

al and the Chief of Staff at the time that, in order to keep a check on Katzan, the former would write on every envelope the time when he delivered it to his orderly, while the latter would keep a record of the time of its receipt. It was clear that Katzan had been carrying the General's letters to the Siraisi, who had opened and perused them and had photographed any that proved of sufficient importance. We confirmed the latter fact the very first day we kept Katzan under surveillance. He took the letters to Siraisi, and one of my agents made an excuse to enter the laundry a moment after him. But Katzan was neither in the front rooms nor in the kitchen. Consequently he must have been either in Siraisi's private room or in the secret room of the photographer. Ten minutes after entering Katzan left the laundry and hastened as fast as he could to the quarters of the Chief of Staff. Our chain of evidence in this matter was therefore complete. We decided to spring the trap on Katzan and the

Siraisi brothers while they were examining the General's correspondence. With this in view I ordered a police detachment to be ready near the laundry between four and five o'clock the following afternoon.

On the morning after I had this arranged I visited the Chief of Staff to tell him what I intended to do. Imagine my astonishment when he said: 'It was not till last night that I was able to inform the General of what you had told me about Katzan. The General at once ordered the fellow back to the barracks, and asked me to send him another orderly.'

I inquired if the General had been informed of my request that Katzan be left alone until I could catch him in the act of betraying his trust. The chief said that he had done so.

'Well, then,' I said, 'why would n't the General let me settle with Katzan and the whole nest of Japanese spies in this city? I think I could have done so.' To this the Chief of Staff only shrugged his shoulders.

A SPANISH SOLDIER IN MOROCCO¹

BY 'DUEHANGT'

It is a beautiful springlike afternoon, although it is actually midwinter elsewhere. Here in Africa, however, the weather is very variable. Often the wind blows with the fury of a hurricane, seeming at times as if it might even topple over the mountains. Again, the torrential rains, which like cloudbursts break over the solitary encamp-

¹ From a private letter

ment in a dark and heavy downpour, suddenly give place to a lovely summer day with a pure and beautiful blue sky above in which shines a resplendent sun whose torrid rays seem to penetrate to the very hearts of the surrounding oval mountains. But neither the fecund, heavy rains nor the hot caresses of the sun have power to bring forth trees that might serve us as a defense from

the rigor of the sun's rays, or even flowers to gladden our sight and sweeten the air.

Our encampment — which is situated at quite an elevation and affords a good view of the surrounding country — is a very large one, where thousands of men are gathered together, representing every branch of the Army. It is protected by a strong, well-fortified wall. The view from here is typical of the country, made up of thousands of *carmechos*, or Moro dwellings, scattered over the mountain-sides and separated from one another by heavy hedges of cactus. This curious plant is the only adornment possessed by the Kabyles, and produces an abundant crop of *higos chumbos*, or prickly pears, which form the chief food of the natives, more especially in those regions farthest removed from the Spanish cities, to which, because of the lack of means of communication, very little in the way of provisions or other of the necessities of life can be conveyed.

The forces in the encampment are housed in small conical tents set out in long parallel lines forming streets. Each tent — in which there is scarcely standing room for them — is supposed to accommodate twenty men, with all their accoutrements.

There is one building, comfortable as compared with the tents, which is the General Barracks. Then there is a row of wooden huts, or *barracas*, placed in the form of a village, which are the canteens. There are also a few other dwellings, constructed of mud with tin roofs, in which some of the officers live.

It is the hour of general recreation, and on every hand may be seen groups of soldiers. Some are reading over for the third or fourth time the letters received during the day; others are cleaning their personal belongings as they chat amicably together; others again are playing games of cards — all

intent on seeking in one way or another to drive away their ennui.

The afternoon is waning and the sun's rays are growing less rigorous as he nears his eclipse behind the stupendous, almost inaccessible, mountains of the enemy country. All are glad of the pleasant coolness of evening as they leave the shelter of the crowded tents to breathe the fresher air outside. It is the hour when the sentinels for the night take charge and keep watch while their companions sleep.

