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Londoners Are Only Curious With Zeppelins Overhead

Londoners Watch Huge Gas Bags up Above City and Far From Being Panic-stricken Are Only Made White-hot Mad—Attacks Only Boom Recruiting.

The following is a published description of a Zeppelin raid over the heart of London: Above the din of the orchestra there sweeps over the theatre a cavernous bass "boom." "Zeppelin," whispers a pretty girl sitting next to a Scotch officer. "No," you hear him whisper. "It's a door banging," she's lying, and knows it. "Zeppelin," the whisper runs through the audience. "If you knew what was transpiring in the street you'd be out there, instead of waiting for the last act to end. Such a scene is being enacted out there as the old town of London, in all its rich, thousand-year history never beheld until Germany tried her new war."

The curtain goes down. You flit out of the theatre into a crowded station and traffic is at a standstill. A million quiet cries make a subdued roar. Seven million people of the biggest city in the world stand gazing into the sky from the darkened streets. Here is the climax of the twentieth century. Among the stars floats a long, gaunt Zeppelin. It is dull yellow, the color of the moon. The long fingers of the searchlights, reaching up from the roofs of the city, are reaching all sides of the death-messenger with their white tips. Great booming sounds shake the ether. They are Zeppelin bombs—falling—killing—burning. Lesser noises—of shelling—are nearer at hand, the noise of aerial guns sending shrapnel into the sky.

Fires and Battle
"For God's sake don't do that!" says one man to another who has just struck a match to light a cigarette. Whispers, low voices, run all through the streets. "There's a red light in the sky over there; our houses may be burning," exclaims a woman, clutching at a man's coat. "There are a million houses in London; why ours particularly?" he responds. A group of men talking French stand gazing up from the street. They are in waiters' clothes and have rushed out from the supper room of one of the most luxurious hotels in the world. "The devil!" exclaims one, and then—"We've got it—it can't get away. There's shrapnel all around it." "Oh—my neck!" says a pretty girl in evening wraps. "I can't look up a minute more." But she does. All about you are beautifully garbed women and men in evening clothes. Oh's, "Ah's," and long-drawn out exclamations of admiration and chattering sounds made by holiday crowds watching fireworks, greet the brilliantly white flashes of shrapnel.

Suddenly you realize that the biggest city in the world has been the night battlefield on which seven million harmless men, women and children live. Here is war at the very heart of civilization, threatening all the millions of things that human hearts and human minds have created in past centuries. Mourners to-night will leave the side of the dead to look into the sky fearfully. Little children, who have said "Now I lay me down" and have gone to sleep, will be awakened and rushed into cellars to save them from death. There are more cries—"God, God, it's raining!" as a shrapnel flash breaks apparently near the great alrship.

What a roar of joy would go up from the millions of this great city if they could suddenly see the yellow object transformed into a ball of fire, a gigantic explosion, little white gloved hands clap their approval at the Zeppelin's near approach to death; white teeth sparkle in smiles; men roar with delight. These men and women, flowers of the twentieth century culture, have become elemental. Dirty, bloody, battle-mad soldiers felt the same way in battle. Killing has been put into the hearts of these crowds. The man up there in the sky thinks they are wrong. They are only making England white-hot mad.

Brothers All
The redness of a burning building fills the sky. The dome of historic St. Paul's cathedral looms up against the redness. You pass the old church in a side street. At the gateway stands the old verger, half dressed. It has been his duty for the past half century to guard against church thieves and fire is other sextons have guarded it for centuries past. But he's got a bigger job on his hands than any of them ever had before. The vergers white-haired wife stands beside him. They are talking with three girls such as never come into the lives of church sextons except on nights like this. They are pointing out to the aged couple with cheaply jeweled fingers the slowly fading yellow form of the Zeppelin. We are brothers and sisters in the streets of London to-night. Neither man nor woman, neither good nor bad—just human, outraged, mad, unwilling to die. It is a miracle the great gas bag in the air brings about.

