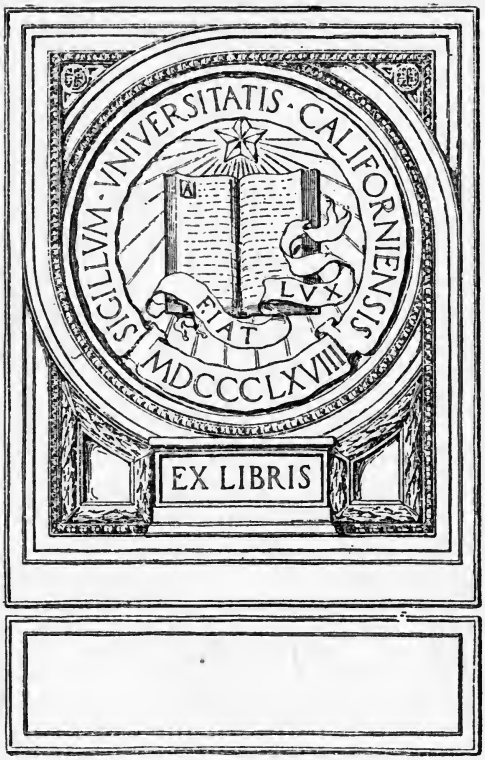
The Highway of Death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(In the grounds of American Red-Cross Hospital, Belgrade.)

THE
HIGHWAY OF DEATH

BY

EARL BISHOP DOWNER, M.D.

AMERICAN RED-CROSS SURGEON TO SERBIA, 1915; DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL PRIVATE MISSION IN RUSSIA; SURGEON TO HOSPITAL MILITAIRE, BELGRADE, SERBIA; MEMBER AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, COLUMBUS (O.), ACADEMY OF MEDICINE, ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this book wishes to convey to its readers a graphic description of his experiences in Serbia during its frightful epidemic of typhus fever and the thrilling events which befell the thrice-captured city of Belgrade.

In Belgrade the writer spent a period of nine months directly upon the firing line, serving in the capacity of a surgeon with the American Red Cross, so close to the Hungarian border that very frequently in the lull of battle it was possible to converse with the Austro-Teutonic forces, which were stationed directly across the Rivers Save and Danube, not over three hundred yards distant.

The Hospital Militaire, occupied by Units Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the American Red Cross, was situated in the center of the city, in a commanding position, upon a high hill, so that it was possible for the doctors and nurses to witness every movement of either side while the battles raged.

This little band of Americans saw the city of Belgrade pass like a shuttle, first from the hands of the Serbians to those of the Austrians, later to be retaken by the Serbians, and, lastly, to again be retaken by the combined Austro-Teutonic forces. During this

time the tide of battle raged most fiercely about the American hospital; in fact, centered in that particular vicinity in which heavy infantry and hand-to-hand fighting played an important part.

Perhaps never in the world's history has so splendid a spectacle been staged for the spectator as the fall of Belgrade. From our vantage point we could witness every move in the desperate undertaking. Across the river the combined Austro-Hungarian and German heavy artillery were hurling their great projectiles against the city. The city all around us was ploughed by the monster shells searching for the Allies' artillery positions. Allied artillery were dropping shells into Semlin, trying vainly to reach the guns that were slowly battering down their defenses. As night fell the city took fire, from which we could see the dull, angry glow reflected in the heavens.

It is commonly thought by the laity that Red Cross surgeons and nurses do not run the dangerous risks that are encountered by the average soldier in the trenches. Such, however, is not the case; for the Red Cross worker nowadays must be directly upon the firing line, and not only do they suffer a fearful mortality from gunshot wounds, but they have an added danger to face in the form of epidemics, from which the average soldier is practically exempt.

During the typhus epidemic which swept over Serbia in the early months of 1915, through which

the author successfully passed, at the beginning there were three hundred doctors in all Serbia, but before the epidemic was overcome it had claimed as victims two hundred and forty of the three hundred,—a fearfully high mortality of 80 per cent.

In presenting this picture of modern warfare the author has exhibited facts as they came before his vision with kaleidoscopic vividness. If this narration of events does not come up to the reader's expectations it will be because words fail to express the conditions as they exist in the land of blood and death.

To further add to the value of the book, the author has profusely illustrated it with original photographs taken mostly by himself. For the balance he is deeply indebted to Drs. Shadworth O. Beasley, W. A. Jolley, Morton P. Lane, and John Zymanski, former members of the Red Cross mission in Serbia.

E. B. D.

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Ocean Travel in War Times.

Imagination is a poor artist and dimly portrays the unprecedented situation as it exists in the "land of blood and death." It is necessary that the senses be stirred by the smell of smoke and the shock of mighty guns, the rocking of the earth under the measured tread of grim legions of warriors as they trundle along like mighty machines, with a single purpose,—to bleed, to die, or to vanquish.

The human mind is a strange composition; it is a physiological fact that we crave excitement. One readily tires of the monotony of daily routine, and, therefore, it can easily be perceived why the laws of God and mankind are broken. We are by nature transgressive. Some of our offenses are trifling, others are grave; but, small or great, we must pay the price. So, all through the gamut of human experience this condition prevails.

Everyone thrills as the home regiment swings into the main thoroughfare to the strains of martial music. We thrill at reading the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and never tire of the life history of Washington, Lincoln, or Grant; nor the glory of this or that hero who has fallen upon the field of battle. In Europe I have seen all this glory, pomp, and valor snuffed out, as the light of a candle, by the bursting of one 42-centimeter shell.

My first sensation of war came when but a short distance from the land I love, and would that it may never meet what I know to be the fate of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. It was high noon, February the sixteenth, 1915, the good ship "Critic" was rolling heavily in a trough of angry waters, when, above the whirr of vicious winds, the challenge shot of His Majesty's ship, the "Chester," was hurled across our bow, causing us to heave to. We rushed on deck, a thousand questions suggesting themselves as we made our way forward to ascertain, if possible, the reason for this interruption of our voyage of mercy. Having satisfied His Majesty's officers as to our purpose and identity, we were permitted to proceed.

After battling with a terrific storm lasting seven days, which eventually accumulated with

horrible intensity into one gigantic wave, sweeping over the entire boat from bow to stern, carrying off several of the life-boats and a portion of the captain's bridge, our mental equanimity was again disturbed. However, this proved to be a very welcome interruption, since the two cruisers that steamed alongside, we were informed, were to be our escort and guaranty of safety on our perilous journey.

Having entered the outer harbor of Gibraltar, two weeks from New York, our cruiser consorts, with cheery farewell, left us to continue to the Customs within the inner harbor. Here we found ourselves under arrest, and during seven days fretted impatiently under surveillance, practically prisoners of war.

From the decks we could see the beautiful Spanish shore, with its tree-fringed lines of tropical and semitropical foliage; could gaze up the almost perpendicular side of old Gibraltar. They told us that behind some of the innocent-looking houses, resting on the surface of this mighty fortress, lurked the great, monster guns for which Gibraltar is justly famous.

But even this deadly menace is not sufficient to keep out that treacherous shark of the deep, the submarine. To protect the vessels in the harbor against this terrible monster of the deep,

long, narrow slips had been built and across the end of each are large folding gates of steel extending down into the water about twenty feet. Our ship was placed in one of these slips and the gates closed, eliminating any danger that might exist from submarines or their torpedoes.

As shore leave was not granted, we were sorely tried to overcome the monotony of the situation. I have a dim recollection of fishing over the stern of the vessel the major portion of the day.

After the contraband, which was the cause of our vessel having been placed in arrest, was removed, our personnel examined, clearance papers were given, and we were allowed to proceed with a parting warning to be on the lookout for hostile submarines that infest the Mediterranean.

So, accordingly, all the lights on board were extinguished, and, with majestic motion, the stately ship glided out on the broad bosom of the ocean, silently, stealthily, slowly steaming the rest of her way in darkness. Cautiously this giant leviathan threaded her way out of the harbor, through the mazes of mine fields, ever following the little pilot upon which her very life depended. Some of these great engines of destruction had broken their anchors and were

floating about aimlessly; for these a constant lookout was kept; a sharpshooter was stationed forward with a high-powered gun, and as these floating mines came in the path of the vessel they were either sunk or exploded by a well-directed shot from the captain's bridge.

Our journey from Gibraltar to Naples was made without escort. The cabin windows were heavily screened, so that no light could show from our vessel; there were no colors flying from the masthead, and all other marks of identification had been removed; grim facts keeping ever in the minds of the passengers the seriousness of the situation.

All the larger and better class of transatlantic merchant marines had been commandeered by their respective governments, thus leaving to the traveler only a small type of vessel such as used in coastwise shipping in time of peace, and, barring the dangers concomitant with modern warfare, are unseaworthy for a transatlantic cruise. Further, the experienced seamen have been impressed into the service of the various belligerent nations, leaving only inexperienced crews, usually boys, and these insufficient in numbers to man these small vessels.

After a voyage consuming twenty-two days, the much battered "Critic" put into the harbor

at Naples, from which I entrained to Brindisi, knowing that I must make haste, as the situation in Serbia was fast becoming critical.

From Brindisi eastward, everything changes from occidental to oriental. Here it was necessary to board a Greek tramp steamer. Only those who have traveled upon such an outfit can appreciate the luxury of modern ocean travel. The Greek tramp travels slowly and puts in at every little "jerkwater" port in the Greek archipelago, to load and unload cargo and passengers. A wild, motley crew travels over this route, inhabitants from the mountains of Albania and Montenegro, and wild, buccaneer sort of men from lonely Greek islands. Although of forbidding aspect, they are nevertheless picturesque, as they walk about the decks, with their high-pointed hats made of sheepskin and their queer-shaped shoes, the sharp toes pointing up, surmounted with a tufted ball. Around each waist is wound yards upon yards of bright-colored cloth, serving as a belt, while projecting therefrom are long pistols of heavy caliber and fancy-carved daggers.

Lying about on deck, under foot, growling and showing their fangs as one approached them, were several mangy, mongrel dogs resembling closely the wolf-hound, reflecting the

same vicious, fighting attitude of their masters. This particular group were exceedingly busy, as each seemed to have troubles of his own, like the Biblical dog, their excuse seeming to be that while fighting fleas they would forget they were dogs, and forcibly reminded me of that old song of our college days, "Nero, my dog, has fleas."

My cabin, which was supposed to be first-class, was situated well forward near the "livery stables." Upon entering this "modern apartment" I found several regiments of fleas drawn up in battle array, in close formation. This maneuver on their part was necessary in order that they might maintain their equilibrium, as the washstand, which they had chosen for the first line trenches, was so narrow. They were equipped with Scodas, 42-centimeter guns, and all other modern weapons of warfare. I dubbed them the "Allies." It could plainly be seen that they considered me the common enemy. The enemy's territory was promptly invaded, and I fell back for reinforcements, consisting of several varieties of insect powder which was liberally applied, after which I tackled the "Allies'" position, prepared to smite them hip and thigh. After a series of flanking attacks, heavy losses being sustained on both sides, a portion

of their territory, namely, the bunk, was captured; but, of course, sleep was out of the question, as the "Allies" kept up their terrific bombardment all night, and overhead could be heard the drone of the mosquito aëroplane squad.

As the fleas were so numerous on this tramp steamer, I was glad to take refuge on a French ammunition boat at Piraeus, whose cargo consisted of tons of explosives consigned to the Island of Lemnos situated near Saloniki. Our course lay through a sea studded with rocks and islands where a steamer could easily go aground; had such a catastrophe occurred, there would have been nothing left of what had been a fine French boat. Tempting Providence, as it were, she steamed within twelve miles of the Dardanelles, so close that we could hear the distant booming of the cannons. At Saloniki, Greece, the last leg of our journey, by water, was completed.

From ancient times down to the present day, Saloniki has been nothing more or less than a gateway, a huge meeting place for all nations. It is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world; it belongs to all nations and no nation; it is really the only port of Serbia. Saloniki even has a language of its own, a tongue known as Vladino, a sort of Hispaniate argot,

which is spoken by a majority of the native population. It is, and always has been, a city of refugees, crowded with beggars of all description.

CHAPTER II.

Typhus and its Frightful Ravages.

Upon arrival at Saloniki, we found the bubonic plague raging and heard of the terrible conditions existing in Serbia, where the deadly typhus was threatening to wipe out the entire population. Out of eighteen American Red Cross doctors and nurses sent there, thirteen had contracted typhus. One had died, and the twelve had been ordered home, as it takes six months or longer to convalesce from typhus, and they could recover more rapidly under the congenial surroundings of home life. A brief statement will show the bravery of this little band of workers:—

Having endured terrible hardships and privations for four months, and almost losing their lives from typhus, they emphatically refused to go home, and advanced the argument that after recovering they would be immune from further attacks, while new ones coming in would be spared a similar experience. One

of the worst features of typhus is the profound action it has on the heart. A convalescent is apt to die instantly upon the slightest exertion from acute dilatation of the heart muscles.

After spending one night in Saloniki, we entrained for the little town of Gevgelia, about forty miles distant. The compartments had just been fumigated with formaldehyde, and this, with a profusion of iodoform, which had spilled out of freight cars along the tracks, made the journey very unpleasant, causing a general sneezing and watering of the eyes.

Everywhere about the station were Red Cross emblems and great stores of Red Cross supplies, which had been shipped into Serbia, and I am very proud to say that the supplies sent from the Red Cross of America were by no means the least. Every freight train that entered Serbia was loaded with food and supplies, donated by private individuals from nearly every nation in the world. There were missions from England, Denmark, Greece and various other nations, which were not connected with the Red Cross, and did not know where they would be stationed, but they were ready to give their services and their lives, if necessary, for the benefit of humanity. One Greek doctor told us that an entire mission of ten had died

from typhus in Serbia and his mission was going to replace the martyrs.

The English were discussing the condition of Lady Paget, who had contracted typhus at Scoplia, and each had his proposed method of handling the situation. But, in spite of the depressing stories which drifted into that little station that morning before the departure of our train, all were happy, for, indeed, such was the optimism, it seemed more like a picnic party embarking on a camping trip. They knew the situation was desperate, and that breakers were ahead; but, little did they dream that only one-half, or, perhaps a third, would ever return,—the unfortunates to occupy a grave on some lonely hill, their remains even probably never returned to their native country, the American quarantine laws being such that, dying in a foreign country, their bodies could not be returned within one year.

Typhus is an acute, infectious, exanthematous disease, of great virulence, terrible in its intensity, spread by means of a common carrier, the louse (*Pediculus vestimenti*), which is smaller than the common "garden variety" of body louse (*Pediculus corporis*) seen in this country. Its natural habitat is the clothing of the individual, particularly the seams of the un-

dearwear, where it lurks in concealment. From this vantage point it reaches out and bites the victim. One bite from an infected louse is usually sufficient to produce typhus. In Serbia nearly everyone is infested by the louse, but, as all lice are not infected by typhus, some of the Serbians have escaped. Our method of protection was as follows: to bathe twice a day; to institute a rigid search through the underwear, particular attention being paid to the seams, and upon discovering a louse to crush it between the blades of a pair of forceps, and before donning our clothing we would sprinkle liberally upon them large quantities of naphthaline.

Typhus is marked by early prostration and decided delirium, which comes on within twenty-four hours after the onset of the disease and remains until the crisis, which is seven to nine days, after which the patient dies or goes on to a sequela whereby the nervous system is badly involved, the special senses, the motor and sensory nerves. Typhus leaves the mental condition disturbed for months after the decline of the fever. It is the custom to excuse erratic action on the part of a convalescent by saying, "He had typhus." The muscular system furnished an interesting type of the sequelæ of the disease; the muscles would become hard

and rigid with neuralgic pain, which condition would usually persist for several months, and then relax, but sometimes it would not and contractures would develop, drawing the limbs into horrible, unsightly deformities, the member affected becoming absolutely useless, followed by atrophy through disuse, leaving, what was once a splendid specimen of muscular development, nothing but bone covered with flaccid, shrunken, soft tissues.

The neuralgic pains—sharp, darting, and quite knife-like in character—were referred over the entire body, but seemed to center with terrible, agonizing intensity in the marrow of the long bones, particularly the shin bones, which the most powerful opiate failed to check, the cries of pain which issued from the lips of the victim wringing pity from our hearts, as we knew we could not relieve them.

Terrible in their results were the sequelæ appearing in the extremities, whereby the blood would clot, causing thrombosis, in turn cutting off the blood-supply to the affected member, thereby depriving it of proper nourishment, with the result that large, infected ulcers would appear in which great masses of black, foul-smelling tissues would slough off, leaving the bones of the limbs exposed. More unfortunate still

Street scene in Gevgelia.

The city prison in Gevgelia.

The town was recently taken from the Turks in the Balkan War, and is not like a true Serbian town, but strictly Turkish. Note the narrow, crooked lanes which serve for streets.

were those who suffered from post-typhus gangrene.

In Saloniki we used insect powder for the first time. Our underclothing was sprinkled liberally, great care being taken to get it into the seams of the garments. From the feeling produced from the insect powder, plus the fleabites we had already suffered, we experienced the sensation of being covered with lice.

Upon arrival at the Greco-Serbian border, we found a double quarantine existed. Greece was trying to protect herself against typhus from Serbia and Serbia was fighting against bubonic plague from Greece. The Serbs had rigged up a steam sterilizer which was a mere apology; it must have been one of the original inventions of this sort. They took one blanket from our party, leaving the rest of the baggage untouched; and, as only one side of the blanket was moist when it was returned, we assumed they had sterilized only one side. Later we experimented with the same type of sterilizer in our hospital at Gevgelia. We placed a blanket in it, containing a louse, and, upon removing the blanket, found that the louse was still alive after an application of steam for thirty minutes.

The third-class passengers were taken out of the coaches and put through a process just

as inefficient, the treatment consisting of a little insect powder sprinkled over the outside of their clothing. When a country is so lax at its border, one may reasonably assume that it is just as unsanitary in the interior, and it is small wonder the typhus spread like wildfire, taking as toll thousands of lives. The laxity on the Greek border was responsible for the spread of the plague in that country. Its ravages, however, were not so widespread as in Serbia.

Typhus is a winter disease, and is due to unsanitary conditions and easily spread by the louse in overcrowded camps. It disappears during the summer months, as it is at this season that the Serb discards the suit of underwear that he has worn all winter, and which, at the beginning of that season, had been sewed onto his body by his wife. Typhus will doubtless reappear in Serbia again, as it will take a decade of education along sanitary lines, and millions of dollars, before this disease can be eradicated.

The Serbian doctors have been greatly depleted in number during their wars and epidemics. For example, in the epidemic of which I am now writing, of a total number of three hundred only sixty survived after the typhus

epidemic had spent its fury. So that any deficiency that may appear on the face as to sanitation cannot be attributed to them. There is but a mere handful of them remaining, and they have more important duties in caring for the recently sick and wounded than to supervise and carry on sanitary regulations.

Saloniki is forty miles distant from Gevgelia, the latter little town being the point of my destination. While coming up on the railway an amusing incident happened. On the train were several English army officers, and one of them, a colonel,—having a flushed face and an "acne rosacea" nose, whose shaking hands and the copious draughts of water which he imbibed freely at short intervals gave the impression that he had been out the night before tasting the night life of Saloniki. Everybody carries mineral water for personal use while traveling in Serbia, for to quench one's thirst at a railway station means either typhoid fever or Asiatic cholera; in fact, on account of the risk of contracting these dread diseases, one should not bathe the hands or face in the stations; and so a simple process is resorted to, consisting in the pouring of a small quantity of mineral water upon one's handkerchief with which the face and hands are bathed. The

colonel, seemingly unable to quench his huge thirst, poured for himself a generous helping from a supposedly mineral-water bottle, and, having disposed of his thirst in a calm satisfactory manner, turned about and proceeded to converse with some Scottish nurses who were seated opposite in the same compartment, at the same time offering a drink to the nurses, one of the nurses accepting. So the affable and obliging colonel poured a glassful from the same bottle. "My God, I am poisoned," the nurse screamed as she spat out the mouthful of the liquid. A frantic search was made for another bottle of water and a glassful was given to her to end the terrible burning sensation in her throat, of which, with many contortions and agonizing moans, she complained bitterly the while. After some moments the fire burned itself out and normal quietude was resumed. In the mean time an investigation had been made, and it was found that the offending bottle contained alcohol that had been denatured with benzine; in some unaccountable way it had become mixed with the mineral-water bottles in the case. All naturally turned inquiring faces to our old friend, the colonel, to see if he were still alive. Rather apologetically his reply to his brother officers ran thusly: "Oh, I say, by

the way, my dear fellahs, I had not the slightest idea, doncher know, that the flask contained such bally obnoxious poison. Really,—ah, ah—I supposed it was some of your bloody, blooming, Serbian mineral-watahs."

CHAPTER III.

What War and Pestilence Does to a City.

Gevgelia is a little Turkish town of about seven thousand inhabitants, situated in Southern Serbia, one mile north of the Greek frontier and fifteen miles west of the Bulgarian border, in a beautiful agricultural valley on the banks of the Morava River. Facing the Grecian border on the south, one may view three different countries without moving out of his tracks; upon the right, rearing their lofty structures into the heavens, are the snowcapped mountains of Albania; upon the left, so close that it looks but an hour's journey, is a similar range of mountains marking the boundary between Serbia and Bulgaria. This is the southernmost town of Serbia, and, under ordinary circumstances during times of peace, is a very prosperous place, but now it is the scene of desolation and abject poverty.

Leading into this town from the country-side are narrow paths, which serve the purpose of roads, winding in and out around the hills like a serpent. In the rainy seasons these primitive paths become almost impassable quagmires, in places entirely disappearing, being washed away by the rain, leaving nothing but black sloughs of despond. The one main street of which the town boasts is but a crowded, filthy lane, lined on either side by cesspools and squalid dwellings. It has no modern sewage system, but mere shallow ditches running through its streets, from which arise fearful odors permeating the atmosphere with an overpowering stench. The houses usually consist of two rooms with dirt floors, devoid of furniture, and in many cases straw pallets answer for beds.

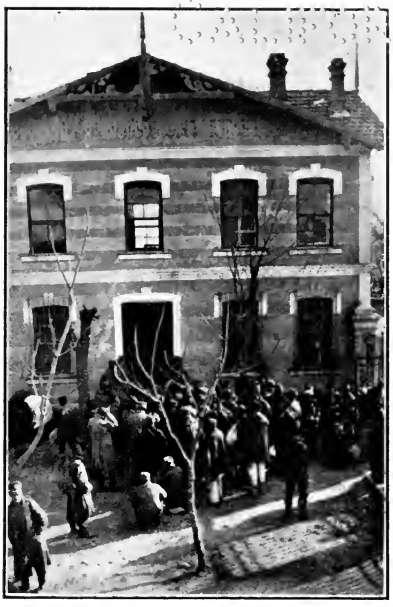
Its inhabitants are a strange, motley mixture of refugees from the Gallipoli Peninsula, —Mohammedans, mountaineers from Bulgaria and Albania, Serbian refugees from the firing line in Belgrade, swelling the little town, which normally would have a population of two thousand to seven thousand, crowding the small, two-roomed hovels with their filth and rags and dirt, so that the overflow had to sleep in the streets and the fields. Playing about the

streets were innumerable half-starved children and dogs.

Into this squalid hamlet came Units Nos. 2 and 3 of the American Red Cross, eighteen all told, six doctors and twelve nurses, picked representative types of Americans, and within a period of four months two doctors had died and twelve physicians and nurses were at death's door from typhus. This little band of workers had taken over an old tobacco warehouse, formerly the property of the Sultan of Turkey, for the purpose of converting it into a hospital.

This four-story factory building is situated in the center of Gevgelia, and is the one landmark of the town, for from a distance its four shining walls, an imposing structure, rise commandingly above the one-story huts of the populace.

It does not improve upon acquaintance; as one draws closer the shining walls become sombre gray in color, the result of age and dust-laden winds. Upon still closer inspection, one may perceive, amidst the grime and dust, the handiwork of Father Time: pieces of masonry are chipped off; huge sections have fallen out, leaving great gaping orifices through which the winds may sweep; shingles have been blown off by the shifting winds; and sections of the



American Red-Cross Hospital, Gevgelia. Victims of typhus waiting for admittance during the height of the epidemic. So overcrowded was the hospital that a number died in the yard from exposure, and even in the hospital itself they froze to death.

A crippled Servian soldier is receiving his daily attention from one of our capable American nurses. This soldier contracted typhus during the terrible epidemic of 1915; he was one of the small percentage to recover, as the mortality ranged from 70 to 90 per cent. under the awful conditions existing at that time. Although fortunate enough to escape death then, he, like many of those whose lives were spared, only lives on to verify the fact that the typhus germ very often leaves pitiable destruction in the wake of its passage, when it does not kill. This patient has now been in the hospital for eight months; he has lost the toes of his left foot and the majority of the right foot due to gangrene occurring during the convalescence of typhus. Surgical amputations will be of necessity performed on both feet.

roof, including the rafters, have fallen to decay, through which the rains may pass unopposed.

About the structure are low, marsh-like grounds, which, after a heavy downpour of rain, become quagmires of glazial-like blackness, through which flows sluggishly, to cesspools in the street, a narrow stream of blackish water polluted with human filth.

Hovering over these morassy lowlands, like the black form of death, is a chronic, vaporous atmosphere filled with the gases arising from the filth-impregnated, disease-breeding marsh, and the stench from drainage is overpowering. Upon the malarial-laden air was borne millions upon millions of small anopheles; these mosquitoes having found an excellent breeding-place upon the surface of the numerous cesspools. Inside, this morassy atmosphere of the surroundings had penetrated and, as one entered, clung like a pall, and it would be several moments before one, by the power of vision, could pierce the darkness. Slowly the dim outlines of long rooms, barn-like in their emptiness, disclosed themselves. About the floors, ankle-deep, was an accumulation of tobacco-leaves and tobacco-dust, remains of old machinery, boards, straw and rags in confusion. Above we saw the bare rafters, almost hidden by dust and cobwebs,

and upon which was laïd the planking of the floor overhead. Through this floor one could see openings filled with *débris,* so that one in walking upon this floor might slip through and break a leg, the holes being invisible from above. All four floors were identical as to filth and faulty construction. These large rooms were surrounded by four musty, dust and smoke begrimed walls; great patches of plaster had fallen here and there, leaving exposed the bare lath.

