

PAGE of NEWS from OVERSEAS

Cossacks Dash Into Battle Like a Veritable Whirlwind

Correspondent Was Thrilled at Sight of Magnificent Body of Horsemen Charging the Austrians—Not a Waver in Ranks as Machine Guns Opened Fire

Mr. D. Thomas Curtin describes below how he watched by the side of a Cossack chief the failure of the huge Austrian advance from Czernowitz against the small Russian forces which had just withdrawn from the corner of Austria near the Rumanian border. Mr. Curtin states that the Russians left behind not so much as a wounded man or a rifle.

The artillery, with caissons of ammunition, rattled over the road, while Cossacks dashed beside to lash the horses up the hill towards Sadakora. The infantry was coming up, choking the road as far as one could see.

The first battalion stepped smartly to the fray. A field piece clad in rich robes of satin and velvet rode in majesty on his coal-black steed. And then, riding along beside those big men was a mite of a boy who could hardly be 13, and who wore a complete uniform.

In a field directly opposite a battalion was still waiting for orders. It had been there since early morning, and had evidently marched during the night, for the men lay stretched out fast asleep. The call to assemble brought them to their feet, and the companies formed before one could realize that the men had been awakened.

Preparing for Stand A clatter of hoofs coming up the hill caused me to turn to see a troop of Cossacks, their lance-tips glistening in the dazzling sun, a red-legged Hussar at their head. "Stay right here," he exclaimed, "if you wish to see the big excitement. We are going to set up a machine-gun by this building; the Austrians know that our main force has gone back to Sadakora. It is of vital necessity that we prevent them from crossing."

We took up our position near the partly-completed building, which looked like a blockhouse. The Cossacks gathered fondly about their new pet, captured from the Austrians, and belted it for action. "We will not fire until they cross," said the chief. "If the enemy throw a bridge and attack in force he can wedge us in from two sides. If we can forestall this by bluffing until our reserve infantry come up from Novosielca we can save the day. Now you will see what my Cossacks can do!"

A whirlwind of cavalry was launched from the base of the hill across the plain towards the river. A rattle of Austrian rifles from the opposite bank, but not a horse swerved, not a rider fell. When near the bank the avalanche broke up into flying fragments, which whirled in every direction in wild confusion. Erect in their saddles, to which they stuck as if glued, the Cossacks blazed away like the American Indian of pioneer days.

Magnificent Soldiers On the mound by the machine gun stood the Cossack chief, gazing down in admiration upon his men. "Are they not magnificent—admirable? See how motionless they sit there watching to pick off any enemy who may appear. My men form a picked regiment, chosen from everywhere. They are the greatest Cossacks of the world!"

I was thrilled by the scenes of this wild Eastern warfare of the old type. Not a motor-car or a motor-cycle; every officer rode a horse.

ARMY CAMP WATER

Suitable drinking water is of vital importance to an army, and this is only one of a multitude of problems that must be studied carefully by those who conduct a successful campaign. The water of a camp is a matter of great importance. Only running water is used.

In the German army the upstream water is used for drinking purposes and the downstream water for watering horses and for bathing. Suitable signs notify the men which water is safe to drink and which may be used only for bathing.

Stepping-stones are provided to keep the water clean, as well as board protection to prevent the banks from crumbling. Basins are dug for water in case of necessity and are then propped on posts and filled by means of pumps. Pipes may be driven if water lies at a reasonable depth—in other words, not more than twenty feet. Depending upon their size, these pipes will deliver from four to twenty-two gallons of water per minute.

If water lies very near the surface, a hole is dug and a cask, the bottom of which has been knocked out, is placed in the hole to form a basin. If the water lies at a greater depth the basin may be formed of box sections driven in one on top of the other.

GALLANT FRENCH BOY

One Lad of Eleven Years Wanted to Avenge His Cousin's Wrong

How keen the boys of France are to join in the war is shown by the letters which they send to the military authorities begging for permission to go to the front. The latest would-be warrior is Andre Pierrot, who has attained the age of 11. He wrote to General Piagnol, commanding the 21st District, informing him that ever since the war began he has wanted to enlist.

The general was requested to send his reply addressed to Andre Pierrot, care of Mme. Pierrot (the boy's grandmother) at Thivet. General Piagnol replied that the boy's letter had greatly touched him. "You are only eleven years of age. You are quite small; nevertheless your heart is in the right place. Continue to assist your grandmother. Your present sentiments are a guarantee that later on you will be a valiant soldier and a good citizen. I press your little hand affectionately."

Preserving Soldiers' Graves

When after the battle of the Marne the fields and forests were filled with dead heroes, thousands of willing hands, young or old, dug graves on which girls and women planted little wooden crosses with the name of the fallen soldier in ink or pencil. As there was danger that agricultural labor should destroy these graves and the weather efface the inscriptions, the municipal and village authorities everywhere have issued instructions that all these graves are to be left intact and suitable measures taken to preserve the inscriptions. School children regularly visit the graves and cover them with flowers.

