

FACE of NEWS from OVERSEAS

Development Of Thought Means Power To a Nation

Lord Haldane Says That Germany Has Organization But Lacks the Power Which the Will of a Free People Confers—Ideas are the Source of Strength.

Lord Haldane, the famous philosopher and former War Minister, offers some criticism of some writings by H. G. Wells on Democracy and War. He writes:

Mr. Wells' acute analysis lays bare several things that are beyond dispute. It is true that in conducting war, democracies have often labored under much disadvantage. But it is important to observe that this is not necessarily so. The confidence of France in her army leaders and the thoroughness with which the French nation has placed its resources at their disposal, seem to leave little to be desired. No doubt it is more difficult for a country of free citizens to organize itself than it is for an absolute Government to organize a population which claims no rights and is willing to obey. But the difficulty in the first case is, as the history of modern France shows, far from being insuperable. Given faith in itself and its cause, and absolute intelligence, a democratic nation will organize itself with a power which is unrivalled. For the highest level of national energy is attained where the people are penetrated with the enthusiasm and passion which direct responsibility brings into being.

If it possesses ideas and has great leaders to choose from, a democracy will not fail in organization. Organization even for war depends for excellence not so much on military or above, but on ideas and leadership. It was so in the greatest days of Rome. It has been so with France. Even in ideas and leadership a democracy can, as history has shown, be prepared in advance. The leadership and the ideas may arise in it as easily as in an absolute State. Mr. Wells seems to me to be right when he goes on to point to the organization which has developed in Germany as being the nearest to the central government in the Empire, but to the characteristics of the people, and to a form of State Socialism which these characteristics have made possible. I go further, for it seems to me that a democratic country like our own is at least quite equal to anything something which is based on individual responsibility and initiative, and can give us the element that is really valuable in the State Socialism of a country like Germany without its drawbacks.

Source of Organization
A free people will do all that a country that is not free can if it possesses compelling ideas. For history shows that the compelling power of ideas over those who possess them is greater than any other compelling power. The possession of ideas is, in a vigorous people, the real source of organization. It is so in the business of individuals, and it is so in the business of nations. Moreover, where ideas are lacking no change in the form of Government can make up for their absence. I have long thought and preached that the real problem in this country is the development of thought and ideas everywhere, even in our Cabinets. We are a very practical people in the sense that when an emergency comes we act with shrewdness and decision. But it is not our way to trouble ourselves about possible emergencies until they do come, and then we are, as a rule, unprepared to an extent that would be ruinous to any but people like the Anglo-Saxons whose way it is to drive through at whatever cost and unnecessary loss. This may in certain events help us to better habits. If so there will be some consolation for the faithful suffering which it is inflicting.

Where Germany Fails
I believe that all the nations engaged have met with misfortune due to lack of ideas. Germany suffered from the lack which is characteristic of oligarchies. She does not appear to have foreseen the magnitude or the risk to herself of the catastrophe which was kindling. The outlook of her war party was too restricted to admit of complete grasp of the situation with which she was confronted when she provoked a conflict with half the world. The mind of her people was too little disciplined by the sense of personal responsibility for affairs to enable it to control that party. In this country we were defective in a different way. Germany had ideas imposed on her, ideas which were too narrow and which were too defective. But they were ideas, and her people have been receptive to ideas.

Our own citizens have never been receptive in the same way, nor has it been their habit to call on their leaders to think strenuously for them. When the time comes to take stock, I think the wonder will be, not that we were so unprepared, but that we were so well prepared as we were. The democracy in this country was suffering from an indisposition to reflect, and, in consequence, was not disposed to listen to the few who preached.



A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY
Manager: "You'll be able to lift that all right, Mr. Bull—only you must go into strict training."—Jack Walker, in London Daily Graphic.

Keeping Union Jack Floating In Nigera

Splendid Bravery of British Force Which Fought Under Great Disadvantage—Native Soldier Offered to Charge Alone.

A skilful and plucky defence on the part of a small British post in Nigeria, which, outnumbered by five to one, defeated a German force and afterwards effected an orderly retreat in drenching rain and often under a hail of bullets, has been the subject of a report that has been spread for the purpose of isolating the British columns operating against the Germans to the north of the Cameroons. Major Churcher, who was in charge at Ibi, was specially detailed to watch the German frontier. The Germans spread the report that they had abandoned their post at Kentu, with their hill fort near the boundary, and that they were retreating, but Major Churcher heard that, on the contrary, a strong force of the enemy was ready to cross the frontier.

