single shell. Its great blades lay on the ground like the wings of a bird, while the whole edifice had collapsed about it like a house of cards. The highway, which is a magnificent one, was torn up with holes where the projectiles had burst, and this made travelling in a motor-car difficult at any speed.

FIELD NOTES FROM

Near Blonie we left the main road to visit a small village with an unpronounceable Polish name where, as we were informed, typical fighting had taken place. The outlying houses were destroyed by shell fire, and in the midst of the wreckage were the ruins of a quaint old church. This the Russians had spared until the last, but finally opened on it because the Germans mounted a machine gun in the beautiful old tower. The neutral observer, no matter what his personal sympathies may be, feels an obligation to investigate somewhat carefully evidence coming from a source which must obviously be prejudiced; and I therefore scouted about a bit to discover whether or not the evidence of the field substantiated this action on the part of the Germans. To the east of the town, about a thousand yards away, within pleasant machine-gun range, one comes upon a huge grave in which are buried three hundred Russian soldiers. Before this grave are five small crosses, and in advance of the five stands one large cross commemorating the colonel, the five captains and the men of five companies. Around this desolate spot I found a number of relics, and among them four or five Russian infantry caps, in which were bullet holes in the crown. Looking from the graves to the tower of the church I discovered that the angle was exactly correct to catch the infantry on the top of their



Graves of Russian Officers killed during the Fighting near Warsaw.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

heads. It was here that the three hundred fell, and doubtless the statement of the machine guns on the church may be taken at its face value. The Russians at once replied, and from appearances it is safe to conclude that the machine gun on the tower ceased its operations abruptly.

In any case only the walls are standing, while the interior of the nave is a mass of refuse, fallen timber and shattered masonry. On one side is a great shell hole ten feet across, and just opposite, framed by this ragged rupture in the masonry, is a huge crucifix. A shrapnel shell had burst just above it, and the wall for five feet in every direction was dotted with shrapnel holes, while not a shot had hit the sacred figure. In a garden across the street, hurriedly-dug graves revealed arms, legs, and occasionally the head of one who had fallen in the contest round the church. At one point I noticed a cross on which was written in German, "Here lie the bodies of twelve Russian warriors who fell fighting bravely." It is one increasingly pleasant feature of this side of the war that the belligerents are coming to respect the bravery of one another's soldiers.

At noon we lunched in the station at Blonie, which, as we learn, was the headquarters of the commanders of one of the German army corps, and probably the nearest point to the goal of the Polish campaign reached by any of the com-

FIELD NOTES FROM

manding Generals. From here we went on in a pouring rain to an army corps' headquarters, a town now alive with the activities of the near front. This little place is filled with Jews, a section of the population which is, as we are told, unfriendly to the Russians. Here, it seems, when the Germans were in the town, they were received with delight by the Hebrew population, and disgust by the Poles. When the Germans were forced to retire, the position of the Jews was not a happy one, as the Poles lost no time in telling the Russians of the open friendliness their neighbours had shown the Germans. Hence the Hebrews are under suspicion by the present lords of the town, who attribute every act of hostility to them.

Here we are not far from the front, as the transport and fresh wounded make evident. Numbers of German prisoners were being captured all along the line, and we saw many of them. Three Uhlans on foot and two wounded in a cart passed by, escorted by some Cossacks. After all the stirring stories of the dreaded Uhlans, it was something of an anticlimax to see a few tired-faced boys in uniform, as types of the cavalry that we have heard so much about. Later, on the road, we passed some hundreds of Germans, captured during the fighting of the past few days. All of them looked fagged and depressed,



Uhlans captured by the Cossacks,

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

and practically all were of the second and third German line, with the exception of a very few who were mere boys. It is obvious that over here we are confronted with anything but the cream of the German Army, and that they have forced every male capable of bearing arms into the firing line. From the faces of those that I have seen, instruments of the system of which they are the unhappy victims, they are not on fire about the programme, to say the least.

From the headquarters village we motored on to Lowicz, from which the Germans have been recently ousted. The town is full of troops, and it was difficult to find lodgings, but thanks to the kindness of a Russian officer, we secured shelter and a place to sleep.

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