

# PAGE of NEWS from OVERSEAS

## BARBED WIRE IS KING OF WAR'S OBSTACLES

While it Offers a Formidable Check to an Army's Advance it is But One of Many Devices in Common Use—Shallow Pits Often Used

The use of obstacles in warfare is no new thing. Thus, at Banockburn, Robert the Bruce protected himself against the English cavalry charge by expected in very much the same way as a General similarly placed would act to-day. Thus, he sowed the ground over which he foresaw the English cavalry would charge with sharp spikes tied or coiled together, and pits covered with turf or moss. "Crowfoot" and "military pits" are obstacles used in present-day warfare. A "crowfoot" is a ball of iron from which project three spikes, so arranged that no matter how the ball is thrown down, one spike is always upright. "Military pits" are simply V-shaped pits, either shallow or deep, a pointed stake being driven into the bottom of each. They are afterwards covered with turf, or brushwood, and ranged in diagonal rows where cavalry are likely to charge.

"Deep" military pits have rather gone out of favor, for when captured by an enemy he can quickly convert them into rifle pits for his own use. "Shallow" pits, however, are still widely used, and are an effective obstacle against cavalry and infantry attack, although more effective against the latter when they are supplemented by barbed-wire entanglements, which have been used so extensively in the present war.

formidable as it was, for to-day every soldier carries a pair of wire-cutters; but it is still always an obstacle to be reckoned with. You cannot, however, expect to find or make barbed-wire on the spot, and it weighs a good deal to transport. Therefore, wire entanglement is often replaced by an abatis, especially in wooded countries. This is formed of trees that have been cut down near the ground and placed pointing towards the enemy. All foliage is stripped off so as to leave the rick of catching fire; the ends of the branches are sharpened, and the whole tree is firmly picketed to the ground.

### For Every Situation

An abatis is useful along the edges of woods or when placed a suitable distance down a slope up which an enemy must charge, or, again, in narrow places. It has the disadvantage of being easily set alight, unless kept soaked with water, or destroyed by shell or rocket fire, and is easily blown up by men with explosives. Further, unless carefully placed, it may afford valuable cover to an attacking enemy, giving him time to steady himself before the final assault. A fougasse is a primitive sort of mine made by digging a slanting hole in the ground. A bursting charge fired by means of a long fuse is placed at the bottom of the hole, which is filled up with stones and debris, and then covered over with turf or brushwood so as to conceal its presence. In street-fighting chevaux de frise as a pretty effective obstacle. It consists of a hollow section of iron-pipe pierced with holes so that sharp-pointed iron bars can be passed through diagonally, the points of the bars standing upright. It is made in sections which, if necessary, are chained together. Two or three rows of chevaux de frise take some surmounting, but, of course, it offers to the defenders no cover from the shell or rifle fire of their opponents.

### Man's Ingenuity

Barbed-wire entanglement is a highly popular obstacle—at least, with the defence, for it is apt to provoke strong language from the attack. It is easily and quickly made by interlacing the wire between rows of firmly-planted stakes or the stumps of felled trees. "Low" wire entanglement is used in exposed places where it is necessary to cover a large area of ground, because it is not easily seen at a distance, or easily destroyed by shell-fire, while it is more quickly run up than the "high" variety. "High" wire entanglement, however, is very effective in the defence of enclosed roads, defiles, bridges, and other places where infantry are likely to charge on a narrow front.

During the siege of Port Arthur the Russians made considerable use of electrified wire entanglement, against which the Japanese rolled only to be electrocuted. When the ingenuity of man can invent a new device, the ingenuity of man can usually circumvent it, and so the Japanese took to wearing rubber gloves and rubber-soled shoes. During the Boer War General de Wet appeared on one occasion to be fairly cornered within a ring of treacherous wire entanglement. A thunderstorm saved him, for he took advantage of it to drive a herd of frightened cattle full tilt against the wire, which gave way. De Wet thus escaping by the skin of his teeth.