Nearly all of the windows were missing in sections or in their entirety; panes of glass were broken, the space left vacant being filled with bundles of old rags and papers; those whose frames had vanished entirely were covered with burlap; stretched across other spaces left vacant, completely filling them in, webs had been woven over which huge spiders were crawling. What few windows remained were lacquered by coat upon coat of dust, the accumulation of years, that completely shut out the returning rays of sunlight which came, as it were, timidly, apologetically, to this scene of squalor.

Crawling about the walls in the exposed lath were multitudes of insect life, these vermin adding their extra load of squalor to a dirty, filthy tobacco factory that was about to be converted

into a hospital for the reception of the sick and wounded, in which was to be performed delicate surgical operations.

It took a great many days to clean this building, to render it habitable, although unsuitable for the purpose desired; the doctors and nurses themselves doing all this menial work. To assist these doctors and nurses, there had been assigned by the Serbian Government, Austrian prisoners; but these having been worn out by days of battle, weakened by exposure and lack of food, were of little assistance. The work was far from complete when we received thirteen hundred patients at one time, in a starving condition and covered with dirt from the trenches,—each one an incubator for the louse.

They were transported from the railway to the tobacco-warehouse hospital in the most primitive sort of conveyances,—rude, home-made ox-carts without springs, and without even straw to ease the jolting occasioned by the rough streets; straw that beasts in the stable are at least entitled to. These ox-carts came in trains of sixty, loaded to the top of their racks with human freight, standing in line for hours in front of our hospital, each waiting its turn to discharge its filthy cargo,—

for they were filthy,—a bundle of rags, vermin and dirt,—clay-caked they came, for they were from the trenches, with matted hair and beards; the hands, the feet, the clothing, were all clay-caked; with skin parched, cracked, and ingrained with filth, for they were covered with human filth—about their person, over their hands, their faces, their clothing, crawled vermin by the millions; the stench which arose from these poor specimens of humanity was disgusting, nauseating, and sickening. Upon the countenance of each was the expression such as only comes after days of terrible suffering. Great furrows ploughed the brow, while the hollow, sunken cheeks, the pinched faces, over which spread a sickly, yellow, pasty, unhealthy hue, bore the marks of the dying; with beastlike endurance they bore their sufferings, with now and then a muffled moan; nay, they were worse than beasts in the field, for about the filth of an animal there is something not so repulsive.

They came so weak that they could not walk, some died before they could be removed from the wagons to the hospital; their hands shook with the palsy accompanying muscular weakness—poor, starved skeletons, a mere framework of what had once been a muscular, well-nourished, robust man in the prime of life;

a bony framework incased with a claylike, filth-engrained parchment.

On viewing these human derelicts, one marveled at the remarkable resistance displayed by the human body against the ravages of hunger, exposure, and disease. How could they, in such a terrible condition, withstand the long, tedious journey of four hundred miles over poorly ballasted tracks, piled like so much cordwood, into rude, jolting box-cars. From this mass of human cordwood, on this long, tedious journey, the dead were sorted from among the living and cast out to the side of the roadbed.

There were not enough beds to accommodate this number, so we placed two in a bed; the remainder being left on the floor without mattress or covering. It was a Herculean task to bathe these men, as there were no bath-tubs in the tobacco-factory hospital and, as the orderlies were untrained, it devolved, as usual, upon the doctors and nurses to accomplish this feat. Every three or four days train-loads numbering from five to six hundred patients were received, and these, added to the already crowded condition of the hospital, soon made it impossible to walk about the floors without stepping upon the patients. Other hospitals in Gevgelia were so crowded that no more could

be admitted, and so their courtyards were filled with wounded and dying.

There were some cases of terrible infections, where the patients had plaster-of-Paris casts on limbs from six to eight weeks without attention before being admitted. Upon the removal of the cast it would be found to be filled with pus and the soft tissues of the limbs would come away with the cast.

We had patients who walked from the Albanian mountains—several days' trip—with frozen feet, in which gangrene had set in, and upon removal of the patients' shoes the flesh would leave the bone. These men had walked for days, with only a mere crust of bread to sustain life; in many instances they died upon arrival at the hospital.

There was an epidemic of giant parotid abscesses in which the patient's face would swell to tremendous proportions, entirely closing the eyes, and having such heavy formations of pus that it drained from both the ears and nose. Upon incising, the released pus would spurt halfway across the operating room, and the parotid gland, being expelled through the incision, would lie exposed on the cheek suspended by a few fibrous bands.

Our most repulsive cases were patients

whose entire bodies would fill with pus without any apparent cause, resulting in death in four or five hours,—probably a sequela of typhus. We had always with us the infected gunshot wound; mostly compound fractures with constantly draining sinuses; about 95 per cent. of the gunshot wounds were infected. In this group of cases, shrapnel wounds were worse than others. For instance,—a case with the entire frontal portion of the skull shot away, with the brain, which had become infected, pulsating through the opening—"hernia cerebri." Another case was one with the entire lower jaw gone, leaving no support for the tongue. Surgeons in Europe are endeavoring to remedy these conditions with plastic surgery, and in many cases are wonderfully successful.

A peculiar condition follows typhus which we term post-typhus gangrene. This usually affects the lower extremities, extending in some cases over the entire limb, beginning at the toes. About fifteen days after the inception of the disease these soft tissues decay and slough off, leaving the bone exposed. As the case advances, the toes, and even the feet, drop off. It not only affects the lower extremities, but other parts of the body as well, including the upper extremities, and even the nose. The mortality

is about 70 per cent. Victims who had been well nourished before contracting typhus seemed exempt from gangrene, although they complained of excruciating pains in the bones of the legs, which the most powerful opiates failed to relieve.

At first we thought these cases to be the result of frozen feet, but upon investigation we discovered no history of frozen feet, and the case records of the majority showed that they had had typhus. Some cases recovered even after the complete self-disarticulation of the ankle-joint. In April our hospital at Belgrade was filled with post-typhus gangrene cases, and it took nearly two months to clean them up, operating steadily every day.

A heavy percentage of the Serbian population is tubercular, and almost every day we had cases in which we made complete excisions of tubercular cervical glands of the neck. About this time there were a great many cases of mastoiditis; so that, together with an operation for complete excision of the cervical glands, we would operate a mastoid. Tetanus also was a common occurrence in the newly wounded cases; and we found that by giving quadruple-size doses of antitoxin directly into the blood-stream, we were able to save 50 per cent. of those in-

"Dead Man's Hill," Gevgelia. The entire surface of this hill is filled with Serbian graves, just as close as they can be made together. A Red-Cross nurse holds up a cross that has fallen over from one of the graves.

All that remains of Gevgelia (Djevgelia), practically four or five houses, left standing in the entire town. The town was partially destroyed by Bulgars in the Balkan War, and the havoc was completed with the coming of the combined Austro-Teuton-Bulgar hordes. Prior to this advent it was occupied by allied French, English, and Serbs, and what dwellings were not destroyed by the shells of the Germans were laid in ruins by the retreating Allies, rather than have them fall into the hands of their enemies. Serbia is full of such scenes now. Desolate waste, ruins of villages, and abject poverty.

fected. Had we enough antitoxin to give prophylactic treatment to every man before infection set in, we could have saved the other 50 per cent. We had recoveries that were shot through vital centers,—the abdomen. the head, and even the heart.

The situation in Gevgelia was frightful when we assumed charge. We considered it desperate in the extreme, but we little knew or understood the might of the enemy we engaged. You may imagine our dismay as the winter season advanced. Each day we witnessed the spread of the dread plague "Typhus." First, it developed among the unfortunate Austrian prisoners, huddled by the thousands in Serbian prison camps. They succumbed daily in hundreds,—later in thousands. Consternation was written on their countenances. Doom was their lot as their comrades sickened and fell, and each poor victim waited in grim silence for his turn. Indeed, his vigil was often brief; for soon, of the entire mass, sixty thousand in number, thirty thousand went down, victims of inadequate hygienic system and unsanitary environment. From the prison camps the plague spread to the hospitals. Here the havoc was tragic indeed; for 90 per cent. of the stricken succumbed—among them were physicians and

surgeons of the Red Cross service. It is known that 240 physicians and surgeons fell victims,—among the number, Drs. Ernest MacGruder, of Washington, D. C., and James Donnelly, of New York City. Each day a face was missing and, as the vacant chairs increased in numbers, our desperation and discouragement may better be conjectured than described. I sometimes wonder if the world will ever appreciate the services of the above-named physicians whose bodies lie in Serbian soil. Martyrs are they of the noblest type, who gave their lives endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of others. Great was their service; great was their love, and great was their sacrifice. They gave their all. What more could the noblest of mankind do? Among the illustrious martyrs of all times, let the names of Ernest MacGruder and James Donnelly be written. May their self-sacrificing heriosm be an inspiration to our profession—often too little appreciated and frequently unrewarded. May their memories be perpetuated by a grateful posterity!

CHAPTER IV.

Death's Hill.

Before the epidemic subsided, 75 per cent. of the population of Gevgelia died; the dead were carried out on litters, without pretense of covering them up, and there was a constant procession of these litters through the streets all day long, borne by Austrian prisoners. These men were usually replaced by someone else inside of a week, as they, themselves, were occupants of the litter, instead of the bearer in that length of time.

The hospitals were giant mills grinding out the dead. A burial site of an acre of ground would be filled in in less than a month, and the Serbians were kept busy looking for new burial trenches. These burial trenches were two feet deep and a hundred yards long, in which the nude bodies of the dead were buried in rude wooden, cratelike coffins, end to end. The earth was then banked up in one huge mound

and separated into individual mounds representing the number of bodies in a trench; at the end of each mound is placed a rough, wooden cross with the occupant's name.

A word for the clergy laboring unceasingly among this stricken people, endeavoring to alleviate the suffering of the dying and indiscriminately rendering the consolations of religion to friend and foe alike.

I am unable to express my disgust for those who have forced the anointed of the Lord to bear the musket and deal death to others; whose sole and lifelong purpose has been to teach by word and example the principles of the Great Master and Saviour, the Founder of Christianity.

In France, over twenty thousand clergymen have been forced to enter the trenches and are suffering all the consequences attending military duty in a pest-ridden environment of trench life.

In Italy, over twenty thousand are employed in the services, as secretaries, orderlies in the hospitals, stretcher bearers, ambulance attendants, and frequently they enter the firing line to do this.

In Serbia they had no time for services as secretaries, and so forth, but all day, all night,

twenty-four hours a day, they worked among the victims of typhus and among the shattered victims of the field of battle, administering the last sacraments to the dying.

In one of the hospitals, two soldiers lay upon a dirty, vermin-infested floor, dying of typhus. One of them seemed to be uneasy. A nurse went up to him and offered her services, but he said: "I want a confessor very badly."

"Is there a priest here?" asked the nurse.

Just then the other soldier, lying there dying, plucked the nurse by the sleeve.

"Madam," he said, "I am a priest. I can give him absolution. Carry me to him."

The nurse hesitated—the second soldier was near death's door—but again the feeble voice said:

"You are of the faith and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared to that?"

And the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his comrade. He had to be carried.

The confession did not take long, and the strength of the soldier priest was ebbing rapidly away. When the time came to give absolution, he made a signal to the nurse. "Help me to give the sign," he said.

The nurse held up his arm while this was being done. Death followed quickly for the priest and his penitent. They died hand in hand, while the nurse and the orderlies fell on their knees on either side of them.

Often the clergy fell victims to the dread plague, but always died smiling; therefore I pay them homage, for I have seen them laboring day and night to fulfill their ideals and serve their brethren in distress. Over their unmarked graves no monuments shall rise to tell the story of sacrifice, but the memory of their unselfish services shall linger with me always, and shall inspire me to be a better man.

Passing down Gevgelia's main street to the east, after crossing the railroad tracks and on gaining the open country, to the left one will notice a lofty hill, around whose base flows the beautiful Morava River. On the bosom of the broad slopes of this historic old site, extending row upon row, tier upon tier, like the steps of some huge balustrade, the new graves are to be seen.

This is a hill dear to the Serbian heart, sacred to their memory, for around its base, even upon its summit, in days gone by, great deeds of valor and bravery have been enacted.

Here, just recently, the Serbs made a glori-

ous stand against their natural enemies, the Bulgars. Upon the summit of this great natural monument they stood, back to back, fighting until the last man had fallen, repelling the invaders who had entirely surrounded the base. Over their dead bodies, over the lofty mound, swept the infuriated Bulgars, bent on the mission of death and destruction. Down her sunny slopes they poured, a human avalanche of vengeance, crazed with the lust of battle. Over her little graves they swept as though they were so many meaningless mounds of clay. Behind the mounds of the dead they entrenched themselves, pouring the while their death-dealing missiles into the now defenceless town. Later to charge through the streets, battle-crazed, massacreing the innocent.

Upon this hill, exposed to the elements and the rays of the noonday sun, lie the whitening, bleaching bones of those who once were heroes. Skulls of the Serbians, with faces turned toward the Bulgarian mountains, gaze, as it were, with satanic, malevolent grins, showing their bitter hatred for the populace but a few short kilometers distant.

I stood upon this mound of death ("Death's Hill," I term it) in silent contemplation, amidst the bleaching bones of fallen heroes, and

thought of the many more graves, extending the full length of the Morava Valley, where for decades, year by year, the fallen had been placed to rest, out of the budding prime of manhood,—the flowers of Serbia, victims of an untimely and unnatural death. What an awful price to pay, that future generations to come might enjoy the fruits of freedom and peace!

Far down the hill is an old, dilapidated shed, a long, low, white structure of masonry, with old, rusty, iron doors, probably used in the capacity of a prison, in bygone days, by the Turks, but now serving as a temporary sepulcher for the dead. One day, in the early spring of 1915, when the typhus raged at its height, I visited this morgue. As the keeper admitted me, the old iron door that had seen ages of disuse, grated upon its rusty hinges as it swung open to usher us into its mysterious recesses, where were housed the dead. There they lay, in long rows, upon a cold, damp, earthen floor, with just a piece of burlap to cover the remains, the clothing of these typhus victims having been removed. I counted three hundred. They had been placed there awaiting burial on the adjoining hillside.

The coffinmakers, laboring day and night with might and main at their gruesome tasks,

Died at Gevgelia, Serbia, ——, 1915, Dr. James F. Donnelly.

Died at Belgrade, Serbia, April 8, 1915, Dr. Ernest P. Magruder.

In the performance of their duties as American Red-Cross surgeons they fell, victims of typhus. Buried with full military honors.

At the grave of Dr. Magruder is Dr. Edward Ryan, while at the left of the cross, in the upper picture, stands Sir Thomas Lipton, a warm personal friend of Dr. Donnelly.

were unable to supply the demand. Having nothing but crude implements, the products of their labors were primitive, the result being merely a few rough boards thrown together. These entirely answered the purpose intended, but later, as the supply of building material became exhausted, the poor makeshifts for coffins consisted of slats nailed together like a berry crate. The law demands that each body repose in a coffin. Therefore, as coffins could not be made fast enough, the bodies were placed temporarily in this little hillside shed until such time as the supply would equal the demand.

In Nish I saw the famous "Tower of Skulls." This gruesome spectacle is situated within the spacious grounds of the Military Hospital. The "commandant" of the hospital, a major ———————— of the medical corps of the Serbians, and whose courtesy and hospitality shall linger long and pleasantly in my memory, kindly allowed me to enter the "Tower of Skulls," relating to me its history in brief as follows: "The Turks, after defeating the Serbs, on the hill near Nish (where the tower now stands), erected this tower. After severing the heads of the fallen Serbians they made up huge vats of concrete, into which were mixed the several heads of fallen Serbians, to-

gether with rocks. In order to commemorate their victory, a huge mound was erected, containing in all twelve hundred heads. Around the outside, row upon row, the heads were pressed into the semisolid masonry, after which the whole was allowed to set." Most of the visible skulls had been removed, taken out and given a decent burial, leaving only one or two that had become more firmly imbedded into the solid masonry than the rest. Still the indentations, where the skulls had reposed, remained, and it would take no vivid imagination to picture in one's mind the gruesome spectacle of this dark background of rocks and mortar studded with grinning, white emblems of death.

CHAPTER V.

The Most Besieged Town of the World.

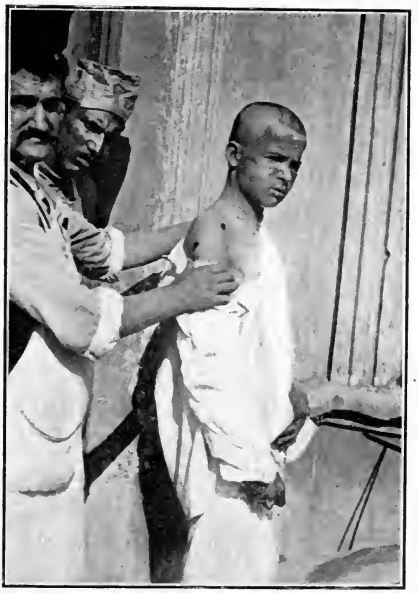
If you are interested in geography, after a glance at the map of Serbia, you will perceive that Belgrade, the former Serbian capital, is not on the opposite side of the Danube from Semlin, Hungary, but rather on the same side, the two cities being separated by the Save River, which joins the Danube at this point. It is true, however, that the Danube does form a partial boundary line on the north between Serbia and Hungary, the Save forming the remainder. These twin cities being in close proximity, in time of war it would be as though Jersey City were bombarding New York.

The city of Belgrade has been besieged more than any other city in the world. From the seventh century to the present day, Belgrade has been a beleagured city, with only short intermissions of peace, whereby its citizens could follow peaceful pursuits,—a shuttle pass-

ing from the hands of one people to another; firstly, tribes styled "Zupaniyi," who represented small independent countries composed of people banded together under one head, the "Zupan," whose object was to subdue and unite adjacent territories. This system reached its climax in 960, when through the loss of their leader they disintegrated, Belgrade falling into the hands of the Bulgars. Several attempts were made to wrest the city from the Bulgars, and finally the Serbians were successful in 1232; then followed a quick shifting from one hand to another, until it came under Turkish rule in the middle of the fifteenth century, remaining a Turkish possession until the beginning of the nineteenth century, during which time the Turks erected a large archway near the Save River, calling it the "Gateway to Constantinople." Then followed several uprisings of the Serbs against their oppressors, the Turks, the Serbs finally defeating the Turks by the aid of the Austrians. Then followed a period of peace, which lasted until the recent Austro-German invasion.

Belgrade is a modern, occidental city, the only city of Serbia boasting of good sanitation with a sewage system. The water-supply, being obtained from springs of the mountains

Sending the slightly wounded back from the firing line. This class of cases came by the thousands, with slight wounds, which were dressed in our hospital. The photograph gives a fair estimation of the number. After they were dressed, they received about three weeks' leave of absence, and were allowed, in most instances, to go home.



Usual type of wound. Considered about a medium type. Patient was able to leave hospital within three weeks. Four holes. High-velocity bullet entered left cheek, passed through lower and upper jaw, knocking out a few molars; wound of exit opposite cheek, then passed through soft tissues covering right shoulder and out again.

nearby, is excellent. It can further boast of paved streets, fine ornate hotels, and tramways. Normally the population is 120,000, but now, owing to the vicissitudes of war, is only about 20,000. Occupying a prominent strategical position between the near East and Europe, this city has been somewhat handicapped in its growth because of the many bombardments it has suffered. At the beginning of the present world war its inhabitants were terrorized repeatedly by large fleets of Austrian monitors, large armor-clad warships mounting six-inch guns. Owing to her exposed position and lack of proper armament, Belgrade was at the mercy of these boats, as they were able to steam in close to the Serbian shore, inflicting terrible damage to the homes of the Serbians with fiendish precision and deadly close-range fire. This continued until the French and English had mounted large naval guns in strategical positions commanding the rivers Save and Danube. These guns were shipped by the way of Saloniki, and it was a Herculean task to transport and mount them in the hills about Belgrade. To further discourage attacks of monitors the Russians sent into Serbia large mines, which were anchored in the waters between Hungary and Serbia.

Most of the streets are paved with rough cobble-stones, although their two main thoroughfares, styled Ulitsa-Mackenzie and the Terezia, are of asphalt; both starting from the Kalemegdan, the former containing all the better shops. The majority of the shops are two-story, but now most of their doors and shutters are closed, as the better class of merchants, and, in fact, all of the better class of citizens, have left the city.

The asphalt streets are billowed, due to the heavy vibrations occasioned by bursting shrapnel, while here and there are great craters where sections of the pavement had been torn up by shells.

The same oriental custom prevails upon the streets of Belgrade as in Constantinople; everyone retires early at night, a tradition probably handed down by the Turks, and by the time darkness has descended the streets are cleared. Owing to the close proximity of the Austrian guns, most of the street lights are extinguished, giving a ghostly darkness to the scene where one may be startled in sudden alarm at the immovable figure of the gendarme, lurking in the shadows, armed to the teeth, a great, tall apparition, with long Russian overcoat and Serbian hat, an ammunition belt about his waist,

from which protrude pistols, and strapped over his shoulders in a perpendicular fashion, a carbine with fixed bayonet. Down the long, deserted streets can be heard the approach of the patrol "La Patrolla," the silence broken by the resounding echoes of the regular heavy footfalls, and an occasional spark can be seen flying out from under foot as their hobnailed shoes strike the rough cobbles. Many were the interesting experiences we had with the patrol and gendarmes as we returned to the hospital at night after visiting friends down in the city.

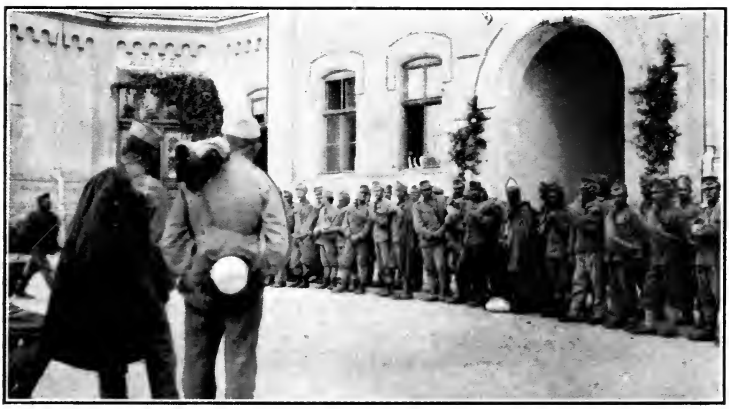
Situated in the center of the business district are the palaces of the king, the old palace, so called, built ten years ago and the new, which has not been occupied, as it has never been completed, both inclosed in the same spacious yards by a high, gilded iron fence. Between the two is a small summer house marking the site of the place where King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated. Unlike our American homes, to view the beauties of a Belgrade home, one must see it from the rear, as the front of the house, which is severely plain, is built out to the edge of the sidewalk, leaving no lawn, but extending deeply back to the rear of the house are beautiful, inclosed spacious lawns, giving privacy to the owner. These

lawns are covered with a profusion of flowers and shrubbery. Here in the warm evenings of the summer, the residents spend most of their hours of recreation, even to partaking of their meals in its shady bowers.

Kalemegdan.—Passing up a precipitous, zig-zag road, from the river, one soon enters a gateway and finds himself within the spacious grounds of the Kalemegdan. Here were once well-kept gardens of bright flower-beds and trim walks, where the beauty and fashion of Belgrade were wont to sun themselves an hour before evening, and while away the time, to the dreamy Serbian music of the military band, amid the intoxicating odors of roses. Since the war began, all this has changed—the trim, well-kept walks have become grass-grown, the flower-beds have gone to decay and become replaced by weeds, and across the wonderful brick gateway a chain is stretched, before which a guard is stationed, warning all pleasure-seekers away, for you are informed that the "schwabas" (Austrians) may bombard.

As one crosses the broad parade grounds, ages old, said to be the center of a thousand stormy fights, on the left are the soldiers' coffee-houses, now fallen to decay; on the right are heavy woods, and flitting through the trees can

Street scene outside of the American Hospital after the fall of Belgrade. A Hungarian regiment is lounging along the west wall surrounding the hospital. This is one of the first regiments which crossed the river without having been wiped out by the deadly Serbian fire. Looking down the street two buildings are visible on the left-hand side. The large proximal one is the newly established German hospital, which took over the German wounded from our hospital as soon as it was established. The older building, smaller and more distant, is the orphan asylum, housing some four hundred infants and children, and directly under the charge of the American Red Cross. In the distance the River Save, flowing from west to east, can be seen. This joins the River Danube, about a mile east of this point, around a small peninsula. The street in which the soldiers are resting was the scene of desperate street fighting and was torn up by many shells.



Austrian prisoners of war at Hospital Militaire, American Red Cross. The Serbs captured 60,000. During the typhus epidemic 30,000, or 50 per cent., died. Fifty per cent. of the remainder died of starvation and exposure during the Serbian retreat through Albania. The men in the picture are being

be seen the Serbian soldiers stationed here, practising the game of war, as it is played today, not on the parade ground, as in former days, but from ambush. Scattered about the grounds are numerous cannon-balls, with coats upon coats of rust, together with antiquated cannon of the first type of manufacture of Hanoverian days.

Enclosing this park terrace-like, one wall within another, between which is a moat long since dry, is the old Belgrade fortress Kalemegdan, built by the Romans, maroon with age, forming a contrast to the "White City" in the background. These walls rise sheer of the rivers Save and Danube, one hundred and fifty feet in the air; while, sending its white spire still higher into the heavens, is the ancient lookout tower, from whence one may view the waters of the Save as they hasten to unite at your feet with the blue waters of the Danube as they wriggle away into the broad low plains of Hungary; and, with binoculars, one can witness market scenes across the Save, in Semlin's main street, with Austrian soldiers walking about the streets, and, were they not concealed, one could perceive the great skodas of the Austrians' 30.5 centimeter guns, with which they were wont at times to hurl their great monster

shells against this very fortress. Indeed, they had already been busy, for here and there about us were great craters and torn battlements.

Situated close to the tower, penetrating well down into the bowels of the earth was a deep well, fifteen feet in diameter, constructed of brick, a wonderful relic of Roman structure, which communicated with an underground tunnel through which the ancients passed out of the fortress to safety in days long gone by—a narrow, dark, circular stairway, wound around and around, downward, never ceasing until it reaches the bottom of the well and the tunnel. Subterranean passages extend from building to building, in an intricate network, each strongly made of layer upon layer of hand-made bricks.

From the Kalemegdan is a ridge which stretches in a semicircle following the course of the River Save in a southerly direction, terminating two miles distant in the heights of the Topchider. From this ridge the landscape slopes terrace-like downward to the banks of the river, forming, as it were, a natural amphitheater.