A day or two previously Lieutenant Waters had arrived at Takum with 50 Nigerian Police. The garrison at once stood to arms, six of the eight machine-guns which had been hurriedly erected being manned. The time was an anxious one, as there was no Maxim and none of the police had experienced rifle fire, but for the sake of reassuring the natives the two white officers had to pretend that the position was really safe. When the Germans were seen approaching in a strong force through a pass 900 yards distant, the British opened fire and inflicted great damage on the enemy, who were in close formation. A Maxim was brought into action by the Germans, but a well-placed shot killed its officer. A very hot engagement ensued, and firing was continuous for six hours, the hands of the officers and men being burned by the overhead rifles of the enemy made a series of rushes, but never got near to the blockhouses than 200 yards, and at sunset retreated. They threw away their Maxim, but left behind a strong rear guard.

The British force, for the first time under rifle fire, had been wonderfully steady, and one native corporal expressed his anxiety to charge the Germans by himself. The enemy suffered heavily in killed and wounded, but not one of the defending forces was hit. The sunset drenching rain commenced to fall, but as it was feared that the enemy would be reinforced, the British officers ordered a retirement on the river in order to defend Ibi. This was accomplished in the darkness, the British, who had been without food for 26 hours, and with no water for 18 hours, marching in single file through swamps and rivers, often immersed to their necks, until six hours later they reached the river. Here a position was entrenched, and arrangements were made to destroy the bridge after the British had crossed. From this point orders were sent for the British to be re-embarked from Yola, and the new troops arrived four days later. Contrary to expectations, however, the Germans did not pursue the retreating force, and it was learned afterwards that the German officers had repeatedly attempted to take Takum, but that their native troops refused again to face that place, which they had found already too formidable for them.

Germany's Contractors Worst
It is said that there have been far more contract scandals in Germany since the war began than in either Great Britain or Canada. This is not surprising in view of the revelation of German deception and disregard for the truth which the war has furnished.

VAGARIES OF CENSOR

The Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung is a thorn in the flesh of the Austrian censors, and its columns appear in a curiously mutilated condition. Yet every now and then something appears in its columns which seems to have escaped the censor's watchfulness. Thus, it has a paragraph dealing with a remark of the official Reichspost, in which this journal concedes with the Pope because of the alleged interference with its correspondence. The Reichspost declared that this was a slip in the face of 300,000,000 Catholics, an action which would embitter the Christian world, and wound their inner feelings. The Arbeiter-Zeitung throws scorn on this in the following words: "Certainly. The watching over the correspondence of the Papal chancery is the most terrible thing in all this terrible war, and the action which, more than any other, must fill the minds of 200,000,000 with the greatest sorrow!"

The Arbeiter-Zeitung draws attention to the treatment it receives from the censor, but its position is not nearly so bad as that of the Agram Tageblatt, which once appeared with eighteen white spaces. In a report of a session of the Croatian Diet there are seven white spaces, one of these, over a column long, evidently containing the speech of an anti-war delegate, the other six spaces apparently containing references to the speech. An amusing illustration of the censor's methods is found in the fact that portions of the speech delivered in the Diet by the Ban of Governor, were deleted. As the censor is an official in the Ban's chancery, the incident is interesting.

A MAN OF UNTOLD WEALTH

Ameer of Bokhara Has Largest Private Hoard in the World

The largest private hoard in the world is probably owned by the Ameer of Bokhara, the Russian vassal State in Central Asia. According to the Turkesistanische Kral the Ameer possesses in his stronghold a vault 215 feet long, 45 feet wide and 29 high, completely filled with gold bars and coined gold.

Some years ago the Ameer had another vault built to hold his savings, and the new storehouse is now almost full. There is at the Bokharan court an enormous cash book, which has served for generations and in which all revenues and expenditures are supposed to be put down, but also for generations it has never been checked with the "cash in hand" book. Grafting is the easiest thing in the world in Bokhara. The Ameer's officials draw no salary. They are appointed on the understanding that they must keep themselves on what they can make out of their arduous offices. Then there is a small contribution toward the upkeep of the Russian police in the protectorate and the maintenance of the Bokharan "army," which has shrunk to a mere bodyguard.