On the Plinth of "Chinese" Gordon's monument sits a soldier and a girl. She is tracing invisible figures on the stone pavement, his arm is about her; her face is bent to his. Maybe they've seen this Zeppelin to-night, but just now she's listening to the old story that will be new when the books tell



GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND
The above reproduction is of a poster extensively used throughout Germany in connection with the "God punish England" madness. "From the illustrious" says the London Tatler, "as will now be obvious to all, the German 'Gott' is the personage whom we regard as the Devil. This fully explains and justifies the Kaiser in his many references to the intimacy between the German 'Gott' and himself."

ing of the story of to-night's Zeppelin raid have crumbled into dust. They typify London and England—unchang-

ed one iota by this Zeppelin raid that only ended in the loss of a few lives. The next day recruiting tripled.

How To Win Battles As Told By Napoleon

Brilliant Advice of the Greatest Soldier—Common Sense, Maps, Mathematics and Constant Vigilance the Recipe

A French colonel has been at considerable pains to scan the literature of Napoleon and select from it every observation of the greatest of military commanders that bears upon the art and science of war. Anybody can read what Napoleon advises. There is nothing manifestly obscure about his principles. If only one could read it, and then proceed to discomfit and destroy the Germans. One naturally turns to those precepts that are collected under the head, "How to be a Great Captain." Napoleon was a great captain, and he knew undoubtedly how one ought to act in order to be one. He says in the first place that one ought to make aggressive war. Napoleon recommends that the soldier who aspires to be a great captain should read and reread the maxims and campaigns of Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, and Frederick the Great. He fails to mention Marlborough in this connection, though at another time he said that Marlborough was the only English general he would consider fit to cross a sword with. He insists that there is nothing vague or mysterious about the art of war. Its general principles are unchanging, and most of them have to do with the blunders of the enemy.

Experience no Teacher
Napoleon said it was remarkable that though he had fought sixty battles he knew no more when he finished than when he began. Caesar, too, fought his first battle like the last. He said that it was a great art in battles to change the line of operation during action. He attributed to this principle, of which he claimed to be the discoverer, his victory at Marengo. The simplest manoeuvres were, in his opinion, the best. He added: "Yet one must have common sense. I cannot understand how generals can make mistakes; it is perhaps because they wish to act by inspiration. The most difficult thing is to guess the plans of the enemy—to perceive the truth in all the conflicting reports that you receive. It is like a fist fight. The more one hits the better. It is necessary, however, to study the map carefully."

His observations about generals were to this effect: "The time for a commander-in-chief to work is night. It is useless to fatigue himself during the day he is worn out at night. At Vittori we were beaten because Joseph (Napoleon's brother) slept too much. If I had slept the night of Eckmuhl I could never have executed that wonderful manoeuvre, which was the finest I ever made. I multiplied myself by my activity. A general-in-chief ought not to sleep. The chief quality for a general is firmness—

the rest is the gift of heaven. To be a good general one must know mathematics; in a thousand circumstances mathematics will serve to rectify ideas. Possibly I owe my success to my mathematical ideas. A general ought not to have too vivid an imagination; that is worse than anything. Because the enemy has captured an outpost it does not necessarily follow that the entire army is there."

Analyzes Himself
His own great gift of generalship he reduced to the possession of one gift—to see the truth clearly, and even in a talk to see through all the phases of a question to its base; a gift one might think that has to be born in a man and cannot be acquired, even though all the military chronicles ever written were read and digested. Naturally enough, he blamed his own reverses to hard luck and was unable to see that his enemies had any military gifts at all. He asserted that Wellington was an ordinary man, who was merely prudent. He had an alibi for every defeat. Of Waterloo, he said that all failed who all had won. "It might have restored Europe."

THE BLACK WATCH

The Black Watch, represents the regiments of the old Forty-second and Seventy-third Royal Highlanders, which in turn represented independent companies from Whig clans, raised between 1715 and 1745 to keep the peace of the Highlands. Each company wore the tartan of its commander, and most of these tartans such as that of the Campbells and Munroes, were of a dark character. Thus these companies gained the name of (in Gaelic) "Freindun Dhu," or Black Watch, as opposed to the "Leidman Diarag," or Red Soldiers. The title, "Royal Highlanders," was bestowed in 1758, and at that date, no clan having a prior claim to give a tartan to the whole, a new dark tartan was expressly designed, which has since been peculiar to the regiment. Like all British regiments, the honors gained were won in far-sundered places and epochs: Marston, Corunna, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Ashanti, Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt, and Paardeburg, South Africa. Many of these battles were fought against foes which are now not merely friends, but comrades in arms, as witness Waterloo, Sebastopol, Lucknow, and, latest of all, Paardeburg.