From the river, on a sunny afternoon, one may realize why this is called the "White City." There unfolded before your gaze, rising row upon row, are the white houses glistening in

the sunshine like an immense audience of ancient Romans in their white, spotless robes, and like a Roman Emperor, the Cathedral, crowned with its golden steeple, stands forth from the rest; while to the rear may be seen the imposing new palaces. Just one mosque remains in Belgrade, the last relic of Turkish rule; but most imposing of all, standing out against the skyline, is the Hospital Militaire, the national military hospital of Serbia. It occupies the topmost seat, so to speak, directly in the center of this wonderful stadium of nature. Built only eight years ago, it is a wonder of architectural beauty, the finest, most up-to-date hospital in the Balkan States. About its spacious grounds, inclosed within high walls surmounted by beautiful iron fences, are well-kept driveways and footpaths, wonderful lawns and flower-gardens. There are ten mammoth buildings, complete in every respect, from the power house to the operating rooms, having a capacity in all of 1650 beds. In structure the buildings are brick faced with cement, and its spacious wards are wonders of modern sanitation, being light and airy. The operating rooms face on the river, and it was through their large bay windows that we watched the battles as they were waged in the arena of this natural stadium. This hospital

was a gift to Serbia by a private individual. To show the superstition of the Serb, I might relate that in connection with its donation they thought the man crazy to donate such a large sum for hospital purposes, and, furthermore, feared that if they accepted such a large sum, they would fill its hospital with the sick and wounded, so that they were reluctant to accept the gift on this account. Later events, which I will soon relate, proved their superstition well founded.

The first bombardment witnessed by the personnel of unit No. 1 of the American Red Cross stationed at the Hospital Militaire began early in December, 1914, when the Austrians began their first invasion of Serbia. Starting in with the bombardment, the refugees streamed out of the city and took up their quarters in surrounding villages beyond the range of the invader's guns. This marked the beginning of a siege that was not to cease until October 10 of the following year. The brave Americans worked incessantly during this entire period, under fire of the Austrian guns. While the units in Gevgelia had poor quarters in their tobacco-factory hospital and suffered all the consequences following in the wake of an epidemic of typhus, the unit at Belgrade, although

Overflow of patients in our Belgrade hospital. The wounded and dying soldiers are being left in the grounds surrounding the hospital owing to the overcrowded conditions of the wards and corridors of the various buildings attached to the hospital. This aggregation of wounded is but the beginning of the gruesome picture which is to be greatly enlarged upon as the thousands of wounded soldiers and civilians are brought to us. The men seen lounging about are members of the Austrian and German hospital corps and Serbian prisoners, who have been impressed into this Red-Cross work by their captors. The litters bearing the wounded have been carried from the surrounding trenches. The litter-bearers are taking a much-needed rest before continuing their Good Samaritan work. As soon as possible the wounded are carried up the steps and into the operating room, while many of them are so desperately wounded that they die on the stretchers, and are transported direct to the morgue.

A receiving room in the receiving ward of the American Red-Cross Hospital, Belgrade. Patients were kept here under observation for two to four weeks to see that no infectious disease developed. The man sitting on the floor is dying. The soldier in the middle, a mere boy, has no shoes. Before assigning them to a bed all had to be deloused, no matter how severe their condition.

having better sanitary surroundings, nevertheless had typhus to contend with also, and, in addition, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a great battle.

Shells by the score went screaming over the hospital to reach the Serbian trenches located on the opposite side from the Austrian firing line just across the Save River in Semlin. One can image the strain which the doctors and nurses were compelled to endure while the battle raged.

All were instructed to remain within doors and, with an exhibition of restraint and courage of which Americans may well feel proud, the Red Cross doctors and nurses continued in the discharge of their duties, going about the wards and looking after the needs of their patients. One volunteer nurse, a young Serbian woman, ventured into the grounds while the battle was raging, and was struck and severely wounded by a fragment of bursting shell.

After the battle, another period of anxiety and stress followed, because the Serbian army was obliged to retreat and Belgrade fell into the hands of the victorious Austrians. Refusing to flee with the frightened inhabitants, Unit No. 1 remained at its post of duty.

One can imagine the suspense with which

this little band remaining in the hospital must have suffered awaiting the coming of the invading army. However, the Austrians treated the mission with the greatest courtesy and consideration. Wounded Austrian soldiers began to pour into the hospital at once, and were placed, side by side, with the wounded Serbians who were unable to leave when the Serbian army evacuated Belgrade.

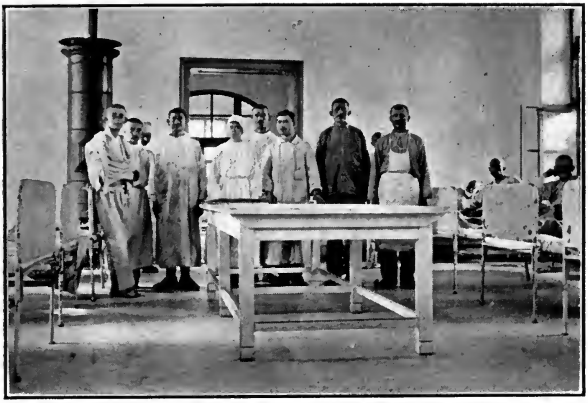
The influx of wounded men following the battle was so great that it quickly became totally impossible to care for all. In one day 3000 wounded were brought to the hospital. They were laid upon the floors, in the corridors, and upon the grounds outside the hospital, and although the doctors worked day and night, it was physically impossible to even examine the wounds of many. Dr. Ryan, Chief of the Mission, requested the commander-in-chief of the Austrian army to undertake the removal of the wounded across the Save River, for the purpose of conveying them into the interior of Hungary for treatment; and after the removal of hundreds of wounded, the situation was somewhat improved. After ten days the Austrians were driven out of Serbia, and the victorious Serbian army again occupied their city.

Enemy Flees from Enemy.—Few people in this land of peace can realize the harrowing experiences of the inhabitants of a beleaguered city. At all times during the course of a war, the people of the war zone suffer the consequences attending the clash of enemies. Harrowing and terrible, though they may seem, nevertheless incidents uncommonly ludicrous are bound to occur. Thus it happened previous to the invasion, as the Austrians began to hurl their shells into Belgrade, the French marines on the Serbian side had been ordered to evacuate the city with the Serbians. They manned several large naval guns and were bountifully supplied with ammunition. Now, the French did not care to have their valuable ammunition fall into the hands of the enemy, so on this account they remained behind hurling their shells across the river into Semlin as rapidly as they could load and fire. They kept up a terrific fire for about three hours, until their shells were entirely wasted, then hurriedly retreated and caught up with the fleeing Serbs. On account of the terrific fire kept up by these French marines while the Serbians were retreating back into the interior of their own country, the Austrians were led to believe that the Serbs had planned an attack on Semlin and

great was the consternation among their ranks as the French shells dropped by the hundreds into their territory. "Surely, the Serbs are coming over the river," they thought; but in the mean time the Serbs, as though pursued by ten thousand demons, were rapidly putting miles between their army and the river. "The Serbs have received reinforcements," thought the Austrians, and with the impression of a Serbian invasion fixed firmly in their minds, the same ten thousand little devils entered their ranks, adding impetus to their mad rush as they hot-footed into the interior of their own country, evacuating Semlin. The Austrians were the first to realize that their flight was needless, as, on the contrary, the Serbians were fleeing from them; so they turned about and made a triumphal entry into Belgrade, with flags flying and bands playing.

This was a bad move for the Austrians, as they came over really unprepared. They pursued the Serbs back into the mountains, where the Serbs rallied, formed an ambuscade and took 60,000 Austrians prisoners.

However, before this rally of the Serbs, they had retreated a disorganized body far into the interior of their country, being reinforced from time to time by fresh troops, and the



A medical ward.

The Hospital Militaire, Belgrade. The American Red-Cross Hospital and the National Military Hospital, the finest in the Balkans, and the most imposing institution in Serbia. Built eight years ago; capacity, 1650 beds. It is complete in all details. Tile floors, modern sanitation, own electric light and power plant, laundry, machine shop, etc. Stands in beautiful, spacious grounds.

Upper picture, one of the ten medical wards. Lower picture, patients convalescing in the yard of the hospital. Note the well-kept lawns, shrubbery, and walks.

crisis came when King Peter went to the front ranks of his army, addressed his troops, entered the trenches, and handled a rifle along with the rank and file. This put new hope and courage into the hearts of the Serbs, and the great Serbian offensive which began December the third was successful. In the Suvobar Highlands, the great "Austrian Goliath" was smitten hip and thigh. They were thrown back upon Valievo and fled panic-stricken, abandoning on the way rich booty. By the 16th of December the whole Austrian army was in full flight—so precipitate that guns, mortars, well-filled ammunition wagons, carts, rifles strewed the whole line in the wake of their fleeing army. Across the mountain passes, deep in the snow, the Serbians followed hard on the heels of the disorganized Austrians. The spirit which animated the Serbians was clearly revealed in the stirring orders of the day, issued by Crown Prince Alexander, commander-in-chief of the Serbian army: "Recover the hearths of the faithful which the enemy hath so pitilessly destroyed. Pursue to the end these cruel hordes on the Drina and Save. Glory to those who have fallen on the field of honor."

Great excitement reigned in Belgrade as the fighting armies drew closer and closer; as

the distant booming of the cannons came within hearing,—"They are coming"—"The Serbs are gaining"—"The Austrians are being hurled back." Those of the Austrians who had been left to guard Belgrade fled panic-stricken through the streets, toward the rivers and out upon the pontoon bridge leading to Semlin. Before we were aware, the Austrian hordes were upon us, and the streets were crowded with a fighting, struggling mass of humanity seeking safety; first they came by tens, later by thousands, all running pell-mell toward the pontoon, pausing in their mad rush for an instant to wheel and fire a parting volley at the oncoming Serbs; shooting and hand-to-hand fighting occurred everywhere about the city, as the Serbs would catch up with the rear ranks of the fleeing Austrians, even about the gates of our hospital. As the Austrians reached the pontoon bridge, in constantly increasing numbers, they fought among themselves to see who would be the first to cross; death staring them in the face, discipline was scattered to the winds, each man for himself; great numbers realizing that there was no more room on the bridge, braved the cold, icy waters of a swollen torrent—by tens, by hundreds, they jumped from the bridge and shores, both men and

horses, their bodies intermingling, struggling madly, desperately, for life; with screams of terror they jumped, only to have their cries stifled by the swiftly flowing current of water as it dragged each victim down—down—into its greedy maw.

Meanwhile, the Serbs having gotten the range, and the French marines having recovered their cannons, were hurling their huge projectiles in great quantities into this seething, struggling mass of humanity, one great shell utterly destroying and carrying away the central portion of the pontoon bridge, thereby shattering any hope that the Austrians may have cherished to reach their native shore, but a short distance away. Added to this hell, in their mad rush for safety they broke the railings, thereby allowing men to fall into the river by scores. From the vantage point of the Hospital Militaire, one could see continual streaks of blue as the victims dropped from the bridge into the river, each small atom registering another soul gone to his last reckoning —the blue Danube was living up to its name.

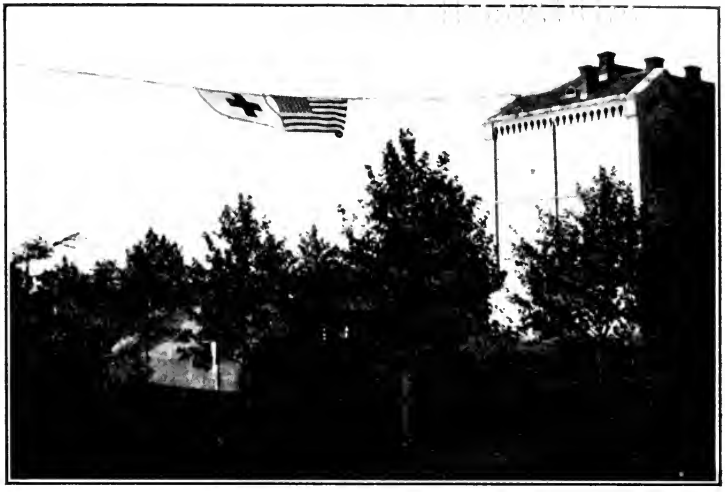
Retreat being cut off, the Austrians capitulated and a hundred and fifty officers, together with ten thousand men, were taken prisoners by the Serbs.

As lightning out of a clear sky, the hospital was filled with the dead and dying. In the wards, the wounded Serbs were placed by the side of Austrians, two and three in a cot bed, on the floors, out in the corridors, thence out in the yard. In this conglomerate mixture of humanity, one could not tell Austrian from Serb—shrieks of pain—moans of the dying—blood, filth and vermin—the stench that arose being indescribable. The surgeons toiled incessantly with might and main among the helpless unfortunates; the gruesome task of amputating legs, trephining skulls, was Herculean, and after hours of work one could scarce raise the knife; each surgeon at his own table, five tables in one operating room.

The work would suddenly be interrupted by a wild-eyed, excited Austrian officer rushing into the operating room, exclaiming: "I have six hundred wounded in such and such a building or shed; they cannot be transported; it will be necessary for me to leave them in your care." After which he would hurry from the room seeking his own safety.

We spent the entire summer of 1915 operating upon the victims of this invasion.

Later I passed along this trail left by the fleeing Austrians, over roads that were noth-



"The Emblems of Neutrality." After two shells were hurled into the hospital we hoisted two large flags amidst a rain of shot and shell, and while the menacing bomb-laden aëroplanes soared overhead, having flown from Austrian shores across the Danube. The flags we hoisted far above the tree-tops, over the most northern exposure of the hospital buildings, so that they would be most readily visible to the attacking armies on the opposite shores. This was very fortunate, because we were told by the officers who entered Belgrade with their victorious men that they had seen the American and Red-Cross flags through their field glasses, even though the days during the bombardment were misty, and had carefully avoided sighting the range of the American hospital. We hoisted other flags horizontally from the windows of the main building, which served as signals of our neutrality to the dangerous flying squadron overhead.

Doctors and nurses of the American Red Cross, Belgrade. Nurses—Misses Lusk, Gardner, Tetrault, Van Meter, Frey, Keller, Pfleiderer, Murdy, Lehman, Gladwin (Supervisor), Lockerby, Hershberner, Latimer, Lofing, Scanlon, Bundy, Klitke. Doctors—Downer, Butler, Hagler, Ryan, Kirby Smith, Kirkpatrick.

ing but beaten paths, marked here and there by a lonely, desolate peasant's home. I saw the abandoned guns, wagons, rifles, ruined ordnance of every description, along the highway. I could picture the fleeing Austrians as they were charged again and again by the grim, pursuing Serbian legions; I could see them fall by the wayside; I could see the dead bodies of men and horses intermingled, to be left as they had fallen by the hurrying armies, later to be buried in lonely Serbian graves by the wayside, hastily and shallowly dug by the peasant women, their bones perhaps to be unearthed by some wild animal. The entire distance of this highway of death is marked by rude wooden crosses. And as I passed through this scene of desolation, with the ruins of Serbian peasant homes on either side, I thought of the orders of the day issued by the Crown Prince, "Glory to those who have fallen on the field of battle," and wondered if the glory was worth the price.

A New Discovery in Artillery.—During this campaign the Serbians hit upon a supposedly brilliant idea, whereby they could make their mountain artillery more efficient. Serbia is a mountainous country, and this arm of service plays an important part in warfare.

The Serbs reasoned that they could substitute the jackass for the horse as a means of carrying guns, with the following purpose in view: the former animal is an easier keeper, as it can exist on sparse vegetation, and even thistles growing upon the mountain-side; furthermore, he is sure-footed and can travel over treacherous mountain-trails which a horse cannot navigate; so this experiment accordingly was carried out, and a whole battery of mountain artillery was supplied with this beast of burden. And it came to pass, as this certain battery was traveling through the mountain-passes of Serbia, the advance guard suddenly encountered a regiment of Austrian infantry who were in camp for the night in a valley which was entirely surrounded by hills and dense undergrowth. It was an excellent position to ambuscade the enemy and try out their new battery. With haste the guard reported the presence of the enemy, after which the battery moved stealthily forward with caution. Silence reigned supreme as they glided through the forests, like so many shadows. After silently deploying, the Serbians had the unsuspecting Austrians surrounded, the latter being busily engaged preparing their evening meal, little dreaming that the Serbs were in

such close proximity. The battery now being in its proper position, all that remained for the Serbs to do was to unlimber the guns and mount them. The enemy was theirs. The prey was within their grasp. As I before remarked, silence reigned supreme through the forests as the gathering shadows of twilight were falling, when suddenly the glen, the hills, the woodlands resounded with the echoes due to the braying of an ass, like the clarion call of a bugle in the hands of a trumpeter as it calls brave troops into action. He brayed forth his challenge again and again. Before the Serbians could dismount their guns and get into action, the Austrians had sprung to arms, charged the hills, and captured the complete Serbian outfit.

CHAPTER VI.

Peasant Soldiers of Serbia.

A throne is defended either by hallowed traditions or by bayonets; and the former, as we, the American people, are beginning to realize, do not stand in very good stead in times of stress.

As traditions have not had time to mature in the Balkan States, the condition of the army is the first criterion of national stability. The sentiments and efficiency of the army, therefore, are of paramount importance, apart from questions of self-defense. When an army is not a separate or mercenary class, but a whole nation under arms, it is always identical in sentiment with the people or civilians at peace. Apply a set of people to any set occupation for a considerable period of time and they will adopt a point of view entirely different from their natural instincts. For example, a group of our city firemen, our police, our detective forces, although they share many views in com-

Medical and Surgical Staff, Units 1, 2, 3, of American Red Cross, Hospital Militaire, Belgrade, Serbia. Drs. Earl B. Downer (Michigan); Frederick Hagler (Missouri); Kirby-Smith (Tennessee), former director Pau, France; Ethan Flagg Butler (Washington), former director Gevgelia, Serbia; Kirkpatrick and Edward Ryan, director.

mon, still they do not, group for group, cherish identical ideas, and their occupational ideas are still farther removed from those of the average layman.

The Serbian soldier, credited with being the greatest in the world, while a terrible fighter when aroused, is not the terrible, bloodthirsty bandit he is accused of being, but, on the contrary, is a peaceful, docile, home-loving peasant, a humble tiller of the soil, and very primitive. I was amazed to find the Turk of the same disposition.

The Serbian army consists of men of a certain age, drilled under an atmosphere of arms for a period of two years, military service being universal and compulsory. They are peasants with the instincts of soldiers. Every Serbian is an ardent patriot and soldier. According to the very latest statements of General von Makenson and other great officers with whom I have conversed, they put up a stiffer resistance, taking into consideration the equipment and small numbers, than did any of the allied forces in this, the greatest war the world has ever known. The Germans credit them with being better fighters even than the Belgians.

Serbia is divided into five military districts,

namely, Nish, Vlaievo, Belgrade, Kragujevatz and Zaitchar. The divisional headquarters are situated in the towns named. In addition, there are the armies of Montenegro and Albania.

The Serbians manufactured their munitions of war at Kragujevatz, and here also was stationed the main arsenal of Serbia. This little town is fifty-nine miles southwest of Belgrade, in the forested valley of the Lepenitsa, a small stream flowing into the Morova. It was formerly, before the Austro-German drive, headquarters for the armies of Serbia. The Germans had this under control within seven days from the time they landed on Serbian soil. Americans take notice!

Most of the Serbian artillery is French make, although not of recent pattern, the field gun being a quick-firer, caliber 7.5 centimeters, with panoramic, independent sight, and a maximum range of about six thousand yards. For a mountain piece they use a Creuzot of 7 centimeters. A great many of these were replaced recently by modern artillery from France and England and Russia.

In Montenegro, the mountain artillery excels. Here one finds a lofty, mountainous country of gray, broken rocks. This little kingdom, the smallest of Europe, about the

size of Delaware, boasts the finest and strongest race in Europe. They are the finest example of Serbian manhood; their average height is six feet, and they are born warriors. Not being accustomed to regular formations, however, their cavalry and infantry are of doubtful value, but they are the ideal type for mountain warfare.

Perhaps, if Serbia had possessed a few howitzers of the caliber of Austria's and Germany's 30.5 Skodas and 42-centimeter guns, even though she had but a handful of defenders compared to the number of invaders, the recent history of that nation would have been written differently. As it was, with all their bravery and endurance, they were but pygmies in comparison when Germany unchained her terrible bulldog, the greatest engine of destruction the world has ever known, namely, the howitzer.

Serbia is a poor country, and at the beginning of the war was only slowly recovering from the burdens entailed upon her by the conflict with Bulgaria. She could not, therefore, provide good uniforms and adequate equipment for her soldiers. As the military system in Serbia is based upon universal service, we find the army divided as follows: What is known

as the first ban, that is, the first line of the active army, consists of men from 21 to 31 years of age; the second ban is a reserve composed of men between 31 and 38; and the third ban, which corresponds to the French territorial army, is the landstwina of Serbia, and to him and his middle-aged comrades is confided the protection of the few railways that the country possesses. Along these railways, at every few kilometers' distance, are improvised huts of boughs and dry leaves by the side of the line, which are a common feature of the landscape of the Balkans. Classifying as to age, there remains another interesting division, the "child bomb-throwers" of Serbia, ranging in age from 12 to 15 years. These child heroes take their places in the first line trenches with the "Committadjii," their only weapons of war being hand grenades, which are strapped about the waist, and are similar in construction to those used by the "Committadjii." They are flask-like in shape, capable of killing within a radius of thirty paces. When the enemy is close enough, these grenades are hurled by the child soldiers into their midst.

At Iovanovatz, near Shabatz, a small child, a mere baby, barely 5 years of age, was play-

Views in Belgrade.

The Royal Theatre (upper picture) is situated in the heart of the city, where the bombardment was most severe. Fortunately, the beautiful structure escaped. It is made of stone and pressed brick, and its interior is similar to any first-class American playhouse. The Austrian troops are seen resting before passing on through the city after the retreating Serbs. The lower view was taken before the last bombardment. The houses are usually built of brick covered with concrete, giving them a white, glistening appearance. They often stand in beautiful gardens surrounded by high walls. Streets are all paved, sometimes with asphalt. Note the number of trees.

ing innocently in the street, in close proximity to a group of Austrian officers who were standing idly holding conversation, when suddenly and without warning, this supposedly innocent little child tossed one of those deadly missiles of destruction into their midst with disastrous results, several of the officers being killed and wounded. This inflamed the Austrians so that they executed sixty Serbian prisoners in the little village as an example to the Serbians.

I have operated on and cared for several of these child heroes, and they bear their pain and suffering from nasty shrapnel wounds with great bravery and stoicism, not a whimper or even a tear, which they manfully suppressed.

The cavalry easily equals the Cossacks of Russia. Being peasants, they are reared in the saddle, figuratively speaking, and are excellent horsemen. The horses are the Russian pony type, small and runty. The Serbians rank with the foremost troops of the world in soldierly virtues and show remarkable prowess in infantry and hand-to-hand fighting. This was vividly brought to my notice at the Battle of the Danube. The Germans know by the science and art of war when they are defeated, or, according to the "Marquis of Queensbury" rules, when they are "counted out." The Serb,

upon regaining consciousness, so to speak, arises from the mat fighting harder than ever, not knowing when to take the count. They are "wild cats" when in action.

In the Battle of the Danube, as the Austrians came across the river, in open pontoon boats, the Serbians mowed them down with their murderous rifle and machine-gun fire, the dead filling the swiftly flowing stream, but the Austrian hordes far outnumbering the small band of brave defenders, and, as the invaders charged from the river upon them, the Serbs, with the fury of desperation, flung their guns far from them, seized their knives, gained the summit of the embankment, and leaped madly, feet first, into the upturned faces of the enemy, striking with fists and knives,—a scratching, clawing, biting, infuriated, seething caldron of demons. Hundreds of the Serbs were literally impaled upon the bayonets of the Austrians, the remaining victims to have their brains dashed upon the sands by the well-directed blows of clubbed muskets.

In the German army every detail is carried out with wonderful system and precision. The transport wagons are wonders of ingenuity; all are made to conform to definite specifications, each made to serve the particular pur-

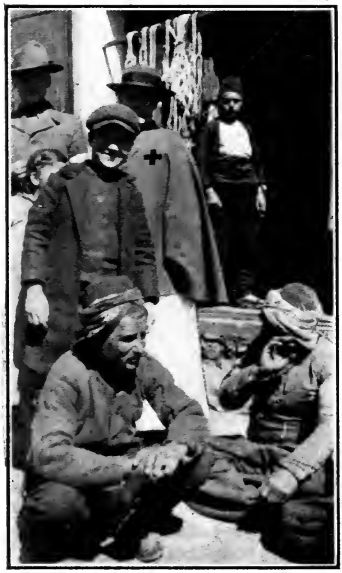
pose for which it is designed. For instance, an ammunition wagon cannot be used for the purpose of carrying tentage, nor can a cook's kitchen be changed into an ammunition wagon. In this connection I might state that our own Barnum & Bailey Circus formed the basis upon which this great system of military transportation was founded. On one of its tours through Germany, a study was made of its workings, by officers of the German army detailed by the Kaiser to accompany it on its travels and report the result of their findings. As with the circus, each and every article is numbered. For instance, a certain section of tentage is numbered five and made to fit in a space marked five of wagon number one in a train of wagons carrying nothing but tents. It is essential that each article occupy its designated place in order to avoid confusion. For illustration, if article number five should happen to be placed in space marked four, this would throw the entire train out of order. Going more into detail, for each type of wagon there is a complete set of duplicate parts, similarly numbered, held in reserve and carried along with the train. Each train is accompanied by mechanics, each skilled in his particular trade, whose sole duty is to keep these trains in motion. If one of the wagons

of a tent train should meet with a mishap, breaking an important part, it must fall out of line at once and await the repair train for a duplicate and the special mechanic to make the repairs. This delay is liable to cause on officer ahead much annoyance and inconvenience and deprive him of a tent for the night.

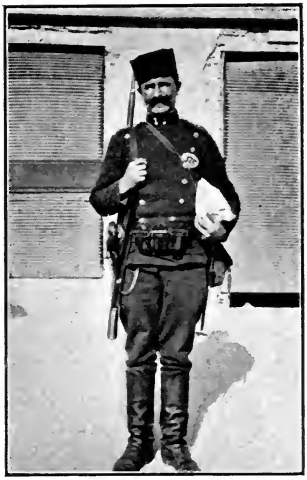
In striking contrast to this wonderful, clockwork precision of the German system is the primitive, home-made transport of the Serbian. Serbia has no system as to transports. A peasant owning a wagon and team is impressed into the service, taking his outfit along. The wagons are small, springless, simply constructed, in most cases by the peasants themselves. He is thoroughly familiar with every piece of timber and metal used in its construction. Furthermore, his harness is also home-made, fashioned out of rope. If his wagon should break, he need only jump out, chop down a small tree at the wayside and, in a few moments, the necessary repairs having been made, he goes on about his business.