At seven o'clock the vibrant tones of the bugle announce the hour of the roll call, and after each man on hearing his name called has answered 'Present,' according to custom, he immediately sets to work, amid much talking and laughing, to prepare carefully his humble bed. This consists of a sack filled with straw, if so be he has been able to find any; while the less fortunate sleep on the hard bare ground, resting their heads on the bags or sacks that contain their scant supply of clothing. At nine o'clock the bugle announces 'Silence,' and everyone lies down to rest and sleep; for, though their couch leaves much to be desired, the greater number, worn out by the labors of the day, soon fall into sound slumber.

At the entrance of each tent stands a sentinel, while those whose place it is to guard the outskirts of the camp walk about peering into the darkness, their guns cocked and their *machetes*, or bayonets, in readiness. At midnight the encampment assumes the aspect of a graveyard: the tents look in the moonlight like so many white marble mausoleums, and the sentinels like ghosts who have just issued from their niches in them. A sepulchral silence reigns, broken only by the howls of the *chacales*, or jackals, who come down from the mountains in search of the garbage thrown out during the day, or

by the barking of the dogs in the adjacent *kábilas*, echoed back from the surrounding hills. At intervals a voice may be heard calling '*Centinela alerta,*' and another answering '*Alerte está.*' This is the patrol who goes about to see that none has fallen asleep.

In the morning at six o'clock a bugle call breaks the prolonged silence of the night, at which signal all precipitately spring up ready for their coffee — a beverage hardly deserving of the name. Immediately, even before the beams of the morning sun are yet visible, the life of the camp begins. All who had not had the opportunity to do so the day before set forth in procession to the little spring in search of sufficient water with which to wash themselves. There being no other way to secure the morning bath, each fills his canteen and one man slowly pours out the water little by little over another's back till his ablutions are completed, when the action is reversed, each helping the other like a good comrade.

The hour arrives for the multiple duties required to keep the camp clean and tidy. Besides, there are such matters to attend to as bringing up supplies and changing guards. All those who are not employed on these tasks have their arms and accoutrements carefully inspected, and then are either drilled or set to work building roads.

Before dawn a battalion of infantry has already sallied forth, with other auxiliary troops, constituting a convoy, to the advanced positions twenty or more kilometres away. These marches are ordinarily very severe, for if the weather is dry and hot the sun's rays are stifling, and the treading of so many feet in the narrow road raises a choking cloud of dust that seems to stop one's throat. Moreover, the men are bent almost double under the weight of their burdens. If, on the

other hand, there has been a heavy rain, the roads, which were bad enough already, are turned into veritable morasses of mud and water through which it is almost impossible to march either up or down the steep declivities. Often the weaker men stumble and fall into the muddy water, soaking themselves to the skin, and, if it is winter, chilling themselves to the very marrow and becoming almost incapable of further effort. The *alpargatas*, or sandals, which are the only footwear they have, are made of a piece of sole leather or tough hempen fabric of plaited rope, fastened to the foot by means of cords. These become so caked with mud as to make it impossible to march, and it therefore often becomes necessary to discard them altogether and go barefoot.

At last the men arrive at the end of the march and, having delivered the provisions and ammunition, are allowed a few hours' rest. A little food is given them to fill their empty stomachs. After having recuperated they again plod off on the return trip. This service is the severest duty the soldier has to perform, and must be repeated daily between one advanced outpost and another.

Meanwhile at the general encampment midday has arrived, and all the varied activities cease at the sound of the bugle. It is the only call the soldiers really appreciate, for it announces the hour for dinner and the time for the distribution of the mail. Each awaits the latter anxiously and expectantly; it is his only joy, this letter from his family, his mother or perhaps his sweetheart, or his war mother. His correspondence is the one solace for a soldier's heart; if that fails him there is nothing left. In those moments is reflected on every face either joy or disappointment — joy when the news from his far-distant dear ones is good;

sadness if it be bad, or if the long-expected letter has not arrived.