MORAL GAIN BY WAR

Inspiring Interpretation by Most Famous Philosopher of France

As President of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, Henri Bergson, France's most dearly loved philosopher, delivered an address on the meaning of the war. He shows how Germany adopted all the rules of the free human development, Prussia—an artificially-created State, not one of natural growth—introduced and succeeded in imposing on Germany her mechanical system of Government, her mechanical army, which strangled the free human development of the people. By the defeat of France in 1870-71, Bismarck induced the whole of Germany to accept Prussian materialism. In the great industrial development that followed, lust of conquest took a new form in the thirst for wealth. So came the desire to dominate the world, and the trust in material force to secure that end. The alliance between militarism and industrialism has made Germany ruthless and regardless of all rules in the conduct of the war. Wishing to strike at the enemy's industry and wealth, she was filled with the spirit of destruction, and to make the war short, in the interests of German commerce, she adopted all the methods for terrorizing the enemy population.

Such, says M. Bergson, is the explanation of the spectacle before the world. "Barbarism reinforced by the capture of civilization." Humanity, philosophy, the mechanical arts, busy trying to fill up "the soulless void in the body politic by creating more liberty, more fraternity, more justice than the world has ever seen." Then, in the person of Germany, brute force sought to usurp the place of moral force. But, says Bergson in a fine passage, great miracles then happened; moral forces suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force—in Great Britain especially. The world is now a new place, the moral force of the earth, and "in a nation thought to be mortally divided against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the war was not open to doubt. The spiritual gains, Bergson is confident, will be the issue of the war, and the philosopher of the future will see "how humanity was saved by material suffering from the moral downfall which would have been its end."

NIGHT FIGHTING IS BEST

Owing to the havoc caused by modern artillery, commanders are now carrying their most important movements under the protective cover of darkness. The night attack is a form of tactics which is becoming increasingly popular, and night fighting has developed into quite a science. All manner of ingenious ruses are resorted to, and large bodies of troops silently advance across country and launch an unexpected attack on the enemy.

STRANGE GOD OF HUNS

Well might the allies despair of winning or justifying their cause if they were to accept the German Emperor's belief that God was always on his side, says The New York Sun. To people whose religious feeling is not militant and whose conception of God is impersonal the Emperor's conviction, so constantly intimated, that the Almighty is with him and against his enemies comes as a shock. It seems insincere and wanting in reverence. But it is nothing of the kind, as Mr. Sydney Brooks points out. To the English and the Germans God is a different being. To the English "He is the Lord God Almighty, a terrific overshadowing being, feared and revered, and kept in our private sanctuaries, to be appealed to in moments of profound grief or emotion, but certainly no companion to our ordinary thoughts or actions." But, to quote Mr. Brooks, "The Heber-Herr Gott of the German is above all things a very human comrade, a partaker of the common round to be recognized in whatever is loved or enjoyed. He is also an intensely German deity, peculiarly associated with the German soil, the supreme war lord and guardian of the German posts. The German heart responds in Him even when the German intellect refuses to relax its scepticism and refuses still more sternly to be caged within the four walls of any doctrine."

Turks Thought The Maoris Were Savage Cannibals



Von Teufel (to von Tirpitz): "Allow me to confer the Sulphur Cross upon your Excellency!" — "Westminster Gazette," London.

Colored Troops From New Zealand, Some of Them College-bred, Puzzled Enemy When They Indulged in Old-time War Dance—Are Splendid Fighters.

An officer of the New Zealand contingent writes: "At Gallipoli a group of men were sitting round the entrance to a dug-out. In their midst squatted a Greek interpreter translating into very bad English, some of the news contained in a copy of the Constantinople newspaper. Tanin. The article said: 'Information is still lacking as to the composition of the enemy's forces, but it appears from indications received from Europe that they must consist, chiefly of black men from Africa and Australia. Thus the Straits for the first time in history have had to endure attack by cannibals.' No wonder the listening Australians and New Zealanders laughed uproariously. The British force at Gallipoli had been strengthened by the arrival of the Maori contingent, direct descendants of most chivalrous and warlike ancestors, to whom the Maoris, or 'long pigs,' as a human joint was termed, was a much esteemed delicacy. Nowadays the Maori, instead of fattening his slaves, spends his time, if he is ambitious, in getting his M.A. degree or in passing his accountancy examinations."