Barbed-wire entanglement is not so

Wire entanglement is used for the defence of gateways, slopes, and ditches of forts. The ditches of forts or parapets are usually protected by a row of palisades, a row of sharp-pointed wooden or iron stakes driven into the bottom of the ditch and locked together by cross-planks or bars. To hinder an enemy if he tries to slide down his side of the ditch, a row of stakes is driven into the ditch, slanting upwards, so that if he clammers out to the end and drops off he will be impaled on the palisade. Then if he reaches the other side of the ditch and tries to clamber up he will have to surmount another row of stakes, slanting downwards this time. The attackers seek to circumvent the dangers of the ditch by bringing up long ladders to bridge it and filling it up with bales of straw, mattresses, anything that is bulky and soft to fall upon.

## English Girls Carry Mail That The Men Can Fight

Cheerful Substitute Finds a Country Route Very Agreeable—City Carriers Have Harder Work.

At the present time hundreds of girls in the British Isles are patriotically acting as post-women, both in the town and in the country, thus enabling men to join the army.

"How do I like my work?" said one young lady, "well, I think it simply splendid. Before I became a postgirl I worked indoors for the greater part of the day. Now I am out in the fresh air and sunshine from morn to night, which, besides being very much pleasanter, is far healthier. My 'beat' is in the country, and that makes the work more enjoyable. I go on a bicycle, of course, for I have to cover nearly thirty miles daily.

"I commence my journey about nine o'clock in the morning, though often a little later, for the trains are not very punctual in these out-of-the-way places. I am rarely troubled with the weight of the postbag. I need be in no particular hurry to finish my rounds, so long as I am back by three o'clock, so that my letters may catch the afternoon mail. On fine days I take some-thing to eat with me, and have quite a little picnic of my own in some pleasant wood. On bad days I have my dinner in a picturesque little inn half-way round my 'beat.'

"There is scarcely an unpleasant person on my 'beat.' All willingly overlooked the few little mistakes I made at first. At one house in particular they have always a glass of milk waiting for me, cold in warm weather, and comfortably hot on bad days, and they would be very much offended if I refused to take it. At first the people I met on the rounds were very much amused, but now they seem to take me as a matter of course.

"In these sparsely populated country districts there are few pillar boxes, and consequently I have not only to deliver letters, but to collect them from house to house as I go along. I always carry a big supply of stamps with me, for there is always a large demand for them. It is nothing very

much out of the common, too, to be asked to sit down while the person to whom I have just handed an important letter is writing an answer straight away.

"A town postgirl is invariably in a hurry. She has a far shorter 'beat' of three or four deliveries every day in a town. Taking everything into consideration, she concluded, "I lead a delightful life. The work is at first a little thing, but one soon gets accustomed to it, and I prefer it infinitely to toiling all day in a comparatively stuffy house. The great thing is, however, that my predecessor, through my taking his job, has now been able to enlist. I am doing my little bit, too, you see."