Their king and their crown prince, commander-in-chief of the armies of Serbia, being the direct descendant of the native liberator, have a special claim upon the affections of a people whose historical memories appeal to

A Belgrade café. In summer patrons are usually served at tables arranged along the sidewalks. In the foreground is "La Patrola" examining for credentials. A civilian of military age, not possessing the proper papers, is promptly arrested and impressed into the service. Even soldiers are examined. A great many Austrian spies were apprehended in this manner.



Albanian recruits. The first time these men have had their photographs taken. Note one hiding his face.



A Serbian soldier-policeman. Instead of carrying a "mace," all policemen in Serbia carry a gun, even in peace times. They have a fine military training, are the pick of the army, and in times of war serve, with the colors, along with the rank and file. They are under the control of the Federal government and receive their appointment therefrom.

them. They call their ruler, King Peter, such titles as "Peter the Democrat" and "Peter the Commoner," his democratic ideas appealing strongly to these simple people of the soil. His name will always linger in the memories of his people for his various acts of heroism displayed upon the field of battle. In November, 1914, King Peter joined his army as the Serbs were retreating, a disorganized body in the face of the invading Austrians. At this critical moment, though advanced in years, and suffering from rheumatism contracted in the war of 1870, when he fought with France, he hurried to the front, addressed his troops, and entered the trenches, where he handled a rifle along with the rank and file; then came the turn of the tide, inspired with new courage by this brave act of their king, the disorganized Serbians were again united, system followed chaos, and the Austrians, becoming aware of this, fled panic-stricken.

Across the mountain passes, deep in the snow, the Serbians followed hard upon the heels of the disorganized Austrian army. The spirit which animated them was clearly revealed in the stirring orders of the day, issued by Crown Prince Alexander, the commander-in-chief of the Serbian armies: "Recover the

hearths of the faithful which the enemy hath pitilessly destroyed. Pursue to the end these cruel hordes on the Drina and the Save. Glory to those who have fallen on the field of honor." With these thrilling acts of heroism, the Serbians turned defeat into victory, hurling the Austrians back into their own territory and making sixty thousand of them prisoners.

Surrounded by his victorious armies, with cries of "Shevia Krahlia Peter," or in defeat, he was ever with his men. I can see this poor old patriot retreating, with bowed head, through tracks of desolate wastes and snow, amidst scenes of hunger and starvation, where, here and there, some poor unfortunate would fall, the victim of starvation or with scant clothing succumb to the bitter, freezing blasts of the cold Albanian mountains, fleeing again before these hordes of Austrians, Germans and Bulgarians, too crippled and too aged to walk, being transported in a rude, home-made ox-cart.

I have conversed with Serbian soldiers of all ranks, have ministered to their wounded in their hospitals, have associated with them day by day for a period of one year, with the conclusion that every Serbian is a born patriot. At the first whisper of an invasion of Serbia

by the Austrians, the whole country went wild with excitement and every peasant sprang to arms, ready to shed his life's blood if necessary to repel the enemy. They will fight to the last man, no matter what the vicissitudes, while a stone of Serbian fortress remains in foreign hands.

If one but pause for a moment to trace their origin in history, it can be plainly seen why they are such a nation of sturdy fighters. Tracing their origin back to 637 A.D., we find them living on the northern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains, from whence they emigrated to the countries they now occupy, namely, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Albania, and other provinces of Hungary. The original emigrant had gray eyes and light hair, and even now one will occasionally see this type; but the vast majority have dark hair and eyes, due to an admixture with the southern races, principally Greek. Ethnographically, they are related to the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and Bulgarians, though the latter, unlike the Serb, are not pure Slav, nor are they as pronounced hybrids as the Roumanians. There is an admixture of tartar blood which gives the typical Bulgar the countenance of the Asiatic; but Bulgar and Serb are

one in their traditions of a past more glorious and inspiring than that claimed by any of the Slavonic people. Both challenged the might of the ancient Byzantine Empire, and out of the rivalry grew a bitter race antagonism.

The Serbs use an alphabet similar to the Russian, founded on the Greek, consisting of thirty-three characters, and their church is orthodox Greek, an offshoot of the Roman Catholic Church.

Being accustomed to outdoor life from childhood, and casehardened by generations of guerrilla warfare, they afford excellent material for military purposes; and their patriotic enthusiasm is an additional point in their favor. They wrought out their own independence against fearful odds, entirely unaided, and out of their struggle to free themselves from the oppressing Turk developed the wonderful fighting spirit for which these people are renowned. It must be remembered that the Turks held control of all Serbia up until the past century, and but two hundred years ago were hammering at the doors of Vienna, threatening to invade all Europe.

That the Serbs were not victorious in the recent struggle against the Teutons is no reproach to them, but, on the contrary, it is

Transporting hospital garments which have been fumigated and "deloused."

Water wagon. Used to carry water to the Serbian soldiers.

Watering oxen in the heart of Belgrade. A Serbian supply train. The store in the background is a Serbian drug-store.

indeed to their credit that they were able to make such a brilliant stand against fearful odds. Just think of it; there were one million, the combined armies of Bulgaria, Austria and Germany, hurled against a little, insignificant handful of half-starved Serbian patriots, whose total number did not exceed three hundred thousand. Why, they were almost as weak in numbers as the proposed new army of the United States.

The Serbian officers I found to be very intelligent; they were very smart in appearance, with fine military physiques, wearing their uniforms well; they were very agreeable in manner. Nearly all of them speak French, German, and Russian, a necessary requisite which has been sadly neglected in our own army. Most of the officers of the line were graduates of the military academy at Belgrade, while the officers of the medical corps were graduates of Petrograd, Berlin, and Vienna, Serbia having no medical colleges. There is a great deficiency in numbers of doctors in the Serbian army, as at the beginning of the war Serbia could boast of but three hundred all told, and during the typhus epidemic of 1915 two hundred and forty of them died, victims of this dread disease. A few of these were replaced

by doctors sent over from England and France. There were a few American doctors serving as officers of the medical corps of the Serbian army, with the rank and pay of captain, first class. Even with this added material, the number was entirely inadequate for the needs of the army, to say nothing of the civilian population who were left in hundreds of instances with no medical attention whatever. Belgrade, with a population of 70,000, had but two civilian doctors.

Among the officers the German system prevails, the extreme awe displayed before their senior officers being plainly noticeable. Second lieutenants (papruchic) hold themselves well in hand, scarcely speaking above a whisper in the presence of their superior officers while on duty. After they had been admitted to our hospital military discipline was dropped, and then I found them to be very likeable, agreeable, and talkative. I also found among the officers men who disgraced the uniform of Serbia; they were immoral, untrustworthy, as no dependence could be placed upon their word of honor, making promises which they never intended to keep. One and all of the officers live in the future, everything with them being "sutro" (tomorrow). We found some were

not only lepers, morally, but unfaithful to the country which they served. For example, a certain colonel—who was detailed by the Serbian government to the Hospital Militaire, Belgrade, to assist the American Red Cross—through jealousy of the ability of the American doctors, placed in the way of their success every obstacle within his power. He furnished us poor quality of food when harvests were plentiful. As soon as we had trained Austrian orderlies to our ideas of American efficiency, they would be replaced, through his orders, by ignorant, untrained orderlies, which was absolutely uncalled for. For minor offenses, he, personally, would lash these poor unfortunate Austrian prisoners until they dropped to the floor unconscious. His methods became so obnoxious that we were about to have his government remove him from his post, when the Teutons invaded Belgrade. Upon learning of their coming, he fled precipitately, deserting his post, leaving his family behind and at the mercy of the invaders.

The medical corps of the Serbian army is deficient in the number of its trained orderlies. It was necessary for the American doctors to train them in first aid and litter drills. If their orderlies had been more numerous and

better trained, the wounded would not have lain upon the battlefield exposed to the elements, uncared for and suffering, for ten days in some instances. During a battle it was necessary for doctors, and even nurses, to carry litters of wounded into the hospitals. This took up valuable time which should have been spent caring for the wounded, and fatigued us before the operation began. It stands to reason that the sooner we received the wounded, the quicker we could get them back to normal, as it is by the available men for the ranks that the strength of an army is judged and not by the wounded in its hospitals.

One of the chief criticisms to which the Serbian army is exposed, and which one may also apply to the American army as prescribed in the Table of Ordnance of the United States, is the consequent fact that in time of war the cadres would have to be excessively expanded. Cadres in times of peace are composed of a certain number of soldiers and form a nucleus about which in times of war a body of raw troops are formed. Following this line of reasoning, new formations would be necessary in every branch of the service. A regiment may work ever so efficiently at maneuvers and re-

A Serbian army surgeon, one of the victims of typhus. Of 300 doctors in Serbia, 240 died of this dread plague in less than two months. There are no medical colleges in Serbia. All doctors received their degrees from the large educational centers of Europe. Due to war and pestilence, there are few doctors left, and the population is destitute of medical protection.

A Serbian army officer and his orderly. All officers of the Serbian army receive a very fine training at the Military Academy at Belgrade before they are commissioned. They are highly educated, fine types of manhood. Each speaks several languages, an accomplishment sadly neglected in our American universities.

views, but if a new and comparatively raw element, as big or bigger than itself, is suddenly thrust into its ranks, at the moment of taking the field, confusion and inefficiency are unavoidable. A machine is as strong as its weakest part; so a regiment is rendered inefficient by having forced upon it raw recruits.

A Serbian soldier considers it a disgrace to surrender after he has been wounded, claiming he is efficient so long as he can pull a trigger to kill the enemy. In the battle of Belgrade great monster shells were hurled into the trenches, throwing men and *débris* thirty feet into the air, but the Serbians, still holding their high ideal before them, would not retreat, but remained stubbornly fighting and with great reluctance would retreat when ordered. As the Germans charged the Serbian trenches it would take five or six men to overcome a Serb, and then he had to be held captive by physical force or knocked unconscious by the butt end of a gun. We administered to all the Serbs that were wounded in the district of Belgrade, and in this battle during the fall of Belgrade only ten Serbian officers were received at our hospital. These were brought in unconscious, and upon regaining their senses made the statement that

they would rather have been killed outright than to find themselves prisoners of the Austrians. Four hundred and fifty Committadjii, Serbian bandit heroes, stationed on an island in the river, all met death calmly before they would surrender their position. Always looking to the future welfare of their country, they would rather have their throat cut from ear to ear than to have a limb amputated, preferring death to being a burden upon the land they love so well.

That they are good soldiers and perform their duties to the letter was brought very vividly to the mind of the writer in a little incident that happened while he was stationed with the Red Cross at Gevgelia, a little frontier Serbian town. This town was under martial law owing to its close proximity to the Bulgarian frontier, and no one was allowed out after seven in the evening. All the streets were deserted at that time. There were no street lights, the stores being closed, and the dwellings heavily shuttered, so that total darkness prevailed. As this district was infested by lawless bands of Albanians, Turks, and refugees, and armed Bulgarian bandits from the Bulgarian mountains close by, it was deemed advisable for all law-abiding persons and stran-

gers to remain indoors after darkness had descended. In this district the army is composed of the rawest kind of recruits, mostly youths, Albanian mountaineers, who had been drafted into the service, who had never seen a railroad train before their arrival, and had been brought up from infancy to regard with suspicion every stranger who happened to invade their mountain fastnesses, trained to be the first to pull the trigger, usually from ambush. They swaggered about the streets in homespun clothing, with high fur hats, something like that of the drum-major in America, long sashes of brilliant hues wound in many turns about their waist, from which protruded in careless fashion the butt ends of one or two pistols and the flashing silver handles of their daggers.

Of course, being a new arrival, not knowing the rules and regulations, laws and by-laws of this pleasant little hornets' nest, I sauntered out for a little stroll on this, my first evening. The time was about eight o'clock, one hour after curfew. The stillness was intense; my resounding footsteps echoed and re-echoed, heralding my advance through the street. I could not account for the complete desertion of the streets. I therefore con-

jectured that possibly there might be some particular attraction that evening at the town hall, an address by perhaps some noted Serbian peace advocate. But I soon had my theories rudely upset as before me loomed from out the darkness, menacing as the Rock of Gibraltar, the gigantic form of a sentinel, high hat, arsenal and all. A million little shivers were chasing themselves up and down my spine at the command of "stoy" (halt). I was paralyzed with fright, as the seriousness of my position flashed through my mind with kaleidoscopic vividness. I realized at once that I must have broken a rule and, not speaking his language, how could I explain? Knowing the characteristics of the Albanian mountaineer, I could see my finish. Then, after I had recovered my breath, ensued an argument, Serbian on one side and American on the other. I did not understand his orders, therefore I dared not advance; I neither could stand still. During this time the cold moisture oozed and trickled as his carbine, pointing toward me in a business-like manner, was tipped with a sharp-pointed bayonet. So I stood my ground, my pedal extremities refusing to carry me forward as the sentinel advanced and pressed the bayonet firmly against

my body. Then followed more animated conversation at closer range; with wild gesticulations on my part I finally managed to convey to him in a roundabout way that I was an "Americanski" and, pointing down the street in the direction of the hospital, excited-like, as though there were a fire in that vicinity, I aroused his curiosity to a feverish pitch. This was too much; so he decided to investigate. Toward the hospital we marched in good old Indian style, single file, the American, as always, leading, blazing the trail, as it were, for surely my feet scattered sparks of fire as I made for the hospital. His bayonet firmly pressing into the small of my back gave me added impetus, and soon the welcoming gates of the blessed hospital loomed before me, through which I dashed into safety, because here I was known to the guard. Things satisfactorily explained, I hastened to my room and burned the midnight oil in the perusal of Serbian grammar.

CHAPTER VII.

Committadjii, the Bandit Heroes of the Balkans.

Practically from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth century, Bulgaria and Serbia were divided into Turkish provinces or "rayah," the "then conquered infidels," through a sort of feudal system; these people were forced to pay the Sultan "haratch." As in our own revolutionary times, there was "taxation without representation" and, although they gave the Sultan and their overlords a tenth of their products, they were not allowed any privileges or rights; their property, honor, and very life had no protection under this system, which lasted for nearly four centuries.

To offset and protect their own people a sort of Robin Hood warfare was instituted against their feudal overlords, and bands of armed Serbians and Bulgarians, which closely

resembled the James boys of our Post-Civil War times, were organized. They consisted of the best blood these countries could produce, being made up, as they were, of leaders of the various clans or Janissaries. They moved through mountains and forests, hurrying from one point to another where a specially brutal misdeed of the Turks against the Christian men and women was to be avenged. The Hydooks, as they were styled, are the models of the Committadjii of the present day, who are fighting with the armies of Bulgaria and Serbia. Little, if anything, is known of these bandit soldiers in this country.

The Committadjii differ from the Hydooks of the olden days, in that they now have a central leadership and committees. The old Hydooks were a sort of irregular national force, insurgents who were permanently leading a guerrilla warfare against the Turks. Fear of the Hydooks was the only consideration which restrained the Turkish lawlessness. From their mountain fastnesses, these brave bands would suddenly swoop down upon some unsuspecting Turkish village, killing the defenders and carrying off plunder, which they gave to the poor peasants. The Turks called them "Brigands"; anyone of them who

fell into the hands of the Turks was mercilessly impaled alive. The national bards (gosslari) sang their deeds and glorified them in ballads. The people wove great legends around them, reverenced them, gave them credit of almost supernatural power, and called them the national heroes (Narodni Yunatsi).

In Serbia, the two great houses of Kara-Georgevich and Obrevonich arose from the Hydooks. These are the two houses of kings of which King Alexander, who, with his wife, Queen Draga, was murdered June 11, 1903, was an Obrevonich; and King Peter, who was recently forced to flee the country in an ox-cart, in the face of the recent Austro-German invasion, was the grandson of Kara-George (Black George), the leader of the first revolution against the Turks.

The Serbian Hydooks were always joining the Austrian army whenever they made an invasion into Turkish provinces, as volunteers, and, acting with a European army under famous generals, they learned something of the military art, and have started a foundation for the army of Serbia.

After Serbia had gained her independence from the Turk, these bands, having no Turk to oppose them, became lawless against their

Committadjis (a typical bandit hero of the Balkans). In Serbia the two great houses of kings (Kara Georgevich and Obrenovich) arose from this band, which in times gone by waged a Robin Hood warfare, but have since degenerated. The man in the picture led the rising in Albania against Serbia. His band was broken up; he was captured and condemned to death.

Typical execution of Committadjii. The man on the right is the captive in the upper picture. The others are his confederates. Whenever they fall into the hand of the enemy they are put to death. In their own army they fight in the first-line trenches, never being allowed to surrender. They are the bomb throwers of Serbia, and their society is the "League of Death." Note the primitive scaffolds and methods used in the hanging.

own people. They degenerated into brigands, living most of the time in the mountains and preying upon the innocent traveler. Soon they became greatly feared by their own people, and this admixture of emotions prevails today against them; for their past deeds of valor the people almost reverence them, but for their more recent deeds of shame they are put to death in most instances.

During my stay in Serbia there were not so many at large in the country, as the majority had declared a truce with the government and were fighting in the army. Those that had been imprisoned, and even those with a death sentence hanging over their heads, had been released from durance vile and impressed into the army, and made to serve with the colors. In time of battle they are forced to occupy a place in the front line or in the first line trenches. That this type of man glories in this sort of thing goes without saying.

A prefecture of police in Serbia told me of a certainty that during peace times the wild, mountainous regions were infested by these Hydooks, and he made a frank statement, much to my amazement, of the powerlessness of the government to deal with them.

He said they had captured a number of them and, although the percentage was small, I understood how much had been accomplished, as I had traveled through the country and learned what a scourge the Hydooks were and the prominent place they hold in the life and history of the Serbians. Serbia, with her mountains and inaccessible forests, is an ideal refuge for outlaws, and whole regiments may pursue a small handful of outlaws for weeks through pathless tracts in vain.

During Turkish times, the Hydooks were deemed by the Serbs to be patriots, many of them having been outlawed for insurrectionary acts. Of course, many ordinary malefactors sought to share this prestige, and the romance-loving Serbians were not too strict in inquiring into their titles; anyone who had a hand in harassing the Turks had a claim upon their sympathy. Working upon the feelings of the peasants, especially in the remote districts, many ordinary criminals receive the support of the people, for many a peasant nurtures memories of the old Hydook.

Working on Serbian ideals, usually the rich are robbed and, as if to salve the conscience, they give a portion of these spoils to the poor and to the church. Each head of a band

of Committadjii surrounds himself with as many henchmen as he can, to help shield him, to act as a receiver of stolen goods, and to assist him in every way possible to escape the arm of the law; also to provide him with arms and ammunition. It is by watching these henchmen (Jatasti) that the police are able to apprehend the malefactor and bring him to justice. The law usually deals as severely with the henchmen as the robber, and the penalty is death. This is carried out in the following manner: The doomed man is taken to the spot where he commits his crime. There is a shallow grave dug, the condemned man stands in it, and a firing squad shoots him; the earth is then shoveled over the body.

Many are the interesting tales one hears of the operations of these brigands. In one district there was a band who levied regular contributions from the whole countryside on pain of death for refusal. They had taken out and shot many a peasant who had resisted their exactions. Through the laxity of officials, these bandits had daily grown more daring, going freely into the villages when it pleased their fancy. When I happened to be in Belgrade, two of them had refused to take the oath of allegiance and were not allowed

to join the army. One of the jailers showed me the rifles and knives that were taken from these prisoners. Their guns were the modern, high-powered army rifles, while the knives, or rather daggers, were vicious-looking, long, pointed, sharp as a razor, made of the finest steel, with beautifully engraved silver handles and scabbards of Turkish, oriental design. The jailer told me that one of the prisoners had cut the throats of over twenty victims with one of those daggers. These were very desperate men and had killed several of the police before they were captured. At my request he kindly took me to see the prisoners. I stood with the jailer in a court-yard while a half-dozen gendarmes cocked their rifles at the word of command and pointed them at a low door; then we heard the clanking of chains in the distance, gradually they drew nearer, there was a metallic stumble up some narrow stairs, and the two prisoners emerged blinking into the sunlight.

One was a man whose countenance was dark and forbidding, with an ugly scar across the left cheek, furrowed by a bullet; his face was of surpassing ugliness, and he kept his eyes constantly cast downward with a sullen stare. He looked to be a man such as one

Roumanian Gypsies gathering wood near Belgrade, Serbia. They have no social standing, but live in their own "Gypsy Villages," usually on the outskirts of a city. Others wander, as in America. They are darker skinned and more picturesque than the native Serb. Live mostly by "telling fortunes" and thievery. Their language differs from Serbian, being founded upon Latin, and is really what a modern Latin language would be today. The soldier is in the Serbian army. Hundreds of Roumanians are serving with the Serbian colors.

A Turkish mother and baby in Belgrade. She is of the Serbian faith, Greek Orthodox. She does not veil her face. This type is found mostly in northern Serbia.

A Serbian beyond the military age dressed in national peasant costume: wool waistcoat, fur cap, cotton shirt and trousers, thick homespun socks, and "opontos," or shoes, strapped around the ankles by buckskin thongs.

would hate to meet on a dark night. A big, strong bar of steel extended from wrist to wrist, firmly securing the hands; large chains were securely fastened at each ankle, these chains extending from ankle to ankle, thence passing upward and being fastened at the wrist-bar. If not for these prison ornaments I think that he would have liked nothing better than to fly at our throats. His face showed black-and-blue bruises, the results of violent struggles with the prison attaches.

The other was very courteous in his replies to us, and answered with a pleasant smile; a fine specimen of physical manhood upon which his long confinement had made no impression. He had a high, lofty forehead and a benign cast of countenance. I was highly amazed when told that he was the owner of the dagger that had cut the twenty throats.

The Committadjii, as I saw them with the Serbian army, impressed me greatly, not so much as to appearance as to their wonderful bravery.

Constituting as they do the irregulars of the Serbian army, they receive more allowance than the soldiers of the army or regularly enlisted men. Their pay is larger because their occupation is more hazardous than the

regulars. They are assigned to some regiment of regulars, but are officered by their own class of men, taking no orders from anyone but these, and robbing and pillaging and resorting to drunkenness and lawlessness whenever the opportunity presents itself. For these acts of violence and barbarism they receive scant courtesy when they fall into the hands of the enemy, being hanged at once, without trial, and treated with the same consideration as a spy. They are left hanging as a warning to others.

During the first Austrian invasion of Serbia in this present world's war, three of them were left hanging in the public square for hours, until the intervention of Dr. Ryan, when they were cut down. For this act, Dr. Ryan's name will go down in Serbian history forever.

During the recent fall of Belgrade, four hundred and fifty of them were left to harass the Austro-German forces as they threw their hordes across the river. To prevent a wholesale hanging in case they were captured, an arrangement was made whereby we, the Americans, were to say that they belonged to the first and seventh Serbian regiments. None were captured. They had been ordered to remain and fight until the last one had died. That

order came from General Gevcovitch, "The Iron General." This order was followed out to the last man.

In time of battle, Committadjii take their places in the front ranks. They belong to the "Society of Death," namely, the bomb-throwers of modern warfare. When the infantry wishes to charge a trench, the bomb-throwers advance first. This charge is thrilling as, amidst a perfect rain of shot, they make the start from their own trenches. As they rush the enemy at top speed, with cries of "provo" (onward) issuing from their lips, they rush madly forward, throwing their bombs in front of them; one by one they fall until one poor Committadjis staggers up to the enemy's trench, hurls a bomb in, and then drops dead. This causes sufficient commotion in the trench to allow the infantry to charge and capture the position before the enemy has had sufficient time to recover. The mortality of the Committadjii in this class of work is 100 per cent.

It is the height of every boy's ambition in Serbia to become a Committadjis.

They have adopted the uniform of the Serbian army, but the striking feature of each and every one of them is the equipment. Each man is a walking arsenal. When not in use,

the high-powered carbine with which each is equipped is thrown over the back by a strap; passing around the waist and up over the shoulders are the ammunition belts containing five hundred rounds of ammunition. They have the customary Serbian belt also about the waist, consisting of three yards of bright-colored cloth, of home-made material, wrapped around several times. With this belt a sling can be made with which wounded comrades can be carried from the field of battle. Placed carelessly in this belt, with butt ends protruding, are two pistols of heavy caliber and, in addition, two daggers with heavily ornamented silver handles and scabbards, but standing out conspicuously above this array the five bombs or hand grenades carried in a special leather belt about the waist also. One of these grenades is capable of killing within a radius of thirty yards. They resemble closely a twelve-ounce bottle, with a screw cap. To explode, the cap must first be removed, then a little pinion is struck with the palm of the open hand. This sets off a time fuse which causes the grenade to explode within a period of ten seconds. Poised in the hand until seven has been counted off slowly by the thrower, it is thrown with deadly precision, and most disastrous are

A Serbian home. The homes are small: two rooms, kitchen outside. Built of brick faced with cement, tile roof, dirt floors.

Serbian boy and girl in typical peasant costume.

Serbian peasant women bringing produce into the Belgrade market. Day after day they came through bombardment and aëroplane raids. These women are active, strong, and very masculine, doing all the physical labor while the men are at war. The dress is the national costume: bright-colored homespun.

the results accompanying the explosion which follows within three seconds. A Committadjis threw one among some Austrians, in one of the encounters, without counting seven; this gave one of the Austrians plenty of time to pick up the same grenade and hurl it back before it had time to explode, whereupon there were several of the Committadjii killed and wounded by their own grenade, as it exploded among them and not the Austrians, as it had been intended. For this reason it becomes necessary to hold this missile of war in the hand until seven has been slowly counted. Here we have a bomb with the capabilities of a boomerang.

In another instance one of these brave men, while holding in one hand a bomb that had been previously ignited, held with the other hand an Austrian whom he had encountered upon the field of battle, the explosion which followed killing them both instantly. They care nothing for human life, their own included.