At three in the afternoon our interrupted labors are again taken up, and at six the second meal is served. That concluded, the hour for recreation again comes round. During these short hours of liberty the encampment presents the aspect of a populous city. On every hand soldiers stroll about chatting animatedly, enjoying their short hour of freedom. They sing, and run, and play like so many young children.

Such is the life of a Spanish soldier fighting the Riffi in Africa. Every day is alike; each day presents the same problems, the same tasks and unchanging emotions. Day succeeds day till the term of service — usually three years — is completed. The almost unendurable monotony is broken only when the enemy, also eager to put an end to his boredom, steals upon our advanced positions and in the darkness of the night cautiously digs trenches and builds fortifications, protected by the irregularities of the terrain. After laboring for a few nights, and believing all conditions propitious, he waits patiently for daylight for the purpose of intercepting the forces carrying the water and supplies to the various outposts.

When an opportune moment arrives for an attack, the Moors rapidly spread among their own forces the notice that they are about to make a raid and capture some prisoners: They then begin quietly to close up the circle about the besieged. Meanwhile the High Command of the Spanish forces, realizing the imminent peril, assembles a large force of several thousand men, placing at the front the Legionaries and native irregulars, followed by the Peninsulars, or Spanish regulars. Each soldier is issued three or four packages of ammunition, cold rations for several

days, two canteens of drinking water, a greatcoat, and a gun. This burden, it is unnecessary to say, causes the men to reach the place of combat, usually several kilometres away, in a state of extreme fatigue. Immediately on arriving, an attacking party is formed, which begins a tentative advance, exercising the greatest vigilance in order to avoid an ambushade. As the vanguard, thus deployed as skirmishers, cautiously moves forward, the first shots come whistling through the air, announcing the near presence of the enemy, though it is not yet possible to determine whence he is firing. Instantly, however, the former calm and quiet settle down again, as if the shots had suddenly issued of their own volition from the bowels of the earth.

The sound of the Moro guns is very peculiar. At the moment the projectile is fired a report like *pa-cúm* is distinctly heard, which gives rise to the name commonly given them of *pa-cum* rifles.

When the enemy fire increases in intensity the order to halt is given, and the men are told to lie flat on the ground till the place from where the shots come is located. The Moors usually await the advancing column until it reaches a position where they can fire point-blank at it from their hiding-places. But Spanish aviators soon locate the enemy and drop bombs upon his trenches, producing terrible explosions, and indicating the point toward which the artillery and infantry must direct their fire.

The sun, like a fiery volcano, pours his burning rays down upon the panting soldiers, who, almost exhausted and half-asphyxiated by the heat, without a drop of water to refresh their parched throats, are compelled to carry on, many falling by the wayside. Scores at such times would be willing to give all they have in the world for a small glass

of water to relieve their thirst; but in that region there is no water except for the single spring that serves to supply the besiegers, and before that can be reached our forces must first compel the enemy to evacuate the terrain. In the intensity of their thirst many throw themselves upon the ground like wild beasts and lap up the water in the pools left by the rain, dirty and yellowed with mud, through which have passed countless feet of both men and beasts — anything to cool their burning throats.

The advance post we are relieving, like a rock in mid-ocean during a heavy storm, majestically maintains its position in the midst of all that desolation, repairing its defenses with passionate determination as the struggle proceeds, for on them solely depends its salvation.

Some hours have passed, but the advance has ceased, for the enemy, although decimated by cannon and machine-guns fire, has not yet been dislodged, and does not seem disposed to give ground. This necessitates an attack with bayonets.

The moment is critical and full of emotion: the aviators fly very low that their bombs may not miss their mark; the cannon spit out fiery broadsides, while the machine-guns keep up an incessant rat-a-tat-tat. In the midst of all this deafening uproar the soldiers go forward at a run, holding their bayonets in one hand and bombs in the other, killing, killing, to the right and left, all they come across, though not without suffering many casualties themselves.