Scientists Of Britain Not German-Taught

British Military Inventors Have Led Where Others Copied—Writer Pleads For Mobilization of Scientific Brains

The British Empire is mobilizing its industries for the manufacture of shells. When shall we mobilize our scientists? asks a British writer. The urgency of this question is emphasized by the news that the French Academy of Science is in the closest possible touch with the French army. Officers inform the academy of new needs as they arise and submit questions for solution. Thus in present conditions wire entanglements are usually removed by a very clumsy process—using high-explosive shells to tear down their supports. It might be possible to devise some more effective scientific means of achieving this end. The present idea is to meet poisonous gas by the issue of respirators. It would be better and quite as practicable to neutralize the asphyxiating gas with some other gas or vapor. To give an example, chlorine fumes would be rendered harmless by soda solution sprayed. In place of choking vapor there would be a snowfall of a solid viscous substance, chloride of sodium, or common salt.

Science Decides
The war is more and more becoming a matter of science. German scientists have given various kinds of asphyxiating gases and bombs charged with formaline and other choking fumes. They have turned out high explosives in gigantic quantities and of relative stability. When the allied blockade interfered with the supply of

ARMENIANS EXTINCT?

Latest Turkish Atrocities Show De-liberate Fiendish Plan

A letter written by a man in Constantinople to Anourin Williams, a member of the British Parliament, describes the terrible plight of the Armenians. "The misery of our people was never greater. We now know with certainty that the Armenians have been deported in a body from all towns and villages in Cilicia to the desert regions south of Aleppo. The refugees have to traverse or foot distances requiring marches of from one to two (or even more) months before they can arrive at the remote point of the desert assigned to them as their dwelling place, which is bound to become their tomb. We learn, besides, that the roads and the Euphrates are strewn with corpses of the exiles—and those who survive are doomed to certain death, since they will find neither houses, work, nor food in the desert."

"It is a plan to exterminate the whole Armenian people, quite quietly. It is another kind of massacre, one of a more terrible nature. Do not forget that all men of from 20 to 45 years of age are to be taken. Those of from 45 to 60 work for the military transports. As to those who have paid the regulation tax for exemption for military service, they have either been exiled or imprisoned under some pretext or another. Hence there remains only the aged and women and children to pass through districts which were reputed dangerous even in times of peace and where there was great risk of being robbed. "Courts-martial operate everywhere without cessation. Twelve Armenians were hanged at Caesarea on the charge of having obeyed instructions which they had received from a meeting secretly held at Bucharest by the Trochak and Honchak Societies. In addition to this hanging 32 persons were condemned at Caesarea to penalties varying from 10 to 15 years of penal servitude. These are for the most part law-abiding merchants."

Hun Charity Statues
Many of the war charity schemes in Germany take the form of wooden statues. These have been erected in many of the towns throughout the country. People drive nails into the statues, each nail costing roughly 25 cents, the proceeds usually going to the Red Cross funds. The idea is that the statue should be covered with nail armor, and there is scarcely a German town of any importance which has not erected in some prominent position one of these charity statues. Berlin has the most imposing—a huge effigy of Hindenburg. The figure of Hindenburg himself is no less than 33 feet high from the soles of his mighty boots to the crown of his colossal hat, and the statue rests on a square pedestal over 5 feet high. At Hamburg a wooden statue of the German St. Michael has been erected. Hamburgers are now spending their marks in nails which they drive into the statue in the cause of charity.

Buckingham's Workshop
One of the finest carpenter's workshops in London is at Buckingham Palace. A little while ago the King had this workshop entirely refitted, and it now contains a splendid electrical drive turning plant. In many of the rooms at the different Royal residences may be seen substantial, well-made pieces of furniture. And are the handiwork of the King's carpenter. All the packing cases in which the Royal gifts of various fruit, and game are despatched to favored friends of their Majesties and charitable institutions are also made in the workshop at Buckingham Palace, where about 3,000 packing cases are turned every year.