Serbians never surrender, preferring death instead, claiming that while they are in the act of surrendering they could have rendered several of the enemy *hors de combat.* Now, the Committadjis has ever this ideal before him and, in addition, knows that if once cap-

tured his chances of being executed are about 100 per cent.; therefore he knows the fate which awaits him, and his length of service is the shortest of any of the branches of the army engaged in the world's war. They never surrender, but die fighting at their post.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mistaken for an Austrian Spy.

"Say, doctor, suppose we take a little walk out into the country next Sunday," a young Red Cross surgeon remarked to me one day while in the operating room, the time being the interval between operations. This little suggestion was welcomed gladly by myself and another, as we of the Hospital Militaire had been working pretty steadily all summer, and were sadly in need of rest and recreation, as the daily routine of usual morning operations followed by afternoon ward rounds had become irksome, and this proposed trip into the country to view the scenery would be a glorious release from our arduous duties and the terrible scenes we had witnessed in the hospital. Here we had spent days upon days, hour by hour, among the mangled and crippled derelicts of humanity, the toll of war, surrounded by four severely plain walls, chang-

ing terrible dressings and enduring the fearful stench that arose from infected wounds; wounds dripping with pus; gangrenous, suppurating limbs, where complete self-disarticulation had taken place; hearing the cries and moans of the suffering. To gain the freedom of the country-side, to breathe the pure fresh air, if but for a few hours, meant a rejuvenation of exhausted energy. Having seen none of the natural beauties of the Serbian landscape in which the Belgrade district abounds, we thought of our little Sunday party with rising spirits.

It was a simple procedure to prepare for our little journey, as we had decided not to take any rations, trusting to luck that we might be able to procure some food at a wayside inn. In addition, the harvest had been bountiful, and all kinds of fruit could be plucked along the roadside. It was imperative, however, to carry canteens filled with water which we knew to be pure. While traveling in Serbia, one's equipment must contain one of these necessary articles, for to drink from the wells would mean typhoid or, still worse, Asiatic cholera. Another necessary requisite for this journey, and which should be carried upon one's person at all times while traveling in a

belligerent country, is that elastic piece of parchment, from which the rubber has been removed in Europe, the passport; ours being of the special or diplomatic variety, usually no questions were asked after presentation. Belgrade being on the firing line in such close proximity to Hungary, our regular passports were useless and special passes had to be issued by the general commanding the district in which one wished to travel. Deciding to visit the ruins of an old Roman fortress upon Mount Avala, a distance of 10 kilometers (about seven American miles), as our line of travel extended through Torlock, where the military headquarters were situated, we concluded to wait until Sunday morning and obtain the necessary papers from General Gevcovitch, commandant, as we passed on our way. Carried away in amazement by the wild and romantic grandeur of the mountains, we forgot to get his permission, which resulted in our downfall.

To escape the heat of the midday sun we arose early, intending to reach our destination before the orb had mounted high into the heavens, then to rest in the shady bowers surrounding the walls of the old Roman fortress on the summit of Mount Avala until the cool of the evening, whence we could with

comfort descend by easy stages and wend our way slowly back to Belgrade.

If you would enjoy to the full the beauties of a Serbian landscape, you must not fail to be up betimes, then you will witness a sunrise, and, as you stand before your Maker in the silent contemplation of His works, you feel the nothingness of man.

From our vantage point at the Hospital Militaire, situated in a commanding position on a high hill overlooking the broad waters of the Danube and the surrounding countryside, we could see, unfolding before our startled gaze, beautiful valleys, delightful pastures filled with the tiny farms of the Serbians, fields of waving corn and grain, with cattle grazing in the meadows; in the background arose the mountains in majestic splendor, with old Mount Avala standing well to the foreground, like some grim sentinel, the ruins of a Roman fortress reposing in historic glory upon its summit. It is no violent landscape, such as the soul of the Philistine loves; but it is dear to every Serbian as he looks lovingly across at his old empire and the homes of his compatriots, dotted among the tender browns and blues and yellows of the valleys.

Far, far to the East unfolds this illimitable panorama, whose charm lies in the infinite variety of its coloring: the mauve mists of the early morning, the copper beeches, the silvery sheen, a kaleidoscope of beauty, tinged with every hue by the radiant beams of the orb of day. That majestic luminary rises with stately progress, as it were, from behind the lofty peaks, momentarily diffusing more effulgent light. Grand beyond descriptive eloquence of the most fertile imagination is the scene, and yet it is but valleys, mountains, and sun.

The sunset, too, is a glorious view. Poets may rave over the beauties of such sights on oceans, but nowhere have sunrise and sunset such charms as in Serbia. Here nature seems shaken at every season and every hour, and her moods are innumerable; so these scenes are ever varied, never twice alike. Losing its fiery brightness, sinking into the west, a dull, golden red, diffusing soft luminous rays across the broad bosom of the Danube, changing the beautiful blue to russet brown, and setting a billion wavelets waltzing in the gloaming of departing day.

Starting from the hospital, sans passport, on this wonderful morning, this beautiful

panorama began to unfold more in detail. Trenches but a quarter of a mile to the rear of our hospital were examined. Along the trenches there were stationed at intervals Serbian sentries, but no request was made for any passport. Trenches were situated along the roadside, from which they zigzagged back into the adjoining fields. They were shallow ditches with perpendicular walls four feet deep, banked on the exposed side with sod and earth, loop-holes being left for rifle-fire. At the corner of the hospital grounds reposed the dead, those who had fallen victims of pestilence and shot during the spring and summer months. There were long rows of shallow graves marked with rude wooden crosses made of sticks, upon which was written a name; some of the crosses, as they had been placed very carelessly, had fallen over and had scattered far from the original marking place. This burial ground extended from both sides of the road into the adjoining fields the entire distance to Avala, and from the summit of Avala we could see these rude crosses and graves stretching far into the interior, tracing the route taken by the invading armies of Austria. As our gaze wandered from the graves to the beauties of

Serbian landscape. In no country in the world does a more beautiful landscape exist than in Serbia. Eighty per cent. of the land is under cultivation. The seasons are mild. The same crops are raised there as in our own temperate zone. The above scene is near Belgrade, and shows beautiful valleys, delightfully pastoral, filled with tiny farms, each enclosed with a well-kept hedge. Fields of waving corn and grain, with cattle grazing in the meadow.

nature everywhere surrounding, at times our dreams were rudely shattered by the presence of a grinning skull mocking at us from a wayside grave that had been despoiled by a peasant's dog or some marauding wild animal.

Seemingly unconscious that their beautiful city was under bombardment five or six days a week, Serbian peasant women toiled in the harvest fields, paying little attention to the fact that they were in such close proximity to those screaming, plunging, monsters of vengeance and destruction. The women are the national providers of the Serbian army. Working from sunup to sundown with primitive, crude, agricultural implements, they have managed to wrest from the soil enough to feed the entire Serbian army. They are real heroines, and no amount of money could repay them for the services they have rendered their country.

Two miles from the hospital is the aviation field of the French, and as we approached the gates we were halted by a sentry. We had no passes, but fortunately the commandant, a personal friend of ours, standing nearby, permitted us to enter and very courteously detailed a young mechanic to guide

us about the field. This very agreeable young man, of modest demeanor, garbed in the overalls of a mechanic, serving as a private in the French aviation squad, we were informed as we were about to leave, was one of the Rothschilds of Paris, the bankers. Using the English language like a native, he explained to us the workings of the eight monster biplanes, and pointed out to us the wonderful method of concealing this field from an enemy's aircraft that might chance to be flying overhead. This aviation field is a wonderful illustration of military strategy; here, concealed by dense foliage, were the hangers. Although the foliage was dense, as an added precaution they had placed huge boughs on each hanger, and painted the hangers green to match the shade of the surroundings, so that one might be in the midst of these monsters of destruction and not realize that he was not in an ordinary forest.

Continuing on our way we passed through a rude home-made gate, traversing a narrow, grass-grown path, and soon came in sight of a Serbian farm-house nestling back in a little grove, picturesque in its settings. Upon entering, however, we found the floor merely of dirt and two very small rooms, which we

were informed housed a family of eight. Although these quarters seemed to us rather cramped, yet the people live comfortably, as they use the house very little, preferring an outdoor life. The house contained only useful furniture, and very little of that, but the main characteristic of this little home, like all Serbian homes, was the Pirot rug. These adorned the walls, beds and stands, but not the floor. These rugs are of bright, oriental colors, which so delight the heart of the Serb; they are handwoven, the art having been handed down from the Turk to the Serb. Every Serbian home, however poverty-stricken, boasts of its Pirot rugs.

Here a peasant woman set before us "kaimak," a sort of cheese in the form of junket made from curdled milk. This is one of the staple articles of the Serbian peasant's diet, and supposed by Metchnikoff to be the source from which these people derive their longevity. Its active principle is the *Bacillus bulgaricus,* a harmless micro-organism capable, when introduced into the intestinal tract, of killing the pathogenic bacteria. It is no uncommon sight to see a peasant woman of one hundred and twenty years, and her son of one hundred, laboring side by side in the

harvest. We found the "kaimak" to be very palatable, and this was followed by "slatko," a confection used in every Serbian household, which includes every variety of preserve from compotes to home-made jams, always served with water. After followed "slivotitsa," a mild prune whisky, and Turkish black coffee, with cigarettes.

Up to this stage of the journey, our right to pass through the line had not been seriously contested. We had passed through several Serbian outposts, taking snapshots of interesting objects and people, with a small kodak. Upon passing each sentry we were recognized as Americans and given the customary salute, and so all went well with us until we reached a small inn at the foot of Avala. While seated here at the inn, partaking of light refreshments, a sergeant of the guards accosted us, asking for our passes. Not having a pass, he inquired at length as to our particular business in that immediate vicinity, for he evidently did not recognize us as Americans, and consequently seemed undecided just what course to pursue. We did not have the protection of uniforms, as we had discarded them for "cits," the roads being dusty. Possibly at this juncture we could have turned

back to Belgrade and made a getaway, but, Americanlike, we intended to visit that mountain and had no intention of going back for our passes; so we discussed plans accordingly. In the mean time, the guard, being still undecided, began to pace around the building. We watched our chance and, when he was at the opposite side of the building, we slipped quietly into the undergrowth at the side of the highway,—an unwise procedure, as we soon found out.

Austrian spies infesting this district had given the Serbians a great deal of trouble. Austro-Hungary being in such close proximity, it is but a simple matter for the Austrians to row across the river under cover of darkness. In Belgrade the Austrian spies had perfected a system of signals to their fellow-soldiers across the river at Semlin. On dark nights they would enter a deserted house, and from a window would show a light and by the use of a shade would flash their signals across the river. As they had given out a great deal of important information to the enemies of Serbia, they were apprehended and were promptly court-martialed; a firing squad escorted them to a convenient spot, usually around the opposite side of a hill or

cornfield, where a shallow grave had been made, a volley fired—the loose earth hastily replaced, and a rude cross marked the place.

Fatigued after our tiresome journey up the mountain-side, we were sleeping when suddenly awakened by the distant rumbling of thunder, foretelling the approach of a storm and that we had better bestir ourselves lest we be in for a good drenching. The storm gathered with increasing fury, great black masses of clouds swept across the face of the noonday sun, increasing the dense darkness of the cavernous recesses of the mountain. One could picture flitting here and there the form of a hydook, brigands of Serbian mountain fastnesses. The mountain-air was electrically charged; there was an intense, suppressive silence preceding the breaking of the storm, through which forked lightning flashed from the heavens.

With the gathering gloom came thoughts just as ominous; dark thoughts of the fate of spies; thoughts that perhaps we had overstepped our bounds in visiting this strategical position without proper means of identification. Presently the storm came on with a heavy downpour of rain, accompanied by gusts of wind. Hurrying through a small moun-

tain-village, buffeted by the winds, drenched to the skin, we could see here and there a face framed in a narrow window, malevolent hatred depicted on its countenance; others, braving the storm, stood about the streets in excited groups, holding consultations and, as we passed, pointing accusing fingers at us. As we approached the same guard, these ominous signs began to assume grave proportions. We were dumbfounded as we were seized unceremoniously by several of the sentries and thrust roughly down a long, narrow flight of stone steps, into a dark, damp, cellar-like prison, foul-smelling, reeking with filth and vermin. Here we languished in durance vile, shivering with the cold and dampness, the water running in rivulets off our clothing, which made the already damp, clay floor so slippery that one could scarce maintain a footing. Through a narrow-barbed window we could see a guard pacing too and fro in front of the door. After hours, which seemed days, with a harsh grating the door was suddenly thrown open to admit the sergeant of the guard, who apologized profusely, as though he had made a mistake and wished to rectify it, informing us that we were at liberty to pursue our journey. With joyous

bounds we took the narrow stairway leading to liberty, but our equanimity was again dispelled, for three guards with fixed bayonets fell in with us upon our return journey, two to the rear and one preceding. Thus we proceeded along the highway toward Belgrade, through a cold, drizzling rain, the guards maintaining a distance of five paces to the rear and front. Running through our minds was the thought of the fate of spies as they took that last march accompanied by a firing squad. Our worst suspicions were aroused when, with sinking hearts, we were commanded to enter a cornfield. At every step as we mushed through the heavy clay, we expected the final order of "Halt—about face!" even gazing fearfully ahead, always expecting to see a freshly upturned mound of clay which would mark our last resting-place; but after a short distance, which seemed endless miles, we found ourselves again on a highway, much to our peace of mind, for then we realized that we had only taken a short cut through the field. Our spirits arose as we trudged onward toward the headquarters of General Gevcovitch; for here, at least, we were known. Soon we were comfortably seated in the general's office before a huge grate-fire

American Red-Cross doctors clipping one another's hair.
Drs. Beasley, Jolly, and Mellon.

Doctors preparing to make rounds of hospital in Gevgelia.
Dr. Magruder (deceased), and Dr. Butler.

which blazed merrily, each with a cup of hot tea, relating our adventures to the "old man," which caused a hearty laugh all round. Another laugh ensued as one of our party, who was a big six-footer, remarked in awe, "Please, Mr. General, you must excuse us this time, as you see this is the first time we have ever been to war."

Observing that we were without suitable protection from the elements, the general kindly forced upon us military overcoats bearing the insignia of his rank, and insisted that we use his carriage. On the way to Belgrade, with these credentials, we were mistaken by the troops for Serbian generals and given great homage.

The news of our adventures had been telephoned ahead, and upon arrival we found the personnel of the hospital lined up at attention, and, as we stalked past them with mock majesty, they bowed low with shouts of "Shevio General." After a hot shower—and, by the way, our hospital contained the only shower bath in Serbia—we felt none the worse for our experiences.

CHAPTER IX.

Pastimes of the Wounded.

As soon as they were able, the wounded began to look about for some means to divert themselves, as amusements were rather scarce. Fortunately, these peasant soldiers were easily pleased. Being childlike in his simplicity, the wants of a peasant soldier are few, and just a little foresight enables him to gratify all his needs. We had no playing cards, checkerboards or such like with which to furnish our patients, but, being of a primitive sort, these Serbian peasant soldiers would in some way secure cardboard and, with an ordinary lead-pencil, labor tediously for hours to make out by hand a complete set of playing cards. Others manufactured checkerboards in the same way, using small pebbles for men.

There are very few books published in the Serbian language, although the people's

minds are well stocked with an abundance of legends handed down from generation to generation. In fact, we had practically no books written in any language even for ourselves to read.

News was scarce from the outside world, Belgrade being in a constant state of siege as it were; we were practically cut off from the outside world, the meager news that we did receive being two or three months old. Letters written to the loved ones at home either went astray or were put on the chopping block by the censor. The same thing would happen to the incoming mail. The poor Austrian prisoners would receive mail occasionally from across the Save. It was pitiful to see them eagerly devour the contents of a tiny postal, telling them practically nothing of the conditions, as these had to be passed by the censor and that forbade passing all news of any importance. Letters came addressed to soldiers long since dead, victims of shot and shell, victims of typhus; these poor unfortunates dying in an alien land without the loving hands of home folks to minister to their last dying wants,—nay, not even the grim message of their demise to reach their home town; simply a little paragraph inserted

in the home paper stating that the lost one was missing, probably captured by the Serbs.

Great numbers, as soon as the weather permitted, would sit outside for hours in the inviting shade of some friendly building, doing nothing in particular, telling tales of valor, discussing the threatening attitude of Bulgaria and what they would do to the Bulgars as soon as their wounds healed and they were again able to bear arms for the country they loved so well. Here they would sit smoking innumerable cigarettes furnished them by the government; for the country, although it did not supply her men with sufficient food, certainly did overdo herself on the question of tobacco and cigarettes.

Along in the evening these men, tiring of sitting all day, would arise and, locking arms in a fashion after the Greco-Roman style of wrestlers, would begin to dance the "kolo," their national dance. It is closely related to the national dance of Greece, Roumania, and Bulgaria. It is customary for the dancers to sing the songs belonging to the dances. There is a refrain common to all "kolos" that bids those who are sitting still not to sit there like dumb beasts, but hasten to join the dance. In the hospital yards about one hun-

dred men would join hands in one long coil, which twisted in and out like a gigantic serpent, wriggling ever faster and more furious. The dance usually began to the tune of a violin, later to be accompanied by an accordion. Two steps forward and one step backward, "Yedden, dwa" (one, two), the kolos exhibited a vehemence and wild energy as bewildering as they were fantastic. Until I beheld it in Serbia I always considered the kolo an idiotic pastime, but the Serbians always remember and understand the spirit of the dance, and its very figure speaks or, rather, sings to you and bewitches as with subtle magic.

Singing is a great pastime with the Serbians. They have a home-made instrument formed from a shallow tin pan with a long handpiece along which are stretched two wire strings. This is played with a bow. They sing in a minor key, accompanied by the instrument. They will sing a short verse with a pause of five minutes, when they will sing another short verse, while the player keeps up a continual seesaw upon his makeshift stringed instrument. The musician knowing but two chords, would shift from one minor key to another minor, producing a weird, oriental harmony. The soldiers would gather

around and listen to the legends and tales of heroism of their forefathers as sung by these bards.

One enterprising Austrian, during the lull of the summer months, struck up a very flourishing business, which showed the keen intellect of the Viennese as compared with the dull stupidity commonly displayed by the Serbian peasant, and, although it was ludicrous, it proved nevertheless costly for the above-mentioned Austrian in the long run, and cost him fifty lashes. This little undertaking had to do with bread. Each soldier and prisoner in our hospital were allotted half a loaf of black bread per day. Black bread or war bread, as it is commonly called in Europe, costs about ten cents per loaf. It is made out of whole wheat-flour and a heavy percentage of potato-flour. It is very coarse-grained and not so palatable as white bread, but more nourishing. This is used chiefly in the war zone, as white bread is far too expensive, being sixty cents a loaf. Our Austrian friend, in some roundabout way, secured a corner on some of the bread that came into the hospital.

Now, as half a loaf was not quite sufficient for a day's rations for the average able-

bodied soldier, this fellow sold bread to the Serbian soldiers and, when one stops to consider that he was a prisoner of war, working under this difficult handicap, and that he was selling to the guards—who were placed there to prevent his escape—their own bread, the funny side of the story becomes apparent. He was able to ply his trade for several weeks before being caught. After his detection, fifty lashes were ordered. This is the method used by the Serbians in punishing their prisoners of war, also their own soldiers who become unruly. The unfortunate is taken and stripped to the skin; his hands are fastened securely around a post, high up so that the body is well stretched; then a big husky seizes a strong paddle and wields it until the victim is unconscious.

In the wards the patients often sang their Serbian songs. Almost without exception, Serbian songs are supremely melancholy. A Serbian takes his pleasure sadly. Watch him when he is listening to a Gypsy band—his idea of the highest felicity—and you may imagine him plunged into the profoundest depths of unspeakable despair. He buries his face in his hands, rocks himself to and fro, and, if the music be really potent, sheds a silent tear.

In that case he has attained the utmost limits of human happiness.

We had a great many Gypsy wounded in our hospital. Nearly all are musicians by heredity. Their music is mostly all instrumental, the instruments being stringed, and very seldom one sees them performing on reed instruments. The one of choice is the violin. This is the Gypsy's inseparable companion. They were brought in wounded, lugging their music boxes with them, and as soon as they were able to sit up would haul out from under the cot the old, never-failing violin and, as though they were greeting some long-lost friend, would caress it by laying their head over to one side on the instrument and affectionately draw the bow over the strings. This was a signal for all to gather around who were able.

The Gypsy music of Serbia is less animated than the frenzied equivalent in Hungary, and less voluptuous than the mysterious strains to be heard in Roumania. In all countries Gypsy music is on a plane by itself. Once acquire a taste for it and none other may ever please you again; nay, further, if Mendelssohn, Paderewski, and others, have been to you but sounding brass and tinkling

In the grounds of the Red-Cross Hospital.

A European pastime. As soon as a company of soldiers halts for a rest they remove their shirts and then begins the search for the louse. The upper photograph shows them busy going through their clothing, for in the seams the louse lurks. In the lower picture soldiers are putting on clean clothing after going through "delousing" process.

cymbals, there is no reason, if you cherish an emotional spirit, why you should not discover your musical sense at the inspiration of a Gypsy fiddler. If music belongs to the emotions and not to mechanics, the true perfection of it is surely only possible where it is the personal animation which the Gypsies express. They cannot read a note, but their whole being is thrown into their music and they play upon your soul just as surely as they play upon their strings. It suffices to hum a tune over to them, and they will set to and play it straight off, without a moment's hesitation. This will be understood in the case of one man playing alone, but how a whole band can keep together in perfect, if barbaric, harmony, when it is a question of personal inspiration, individual in nature, baffles conjecture. They, themselves, are perfectly unmoved the while, for they are the masters and not the servants of their instruments. They watch narrowly the smallest effect upon your feelings. Gypsies have composed music, but cannot read a note of it themselves. It is handed down orally, or rather auricularly, from generation to generation, and is modified in the process according to the character of the individual. Now the

listeners join in the wild, doleful song. Their voices are invariably hoarse and strident from being much exercised in the open-air; in a room it is impossible to avoid being deafened. Although some of the singers failed to harmonize at all times, nevertheless not one failed to come in strong on the last note, which would be a weird sort of minor.

Still another diversion, which I am glad to say was not practised in our hospital, was a game played by two soldiers. They would seat themselves on the grass with their legs crossed Turkish fashion, one would lean over and present his head that it might be inspected by the other fellow, and after careful scrutiny the second party to this little game would mysteriously reach over and gingerly extract a something from the first party's hair. After he found this something he would balance it upon the thumb-nail of the left hand, while with the thumb-nail of the right hand he would bring pressure to bear upon the left nail, which would result in a peculiar clicking noise. The object of the game was to see who could produce the most noises. This was a very interesting game and was played all day by some of them. It was called "Search for the Louse," a very pop-

ular trench game, and a sort of national pastime in Serbia.

Some of the Serbian wounded showed decided mechanical ability in making some very interesting souvenirs for war relics. For example, they would take the casing of a shrapnel shell that had exploded and make a fine stein from it by the addition of a handle; others made pens and paper knives from bullets. The material for the making of these trinkets was always available in the yards of our institution. One could pick up bits of shrapnel most any day, and when the supply was exhausted, of course, there was a new supply sent over by the Austrians. Although we were on the Belgrade side of the river, Serbian shrapnel was as liable to drop in the yard as Austrian. Austrian aëroplanes usually flew directly over the hospital, and shells which had been hurled at them from Serbian guns frequently fell about our heads in the grounds.

Before American system was established at the Hospital Militaire, Serbian patients that were ambulatory would seize a rifle and, rushing out in the yard, fire upon these hostile aëroplanes, trying to bring them to earth. It took a great deal of persuasion on our part

to convince these soldiers that it was wrong for them to fire upon the enemy from the hospital, which was considered neutral territory; and from the top of our Hospital Militaire, waving her proud colors, blown by the winds, ever giving us a guaranty of safety, was Old Glory surmounted by a huge red cross giving us a double guaranty. The Austrian aëroplanes took advantage of this fact, and when too closely pressed by the Serbian guns, as they were flying over Belgrade, would seek refuge over our hospital in the hope that the Serbs would not dare to fire upon them while in the immediate vicinity. Nevertheless, the Serbs did this at times, with a resultant shower of iron down into our yard.

Such was the daily program about the hospital during the summer season; these pastimes of the soldiers intermingled with our professional duties from early morning until taps sounded and all was quiet for the night.

CHAPTER X.

Preparation for a Great Battle.

Preceding the fall of Belgrade we were informed by the French aviators that the Germans and Austrians were massing on the other side of the river in great numbers; that there were already 120,000 and new arrivals every day in 50,000 lots; added reports came from the south that the Bulgars were massing along the eastern border of Serbia and making hostile demonstrations.

Serbia did not fear the German as much as she did the Bulgar, for she began sending her forces to the Bulgarian frontier, leaving the northern boundary weak; there were vague rumors of a threatened invasion, later becoming more pronounced; there was a subdued tension and suppressed excitement as the people began making preparations to meet any emergency that might arise in the face of the threatened invasion. Those fortunate in

having relatives outside of Belgrade left the city, going to various villages in the immediate vicinity. About 70,000 civilians remained to face the invaders. Our information was acquired from aëroplane scouts, the French aviation field being only two miles from the hospital, but as hostile demonstrations upon the opposite side of the river increased and the seriousness of the situation arose, the aviators deemed it expedient that they remove their aviation field back into the interior of the country.

The French scout planes are of the biplane type capable of carrying two, a pilot and a mechanician; they have a speed of 100 kilometers an hour; their armament consists of a Hotchkiss rapid-firing gun, with a capacity of 200 shots a minute; each plane carries five bombs which can be dropped over the side; a wireless telegraph outfit is installed upon each plane, so that while flying through the heavens they can communicate back to the lines news of the enemy's position and maneuvers. The aviator carries a camera, with a telescopic attachment, by which he can take photogrhaps, through a glass floor in the bottom of the plane, of positions and fortifications underneath. But the articles of

warfare that to my notion are the most striking are the sharp-pointed, needle-like darts (flashettes) that are dropped from a great height upon the heads of the enemy. They are about four inches in length, and in diameter about the size of a lead-pencil, one end of which is pointed and heavy, while the opposite end is grooved, presenting upon its surface four protruding flanges for the purpose of causing the dart to maintain a perpendicular in its downward flight in order that it might strike point first. When dropped from the plane, they increase in velocity every second of their flight and strike very swiftly, silently, and deadly. So quiet are they in operation that the French were able to use them for several weeks before the Germans discovered the secret. Five hundred of these deadly missiles repose in one tin box, and there are five such boxes carried upon an aëroplane. All are released simultaneously by merely removing the bottom from the box.