The Ameer's annual savings, it is calculated, amount to more than \$8,000,000 a year.

Czar's Palace a Hospital

The winter palace of Emperor Nicholas at Petrograd has been converted into a hospital for the wounded, with 1,500 beds. The room of the gous state chambers facing the Neva River is being used for wards. Only the Emperor's personal quarters are undisturbed, being maintained for his accommodation when he is stopping temporarily in Petrograd. The beautiful Pompeian gardens are being utilized for baths.

Splendid Record Of Leeds In Field And Workshop

Leeds, writes the Lord Mayor, is "doing its bit" by supplying all sorts of guns, from the monster weapons of our battleships down to the crackling machine-guns and the service rifles. It has begun producing large quantities of shells, also such explosives as "T.N.T." and lyditte (picric acid). Leeds can pride itself on having been first in the field with a munitions of war scheme. Leeds secured a shell, making shed, 107 yards long by 32 yards wide, which has five hundred occupants, all turning out shells as fast as ever they can.

Leeds helps the guns by making the aeroplanes that do such brilliant observation work, and building locomotives, tractors, engines, steel transit wagons, and motor-driven vehicles. Leeds has no reason to be ashamed of its fighting record. The strength of the Leeds lads in khaki is an army corps of 40,000 men, 2,000 are serving with the regular army (and navy), and over 12,000 with the new armie. She boasts a "Pals" battalion and a "Bantams" battalion, the latter some 1,400 strong. Then the oldest of Leeds' regiments—the Leeds Rifles—may well be proud of its six battalions with a strength of, roughly, 5,000 of ficers and men.

Busy and Generous
Of boots and clothing Leeds is turning out vast quantities of these indispensable articles. The dye and chemical companies of Leeds are very busy trying to cope with the demand for dyes for khaki, etc. So many of their hands have enlisted that there has been a serious shortage of labor; while it has been difficult to get sufficient supplies of raw materials from such places abroad as Jamaica. For the wounded, Leeds has open hospitals. Apart from the regular hospitals, large buildings, such as the Headingly Teachers' Training College, have been converted for the use of the wounded; whilst owners of private mansions have been only too ready to place them at the disposal of the doctors and their charges. Leeds' "silver bullets" are worth

mentioning, says her Lord Mayor. We have some 1,600 Belgian refugees in the city. Many of these are housed in private homes. The Belgian Consul's Relief Fund and the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund have received strong support. Recently the Marchioness of Aberdeen visited the city speaking on behalf of Ireland's children. "Paddy's" fighting spirit is such that Ireland is almost denuded of able-bodied men. There are only old folk and children left, and distress is widespread, and Leeds has begun to send aid.

Hard Hit But Chirpy
Of course, says the Lord Mayor again, Leeds has felt the pinch in some directions. As in most other places, our principal men, hotel keepers and restaurateurs, costumers, and purveyors of articles of luxury have been hit, while one or two of our staple industries are suffering severely. For example, in normal times Leeds did a big printing trade, but this has fallen greatly owing to the decrease in advertisements. Then in the early months of the war our smaller engineering firms were rather seriously affected, but they quickly adapted themselves to the altered conditions, and are busy on munitions work.

Best of all, the war has brought here, and I have no doubt equally elsewhere, a remarkable rapprochement, or "rally round" of all classes. Recently at a public meeting in the Town Hall the principal speakers were the Vicar of Leeds, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds, and the President of the Leeds Free Church Council. There may not be peace on earth, but in this country there is certainly good-will between men and man. Leeds has retained its characteristic "chirpiness," like Private Lonsdale. Despite scanty food and other hardships, Lonsdale remains "chirpy." In a recent letter to his wife, he remarked: "That there were only some 770 Sundays between him and his native city!"

TAKING SUVLA HEIGHTS

One Gallipoli Landing Swiftly Secured After Stubborn Fight

H. Ashmead Bartlett describes the operations of the Australians and New Zealanders, with a view to seizing the Kolchaman Heights, running north-east from the Anzac positions. Landings at Suvla Bay, the New Zealanders, including the Maoris, using bayonets only, drove the Turks before them throughout the night through difficult terrain, where Turkish snipers were numerous. The death toll of the invaders was severe. "Next day much ground was gained, but the advance was ultimately held up by the Turks' rifles and machine guns. The fighting was renewed on the third day at close quarters, and was desperate. The Turks finally fled, leaving the New Zealanders in possession of the highest point yet gained on the peninsula.