Hardy Italian Soldiers

The Italian soldier undergoes a more severe training in some respects than any friend or enemy in the armies of Europe. His day begins at 4.30 a.m., and drill and routine continue, with a two-hours' break of "compulsory repose," until 5 p.m. After that he has four hours' freedom, but must be back in barracks by 9 o'clock, or 3.30 in winter, and is supposed to be abed when, half an hour later, the bugles sound the "silenzio." He is extremely well cared for by the authorities, but long marches are reckoned among the essentials of his training, and some regiments can cover sixty miles at five miles an hour, and consider it nothing remarkable.

Apart from agriculture, which gives employment to 10,000,000 males and females, silk culture is the most important industry in Italy. A total of nearly 6,000 joined "Kitchener's army" from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

FRESHENING UP DURING A LULL IN THE FIGHTING



Members of a Highland regiment in the neighborhood of Ypres bathing their tired feet in a "Jack Johnson" hole filled with rain water.

Patriotic Convicts Work On War Supplies

Glad to be of Service in Supplying What Articles They Can—Idleness in Prison Now Non-existent

Patriotism in prison sounds a paradox, but that it is to be found there, in no small degree, is testified from many quarters and is recorded officially in many reports which have been received at the British Home Office.

Far away from the rush and bustle of life, with little or no knowledge of what is happening in the outside world, the criminal, paying the penalty for his crime, might be thought to be the one person in the world not affected by the horrors and excitement of war or by the call to the nation to face the crisis with a spirit of heroism.

The daily average number of persons in the prisons is about 35,000, and it is hoped that the improvement which has been shown with regard to work will help them when they are discharged.

INSULT AFTER INJURY

Belgians Were Told Their Country Was at Peace—Funds Taken

From Paris comes the story of how General von Bissing, who was made military dictator of Belgium by the Kaiser, deprived the Belgian Red Cross of its funds, which he ordered should no longer be used to assist wounded Belgian soldiers back to health.

The Belgian Red Cross Society was founded in 1892 and its by-laws say that in time of war it must devote all its funds to assist wounded Belgian soldiers and must in every way co-operate with the Belgian military authorities. Its charter would be forfeited if the funds were used for any other purpose.

Church Service on Warships Every day on every British warship there is a church service, as well as a regular church service every Sunday. If there is no chaplain on board, the captain conducts the service. The "church" itself is the deck, the part chosen being in as sheltered a position as possible.

There is one thing about these services on board ship: every Jack Tar is keen on attending them, and though they are a matter of routine they are never hurried. The chaplain or captain's sermons always are about the things that matter. He knows every one of his congregation and the things to say to them.

THE ITALIAN MONARCH NO PLEASURE SEEKER

FINDING THE RANGE

A remarkable story of a French artillery officer whose bravery and resource saved the force under his command comes from northern France. He was in charge of a battery of the famous 75's. The enemy found the range of the French guns and subjected them to a heavy bombardment. The fire was so accurate that the French position became untenable.

GIRL'S HEROIC WORK

Titled Young Woman Drives Right to Firing Line to get Wounded Man

"Her work in tending the Belgian wounded has won for her the affection of the whole Belgian army," said an English officer of Lady Dorothea Fielding, the pretty young daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, to whose unselfish bravery heroes themselves pay tribute. Lady Dorothea is attached to an ambulance party in Belgium, whose duty consists of driving motor-cars to the firing-line to pick up the wounded.

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Spraying Liquid Fire

The liquid fire used by the Hun has been chiefly employed to repel the attacks on their trenches. It is really burning petrol or oil, containing a certain amount of phosphorus to make it flare more fiercely, and many of the French invalided homes were so severely burned by this barbarous method of making war as to be incapable of taking any further part in the fighting.

God Save the King

A lady traveling through France, could see only French soldiers with fixed bayonets, and she longed to see someone English. But one day at a certain station, where she had to change trains, she spotted two Highlanders. Suddenly a desire seized her to say something to them in English. But the train was due out. So rushing up to them, she cried, "God save the King!" the only phrase she could think of at the moment.

Victor Emmanuel Has Always Takes a Serious View of His Responsibility as Ruler—Very Popular With His People.

The action of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy in deciding to share his soldiers' hardships when his country plunged into the war was received with the wildest enthusiasm and the House of Savoy was never more popular than to-day. The King is a gallant horseman and this is a source of gratification to the Italians, for their cavalry is not surpassed anywhere in the world. In person King Victor Emmanuel is thoroughly Italian. His short, powerful figure, sweeping moustaches and cast of countenance are of the general type often observed throughout Italy. He is fairer, however, than most of his people, however, and blue-eyed.