We witnessed on an average one aëroplane duel a week, one notable duel being staged directly above our hospital between Paulin, the great French aviator, and an Austrian. The Austrian had been doing scout duty over Belgrade, during which time he

had dropped five bombs upon the city, when suddenly, without warning, the Frenchman darted out of a cloud, full speed ahead, upon the Austrian. As they came within range, a rapid exchange of shots followed. Now, in aëroplane duelling, one tries to gain the advantage over the other by acquiring a greater altitude and planes may be seen spiralling upward for several moments preceding an attack. As the Frenchman had the advantage of altitude, the Austrian turned about and hurriedly retreated, spiralling until his altitude equaled that of the Frenchman; then with the speed of a hawk swooped down upon the Frenchman. But the wily Frenchman, expecting such a procedure, had been spiralling the while and dropped the Austrian by one well-directed shot and, as the Austrian was falling, flew rapidly over the spot and dropped two bombs, taking a photograph, at the same time, of the falling Austrian.

The day preceding the bombardment a most spectacular flight was made by an Austrian aviator over Belgrade. The aviator remained in the air over hostile territory for four hours, during which time 3000 rounds of shrapnel were hurled at him from Serbian aëroplane guns. Amidst the smoke and rain

At Belgrade. Above the clouds, which screen the aviator's movements from the enemy.

At the French aviation field, two miles from Belgrade. Eighty horse-power motor biplane. Capacity, two passengers. Plane has glass floor, carries five large bombs, five cans of flashettes, and other accessories. Aviator is cleaning and adjusting the Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun, preparatory to making a flight.

of shrapnel shells he calmly made observations of the Belgrade position, telegraphing them back across the river to the Austrian lines, taking sundry photographs and making rude sketches of fortifications. After dropping bombs upon the city he sailed back across the river to his own lines.

As our line of communication was entirely cut off the latter part of September, it was deemed advisable that two of our doctors go to Nish, to secure information, a distance of one hundred and fifty-two miles. Train service being out of the question, it was necessary to make this journey via the Ford route. The road to Nish led through wild, unfrequented mountains, over almost impassable bypaths.

We encountered no great difficulties in reaching Nish, as it had not rained and the roads were in fair shape, but our return trip was such an experience as I never wish to encounter again, for after a rain, resembling in its intensity a cloudburst, in several places the road had been entirely washed away. At Palanka, a little village fifty-two miles distant from Belgrade, we were warned not to proceed farther, as, due to the darkness which was descending rapidly, our lives would be in

danger, both from the accidental skidding of the car off the mountin-side and the Serbian bandits who inhabit the mountain-fastnesses. As we did not know at what time the Germans would start to bombard, and thinking that possibly they had already begun, knowing that our services would be greatly needed, we decided to brave the bandits and terrible mountain-trails that same evening. Here began a difficult journey, through quagmires, resembling great black glaciers extending up the sides of the mountains. Our tire chains simply would not hold the car to the roads, and finally, to complicate matters, after breaking came off altogether. Our little car made progress slowly, skidding now to the right and then to the left, the wheels revolving rapidly through the slippery clay; darkness soon descended upon us, through which a cold, drizzling rain kept steadily falling. Here we suddenly discovered that we were without headlights, as the wiring had become broken in some way. So, we had to proceed cautiously forward by the use of our side oil lamps. As these gave out insufficient light I removed one of them and mushed along ahead of the car, through the mud, picking out the trail. Soon we came to the end of

a trail and discovered that it was the wrong road. Here we found ourselves lost in the wild mountains of Serbia. After detouring, during which time we lost an hour, we again came out upon the right road, over which we ascended upward and upward until the road passed over a shelf-like projection of a cliff more dangerous than any we had yet encountered. Here the little car suddenly skidded to the left, to the very edge of the cliff and hung suspended above an abyss for one terrible moment, but, fortune favoring us, no accident occurred. Several of these narrow escapes rapidly followed as we traversed numerous shelf-like projections. After five hours of this terrible experience, we arrived at a little village, having completed but eighteen miles; here, seeing the futility of any further attempt to make Belgrade, we remained for the night. The next day the roads had dried somewhat, and we were able to complete our journey.

From the Hospital Militaire to Topschieder is a distance of two miles. The route of travel lies along the shores of the Save River. The Save River is about three hundred yards wide at this point and directly across, on the opposite Hungarian shore, can

plainly be seen the blockhouses and the trenches; so close are the Serbian and Austrian troops at this point that very frequently in the lull of battle they have been known to converse with one another.

Topschieder is the temporary railroad station of Belgrade, the old depot situated within the city having been blown up. Still Topschieder is in the range of the Austrian guns, and a little incident occurred in this connection as a party of Red Cross doctors and nurses were coming into Belgrade for the first time. The Austrians had received word in advance, through some mysterious channel, that the Serbians were going to receive supplies, so they planned accordingly to fire upon the little station. The time set for bombardment was the usual train schedule, but, contrary to all precedents and customs, the train arrived at the Topschieder two hours ahead of time. This was very fortunate for the little Red Cross party, for two hours after the arrival of the train a well-directed shell that had been hurled from the Austrian shores laid the little depot in ruins, killing several people.

During the summer it was necessary to make trips to this station, in our automobile,

for supplies that had been sent from America. To make the trip by daylight is not at all dangerous, as in passing along the bank of the river, so close to the Austrian shore, the soldiers could make out the American and Red Cross flags that floated from the sides of the auto. At night, though, this condition was changed, as the only thing they could see was our headlight unless we came within the rays of the searchlight which was thrown on the opposite side of the river from time to time. Not knowing who we were, our machine was very apt to be mistaken for one belonging to the French or Serbs. To prevent the Austrians getting the range with their rifles, we traveled most of the time in darkness, only snapping the lights on occasionally and turning them off as hurriedly. This darkness added an extra danger, as we had to travel over a road containing large craters made by the bursting of shells. One night, while taking one of the doctors of the Sanitary Commission to the train, the little machine was hit by a projectile, but no damage was done.

As we found out on our trip to Nish that the invasion of Serbia was inevitable, we made preparations accordingly, preparing dressings,

replenishing our supply of drugs, discharging all the patients that could walk, to leave as much room in the hospital as possible for the influx of wounded which we expected.

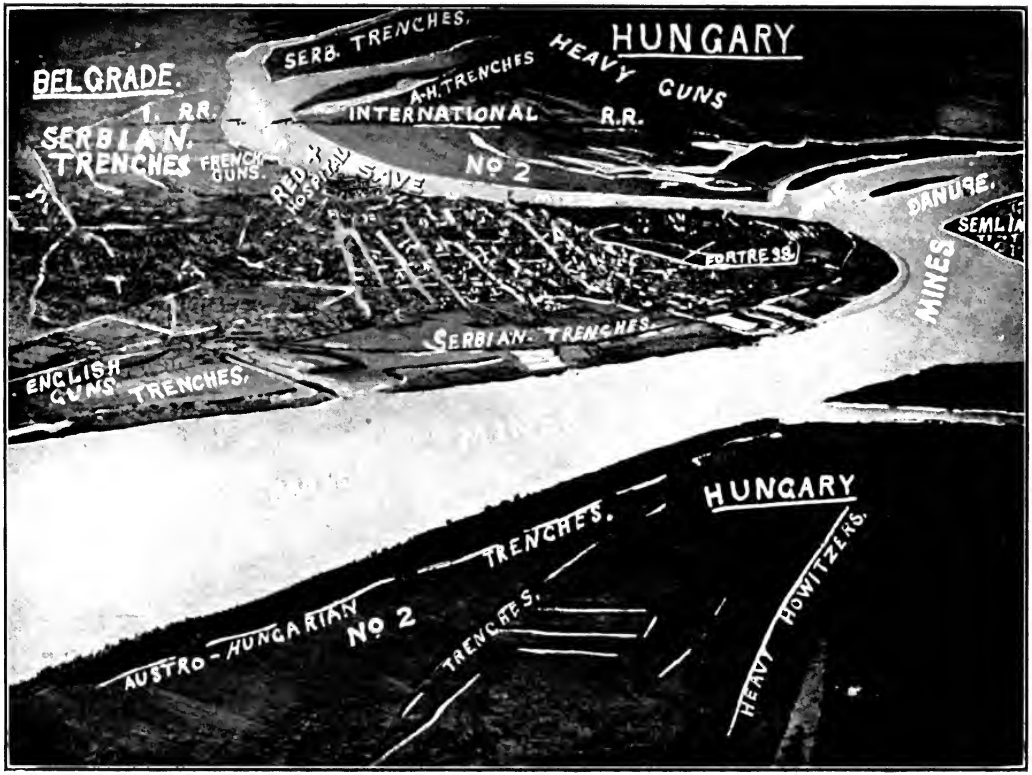
CHAPTER XI.

The Fall of Belgrade.

It is impossible for anyone in this land of peace to imagine the scenes that accompany the bombardment of a great municipality, nor is it possible to picture the destruction attending the rain of shell on every side; the thunders of the mightiest storms may be multiplied and squared a thousand times; the terrors of the lightning darting from the angry heavens with deadly menace fill the soul with dreadful omen; the wild whirring of the tempests of the deep may paint pictures of despair upon a mariner's brow; the dread tornado may rend and devastate; the earth may tremble in the grasp of unknown forces, but the hell of horrors created by any of the occasional catastrophes known to men are but mere samples of the warrior's art as witnessed each day by the victims and participants in this world's war.

The romance and poetry of war is kicked into smithereens by the jolt of one 42-centimeter as it ploughs through space at the rate of one thousand feet per second. Screaming like ten thousand liberated demons, on it comes; a comet of deadly mechanism, vaulting higher and higher in its trajectical course; a monster of vengeance and death, its wake a vacuous channel of gas and whirling eddies; hungry, charging, maddened, it scales the vault and now comes down upon its victims with intensified velocity, and that which a moment since was a city square of architectural grandeur is now reduced to an indescribable mountain of *débris* and ruin, charged instantaneously with the fumes of deadly gases, spread like a pall for rods about the point of contact; then as if loath, they rise above the city, sending down a shower of dust.

Notwithstanding the abruptness of the results of an exploding shell of great calibre, there is something unspeakably grand in the scene that follows the moment of contact. Standing at a distance of several thousand feet from the commanding balustrade of the Hospital Militaire, I look down upon the scene of unhappy Serbia's White City; by the power of vision I behold the splash of vault-



Panorama of Belgrade and vicinity, taken from an Austrian aëroplane.

ing tons of clay rise heavenward, bearing momentarily the buildings which seem to melt simultaneously and fall back into the vortex of death. Often I saw these scenes repeated as the dreadful monsters continued their inroads upon the unfortunate Serbians. Whole blocks would rise and break into a thousand fragments; at the same time the whirling bodies of the brave defenders rose high in the air, intermingled with trees; huge pieces of ordnance, horses, old sections of battlements launched back into craters formed by the terrible explosions, there to be lost in the murky clouds of pulverized dust which spread like a pall for many rods. These clouds, as they rose and spread, charged with the gases, burst into lurid flames of divers colors which at night presented a picture of startling magnificence and grandeur.

The lingering tendency of these shrapnel clouds stirs the very soul with inexpressible and foreboding sensation; gradually they rise higher and higher, then, caught by the stirring, shifting winds, they move majestically over the city and up the slopes, sending down a curtain of gaseous dust which leaves little comfort for the individual who loves fresh air and sunshine.

This curtain of raucous dust hung over Belgrade during the actual bombardment of the city; at times the noxious odor of poisonous atmosphere was positively stifling—so much so that it produced nausea and respiratory embarrassment. The nasal and conjunctival mucosæ were so irritated that constant involuntary coughing and sneezing followed, with a result that these intermittent paroxysms produced violent headache and stabbing pains in the chest. In addition to these personal afflictions, we suffered from muscular weakness occasioned by incomplete oxygenation.

In fact, the atmosphere was so impregnated by the deadly gas fumes from the curtain or cloud of shrapnel dust, which hung over the city during the four days' bombardment, that every ward, apartment, bed, utensil, instrument, and even our poor, coarse food were permeated by the layers of dust. The windows were lacquered by a deep coat of blackened veneer that shut out completely the returning rays of sunlight, which came, as it were, timidly, apologetically to the city of death.

With deafening reports, greater than the mightiest thunders, these monsters explode,

breaking windows for yards and yards in their vicinity, and shaking the earth as though it were in the grasp of an earthquake. Even at a distance the senses are shocked—the tympanic membranes of the ears are almost ruptured. For those who are closer, the sound waves are intensified and, due to the fearful concussion, the mind is clouded, and the poor devil who stands but a few yards from the point of contact is thrown to the ground as though the mighty hand of some invisible power had seized upon him. If the shell be not too large or powerful, the resultant shock may be slight, manifested by a tingling of the lower extremities, torpor, difficulty of walking, accompanied by hyperesthesias and giddiness in which the victim reels and staggers about in circles like a drunkard, gibbering like some driveling idiot, with hands pressed against either ear to shut out the terrible vibrations, or the forearm still thrown across the eyes to shut out the blinding flash, lightning-like in brilliancy—later to fall to the ground, a victim of poisonous vapors. If he be more fortunate and live, he is nevertheless struck dumb, and for a long period following there is a certain slowness of ideas, a kind of indifference is manifested

toward external objects, and there are other disturbances of the body functions. Recovery is slow.

In still graver cases, the man is killed instantly by concussion; or, if he be less fortunate and is not killed outright, he is left a helpless, paralyzed cripple, with complicated mental trouble which may persist indefinitely.

All of the patients who were received into our hospital in the early hours of the bombardment were suffering from various stages of shock, and in those cases which were operated only very slight amounts of ether were necessary to produce complete anesthesia; while in other cases the shock was so profound that anesthesia was not required.

A great monster of human ingenuity, the mechanism of the modern shell is interesting, nevertheless. There are several varieties of the shell, classified as to the method of bursting, as grapeshot, shrapnel, explosive shells, etc. Of these the 42-centimeter shell, which is of the explosive variety, is cylindro-conoidal in shape, the diameter being greater than that of a man's body, consisting of great, thick walls of steel, whose interior is full of the highest kind of explosive known to mankind, and which explodes upon contact, break-

Forty-two centimeter shell as compared in size to average soldier. Used first by the Germans, later copied by other belligerent nations. Thrown from a howitzer, describes a high trajectory, and descends almost perpendicularly, explodes by contact, with a detonation louder than thunder, a flash sharper than lightning, making a crater thirty feet in circumference, setting trees, rafters of houses, stones, in motion which in turn become projectiles. Hollow, composed of thick walls which sliver, the fragments being sharp as needles. Filled with the highest explosive known to mankind. Most fiendish and destructive piece of mechanism that modern warfare has produced.

ing into fragments, mostly long, needle-like slivers of steel, whose pent-up power, when released, sets into motion clouds of earth, rocks, bricks, and rafters of houses, which in turn become projectiles, killing, wounding and maiming. Another variety is the shrapnel, which is an interesting device to study at safe distance; it is a steel shell, the smallest variety of which contains at least 250 leaden, olive-shaped bullets, with its charge of explosives behind, and which explodes either on contact or by time, as it has a time fuse attached. When it is discharged from a field gun, it is really a little cannon whizzing through the air. Some of these small shells do not contain the bullets, but an explosive which, by incomplete combustion, creates a dense, black smoke which is used in range finding and to screen an advancing infantry. In properly made shrapnel the fuses can be so timed that the bursting charge will explode with diabolical exactness. The head of the shell is blown out and the bullets, cone-like in formation, rapidly widening, are hurled forward with an added velocity of three hundred feet per second. It is usually timed to burst about thirty feet above and sixty feet in front of the mark. Then the bullets

sprinkle a strip of earth about twenty-five yards wide and twice as long, like a man throwing a handful of sand upon the floor. When you realize that certain field guns can throw these shells pretty nearly as rapidly as you can work a revolver, it is easy to figure how long an unprotected line of men would last in the face of such fire. Some of these shells, instead of containing small, round bullets, are loaded with rough, heavy fragments of pig-iron, which is known to the Austrians as "Brush."

The modern so-called humanitarian bullet is not humanitarian, as it causes a considerable immediate mortality, a fact too little known by the surgeon working back to the rear. The small, sharp-pointed nose of the bullet does not always strike the way it is intended, but most frequently turning over and over upon its long axis and striking sidewise, causing a large, jagged wound, and carrying in infected particles of clothing. Another difference from the bullet used in the Civil War is the increased velocity of the modern bullet; it loses very little of this velocity even though it turns on its long axis, and striking a bone with increased intensity, for the greater the velocity of the bullet the

more serious are the lesions of compact tissues, the resulting havoc is terrible; for instance, a thigh-bone will be splintered from the knee to the hip. In short-distance rifle firing, the mortality is appalling. The kind of madness that soldiers feel in the charge is heavily paid for and charging would be almost criminal were it useless. Leaving the muzzle of the rifle, these little, fleet-winged messengers of death, with greatly reduced calibre, weighing but 193 grains, traveling with lightning-like velocity, 2700 feet per second, so pointed and small that they cleave the air silently, yet their striking force is so powerful and destructive that the top of the head of a victim can be blown off at point-blank fire, and any part of the bony structure can be shattered at most any range. From rifle and machine guns, these bullets pour in horizontal streams, a solid sheet of metal, the rapid-fire guns firing from 200 to 500 per minute, like a stream of water out of a hose. After leaving the gun they pursue a flat, straight, trajectical course for yards.

Perhaps never in the world's history has so splendid a spectacle been staged for the spectators as the Fall of Belgrade. Prior to the war this was a fine city, with broad, tree-

fringed streets, electric trams, and beautiful, ornate hotels. Its inhabitants plumed themselves on their gayety and dubbed their city "Little Paris," "The White City," and such endearing terms. At that time it was a city of 120,000 inhabitants. Since October 5, 1914, it has been a city of sorrowful vicissitudes. Its bombardment began on that date; the city was evacuated and refugees streamed out of the city, to the southward, ever traveling to keep out of reach of the invaders' guns.

Situated on a high hill, in a commanding position, overlooking the city and the surrounding territory, is the Hospital Militaire, occupied by Units Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the American Red Cross. From this wonderful vantage point we could witness every move in the desperate undertaking during the Fall of Belgrade. The broad river lay beneath us, while to the right rose the white watch-tower of Kalemegdan, the old Belgrade fortress, and just across on the opposite shore were the combined Austro-German forces, 640,000 in number. Here their heavy artillery was concentrated, hurling their great projectiles against the city, a shot a second. The city all around us was ploughed by heavy projectiles searching for the Allies' artillery posi-

Dr. Jolly, American Red-Cross surgeon, seated upon a French 11.5 cannon, which has been destroyed and abandoned, Belgrade, Serbia.

"The International Bridge, Belgrade," on the Great European International Railway. Only bridge between Serbia and Hungaria. Destroyed by the Serbs at the beginning of the war to prevent the Hungarians from crossing. The Save River, in this vicinity, was heavily mined—a useless procedure, for the Germans and Austrians had pontoon bridges across in little time. Within the clump of trees on the opposite shore are the Austrian trenches.

tions. The Allies' artillery were dropping shells into Semlin, that little Hungarian city across the Save, trying vainly to reach the guns that were slowly battering down their own defenses. The shells from the Austrians' skodas, 30.5's and the German 42's were throwing entire houses in the air, leaving great craters fifteen feet deep and thirty feet in circumference.

Down at the left of us, on the broad bosom of the river, was a beautiful wooded island. Here in the early hours the concentrated fury of those terrible monster guns found vent for their anger; racking her from north to south, they poured in a constant stream of projectiles,—robbing her of beautiful trees and other foliage, throwing great splotches of men, trees and earth into the air; some of the shells fell short, dropping into the water, and here occasionally one would strike a mine, with a resultant double explosion, causing huge waterspouts to rise into the air, geyser like. On this island were 450 Committadjii—not one survived.

Still farther to the left were the French gun positions,—great monster naval guns, long cannons. They had been brought from France for the purpose of keeping off the Austrian

invading monitors which cruised along the Danube and Save, terrorizing the Serbian border inhabitants. They were effective against monitors where a direct fire could be used over water, but absolutely inadequate for indirect fire as is used on land. These French watchdogs bayed forth a throaty defiance, resembling hounds pitted in battle against short, stocky bulldogs. With fiendish precision, the hordes across the river searched out and found the French guns, using their small, 4-inch shrapnel to find the range. After the range had been found, one great splodge of earth, men and ordnance temporarily darkened the horizon; another position of the Allies weakened; another great crater made, and what had been a highly organized fighting machine ground to ashes; one 42-centimeter shell missing from the German arsenal.

In quick succession followed the Russian, English and Serbian positions, all going the same way as the French.

Then came the block to block searching for Serbian soldiers, who were hiding therein. With relentless fury they were pursued by the invisible foe. No place afforded refuge. In no building, cellar or trench was one safe; for these grim monsters would search for its

victims, even into the bowels of the earth, there to rend and destroy them.

The civilian population, seeing that their beautiful city was doomed, fled panic-stricken along the highways, seizing such of their meagre belongings as they could successfully carry. But here, again, the relentless monster pursued them; for, even after they had gained the broad, open country, as a cat would play with a mouse, they were allowed one last glimpse of God's green fields, to clear their lungs of the stifling vapors, to take one breath of pure air, before they were destroyed.

Braving the shells, we searched in the streets and fields for these victims, and here we found them as they had fallen back into the crater of death. What had been horses and carriages loaded with human beings fleeing for safety were now conglomerate masses of wreckage. Searching for the living, amidst the ruins and *débris,* one would come upon whole families, the father and the children and the mother still clutching the infant to her breast, innocent victims who had raised their hand against no man. Few were still living. We carried them tenderly to the hospital, administered to their wants as best we

could; but the odds of hunger, shock and injury were against them; they died.

Old Kalemegdan, that impregnable fortress which had furnished refuge for the entire Belgrade population against their enemies in days gone by, shutting out the hordes of Turks entirely, was as mere tissue-paper against the projectiles which were hurled against her frowning bulwarks; for, never pausing in their flight as they penetrated her walls, they passed on in unchallenged, to uncover the great subteranean passages within her interior, exposing the tiny human weaklings who cowered within, there to mock and jeer at their frantic efforts to escape, finally to destroy these pigmies with the thunderous explosions that shook the bowels of the earth.

Added to this, as a final touch to the drama, the city took fire, the dull, angry red being reflected in the very heavens. In contrast was the bright, sharp, penetrating rays of the search-lights upon the opposite shore as they darted here, there and everywhere, with lightning-like rapidity, searching for the air-craft overhead; searching the surface of the river for boats, finally to come to a state of rest upon the American hospital, throwing our buildings out in bold relief against a

background of impenetrable darkness—to hold us in its steady rays that we might be recognized and not fired upon, and there floating high above our heads, blown by the winds, reflecting back her stars, as the stars in the dome of heaven, Old Glory waved proudly, a symbol of neutrality.

After the first rapping for admittance by the Austro-German legions had effected the downfall of the White City and placed it at the feet of the conqueror,—a broken, bleeding victim of invasion,—we could see thin battalions of Hungarians lying with their feet still in the water on the Belgrade side of the river, held in check by the murderous rifle and machine-gun fire of the Serbs from their trenches along the Danube; the damaged pontoons full of dead men floating down stream with the swift current; the Germans making their bloody struggle to cross over the Gypsy island, and finally the combined Austro-German rush from the river to the trenches; the fearful hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets, knives, and clubbed guns. Hundreds of the invaders were mowed down on that charge, and of the Serbian defenders of that position only ten were taken prisoners. After that came the street fighting; from behind barri-

cades hastily constructed of brick from the fallen houses; from windows, doors and houses in the vicinity in which the Serbs were forced to fall back to Torlock Heights, two miles distant; then the final rally of the Serbs from Torlock Heights back into Belgrade, in a final desperate effort to wrest their city from the hands of the enemy. This was in the night, during which time the heavy artillery and infantry fighting raged with concentrated fury around the gates of our hospital. From our windows we could see the jets of flame, resembling fireflies, stretching a great distance up the side of Topschieder; now and then the falling, tinkling glass of a broken window caused by a stray bullet reminded us of the seriousness of our situation. Four shells dropped within the gates of our hospital, wounding one of our Serbian helpers, and the following morning we could pick bullets out of the doors. This battle raged all night, during which time we worked incessantly. Finally after long, tedious hours, the rising sun heralded the approach of day, which saw the Serbs retreat for good. The distant boom of the cannon came fainter and fainter to our ears, showing that the Serbs were resisting to the last the terrible onrush of the invaders.

CHAPTER XII.

The Aftermath.

Our hospital had the distinction of serving in various capacities, as a base hospital, as a dressing station, as a field hospital, evacuation hospital, etc., due to our position on and between the firing lines of both armies. Our personnel consisted of six doctors and twelve nurses, divided into surgical and medical, each division alternating every two months. The number of physicians ranged from three to nine during the summer, and there were from nine to eighteen American nurses. The orderlies were mostly Austrian prisoners, known as "Bolichies," but on account of their spying tendencies they were taken into the interior and replaced by Serbians, who were not nearly as efficient.

During the recent bombardment of Belgrade, owing to lack of orderlies, it was necessary for doctors, and even nurses, to carry litters of wounded into the hospitals.

Transportation.—The Serbians transported their wounded, for the most part, in ox-carts. These carts had a seating capacity of four, but in times of stress not only can patients be placed in the bottom of the wagon, but the capacity can be increased by placing two or three litters across the top of the rack.

The patients suffered greatly from this mode of conveyance, as the wagons have no springs, and on account of the slow gait of the oxen it took, in some instances, from two to three days to reach the hospital, and this was over the roughest of roads; so that a great many died of hardships from the trip. Even this rough type of ambulance was lacking in numbers to carry the wounded, so that other makeshifts had to be used. One way was to hang a blanket, hammock fashion, on two poles and, placing the patient in the blanket, two men would carry the poles on their shoulders. Doors which had been blown from the houses were also used as stretchers to cary the wounded. Others less fortunate were carried upon the backs of their comrades.

Practically the only difference in the Serbian and the ambulance used by the United States army is that the Serbs use oxen and

Grand Hotel Russia and principle square, Belgrade, after the bombardment, October 5, 1915. The finest hotel in all Serbia, and compares very favorably with our best hotels. It is practically all destroyed, especially the interior; all windows are broken. The large hole in foreground, made through the pavement by a 30.5, is about 16 feet deep and 30 in diameter. This has been a tragic square in the history of Belgrade. Here the "Committadjii" were hung, and a civilian, until the Americans intervened and had them cut down. Here also a great many civilians were killed during the summer. As they were taking their afternoon stroll they fell victims to bombs dropped from hostile aëroplanes. The entire main street was torn up, as you can see in the photograph.

our army uses mules. America has a few antiquated motor ambulances which are absolutely inadequate in time of war.