Counter-attacks were repulsed by the military and naval artillery. During five days the landing and advance at Anafarta Bay, supported by artillery, were successful, occupying a wide front on the hills beyond the Salt Lake. The enemy's position on the Anafarta ridge, however, remained untouched. The problem was how to take it. The Turks made a most skillful use of the broken country. Their artillery sought the British reserves and shelled the roads leading round the lake, pushing it toward the majority of their men as trailblazers into the broken ground.

War Bore Alfonso

Few people realize that the King of Spain has reigned longer than any other European Sovereign, with the exception of the King of Montenegro, and the Emperor of Austria. This is accounted for by the fact that King Alfonso was born a King. King Alfonso is said to be looking rather blue over the continuance of the war. He loves the limelight and cannot get into it. Nobody outside his own dominions gives him a thought now; he cannot travel, and money is tight. So there is simply nothing doing, and his lively Majesty is bored to death. To add to his troubles, Madrid is rather pro-German, and he is most emphatically not.

China Must Rely on Self

Hitherto the postage stamps of the Chinese Post Office were ordered from foreign countries. In view of the war in Europe, it has become difficult for the Government to import new supplies. The Ministry of Finance has decided that postage stamps are to be manufactured and printed by the Government Engraving Bureau at Peking.

HEROISM UNDER FIRE

This incident occurred between the opposing trenches in Northern France. The unnamed hero—a French infantryman—sprang forward and caught up the wounded officer of his command, and indifferent to the rain of shrapnel around him, bore his stricken superior back to safety.

DEEDS OF BRAVERY BY BOY SOLDIERS

Mere Boys Winning Honor in This, as in Other Wars—Welling-ton and Gordon Begin Young—Three "Crosses" For Industrial School Lads

SOLDIERS BY BIR

The Cossacks are for the most part descendants of the military caste of the old communities that held the vast spaces to the south of what was then Muscovite Russia, and only gradually did these southern territories come under the rule of the Czar. The present Cossacks hold their land on military tenure—that is, with the obligation to serve in the army instead of the payment of rent. They remain liable to serve as long as they live, and their training, at first at home, begins when they are 15. At 21 they enter the first category regiment of their district, in which they remain for four years. These regiments are permanently embodied and may be employed in any part of the Empire. The men then pass into the second category regiment for another four years, with a like period in the third category. The men of the second category remain at their homes, but retain their equipment and horses; in the third they have their equipment but no horses, and must put in three weeks' training every year. Finally come five years in the reserves, from which war casualties are filled up. And a Cossack of any age may be called out to assist in the defence of the country.

SCULPTOR-SOLDIER

War Sensations of a Remarkable Franco-English Artist

A brilliant young French sculptor has died in the French trenches—Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. The loss to English art is heavy, for although he was a Frenchman and died fighting in the French army, his active life as an artist was passed wholly in England. That life was short, but it was rich in achievement, for he belonged to a race apart from the sculptors of his generation. His imagination was arduous. Two years before his death he was still working all day for a meagre wage as a clerk in a shipping office; and when the present writer knew him he was in the habit of rising before five in the morning and spending the hours before office time in sketching the birds in St. James' Park. He worked on after office hours until late in the night, modelling. It is a rare aptitude, for those who have been mentioned in the preceding paragraphs were only the comparatively easy culmination of a hard life that began when he ran away as a boy from his peasant home in Middle France to be an artist at all costs.

Some of his sculptor's sensations in the trenches are described by himself. "I have been fighting for two months and I can now gauge the intensity of life. Human masses teem and move, are destroyed and crop up again. Horses are worn out in three weeks, die by the roadside. Dogs wander, are destroyed, and others come along. "The bursting shells, the volleys, wire entanglements, projectors, mortars, the chaos of battle do not alter in the least the outlines of the hills we are besieging. A company of party ridges scuttles along before our very trench. It would be folly to seek artistic emotions amid these little works of ours. This war is a great remedy. In the individual it kills arrogance, self-esteem, pride. I have made an experiment. Two days ago I pinched from an enemy a Mauser rifle. Its heavy unwieldy shape stamped me with a powerful image of brutality. I was indubitably struck whether it pleased or displeased me. I found that I did not like it. "I broke the butt off and with my knife I carved in it a design, through which I tried to express a gentler or finer feeling, which I preferred. But I will emphasize that my design got its effect (just as the gun had) from a very simple composition of lines and planes."