### PROFESSOR AS GROOM

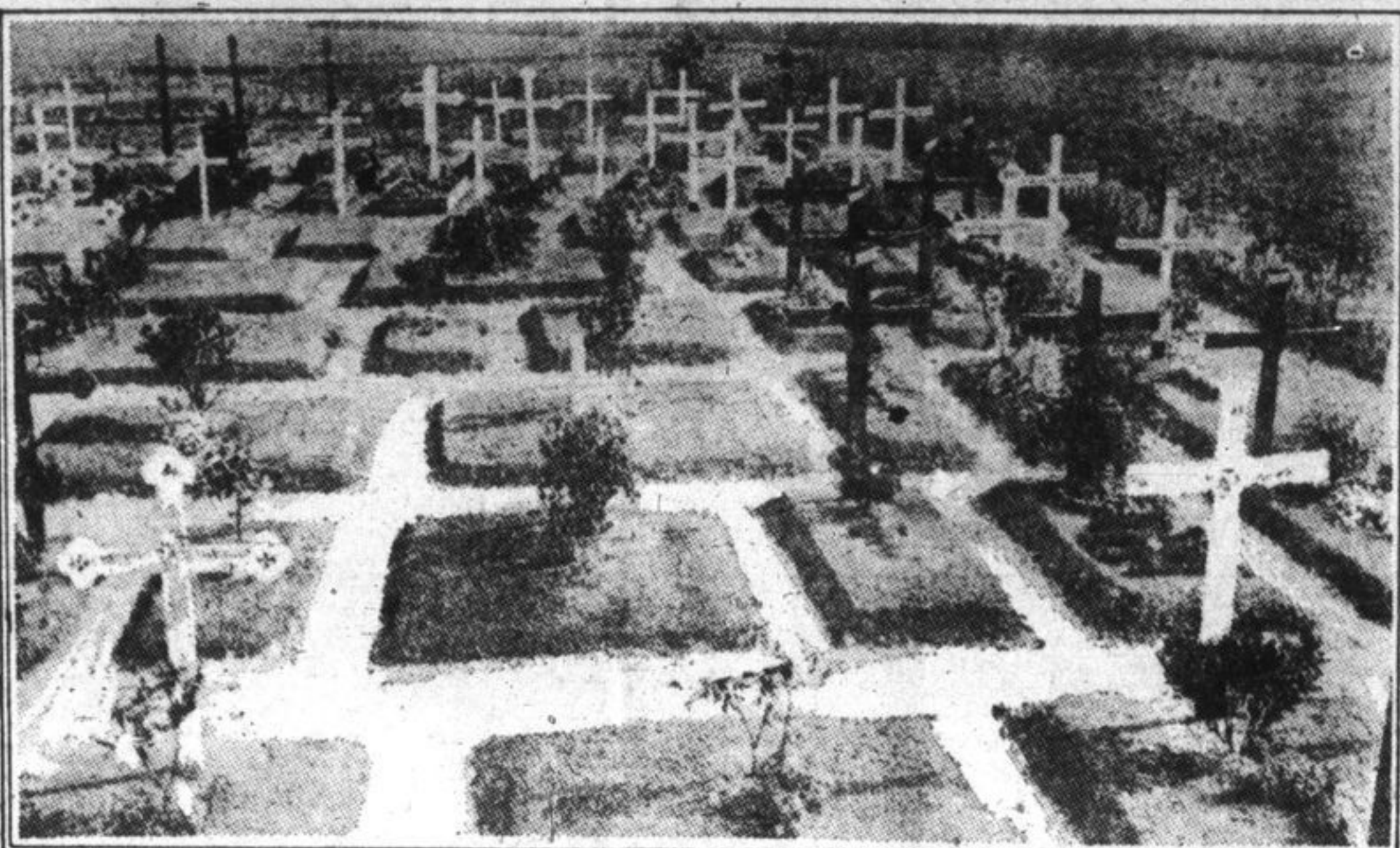
Happy German Herr Doktor Learns Much as Soldier

Professor Dr. Oskar Ringler, of Frankfurt writes to a fellow-professor "My ambition to help to win great victories at the front has not been gratified. For some reason or other they could not use me in the infantry and I have been attached to one 'train' or transport column. Here I am doing duty as an unassuming horse-grooming horse. We are moved about like the figures on a chess board. I am perfectly satisfied and am going my best. Plato is right. Everything goes as soon as we find our proper place. Since I was called to the color, I have learned many things. When I return to the lecture hall and again start to pound Homer into the heads of my students, I will be able to explain to them minutely how the hero of Troy added his horse, because I know it now."

### Smiling Prince of Wales

The Prince of Wales, writes Private Randolph Galpin, of the Coldstream Guards, we all admit, is a hero, as he comes along the trenches with the staff, always a smile on his face, showing no fear whatever under shell fire

## THE END OF IT ALL FOR MANY WHO FIGHT



A big German cemetery in the open fields behind the lines in Northern France. Many of the crosses are painted with the regimental colors of those who rest beneath.

### RUSSIA'S RACES UNITE

Strenuous History Since Slavs Fought Tartars and Mixed With Finns

Col. Theodore Titching, of the Salvation Army headquarters, communicates his impressions of Russia, war-worn, wounded, in mourning, orphaned or widowed, and yet determined, hopeful, secure in her faith of victory. This new phase of nationalism in Russia is not surprising to European students of the ethnic story of the czar's people, and is fully recognized by the Teutons. Back of the Russian people is the map. The climate makes the national character. The Russians are not autochthon of eastern Europe; the Slavs are merely the latest invaders of Russia. The Scythians planted a Greek culture on the shores of the Black Sea, the Aryan Sarmatians invaded the steppes and survive in the Ossetes on the north Caucasian slopes. The Aryan flood was lost in the surging, receding waves from the heart of Asia. Turkish tribes overflooded, and the Huns, Bulgars and Avars stormed the steppes; the Khazars, Petchenegs and Polovzes practiced across the stage. After the Turks came the Mongols who spent five centuries, tribe after tribe, in Russia. Between the Black and the Caspian sea these nomads found harborage, the northward forests alone preventing their ascendancy.