Encounters like the one just described are fought year after year, every succeeding summer, with few or numerous casualties as the case may be. Between them complete tranquillity reigns. These attacks or counterattacks are almost always invited by

some carelessness on the part of the opposite party, and the soldiers look forward to them with almost pleasant anticipation as incidents breaking the deadly monotony of their existence.

A soldier's life in an advance post is characterized by even more deadly ennui than that in the general encampments, because he is marooned there with a smaller number of comrades. Yet every night he must observe extreme vigilance, for it is then that the enemy usually creeps up under the cover of dense darkness and suddenly falls upon the sentinels, seizing their guns and telling them to go back to their own country, or calling them 'hens' because they live in coops.

Most of our private soldiers are farmers and peasants with little education. As a rule they are frank, good-hearted fellows, with honest, open faces. They are very patient and faithful in doing their duty — qualities that stand out in strong contrast to the want of consideration shown them by their officers, who regard them as immeasurably beneath themselves. The conversation of the soldiers never varies; it is always on the same theme. 'How many more months have you got to serve?' 'Many — endlessly!' is the reply, with a hopeless gesture indicating how eager they are to end this monotonous existence.

What joy I shall experience in 'that day' — the day of my deliverance, when I may clasp my dear parents in my arms, after these long years of absence, in which I have endured continued fatigue, and suffering both physical and mental. What joy to gain again my long-desired and precious liberty. I shall feel like the lark who, suddenly freed from his cage after a long imprisonment, mounts the air on his wings and flies away in joyous freedom.

At first all the Spanish soldiers feel a

passionate love for and strong sympathy with their country, but at the end of their military service in Africa much of their patriotism has disappeared, chiefly because of the disillusionments they experience in the place where they have so nobly exposed themselves to death. In most cases their health is broken because of their many privations. There the best of their youth has been spent — the age of illusion and of enthusiasm. They have sacrificed families, love, and liberty without receiving any tangible compensation.

The Moroccan war, in the opinion of the average soldier, based on his long experience on the very scene of

action, is a problem inherited from his fathers — one that will continue to be in the future just what it has been in the past, with the sole alternative of either yielding territory or carrying on, more or less frequently, the same bloody contests, in which so many lives are uselessly sacrificed. For what is gained to-day is abandoned to-morrow; those who are to-day our most loyal friends to-morrow turn out to be our worst enemies; those who one day surrender themselves the next day revolt. This occasions a continual waste of blood and treasure to no advantage. The Moroccan war, in all frankness, is the nightmare of the Spanish people.

A SOUTH PACIFIC POTSDAM¹

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

I RENTED a little old green sailboat with an auxiliary motor. Just after we had taken aboard our cargo and were about to leave Suva, the heaviest deluge of rain I ever saw, even in the tropics, suddenly descended upon us. We had to wait until it was over, and that eventually cost me the whole day. Finally we set forth down the lagoon, between the sandy shore, with its files of palm trees and red galvanized-iron roofs, and the creamy white foam-line of the coral reef. When we reached the mouth of the Rewa River, an astonishingly broad, quiet stream to flow down from the cloud-topped, jagged peaks of an island of the size of Viti Levu, we

turned from the lagoon into one of the mouths of the great delta in order to follow another channel to the open sea beyond. But when we were in the very midst of the great mangrove swamp the tide ebbed, and we were left stranded on a mud bank between queer, unnatural shores, not of land, but of densely tangled branches, air roots, dark green foliage, and mosquitoes.

There was nothing to do but to wait patiently for the tide to rise again. I watched dreamily a huge gray crane wading in the distance. My old boatman drank whiskey, as he did in all emergencies. Our nut-brown engineer, a wild savage from a distant island, lay on the bench by the motor and slept. A Fiji boy, black as ebony, his body

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