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Youth is always at the front, writes Ticho Hopkins, in the "Daily Chronicle," London. "And what should you like the Queen to do for you?" the Princess asked the bugler boy, sitting by his bed in Netley Hospital. "I should like Her Majesty to send me back to the front, miss," said the boy. This was Bugler Dunn, of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, aged 14. How many drummers and buglers have won the Victoria Cross for Valor, I cannot say; but the number is a fair one. The youngest of this shining band was Drummer M'Gee, of the 23rd Foot in Abyssinia. At the summit of a rocky path, a great wall was reared, eight feet high. "Set me a-top of 'er," said Drummer M'Gee, and a giant set 'im a-top of 'er, and one by one the boys hauled up the regiment. They do not all, of course, get the Victoria Cross. Tommy Keep, ten year old at Alma, remembered when tea time came, and set out through shot and shell to make tea for the wounded. Queen Victoria sent for him to her palace so fine, and kissed him.

Thrive on Fighting
You cannot keep the boys out of it. They smell the battle afar off, tell unbelievable crackers to the sergeant about their age and well does the sergeant know it. These things, and all the feats of blossoming youth in the firing line, fit a kind of fragrance over war. In the attack on Delhi Bugler Sutton, King's Royal Rifles, seeing an enemy bugler about to sound his instrument, snatched it from the ranks and smote his head before he could give a note. The night before the final assault on Delhi it was necessary to knock whether our guns had knocked the walls enough. Sutton slipped over in the dark by his lone, and brought back the drum before it. At 15 he was a V.C. Is it forgotten that Wellington himself was an ensign before his 18th year? In the Crimea two youngsters enjoyed themselves hugely in the trenches before the Russian fortresses, of whom we afterwards heard a good deal. One was Gordon and the other Woleley.

"Bad" Boys Rank High

The head master, Dr. Lionel Ford, of Harrow, says that of the 2,313 living Harrovians of enlistment age, 2,000 are serving; a percentage of 89 or more. No fewer than 15,448 boys or more have received the Victoria Cross, and industrial schools have served during the present war. Three have won the Victoria Cross; twenty-five have been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal; twenty have been mentioned in despatches; and three have been decorated by the French Government. From this war the industrial school and the reformatory should rank with the public schools of England. Their golden deeds are coming to be known to our stretcher-bearers, and to us, as working like a nigger while bleeding from half a dozen wounds. What hearse raised the drummer boy who, taking a stroll, impudently, like fell prisoner of war, and a drum being fetched for him, was asked to give a taste of his quality? Rattled off a march or so. "And now," said the German major, in good English, "beat a Retreat." "A wot yer 'igness?" "A Retreat." "Lawd love yer Majesty—wot's that?"

But do not let us brag as if ours were the sole boys in the war. The French boy is in it, too; and history has plenty to say about his valor from Napoleon on. The war was still very young when a French Boy Scout was shot for refusing to show the way to the Germans. Another French Boy Scout, Yves Meval, sneaked away with a company of the 72nd Infantry. At Sainte-Menohould he caught one bullet in one arm, and then another in the eye. The eye is missing, but the Croix de Guerre hangs above his bed in hospital—at least it did until he got well, and had the cross pinned on his breast before some hundreds of other Boy Scouts, who will soon be delinquents in the same line of business.

Steadfast Sir John French

A characteristic story of the British Commander-in-Chief was told by a soldier. At Ypres Sir John French was asked for more reinforcements. There were none. "I have only my sentry," take him," was Sir John's reply, and, surely enough, the solitary sentry accompanied the officer back into the fighting line. Sir John French himself followed a few moments later, and between intervals of issuing orders and conferring with his generals, he worked strenuously like the humblest private in the R.A.M.C. at assisting in getting the wounded back to the base. When told that the men were at the last gasp, he sternly reminded one of his generals that the enemy were "at their last gasp, too."

Yes, the boys are only too fine!

Yes, the boys are only too fine! and terribly all there! The recruiting sergeant knows it. These many months he has been winking the other eye, and he will have to keep it doing so; for the boy will go to battle in the teeth of all the fibs he can invent about his age. It is he who fires the lines. Our infinite blessings on the Boy!

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