On the other hand, the Germans have a wonderful system; no sooner had their army arrived than they had their hospital in working order; the wounded were brought in, in large, high-powered, high-speed, auto-ambulances, and it is on this account that we received very few German wounded at our own hospital, as they were thoroughly competent to look after their own. The personnel of the auto-ambulance service were well-trained men and sufficient in number; they handled their patients without confusion or loss of time. It is needless to say that these modern vehicles were equipped for all emergencies. One notable feature of their equipment was the plaster-of-Paris bandage which they applied to all fracture cases right on the field. Even during mobilization, many Red Cross hospitals were erected in Germany ready to receive the sick and wounded, and the doctors, nurses and orderlies were trained years in advance.

The nurses of the German Red Cross are divided into three classes. First class, Red Cross Sisters, who for years have carried on

the profession of nursing; second class, volunteer Auxiliary Sisters, who undergo a one-half year's training; and the third class, who undergo four months' training. The German Red Cross have auxiliary hospital trains and ambulances, these last being complete ambulatory field hospitals, with all the comforts that a stationary field hospital affords its patients. The War Department hospital trains, classified by numbers, and the Red Cross trains, classified by letters of the alphabet, are about the same; they consist of fourth class vestibule cars, that allow the physicians and nursing corps to go quickly and easily from one end of the moving train to the other. The wounded lie on stretchers, on which, in the Red Cross trains, are mattresses, and are protected from the cold by blankets, inclosed in washable linen cases. Ten such hospital trains the central committee of the Red Cross had completed shortly after mobilization, and there are now in the entire organization of the Red Cross several dozen. A large number are in the process of construction; each society hospital train has four physicians, four nurses, and twenty-seven members of the first aid detachments, one military officer, one bookkeeper, two cooks, one refreshment

car, one kitchen car, two furnace cars, twenty-six cars for eight patients each; one operating and two bandaging cars, the former in the center, the latter at either end of the train. The equipment is such that all the wounded and sick, as well as the medical and nursing staff, can obtain their meals on the train.

At every place where these trains stop, the women and girls rival each other in bringing the occupants refreshments of all kinds. Arrived at their destination, the patients are received by the first aid detachments and the ladies of the Red Cross. Here they receive not only most careful nursing, but also loving attention; musical bands and singing societies vie with each other to give them pleasure by artistic performances and help them pass the long days of illness. In Belgrade, while the cannons were still within hearing of the city, German bands were playing for the amusement of its wounded within the hospital yards.

In contrast to the Germans, the Austrians lacked system in handling their wounded, as there was no definite head of affairs. Their doctors seemed to be running in circles. The Austrians resembled the Serbians in their lack

of facilities for transporting the wounded, as in some instances they were left on the field for seven or eight days before being cared for.

Method of Admission.—Before the American Red Cross took over the Hospital Militaire there had been no sanitary regulations enforced, the patient would be put to bed in the condition in which he was received from the trenches. In going through the wards it was a common sight to see a patient in his clothing with shoes, mud, lice and all; small wonder that the louse is everywhere, in the bed, on the floors, and one had to use the utmost precaution to keep from being covered with the parasite. During the height of typhus we evolved a system which was most satisfactory, and had typhus under control in short order, as far as our hospital was concerned.

One building, with a capacity of three hundred beds, was used as a receiving and observation ward, and one of the staff was placed in charge. His sole duty was to look after their sanitation and classify the surgical from the medical and the contagious from the non-contagious cases. Our method of sanitation was to place the newly received patient

The jolt of a 42-centimeter shell. The remains of two Serbian homes are in the foreground with *débris* consisting of an odd assortment of remnants of household fixtures scattered about promiscuously. Brick and concrete are ground to ashes and glass and wood are splintered into wee bits, while the metals are melted and wrought into fantastic shapes under the influence of these powerful explosive forces. On the other side of these devastated dwellings is the immense hole of this gigantic projectile, which measures roughly some fifty feet in diameter and ten feet in depth. Not a single dwelling in this vicinity escaped without a marked degree of destruction. An official Austrian photographer is seen in the foreground.

This was formerly a drug-store in the center of Belgrade. A large 42-centimeter shell passed entirely through the three stories down into the basement and exploded, completely demolishing the entire building, killing instantly several of its occupants and shattering windows for squares in the vicinity.

A Serbian store. Note all the windows are shattered. Every store in Belgrade was in the same condition. The soldiers took everything out, leaving them absolutely empty.

on a sheet, strip him of his clothing, clip his hair, shave his beard, give him a bath, rub him with coaloil, sprinkle with insect powder, give him a clean suit of pajamas, and place him in a clean bed. Then his clothing was wrapped in the same sheet and sent to the steam sterilizer; after the patient had been observed from five to seven days, he was assigned to his respective ward. This method was called "delousing" by the Germans, and was not only used on the sick and wounded in the hospitals, but on whole companies of soldiers who came in from their camps. During the recent bombardment this method of sanitation became impossible, as all of the surgeons and most of the nurses were needed in the operating room, five tables being used at one time. The patients were brought directly from the ambulance with their original field dressings and placed upon the operating table; a great many of these field dressings, especially in fracture cases, consisting of cornstalks that had been torn from the fields, boards torn from fences, small limbs of trees, and even the soldier's musket, which was bound to the patient's limbs by strips of clothing and belt-straps, serving as splints. When these were removed

in the operating room, they littered up the floor so terribly that it was with difficulty we walked about. Each surgeon was assigned to an operating table, and he was assisted by a nurse while the nurse administered the anesthetic. This fact will be more appreciated when you note that one surgeon is assisted by another surgeon in operative cases under ordinary conditions.

Our nurses performed some of the operations, such as the removing of bullets, and they also did nearly all the dressings in the ward; work that our older surgeons are in the habit of doing in America. The corridors of the hospital were constantly crowded with wounded and their comrades who had carried them in,—a war-crazed, excited, maddened crowd with deadly bombs strapped about their waists; their rifles, still loaded and with bayonets attached, were slung across their arms. In selecting the patient for operation we took first those with a chance of recovery, and in many instances the fatally injuried died before reaching the operating table.

Our light and water supplies were cut off the first day of the bombardment, and we had not sufficient water even to give the wounded; so that we substituted hypodermic

injections of morphine to quiet their pitiful cries for water. One nurse was detailed for this duty, doing nothing else but going from litter to litter with a large quantity of morphine solution that had been previously made up, administering hypodermics to all. Not only was water lacking, but food was also insufficient at this time, and a great many died from lack of nourishment. We not only had to look after the food-supply for the patients of our hospital, but were responsible for all the public institutions in Belgrade, as the administration of the city was turned over to the American Red Cross on the evacuation of the Serbs.

For about two weeks we had only coaloil lamps and candles for lighting facilities in our hospital work, performing many difficult operations.

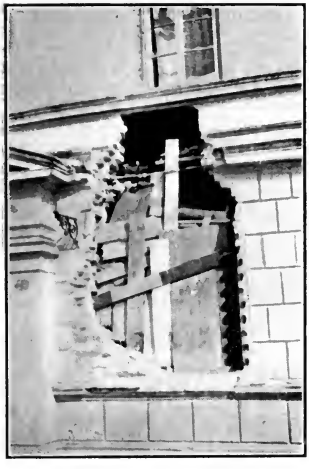
In a little over a year the American Red Cross cared for about twenty thousand sick and wounded, including all nationalities engaged in the war; a small percentage of these were civilians. During the recent German invasion we cared for four thousand wounded in a period of thirty days. In the month of April, Dr. Ethan Flagg Butler and myself did all the surgical and medical work

of the hospital. We operated each day, from eight A.M. to two P.M., and after that saw eight hundred patients. This was our daily routine. Each day we made a rigid search of the wards for new typhus cases, and any that were found were promptly sent to the isolation hospital. At this time most of our nurses and doctors, including Dr. Ryan, were ill from typhus. Dr. Kirby-Smith, who was in charge at this time, took care of the executive work of the hospital.

Being on the firing line for a year, during three invasions, we had a chance to observe every variety of wound inflicted by the various instruments of modern warfare.

After the fall of Belgrade, the care of twenty thousand refugees devolved upon the Americans, an added burden, as our hospital was filled from cellar to roof with wounded and dying, even our yards being crowded with Russian, English, French, Serbian, Austrian, and German wounded, awaiting their turn to be admitted; in the wards they were laid side by side, too weak from starvation, too exhausted from fighting, to pay any attention to the fact that they were enemies.

All available floor space was occupied; even the hallways were crowded, thence down



Military Academy, Belgrade, after the entrance of a 4-inch shell.

Serbian house in Belgrade, where the bombardment was most severe.

Two of the better class Serbian residences in Belgrade after bombardment of October, 1915. A very clear-cut photo. Note the detail, even to the beading on the cornice of the house. Also the decorations in the cement at the corner of the house. Typical Serbian home of the well-to-do. Fortunately, none were killed in this section, as they had ample time and means to leave before. Most went to Italy, Switzerland, and Greece when the war broke out.

the steps, every one occupied, jammed in a conglomerate mass, head foremost, feet foremost, some sitting, others lying, some nearly standing held in a perpendicular position by a human wedge of bodies. They resembled in their positions the logs in a jam before they come through the flume into the river.

Within the grounds was a chapel, with a morgue in connection, within which dead bodies had been deposited upon the floor, side by side; after the floor had been covered with the dead, they extended out through the hallway, down the stairs, into the yard outside, where they remained for the period of a week before burial.

Finally we were able to send a great many back to Budapest by transports, but it seemed as fast as the hospital beds were emptied new cases came in from the trenches to fill the beds made vacant.

The dread word "cholera" was on all lips, as our water-supply was cut off and we had to use water from an unknown spring. Constant watch was kept for cholera cases and, as soon as detected, sent to the isolation hospital. Every patient was inspected for cholera and typhus as they were taken aboard the transports, and many a poor victim, thinking

of the furlough about to be granted, would be turned back, a suspect.

As the Teutonic hordes advanced farther into Serbia they overtook the fleeing civilian population, who were afterward turned back to Belgrade. Every day the new refugees streamed back into the stricken city.

Soon it seemed that the entire population were storming at our gates seeking food and supplies. Most of them were women. It was pitiful and touched the heart deeply to witness the sufferings of these innocent victims who must help pay the awful cost of war. In rags, with poor, pinched faces, downcast and sorrowful, they came in tens, in hundreds, entirely blocking the one main thoroughfare. Fighting frantically to be the first through the gates, so cold and hungry, so poverty-stricken that any small offering of bread or clothing would be a Godsend. Special guards had to be ordered out to preserve some semblance of peace among the maddened, hungry women.

Soon our supply of clothing, which we had been giving, was completely exhausted, but still they came, an endless procession until our yards were filled. At every window on the first floor was a face framed, with

hands upraised in supplication, "Molen vas," "Molen vas" (Please, please).

They did not seem to comprehend that our supplies had vanished. In their simple-minded way they could not understand how the "great, liberal Americans, who had given so freely," could possibly have exhausted the supply of clothing and food. Finally they had to be forced out of the yards to make room for the wounded coming in. By the hundreds they wended their weary way out through the gates, empty-handed, sorrowful, with expressions of beast-like stupidity mingled with emotions of doubt and suspicion.

I saw them leave worn out, too weary to take another step. I saw them homeless, for what had once been home was now but dust laid in waste at the feet of the conqueror. Workshops were idle, stores empty, crops laid waste, barns empty, cattle driven off. No place to turn for succor; nothing left but the bread line. I saw them tramp aimlessly down long, dreary streets—streets devastated and torn by the firing of the enemy, and lined on each side by shapeless piles of masonry—ragged, furtive, scarecrows, going to join some endless bread line, where perhaps no bread could be had; thence to prowl in the

alleys and shattered ruins for salvage, until driven off by the patrol. I saw them living like beasts, upon such things as beasts of the field would reject. Imagination is but a poor artist, as it is not realization; realization calls for the senses and emotions. The artist sitting at his easel, the most eloquent literary genius with pen in hand, cannot depict the manifold miseries as I saw them there. Beast-like, there were no cries of anguish; none wept; all were stricken dumb.

If 300,000 Serbian soldiers won the world's admiration by their dauntless courage, by the terrible resistance they displayed against one million Austrians, Germans, and Bulgarians, and this without food or ammunition, to speak of; then the families of the soldiers should have the world's pity and praise, for theirs is a greater glory in the courage, the patience, the fortitude, they have displayed in this stricken land, where death stalks along its highways, in terrible divers forms, ways more terrible than the world has ever seen.

There is a pathetic faith in the thousands of Serbian refugees who are pouring into alien lands seeking work and bread, as most have come without a cent, in fact, hardly sufficient clothing to cover their bodies. "We

shall be home again next summer," they say simply. What is more, they believe it. Their small earthly possessions, if any, are left at home hidden, in surprisingly unique fashion. You would be amazed to hear where they lie —away from the gaze of Bulgar or German. All along the highway, between Belgrade and Monastir, are money boxes, barrels of wheat, salted meats, coal and flour. They have chosen the beaten track because the more frequented the road is the less likelihood of the invaders' search, and such hiding places are easily found "next summer." With their peasant memories they will remember the exact spot; other places are under muddy, unpaved streets, ditches, and even the open country. Many families have left some member behind to let the invaders sweep over them like the waves of a tempestuous sea, and most of these are the wives of the peasant soldiers; the men will be wanted for the army that is gathering again in Albania, and a Serb leaves his wife behind in preference to his mother or daughter, for the wife, after twenty, is like another man, fit for the camp and ready to fight, and the husband knows that the wife will set to and till the soil the moment that it is free of the invader.

SERBIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

God of Justice: Thou who saved us
When in deepest bondage cast,
Hear Thy Serbian children's voices;
Be our help as in the past.
With Thy mighty hand sustain us,
Still our rugged pathway trace.
God, our hope, protect and cherish
Serbian crown and Serbian race.

Bind in closest links our kindred,
Teach the love that will not fail;
May the loathed fiend of discord
Never in our ranks prevail.
Let the golden fruits of union
Our young trees of freedom grace:
God our master guide and prosper
Serbian crown and Serbian race.

Lord, avert from us Thy vengeance,
Thunder of Thy dreaded ire!
Bless each Serbian town and hamlet,
Mountain, meadow, house and spire;
When our host goes forth to battle,
Death or victory to embrace,
God of armies, be our leader,
Strengthen then the Serbian race.

On our sepulchre of ages
Breaks the resurrection morn.
From the slough of direst slavery
Serbia, anew, is born.
Through five hundred years of durance
We have knelt before Thy face,
All our kin, O God, deliver;
Thus entreats the Serbian race!

CHAPTER XIII.

Why Did the Teutons Invade Serbia? Some Observations of Serbia and Her People.

I have often heard the question asked: Why did the Austro-German forces invade Serbia? What did they gain by drawing forces away from Russian Poland, the Austro-Italian, and the western front, to send them supposedly on a wild-goose chase down into the Balkans, thereby weakening their defenses at the above-mentioned places and creating a new position which would have to be defended? On the face of it, there seems to be a losing game here, but is there?

Since the beginning of the war Serbia has been obstructing the traffic between Germany and one of her allies, the Turks. Occupying, as she does, the highway of tremendous importance to the Old World, Serbia has been put to it to defend herself and to repel in-

An ambulance without even a rack. The soldier riding is fatally wounded, having been shot through the abdomen. Imagine the intense pain jolting along over the rough roads.

Serbian ambulances, ox-drawn and springless. They are small. Only a few men can be carried, and patients forced to ride in them usually die from shock.

vaders. Whenever the Moslems have been inclined to pass the blessings of his religion on to the Christian lands of Europe, in order to do so it has been necessary for them to step on poor Serbia's neck. Germany and Austria, on the other hand, have been compelled to place their feet on some other portion of Serbia's anatomy to protect their vital interests in the near east. They have had an eye turned toward the far east for many years, but England, with her great navy, has always been a menace upon the Mediterranean, so that their only hope in securing new possessions and new business lay in the countries by the land route; here again we find Serbia the stumbling block. Serbia, being a self-contented race of peasants, has resisted these overtures on the part of the great powers, for she had had enough of the Turk in days gone by, and by an agricultural system of her own she thought that she could do very nicely without the civilizing influences of western European countries.

The Great International Railroad, via Berlin, Vienna, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople, is the line of direct communication to Constantinople and the east by rail. At the beginning of the war the Serbs blew up the

Great International Bridge of this railroad between Semlin and Belgrade, cutting off communication in that way between Austria and Serbia. In addition to the International Railroad, there is an excellent water route from Vienna to Constantinople, by way of the Danube and Black Sea. At Belgrade the English mined the Danube, also at other points along the Serbian border, and placed great naval guns along its banks, making it impossible for even Austrian monitors to pass through.

Owing to these barriers, Germany had to secure the right-of-way from Roumania and Bulgaria, in order that she might ship supplies to the Turks. As this was off the beaten path, it cost the Germans heavily in time and money on the added mileage. The Roumanians held them up terribly. Before the fall of Serbia they shipped all munitions and other supplies by this route. Over this railroad they shipped entire submarines, a Herculean task. The great monster "sea sharks" were shipped in sections on flat cars, designed for that purpose, and upon arrival at Constantinople the various sections were assembled in shipyards. By this method great numbers are launched at Constantinople.

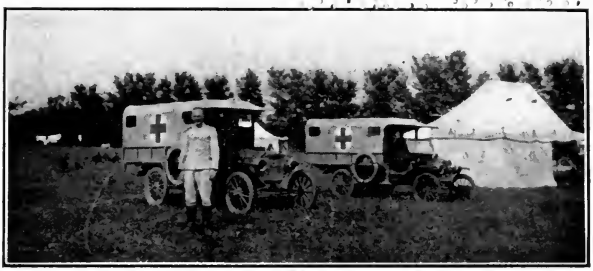
Being the gateway to this pathway, Belgrade, the former Serbian capital, has been beseiged more than any other city in the world. There the citizen will tell you, "Why should we improve our city; why should we build fine homes, when they are in danger of being destroyed at any minute by the invaders' guns, which are always rapping at our gates seeking admission into our beautiful country?"

The Balkan people have reached a point where they cannot trust one another or anyone else. Through intrigues and bribery, wars and invasions, it is small wonder that they appear warlike and unruly, but with all these uprisings, intrigues, regicides, etc., the true Serbian (the peasant) is a man with a warm heart, vivid imagination, a lover of poetry, music, song and wit, and with the proper associations of modern ideas will be found progressive. They are impulsive and in this resemble the Latin. They are quick in battle, but, right here is a point I wish to emphasize, they are not quick out of battle as is the Latin. With their sympathetic natures they compare with the people of the Balkans as the Irish do with the British, having been called the "Irish of the Bal-

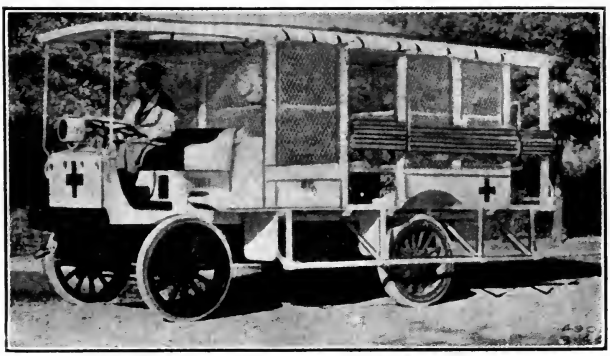
kans." As to their status as fighters, there has been very little question of recent years. There is a wealth of testimony from commanding officers who have met them in the field, and one and all, particularly the Austrian generals, are unanimous in declaring the Serbs to be the greatest fighters in the world. A Bulgarian will hang on as long as there is anything to hang onto, while a Serbian will hang on whether there is anything to hang onto or not.

Having discussed in brief the strategical situation of Serbia, let us turn to her natural resources. Serbia is, or rather was, a kingdom little larger than our State of Maine, with a wonderful valley running through her fertile acres, from the Danube on the north, southward to the Greco-Serbian border. This wonderful valley is watered by the Morava River, a beautiful, broad river, "the Nile of Serbia," which passes through a moderately undulating country with its sun-kissed slopes broken here and there by snow-capped mountains. Eighty per cent. of the soil of Serbia is suitable for cultivation, and I doubt whether the Moravian Valley has any superior in Europe for natural fertility. It is only necessary to scratch the surface of the soil in order to

Austrian ambulance, also used by the Germans. High-powered, speedy, comfortable, and roomy. Equipped with a trailer, which makes it possible to carry 16 men sitting and 8 recumbent. The highest type used in the great war. (Dr. Jolly standing at right.)



Ford ambulance, a very fine type of light, speedy ambulance that can negotiate the roughest roads. Capable of carrying four, recumbent. Used by the St. John's Ambulance Co. of Great Britain.



British ambulance, heavy type. Capable of carrying 8 sitting or 4 lying down. Litters are carried on its sides. Also equipped with emergency dressings. Cool in hot weather; during rain side curtains can be lowered.

produce abundant crops. This is almost virgin soil, for the Serbian peasant has not resorted to scientific farming, using only the oxen and the primitive wooden plough, this in turn yielding enough for his simple needs.

Corn is cultivated everywhere, and is the chief source of food. Wheat is raised principally along the Danube and Save Rivers. Plums are very plentiful and prunes the chief export. Shilyvovitsa (prune whisky), a product of the juice of the prune, is the chief beverage. Claret is made from grapes, which are raised in the districts of Nish. Tobacco raised in Southern Serbia is the finest in the world. Here the mulberry tree is cultivated extensively, and is used in the silkworm industry.

Back in the mountains are untouched treasures of gold, copper, coal and iron. Most of these mines have never been opened, an interesting condition for future generations to consider and act upon. Although this is an old country, there are 3,600,000 acres of forest yet in Serbia. Here the apostles of modern progress will stamp them as lazy and shiftless, it being generally understood that to rip the treasures out of the earth, to strip nature of her forests, robbing her of her

beauty, is quite the proper thing to do, without a thought of future generations.

Every farmer raises cattle and pigs, the beast of burden being the ox in the north and the water buffalo in the south. The average run of horses of Serbia are small and generally devoid of spirit, but singularly hardy and enduring.

The Serbs are credited with being one of the most gifted people of Southeastern Europe; politically they could give Americans some fine points in self-government. There are no millionaires in Serbia and, on the other hand, in peace times, there are no paupers. They have adopted a co-operative system among themselves, eight or nine small farmers banding together for mutual benefit. As a Serbian's exemptions, allowed by the government, in the matter of meeting his debts are large, he is not allowed to borrow money in considerable amounts; therefore they pool their interests. For this reason there is no reckless borrowing and defaulting. There is a low interest rate on notes, and the terms of payment are reasonable. Pooling their interests as they do, they can assist one another in the labors upon their respective farms.

As the farmer is forced to be at war a greater portion of the time, the women of Serbia do the outside work. Of course, Serbia is devoid of her peasant soldiers now, as they have been forced to flee, with their king, before the invaders; but many families have left some member behind to let the invaders sweep over them like the waves of a tempestuous sea; these are women. The men will be wanted to join the army that is reforming in Albania. A Serb leaves his wife behind in preference to his mother or daughter; the two latter might be ill-treated by the enemy, but the wife after twenty is, like another man, fit for the camp, ready to fight or till the soil. The women have a very masculine type of countenance, derived from living in the open. They are active, and their agility is remarkable compared with American women.

But I am diverging. I must tell why the Teutons invaded Serbia and, as it is interesting, I shall tell how they took possession.

With wonderful system and efficiency, Austria and Germany took possession with titanic armies, six hundred and forty thousand in number; they carved their way southward to meet their ally, Bulgaria. The combined armies of Bulgaria, Germany and Austria num-

bered one million, and these were hurled against Serbia's three hundred thousand, a mere handful in comparison. The Germans traveled through Serbia on schedule time, the issue was great, they must blaze the trail, the obstacles were many, and the mines in the Danube and Save Rivers were numerous. They were Russian mines, but were laid by the English.

I read a recent article in the March number of a magazine published in America. The author, in describing the laying of the mines, states as follows: "That a dashing little picket boat known as the 'Terror of the Danube,' manned by English sailors and commanded by Lieutenant Commander Kerr, had a habit of darting into mid-river and playing pranks with the Austrian fleet of monitors assembled majestically on guard near Semlin. The fleet had two hundred times the strength of the little picket boat, but that this little 'terror' had a way of springing up unawares when she was least expected."

Now, I wish to state that I know each and every sailor personally, together with the officers of the boat in question, and that had the Austrians so desired at any time, day or night, they might have blown this same boat

American Red-Cross nurses at Belgrade, Serbia, recovering from typhus fever. Author and Dr. Mellon seated, in the picture. Grounds of American Red-Cross Hospital. Crowd in background a conglomerate mixture of all nationalities: Serbians, Albanians, Roumanians, Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war. The soldier with the violin is a Roumanian Gypsy fiddler, and he has been amusing and entertaining us by his wonderful music.

to atoms with the powerful six-inch guns with which the monitors were equipped. The reason they did not destroy the English was due to the fact that the English sailors were laying the mines wrong, that is, laying them all on the same level, submerging each the same number of feet under the surface of the water; therefore, rather than destroy this outfit, the Austrians preferred to let them waste their mines, as this would amount to more in wasted time and money than the destruction of a life, as a human life is valued in time of war.

Under the direction of Major Elliott, of the Royal British Marines, the laying of these mines had been going on all summer under cover of darkness. The Germans and Austrians waited until the water in the river rose to a safe level, or sufficiently high that a boat could be safely floated over the mines. This was figured out before the fall of Belgrade, for they knew, by a wonderful spy system, just how deep these mines had been placed, and had figured out in advance just how high the water would rise. The English had made the mistake of planting mines all on the same level. After the Teutons had effectually silenced the guns on the Serbian

shores, the only thing which remained for them to do was to float their monitors down the Danube, over the mines in absolute safety, and tie up at the docks in Belgrade. Later they sent two old tugs down the river, with a long chain between, and after the mines had been lifted from the river by the chain, they were sunk or exploded by a well-directed shot from the guns on the tugboats. Soon, by this method, the river was entirely freed of its terrible monsters of destruction.

Again, in the beginning of his article, this same writer states that a young American Red Cross surgeon at Skoplje complained to him bitterly about not having enough work, and that the "surgeon" considered his trip to Serbia more or less a farce.

