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“POLAND WAR AT CLOSE RANGE

In the Air, on the Field, in the Trenches and in the Hospitals

IS DESCRIBED BY NELLIE BLY”

Following is continued the article by Miss Nellie Bly, special correspondent for the Evening Journal at Przemysl, in Austria:

Przemysl, Friday, Oct. 30, 1914 – Long, deep trenches connected one line of caves, with another line in advance.

Over the front line branches of trees had been stuck in the earth.

It looked like stubby growth of scrubwood. It concealed completely the caves.

Soldiers were busy bringing the branches from a grove on the hill when the burring of an aeroplane made the captain give them a quick order to stop and stand still.

The aeroplane came over our heads like a giant snake-feeder in the air. No one knew whether it was friend or foe. The strongest glasses used by our officers did not help us.

One officer said it was a German aeroplane; another thought it was Russian. We could take our choice.

Some one suggested to look out for a bomb, but none fell. The aeroplane went straight over toward the Russian army until it was lost to view. In the middle of the battery was one straw-lined cave. It stood alone. Before it stood the commander-in-chief.

Within the cave, resting on a bed of straw, was the most important man of the outfit.

A telephone was strapped to him. Over each ear was a receiver, strapped to his breast a transmitter.

The familiar buzzing and operator repeated in loud tones what he heard. The commander ordered the soldiers back to their branch bearing labor.

On we went. A group of a dozen hovels lining each side of the road caught our attention. On each gate post, if I may call it so, for a woven fence of tree branches protected the houses from the road, were tacked white cards.

On straw, only bits of straw at that, along the sides of these miserable, filthy hovels huddled human forms in blood-stained, muddy uniforms. Around doorways, in the stable, everywhere they lay, heedless, inanimate, motionless.

A priest in high boots and black coat was standing near one lot. He removed his hat and placed over his coat a gold-embroidered stole. He kicked with his boot the man nearest. He kicked again and again.

The huddled bit of humanity pulled itself to its knees. The priest spoke to him and as he spoke kept kicking the next one to arouse him to life.

Hardly had he blessed the first than he sank into a bundle again.

The third man was senseless to the kicks so long that I thought his his soul has already gone into the vast eternity. Yet he lived. He tried to rise to his knees. He could not. He sank back powerless. The priest blessed him and passed on a kick into consciousness others.

I turned my back. My heart swelled and cried within me. The man to pity is not he who is killed by a shot!

Dirty women and children opened their low doors to look at us. The men lying on the wisps of dirty straw around the sides of their hovels did not seem to interest them. Yet they appeared not cruel. They looked curiously at the men, but when they looked at me they slowly smile kindly and friendly.

Turning my back to one horror turned my face to a greater. Between a hovel and a barn an open space about 6 x 6 had been loosely boarded up at one side, the hovel and the barn forming the other two sides. The fourth was open.

On the ground was strewn straw. In that straw was a mixture of senseless human beings, knapsacks, flasks, discarded bloody bandages, a shoe, a gun and matter unspeakable.

One motionless creature had his cap on his head. He had a short stubby brown beard. Great black circles were around his sunken eyes. Black hollows around his nose and his ears were black. Still he lived. Dying I believe.

Near him, completely covered by his coat, was a form. Occasionally it shivered convulsively. That was all.

Nearest us was another on his face. He never moved. Perhaps he was dead.

VICTIMS OF CHOLERA.

Beside him sat a soldier, his chin on his breast. Someone shoved him and yelled at him. He heard. He tried to lift his head. Useless. It sank again, his chin against his chest.

Cholera the posts were marked, dear friends. Human creatures they were, lying there in a manner our health authorities prohibit for hogs or the meanest of beasts.

I staggered on to the muddy road. I would rather look on guns and hear the cutting of the air by the shot that brought kinder death.

The constant singing of the Russian shells over our heads was like the sound of huge skyrocketing as they ascend. There is no explosion, however, I could scarcely realize they brought death. But when they strike, death and destruction are the result.

And no one knows where they will strike.

They can be heard, but not seen until they strike.

A few steps from the cholera hovels is another battery. I ran to it in delight.

A field kitchen on the edge of the road was busy cooking, but the men about the concealed cannons had other things to do.

From the telephone operator's covered straw pit came the constant buzzing call, the loud repeating of orders, which the commander in turn yelled aloud and another officer repeated to the men at the guns.

It was all done with almost instant speed. Then everybody covered their ears and out roared a great shot. We could hear it whizzing for, it seemed, the greatest length of time, as it sped through space with lightning-like swiftness. But I could see nothing.

Shot after shot was fired, each cannon in turn, but though I watched with greatest care I saw nothing but a bit of some brown stuff like paper fall to earth again.

Whom they kill, what they kill, they know not. The order comes to fire in a certain direction and a specified distance. "Three hundred and forty metres" I heard them say, again 250.

Thus men kill without emotion. They do not witness the result, and so the killing is less hard.

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