### BRITAIN AIDS SERBIA

Ruses of British Sailors Win Control of Danube

How some British handy-men and a distinguished naval officer relieved Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, from bombardment by Austrian river gunboats is told by the Belgrade correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. The presence of British soldiers and sailors in Serbia has been generally understood, but no former account of their activity would seem to have been given. When the first party went to the Serbian trenches from Bosnia to Romania were suffering from the destructive fire of an Austrian river fleet of eight gunboats, operating on the Danube, and its tributary, the river Save. The enemy river gunboats were armed with heavy guns and quick-firers, and protected by thick steel plating from any reply by the Serbs. They were playing havoc with the morale of the Serbians, and throwing shell, shrapnel and incendiary bombs into Belgrade. The Christian Science Monitor's correspondent says: "Without armor-piercing ammunition, and with few mines at their disposal, the Serbs were unable to cope with the menace. France sent 14 cm. naval guns and with them the gunners, but it became desirable to call in a mine expert together with the appliances necessary for the destruction of the monitors. The British government loaned a friendly ear to the request, and thus it was that X arrived in Serbia.

### LORD ROBERT CECIL

Salisbury's Ablest Son Has Interesting Personality—Hard Worker

Of all the members of the coalition Administration of Great Britain there are few more brilliant than Lord Robert Cecil. Indeed it was a matter of surprise that so able a man as Lord Robert should have been content with the Under Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs instead of insisting upon a seat in the Cabinet and the seals of a great department.

Lord Robert has much in common with his father and namesake, the late Marquis of Salisbury, who for so many years controlled the foreign destinies of Great Britain as Secretary of State and as Prime Minister. Like him, he was a younger son, and as is the case with so many of the English aristocracy, was compelled to work for a living. Lord Robert took to the law and made such a success of the bar that at the age of 42 he felt that he was warranted by the amount of money reaped through his lucrative practice virtually to forsake the latter and to embark upon a political career in the House of Commons.

The late Lord Salisbury was a strict adherent to England's old established policy of free trade and his sons Robert and Hugh have followed in his footsteps in this respect. Indeed, Lord Robert has been regarded as the leader of the free trade element of the Unionist party.

Lord Robert Cecil, who is married to Lady Eleanor Lambton, sister of the present Earl of Durham, and of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, has four brothers, who are all of them clever men and have made their mark, each of them in his own particular way. The eldest is, of course, the present Marquis of Salisbury, who filled the offices of Lord Privy Seal and Minister of Commerce in the Balfour Cabinet. When Lord Robert first took his seat in Parliament as member of the East Marylebone district of London in 1907 he found that his younger brother, Lord Hugh, had already acquired fame there by his gift of eloquent oratory. Lord Robert is inferior in this respect to Lord Hugh, but more lucid and more practical. He soon won the regard and the respect of the House and even succeeded in dispelling to a great extent that prejudice on the part of the Liberals who had come to look upon the statecraft of the Cecil family in the same way that an evangelical meeting would regard Jesuitism.

Like the late Lord Salisbury, he has no particular graces of manner or gesture. He goes to and from his seat in the House of Commons with a kind of dignified hunch, in moments of excitement he will move his hands violently up and down as if he were using some huge hammer and his voice will rise to the verge of shrillness. He rarely laughs, and as in the case of his father, any sense of humor that he may possess has the form of satire and sarcasm. He is not good looking, has his father's remarkable stoop of the shoulders and with his thin, curved nose, his dark hair, receding from his pale forehead, his grim hawklike appearance, clean shaven face, his glinting eyes and ungainly gestures, presents a personality not easy to forget.