Now, in the first place, the only American Red Cross surgeons in Serbia were stationed at Belgrade, at the Hospital Militaire, and not at Skoplje, and, although there were other Americans in Serbia whose time was not as fully occupied as it should have been, they were not of the *American Red Cross.*

It was necessary for the Germans to establish a line of communication and, as all the bridges were down, to bridge across the Save, a distance of three kilometers (two miles),

one hundred thousand Russian prisoners were brought from the interior to Semlin for that purpose. From the Belgrade side we could see that bridge grow by leaps and bounds from hour to hour; in less than four days it was completed and heavy transport wagons loaded with provisions and munitions crossed by the thousands, following the army, while the empties took the other side of the bridge going back into Austria.

After the fall of Belgrade, the streets and houses were in terrible shape; all the telephone wires were down; the pavements honeycombed with great craters made by the bursting of shells and billowed like the waves of the ocean, caused by the awful vibrations the result of 30.5's; glass, earth, wagons, bricks from fallen buildings, and other *débris* literally choked the streets; large barricades made of bricks, behind which the street fighting had taken place, still extended across them. The brave defenders and invaders who had died fighting in the streets, together with dead horses, were still in the places where they had fallen. The water-supply was cut off by the bursting of the pipes and the electric-power house was blown up; so there was no light.

It was a Herculean task to clean up this poor beleaguered city. No sooner had the German infantry passed through the city in its pursuit of the Serbs, and while the heavy artillery was still within the corporation limits pouring its destructive shells into Torlock Heights, than they brought into Belgrade an army of Russian prisoners. First they came with shovels for the gruesome task of burying the dead. This soon accomplished, they tackled the streets, clearing them of the *débris,* thence to the ruins of the buildings that were liable to topple over on the heads of the soldiers who were marching through. After that they put the streets into a better condition of repair than they had been previous to the bombardment. While this was going on skilled linemen were busily engaged in putting up new telephone and electric-light wires, and plumbers placing new pipes into the earth and repairing the old. The old city took upon itself a hustle and bustle such as it had never known before in the history of the Serbian people, and in an incredibly short time was again made habitable. Moving-picture theaters, that had not opened their doors for a year previous, resumed business, and one-half of the proceeds was given to

the refugees left in Belgrade. These thrifty Teutons invaded an old street-car barn, dug out a few old antiquated cars and, due to their ingenuity, soon had street cars going about the city, and so they progressed, the major portion of the work being done by prison labor.

In Serbia there are very few state-maintained roads, the most of them being merely broad or narrow tracks which, in wet weather, become quagmires of mud. Two or three days' rain suffices to render them almost impassable, if it does not actually wash them away.

The Serbs, upon evacuating Belgrade, said: "Let them come, let them take Belgrade, we will retreat into the mountains; they cannot follow us with their heavy guns or transport wagons, they will become stalled and helpless."

The Germans calmly came forward with huge auto-trucks which were loaded with bricks from the fallen houses. With these bricks they made the roads passable, and when the supply of bricks was exhausted huge stone crushers and concrete mixers, all manned by prisoners, were brought into play. Rock was blasted out of the mountains, pul-

verized, and soon a great macadam highway extended for miles into the mountains and over this the great 42-centimeter guns could travel with ease.

The railroad tracks being too narrow for the German locomotives, armies of laborers were sent along these tracks and the rails were lifted over bodily intact, not even disconnecting the rails. New ballast was placed on the tracks, bridges that had been blown up were repaired, and German locomotives steamed swiftly over these, pulling long trains loaded with ammunition and soldiers. There is complete communication at the present time, by rail or water, between Vienna and Constantinople. The journey can be made quickly and troops can be concentrated rapidly at any point along the line.

Serbian farms can be tilled by Russian labor, Austria alone having one million, five hundred thousand Russian prisoners. In the same way copper mines can be opened in Serbia. Germany can readily strike at several points, Soloniki, Suez Canal, cutting England's navy in half, thence on to India; can bring pressure to bear upon Greece and Roumania, a proposition she could not have tackled before the invasion.

Looking at it from all angles, the invasion of Serbia was the best move for Germany since the beginning of the war, but costly to the poor Serbians.

CHAPTER XIV.

Travel Through Various War Zones.

The captain of the little passenger boat had just finished relating to me how the Austrians had been able to send their vessels down the river over the minefields in safety. This small steamer was to bear us away from the country that had given us experiences which we were never to forget and was to start us on the first leg of the arduous journey homeward.

"Yes, you see," resumed the captain, "the mines of this river being laid on the same level, all we had to do was to wait until the water raised sufficiently, as we knew it would at this season, and then float our boats down in safety."

"Well, captain, haven't all of these been removed by this time?" one of our party asked.

"No! There happens to be three in this immediate vicinity, which we intend to re-

Marching through Albania.

Retreating through Albania. The Serbian army, worn out by days of hard fighting against a foe which greatly outnumbered them, were forced to retreat through the trackless wastes of the Albanian mountains. The story of hardships, deprivation, and death on this journey will never be told. The men died by thousands of starvation and exposure.

move later, as soon as the wounded cease coming, and we can clear the harbor of boats hereabouts."

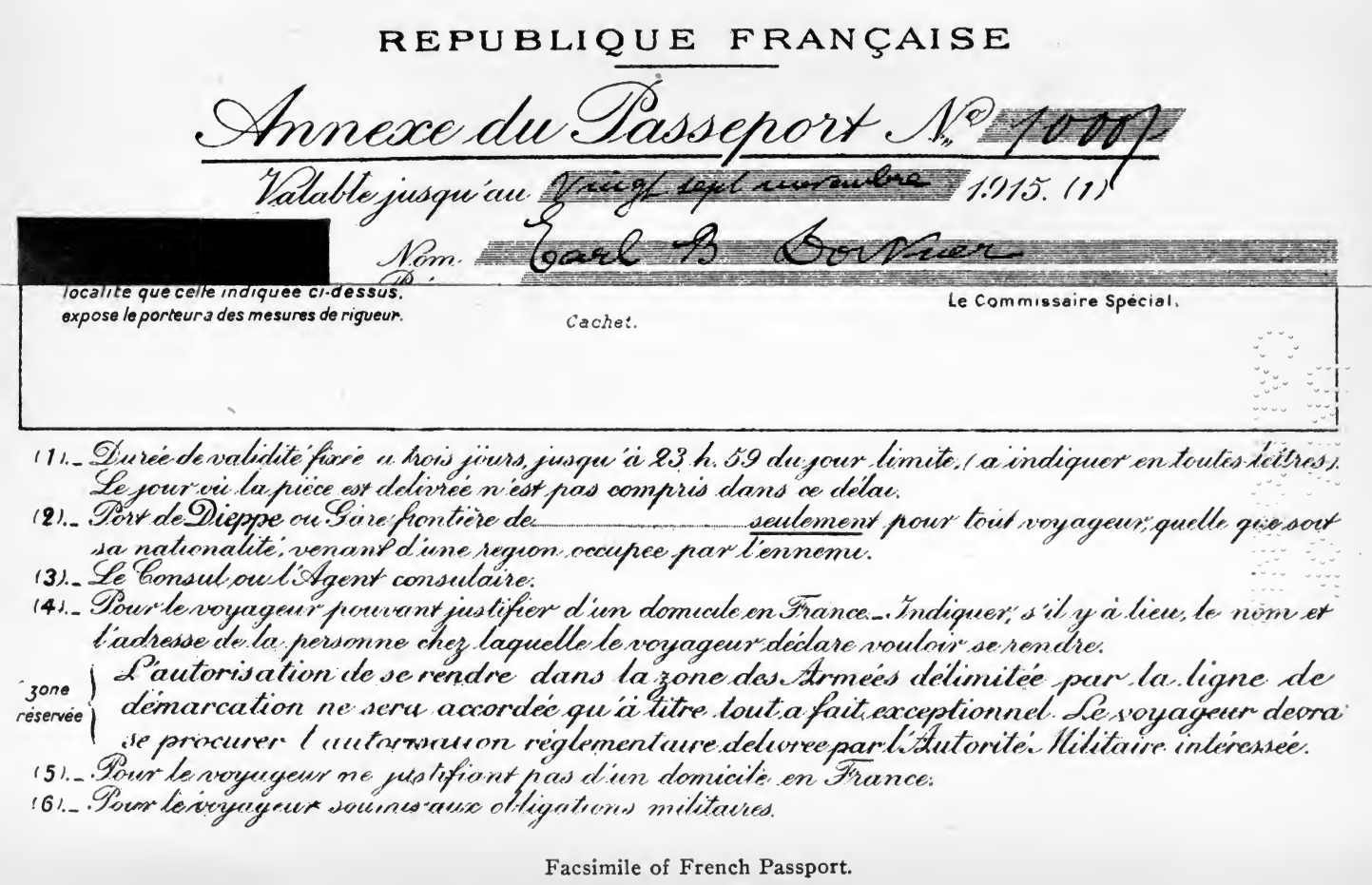
"Well, is there not a chance of one of them slipping its anchor and striking our boat?"

A non-committal shrug of the shoulders was the response.

As the steamer was to remain tied up at the dock all night and was not leaving for Semlin until the following day, we spent a very restless night aboard ship. It seemed as though I could feel those infernal mines grating against the keel through the long, tedious hours of the night, but finally the little craft drew in her lines and made for the Hungarian shore. Here, for the first time, I placed my foot on Hungarian soil, as I found myself in the little town of Semlin, for often from the Hospital Militaire for the period of nearly a year I had gazed longingly across the Save River to the little town of Semlin, but a short distance, and wished that I were able to walk about its streets; but as one cannot pass from firing line to firing line of belligerent armies, my hopes were not gratified until November the 10th, 1915. We landed at Semlin at four o'clock the following morn-

ing. After much trouble at this early hour we managed to arouse a couple of natives who owned transport wagons, upon which we loaded our baggage; after which we proceeded to the station, walking, as we could not find carriages. One of the nurses, who was ill and could not walk, jolted along on the topmost trunk of one of the wagons, while I walked behind to see that she did not fall during the journey. During my stay in Belgrade, owing to the poor quality of food, my weight had decreased about fifty pounds, and in addition I had to use a cane, as I had previously infected my leg. Others of the party straggled slowly along behind, carrying raincoats, suitcases, and other miscellaneous articles. All were in poor health, having passed through a great number of strenuous days.

But, such is the optimism of human nature that all laughed when one of the party remarked: "We resemble a stranded Uncle Tom's Cabin company more than a party of Red Cross doctors and nurses." At the railway station the train that had previously been equipped with a private car for our personal use had departed. So, after waiting in Semlin most of the day, we were finally able



REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

Annexe du Passeport N° 1009

Valable jusqu'au Vingt sept novembre 1915. (1)

[redacted]

Nom. Earl B Dorrier

localité que celle indiquée ci-dessus.
expose le porteur à des mesures de rigueur.

Cachet.

Le Commissaire Spécial.

(1).— Durée de validité fixée à trois jours, jusqu'à 23 h. 59 du jour limite, (à indiquer en toutes lettres). Le jour où la pièce est délivrée n'est pas compris dans ce délai.

(2).— Port de Dieppe ou Gare frontière de _____ seulement pour tout voyageur, quelle que soit sa nationalité, venant d'une région occupée par l'ennemi.

(3).— Le Consul, ou l'Agent consulaire.

(4).— Pour le voyageur pouvant justifier d'un domicile en France. — Indiquer, s'il y a lieu, le nom et l'adresse de la personne chez laquelle le voyageur déclare vouloir se rendre.

Zone réservée — L'autorisation de se rendre dans la zone des Armées délimitée par la ligne de démarcation ne sera accordée qu'à titre tout à fait exceptionnel. Le voyageur devra se procurer l'autorisation réglementaire délivrée par l'Autorité Militaire intéressée.

(5).— Pour le voyageur ne justifiant pas d'un domicile en France.

(6).— Pour le voyageur soumis aux obligations militaires.

Facsimile of French Passport.

Facsimile of Military Pass.

to secure third-class accommodations on the train going to Budapest.

During my travels through Italy, Greece and Serbia, although I had occasion to use my passport frequently, this was but a slight matter in comparison to the Austro-German and French systems through whose countries I was about to travel, as here I used the parchment granted me by our State Department almost continuously.

Trunk Episode.—While in Budapest, capital of Hungary, our little party nearly came to grief, due to an accident that happened to some of our baggage as it was being transferred from the train to the baggage-room in the Union Station there. One of the doctors was the possessor of a huge trunk, substantial, well riveted and strongly reinforced by heavy iron bands. We dubbed this carryall "Old Ironsides." Now, stored in the hold of "Old Ironsides" was a strange assortment of cargo, to wit: valuable Pirot rugs, German helmets, surgical instruments, large pieces of ordnance, bits of shrapnel, and one hand grenade, loaded; in fact, the usual run of cargo that one would find in any first-class ammunition ship. Just by what means this loaded bomb drifted into this conglomerate allotment has

not been explained, and never will be, in all probability. Some think that it was a Serbian soldier, a practical joker who, knowing that we were returning home via Hungary, probably thought it would be an excellent joke to play on the Hungarians; others account for the presence of this destructive piece of machinery in the trunk as purely accidental; but, be that as it may, the fact remains that it was there, with all its latent, pent-up energy, awaiting an opportune moment to strike. A strange phenomenon was the fact that it had not exploded before reaching Budapest, as our luggage had been shifted several times from boat to train, and while reposing peacefully upon a transfer wagon, which was jolting along the roughest of streets, one of our party was seated upon the trunk.

The Union Station in Budapest is an exceedingly large, barnlike structure. Through it were moving scores of troop transport trains, taking on and discharging passengers by the thousands, all moving with the usual precision of military machinery. Into this great throng of soldiers came "Old Ironsides," reposing peacefully upon a truck, drawn by three of the station "Huskies"—just a battered-up, badly damaged, old dere-

lict, browbeaten, bullied and thumped around by baggage hands of nearly every nation in the world. "Here is one that has seen his best days; we will finsh him up this time," remarked one as, with fiendish glee, he spat upon his hands, and laid hold of the apparently innocent victim. But he reckoned without his host, as he gave one mighty heave. "Old Ironsides" balanced one moment and hung suspended in midair, then descended, an avalanche of hatred and vengeance. All the years of insults, abuse and misuse at the hands of the "trunk wallopers," accumulated with awful intensity into that last final kick, as it struck hard concrete with a jolt! All was confusion and excitement within the station as the echoes of the terrible detonation went ringing through the streets, and glass from windows of the station was still falling to the earth.

With cries and shouts the frightened people scrambled over one another to gain the open, a great surging mob at all the avenues of exit; people on the inside struggling to gain their freedom; those on the outside trying to force an entrance into the station to gain the protection of her roof in order that they might be off the streets while the hos-

tile aëroplanes, as they supposed, were dropping bombs into the city.

In the mean while the rugs and other contents had caught fire, so the fire department was hastily summoned. As soon as the smoke had risen sufficiently, one might observe three tried and trusted "smashers of trunks" calmly reposing upon the depot platform, supremely indifferent to the hubbub about them, having taken the count in the first round. An S. O. S. was sent out, an ambulance responded, and after they had been removed to a hospital it was found that the worst damage sustained was shock.

And then the police; ah, yes, last but always to be reckoned with, the gendarmes. The municipalities of Europe would be in a terrible predicament without them. With all their men off to the front, certain of their citizens must remain behind, acting in the capacity of policemen, for home protection; that innocent Americans may be restrained from committing acts of violence, usually minor, such as blowing up railway stations and such like. Police system! Yes, Hungary, like Germany, has it developed to the highest power of efficiency. On passing the police station, thirty minutes later, one might have

observed an American Red Cross surgeon making signs to fifty or sixty police officials, trying to explain in Magyar, through the offices of an interpreter, how it all came about. "Thirty thousand crowns fine, and lucky you are not to be shot," pronounced the Court. "Bring in the next."

"One moment, your Honor," expostulated the doctor, with renewed flourishes of the hands, "I suggest we all adjourn and have dinner, and we can discuss fines afterward." Accepted, all trailed out to a neighboring hotel; great were the arguments and great were the acts of diplomacy; finally the amount was dropped from 30,000 to 1200 crowns. More wine, more diplomacy, Americans were making money fast; as the party broke up the fine was remitted entirely.

Early next morning, a nice new, bright-yellow trunk was added to the rest of our luggage in the baggage car, whose destination was Vienna, while in the coaches in the rear was a party of Americans conversing in subdued tones until we were well on our way.

Vienna, the royal city, is full of very interesting sights, so I have been told, and when I find the time after this world's war

I hope to pay it a visit. Its Ringsstrasse is known and admired the world over, and no less the Prater, the Josefsplatz, the Burgplatz, and, in the center of their park, the Burgthor. But none of these historic sights for us while visiting, or rather hibernating, in Vienna. In the first place, it was next to impossible to procure a taxi or conveyance of any kind, as nearly all had been requisitioned by the military authorities for their armies. We did not care to go about sightseeing on street cars because of the fact that we used the English language in our conversation and, on this account, were liable to be mistaken for British subjects and locked up as suspicious characters. When necessity compelled us to board a street car, our conversation was addressed to the rest of the party in low, subdued tones, because the average Austrian hates the American as heartily as do the English, and many times we were openly insulted when our identity became known.

Here we were seven days having our papers looked over and our passports vised. The passports had to be entirely changed, a troublesome delay due to the lack of system, or rather lack of specific authority on the

part of Austrian officials. No one seems to have authority to say just what shall be done, and you are always referred to the next man higher up until the topmost pinnacle is reached, when you are chased back again to the officer occupying the lowest rung of the ladder to begin over and over again a wearisome journey on the same old beaten trail. An American remarked to me while in Vienna that upon his return to America he would write a book to be entitled "Who Governs Austria?" Probably this idea of government originated from the Ringsstrasse.

In traveling through Europe, the passport must ever be with you. It must be secured about the person lest, in the excitement of travel, it become lost or stolen. On approaching a frontier, officials come through the train and take the passports up, and after examination return them to the owners. One must be wary at this time, because the supposed officials may be only spies in disguise, and serious obstacles may be encountered when the real official passes through and the tourist finds himself sans passport.

At the Austro-Swiss frontier an official had returned my passport. In the rigid inspection my luggage had been unpacked and

scattered about, and I was looking after its repacking when, upon feeling in my pocket to see if my passport was still there, I suddenly discovered, much to my consternation, that it was missing. I immediately reported the matter to the captain of the customs, and he as quickly produced the much-needed paper, and did not explain how he knew the paper was missing or how it had come into his possession. Someone had evidently picked my pocket, but very seldom are the customs officials caught napping, and, no matter how well the theft might have been accomplished, the ever-watchful eyes of the military authorities were upon us.

Upon going into Germany one must surrender his passport to the officials at the border. Here an exact duplicate is made and the passport returned to the owner. The duplicate is a striking likeness of the original, even to the coloring of the ink, and if the parchment be worn or travel-stained, the imitation is perfect. This wonderful feat is accomplished by a new process of photography known to the Germans. The duplicate passport is sent on ahead to Berlin, where it is filed away for future reference. In Germany, as in other belligerent nations, the govern-

ment is constantly informed of the whereabouts of all strangers within its borders, so that the gendarmes can lay their hands upon an individual at any time they please, day or night.

Upon entering a country, as you cross the border, you must state specifically at the customs as follows: the province, the city, and the hotel of said city, and the length of time you will remain. The government reserves the right to specify the railroads by which you will travel as you enter that country. When you reach the point of destination, you must immediately make a report in person to the commissaire of police, of your arrival. It is not necessary to give the name or the hotel at which you intend to stop, as he already has that in advance. Permission must be gained from him to remain in the city. Before you desire to leave the city, even to pass just a short distance beyond the corporation line, you must first receive permission from the prefecture of police. Anyone detected in the act of disregarding one of these military rules will be thrown into prison and it will be necessary to enlist the aid of a United States consul stationed in that district before your release will be granted. No mat-

ter where you report, much to your surprise, you are always confronted with a duplicate passport, personal description, and other documents.

As the police system is under the control of the Federal government, the prefect of police of each municipality is appointed by the head of that government; then each city is divided into districts, the number and size of the districts depending upon the amount of population, and each district is in charge of a commissaire of police and, according to the size of his district, it is again divided into a number of smaller ones, each being in charge of a detective. In addition, military patrols are constantly passing through the thoroughfares questioning pedestrians as to their credentials. Not being satisfied with stopping civilians, they rake the streets with great care so that even men in uniform of the army are stopped, as a number, wishing to escape enlistment, have adopted the method of parading about the streets in a soldier's uniform. It is a daily occurrence to see the patrol with five or six of these men in tow.

In most of the countries the gendarmes carry rifles with fixed bayonets, which are strapped to their backs. They are usually a

better type of men than the regular soldier, but in time of war serve in the army fighting in the same regiments with the soldiers. The polizei of Hungary, while traveling in the army, act in the capacity of traffic cops.

I cannot tell of the beauties and wonders of continental Europe, as I was too busily engaged elsewhere to view them, but I certainly can describe the latitude and longitude of every police station and prison from Saloniki, Greece, to Bordeaux, France; nay, what is more, I know every prefect of police by his first name, for on my return journey when I was not waiting to have my passport vised, I was sitting in some police station awaiting audience with its prefect.

At the customs large sheds have been erected for the purpose of the examination of travelers and their baggage. These sheds are large, barnlike structures, recently constructed of rough boards. Upon entering there is a large room set aside for the admission of travelers, where one has to stand in line awaiting his turn, possibly for hours. When your name is called the porter seizes the luggage, and the guard escorts you into another large room set aside for examinations. Scattered about the room are long, substantial

benches made of rough planking, upon which the baggage is deposited and opened by the porter. Over the entire length of these benches is scattered a strange assortment of wearing apparel and personal belongings, while standing behind are uniformed customs officials in imposing military array who are to examine your luggage. These men, being specialists in this art, nothing escapes their notice. The traveler next you in line is having his trunks opened, while farther down some poor unfortunate is excitedly explaining to the official opposite the presence of this or that article or scrap of printed or written matter that the lynx-eyed customs official has unearthed; while still others farther down who have successfully passed the Customs are hurriedly packing their luggage, trying to crowd an immense array of articles into a small trunk intended to hold half the quantity. For, no matter how easily one packs a trunk at his room in the hotel, after the customs officials have finished it seems that there is twice as much, even though they have confiscated divers articles. They went through my luggage most thoroughly, looking through hollow surgical instruments for hidden messages; a camera was smashed upon a bench before my

very eyes, and the remains flung over in a corner upon a scrap heap, while my diary with valuable case records was consigned to the flame. My luggage being all O. K'd, I was next conducted to a small room where an official who could speak English fluently quizzed me for a period of two hours, trying first to find out who I was and my business; later he asked for military information of strategical importance, as it was reasoned that, having traveled through the enemy's countries, they could elicit facts of military importance. The clothing of some of the passengers was removed as they searched for hidden articles; the laundry marks upon the clothing were examined to see that they tallied with the name given by the traveler. As the captain in charge was directly responsible to his government for everyone and everything that passed in and out of the nation at his given point, and his punishment severe if he failed at his post of duty, no stone was left unturned, and even the fortunate possessor of a special military pass is not exempt.

The money exchange is another handicap to the traveler in Europe at the present day, as, due to a shortage, no gold can be carried

from one nation to another, the United States having one-fourth of the world's gold in its coffers at the present time. The paper money constantly changes in valuation as the wheat market would fluctuate in this country. In Serbia, after the Austro-German invasion, the dinar (twenty cents in American money), which is the standard unit of money value there, dropped 50 per cent. in value, and later became practically worthless. So one, at any moment, is apt to find himself the possessor of a lot of worthless paper money. The dinar was replaced by the Austrian mark, this latter bank-note being a very interesting historical conglomeration of characters, an exact representation of the country, or rather countries, for which it stands. It is the most interesting bank-note in the world today, not from a monetary standpoint, but, from the diverse character upon its two sides, showing, upon the face of it, the complex problem that confronts Franz Josef who rules a dual monarchy composed of people of many alien races. In Austria, Franz Josef is styled the Kaiser and rules an empire where German is the predominating language; but when he steps a foot across the border into Hungary, he ceases to be a Kaiser and becomes a King,

governing a kingdom whose people use the Magyar tongue. So, on this very interesting bill, we find an Austrian side and a Hungarian side. On the Austrian side the value is designated in eight different languages, German, Bohemian, Croatian, Cyrillic, Polish, Slavonian, Roumanian and Italian; on the Hungarian side, the Magyar language. In addition, there are several more races found within the boundaries of Austro-Hungary, but lack of room does not permit the placing of their characters on the note. If possible to carry gold, one could avoid the consequent embarrassment of finding one's self the possessor of a quantity of worthless paper money, as gold has a fixed value the world over; but strapping five or six hundred dollars in gold about the waist and carting it off across some European country is like placing a millstone about one's neck.

After kicking you about over their various borders, robbing you at the hotels and divers other places, they add insult to injury, as you step upon the vessel that is to convey you to the land you love. "Merci, Monsieur, Avez-vous d'or?" (Please, Mister, have you gold?)

Owing to the Zeppelin raids over Paris,

from time to time, there is a city law which compels the inhabitants to close the window-shutters after dark. All the stores and homes are heavily shuttered, and the upper portions of the street lights are darkened, which throw their weird shadows upon a few scattered wayfarers as they hasten home late in the evening.

In striking contrast to this dark, lonely city were the bright, gay lights along Broadway, which could shine out as they pleased without fear of a Zeppelin flying above and dropping bombs from out of the heavens upon her defenseless streets; where the police do not carry guns tipped with gleaming bayonets; where anyone may step upon a train equipped with a bath, telephone and barber service, to be whisked away at a mile a minute, whither it pleases one's fancy, without having first to consult all the police officials of New York in order that the back of one's passport may be stamped until it resembles a Swiss cheese, to have personal belongings scattered to the four winds by some crusty, suspicious customs official.

After relating the harrowing experiences one encounters in war and the consequent horrors that follow in its wake, I ask, Do

we, the American people, want this? or, Do we want a land of peace and prosperity, protected by an army and navy second to none in the world? An army that out-Prussianizes the Prussian, and a navy with which we can put the reverse English on the British; so that when Old Glory enters a foreign harbor and she is menaced on all sides by that deadly shark of the deep, the submarine, Uncle Sam can say, "Hands off!" and his voice will be heard across the waters, and thus preserve our neutrality.

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