"Certain King Victor Emmanuel is the right man in the right place—the King Italy needs in this supreme moment," said the poet Gabriele d'Annunzio after an interview with the monarch. "It would be impossible to imagine a better informed man," he continued. "On hearing him speak one might almost receive the impression at one moment that he was in Paris conversing with a statesman thoroughly conversant with the subject from the French viewpoint; at others, in Berlin, talking with a Minister of the German Emperor or in London, in Vienna or Petrograd. The Balkans and Eastern Mediterranean are so familiar to him that he might have lived there all his life. His lucidity of mind is astounding, and only surpassed by his unpretentious manner, which puts one completely at ease."

When the King was a child he suffered so badly from rickets that he could not walk upstairs and had to be carried. Early he was a sicklier crown prince than seen. King Humbert placed him under a stern military tutor, Colonel Ostro, who put the little prince through a most rigorous course. He slept always in a cold room and took a cold bath at day-break. Then came a frugal breakfast. Lessons followed, with special emphasis on those he disliked most. Before the morning was over the prince was in the saddle. No matter how bad the weather, he rode daily. Often he returned to the palace soaked to the skin from a violent rain-storm. He disliked music, a predilection which he retains. When he was ten years old he remarked to his piano teacher, Signora Cerasoli: "Don't you think that twenty trumpets are more effective than that piano of yours?"

In his military studies he made rapid progress. He submitted to all Colonel Ostro's hardships without a murmur. He often relates as one of the pleasantest memories of his life, his impressions when King Humbert first entrusted to him the command of a company of foot, at the annual review of the Roman garrison. "The excitement interfered so greatly with my power of sight," he once said, "that the only people I recognized in the cheering crowd were my dentist and my professor of mathematics."

Then a few years later he received the command of the army corps at Naples. Frivolous and light-headed Neapolitan society looked forward to a worldly-minded prince and rejoiced; but it soon discovered its mistake. The Prince, scorning pleasure, devoted himself exclusively to his profession and left his barracks daily to go straight back to the Capodimonte Palace, where he spent his spare time in perfecting himself in the study of military tactics. Then on July 29, 1900, his father was assassinated at Monza; the anarchist Bresci. The son stepped into the gap immediately. When the Prime Minister suggested that a proclamation should be addressed to the people and gave a copy to the King, Victor Emmanuel told the Minister that he had already written the proclamation himself.

The King and Queen lead a very simple and informal life for the most part. The King does not spend much on his table and the Italians often complain that his wines are an injustice to the country. When he saves on his cellar the King probably spends on charity for he is the leader in every good cause.

As an illustration of his actions in an emergency, an incident of the Calabrian earthquake of 1905 may be cited. So freely did he expose himself that someone ventured to remonstrate with him. "Why run this unnecessary risk?" urged the courtier. "It is my trade," answered the King grimly.

Corporal's Charmed Life The Gainsborough News printed the charmed experience of Corporal Bowyer. The corporal told the following story: "In a rush I was struck by a bullet, which hit my ammunition pouch. Instead of entering my body, it glanced away off the ammunition, exploding fifteen rounds of it, and tearing my equipment all to pieces on that side."

Vast Stores of Treasure Hidden in Constantinople

Frederic Harrison, the veteran writer and philosopher, believes that in Constantinople treasures of the past will be brought to light whose very existence is at present unknown. The treasures which he and others believe to be stored away in the Turkish capital were seized by the Turks when they captured the city from the Greeks under Constantine XI. on May 29, 1453. At that time Constantinople was the very centre of the cultivation of the world. It is true that to a certain extent scholarship had decayed, but there were plenty of Greeks who read the old language and kept alive traditions of learning that even survived the fall of the city, and later blossomed forth in the Italian Renaissance.

When these scholars fled before the Turks how much did they leave behind? Certainly what they took to Italy was but a small portion of the treasures the city was known to contain, and not since that day have the Turks made any accounting of what fell into their hands. After the war, however, when learning had become fashionable in Italy, there were many expeditions financed by wealthy Italians for the recovery of treasures concealed in Constantinople. Most of them were richly rewarded by gems, art objects, statues and manuscripts. But what they recovered, too, was insignificant when compared with the original treasures of Byzantium. Bricks and coral all were the Turks when they entered the city after their long siege, they were not Vandals. Indeed, it is improbable that they destroyed any manuscripts, for in their ignorance of the Greek language they feared that they might deface anything containing the name of God, which in their eyes would have been an almost unforgivable sin. Some years ago Mr. Robertson Bell, at that time employed by the Turkish Tobacco Regie and later on the manager



THE DAMP SQUIB—Jack Walker, in London Daily Graphic