### PICTURE OF VENIZELOS

I had the pleasure, says a Cairo correspondent, of more than one conversation with M. Eleutherios Venizelos, who at first, by his dress and appearance, gives one the impression of a Presbyterian minister rather than a statesman. He is well above medium height, well proportioned, with a round head slightly bald at the crown, and a somewhat pointed face, with gray hair and close-cropped beard. He is most courteous in manner, and his twinkling eyes gazing through his large spectacles give a most pleasant expression to his face. Quiet in manner and speech, few would think on seeing him that he is the man who has made modern Greece what she is to-day. One feels that one is in the presence of a master will and a master intellect.

## THE TYRANT'S RULE IN CONQUERED LAND

Tales of Belgium and Northern France That Illustrate the "Blood and Iron" Rule—A Son's Revenge For Mother's Murder.

Few of the experiences of the inhabitants of the conquered portions of France and Belgium have come to light during the German occupation, and perhaps it is well for the German as some instances would indicate that this is so.

From Belgium comes a story of vengeance. In a village near Namur, in a peaceful villa, lived with his widow, and mother a young Belgian manufacturer. One day the German troops entered the village, and their commander ordered the young man to bring out his car and drive him to a neighboring village. The young man refused. Thereupon the commander drew his revolver and shot down the young man's mother, who was standing near. The son turned deathly white, and for a moment it seemed as though he would leap at the murderer's throat. Then he recovered himself, and said, "Good! I shall drive you." The colonel and several other German officers entered the car. The son of the murdered woman took his place at the steering wheel. Soon the car was running on top speed. Then, suddenly, just as it reached a temporary bridge over the Meuse, the driver gave a sharp turn to the wheel. The car was flung into the air. The occupants were drowned.

man handed the colonel 350 francs in gold, the entire wealth of the devastated village. With tears in his eyes our colonel received this precious gift and embraced the old man. The gold was immediately sent to the family of France, and a collection taken up for the benefit of that patriotic village."

### THE ANGELS OF MONS

German Version of Story of Strange Aid to British

Everyone seems to be interested in "The Angels of Mons" and to have read correspondence on the subject. Here is something new—a description of "what was said in Germany" after these unexplained events. "A lady in Germany at that time, who is well known for her work among English girls there, says that there was much discussion in Berlin because a certain regiment who had been told off to do a certain duty at a certain place, failed to carry out their orders, and when censured, they declared that they did go forward, but found themselves absolutely powerless to proceed with their orders, and their horses turned sharply round and fled like the wind, and nothing could stop them. The explanation given by the German soldiers was in these words, 'We simply could not go on. Those devils of Englishmen were up to some devilry or other, and we could do nothing—we were powerless.' This same lady had the opportunity of a conversation with one of the lieutenants of the regiment in question. And as the affair had made some stir in Berlin owing to the severe reprimand given to the men, she asked him what really happened. He said, 'I cannot tell you. I only know that we were charging full on the British at a certain place, and in a moment we were stopped. It was most like going full speed, and being pulled up suddenly on a precipice, but there was no precipice there, nothing at all, only our horses swerved round and fled, and we could do nothing.' This was the story told in Berlin after the battle of Mons. It seems to show that something out of the common happened. The Germans ascribed it to the work of the devil, the English are said to have seen 'angels,' but the Germans only saw the English, whom they stigmatized as 'devils,' while the English saw themselves delivered as a miracle, from the Germans. That is how the facts stand, but a hiatus is left. And one dare not say that in that moment of stress and danger to the English, 'there was no a momentary lifting of the veil, and a glimpse given, to some, of a supernatural aid.'

### Legs From Bank Notes

Hospitals all over Europe are crying out for legs and arms by the thousand. Many of these artificial limbs are, for the sake of lightness, made from a sort of paper-mache. In Paris some of the most famous makers get their material from the Bank of France. When the stock of old and withdrawn bank notes gets sufficiently large they are brought into a special room, and before high functionaries of the Bank they are made into an indistinguishable mass, which is sold to the orthopedists. So when one of the mutilated heroes limps along he may truly say that his leg represents a fortune.

Dartmoor Convict Prison was originally built to receive prisoners of war during Britain's struggles with Napoleon.



Professor of Frightfulness (called to the door): "Oh! It is you. I am sorry, but we have no further openings for instructors!" His Estate Majesty: "Instructors! My good Herr Professor, you judge me! I come as a pupil!"—Daily News and Leader, London.