

December 12, 1914

New York Evening Journal

“Nellie Bly at Scene of Slaughter
DEAD STREW TRENCHES”

“In the valley between us and the Russians is a village – the name I must not tell you. A fierce battle was fought there, and firing is kept on the village constantly. The land is covered with dead soldiers and officers of both armies. Perhaps the living among them. The dead cannot be buried, the living cannot be aided until the rain of hellish fire ceases.”

Following is a continuation of the story of Miss Nellie Bly, special correspondent for the Evening Journal, on the firing line at Przemyśl, Austria:

Przemyśl, Nov. 1 – After the hospital feast all the officers and Prince posed for photographs. Colonel John was very anxious that no journalists should be in the group. The prince then bade us good-bye and disappeared over the hill, followed by two officers.

We returned to our wagons. Our drivers were roasting potatoes among burning branches. They grabbed the hot potatoes and put them in the pockets of their sheepskin coats.

Lieutenant Pichl and Acting Captain Arthur Nichl - the only black eyed man among the thousands - asked me to stop at the Red Cross hospital. They both belong to the Tyrol and have been stationed here since the beginning of the war. They mounted their really fine horses. and rode along, one on each side of my wagon.

Dr. Johann Hand, the commander of the second Red Cross section, was delighted to see us. He proudly led me around to see all points of interest.

HOW RED CROSS CARES FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

His "palace," as he called his cave, was just being finished. It was constructed just like all others except that a pane of glass, from a destroyed house, furnished him with one window. He insisted on my having a cup of tea - with rum - and drank a toast to America as I drank one to Austria.

Dr. Hand has forty ambulances. They carry four men lying, or two men lying and four sitting, or eight sitting. He has eighty well-fed, good-looking strong horses. Splendid covered shelters have been built for them. Well-made, strong tents warmly lined with straw are provided for all the soldiers, and larger ones, with good-looking bunks, are ready for patients.

Splendid kitchens are under shelter, and small kitchens, which can be carried by a man, set down anywhere and used, are kept for emergencies.

The man who made the tea had a broad smile all the while. Finally, when we were inspecting the different places, he touched me on the elbow.

NEW YORK BARBER ANXIOUS TO RETURN.

"Please put in the Journal," he said, "that I am Henry Cross. I come from Lemberg. I had a barber shop on Fourth avenue for many years. I came home to visit friends, and here I am. I want to go back to America. I will be an American citizen and stay there."

Dr. Hand insisted on having me pose with him for a photograph. Beside us stood his assistant surgeon; his chaplain, George Kiener, of Salsburg, and others of his staff. The doctor held a bottle of medicine. It was iodine, the one remedy here for cholera.

Between us and the Russians is a distance of 1,500 feet. In the valley between us and the Russians is a village. The name I must not tell you. A fierce battle was fought there, and firing is kept on the village constantly. The land is covered with dead soldiers and officers of both armies. Perhaps the living are among them. They have been there for ten days. The dead cannot be buried, the living cannot be aided until the rain of hellish fire ceases. Meanwhile the air is purified.

RUSS SOLDIERS DYING OF CHOLERA IN TRENCHES.

There can be no doubt but that at this point the Russian condition must be frightful. Dead and dying of cholera, the Russian soldiers are found along the line of battle or left behind in the trenches, where they are found by the advancing Austrians.

Several times at night Russians have returned to the trenches to recover straw, and abandoned arms and knapsacks show with what desperation they seized the remnants of straw. At one point a river or stream divides the two enemies. In the morning the soldiers of Francis Joseph and the Czar have met on the banks, each in quest of water. They take their water, and even barter with each other for cigarettes. Then they return to their different positions to open deadly fire upon each other.

The day is done. We enter our wagons for our return. I glance sadly at the dark, cold trenches. I say farewell to those I know. And the terrible booming and slaughter keep on ceaselessly.