

FACTS of NEWS from OVERSEAS

THE TORPEDO TELLS HISTORY OF ITS LIFE

Very Modern But Wonderful Death-dealing Invention Plays an Important Part in Naval Warfare—Makes Submarines a Terror—Travels at Great Speed

Ours is a big—a very big—family. But I can justly claim to be the head of it, though I am not its oldest member. The towing and other torpedoes are also my superiors in point of age. When, however, the public speak of the torpedo, they mean me, the fish or self-propelled torpedo. And I am undoubtedly of much greater utility in modern naval warfare—than is any of the rest of our family put together. I am no less proud to say that I am British. For though I was long since adopted by every navy in the world, my father was Mr. Whitehead, an English engineer. True, I owe something to Mr. Luppis of the Austro-Hungarian navy, but the real father of my being was the man whose name I formerly bore. In fact, I am still frequently called the Whitehead torpedo. Though I am still comparatively young—for I was born a little later than 1864—I have, of course, altered a good deal since my early days.

Shaped Like Cigar
Cigar-shaped, and made of steel or phosphor bronze, I am from 14 feet to 15 feet long. My head contains the charge (200 pounds or 300 pounds, according to whether my diameter at the thickest part is 15 inches or 21 inches), which explodes by percussion with fearful force, and behind that is a chamber containing compressed air for driving the engines.

Next comes the balance chamber, in which is the mechanism regulating the depth of my submergence, varying from 1 foot to 20 feet. Then come the engines which propel me. There is then another chamber—the buoyancy chamber—and, beyond that, my tail, which consists of propellers, rudders, etc.

Now, what happens when I am discharged from a tube? Instantly, the valve controlling the supply of air to the engine is opened, and as the engines begin to work, my propellers revolve, driving me through the water. At the same moment, a gyroscope is put into rapid rotation, so as to keep me—my course.

Express Train Outdone
If I am 15 inches in diameter, I can cover 6,000 yards in 20 knots an hour, 2,500 yards at 28 knots, and 1,000 yards at 36 knots. But, good as this is, it is not my best performance. As I am now used in the British navy, I start off at the speed of an express train—to be precise, 48 knots—“and have a range” of not less than 12,000 yards. Yes, I have been great changes in my time. When I was young, special boats—called, after me, torpedo-boats—were constructed to fire me at vessels, and these produced torpedo-boat destroyers, which, as their name indicates, were for catching or sinking the warships like me, that carried me. Now, submarines with my aid are preying upon boats. Yet the first torpedo boat was built for the British navy so recently as 1872.

Steel in Warfare Again
Many French soldiers wear a steel helmet as a protection from shrapnel, and the British Tommies in the front line. The only instances on record of armor being used in the wars of the nineteenth century are the steel-lined vests worn by Confederate troops in the American Civil War of 1861-5.

Bagdad: City of the One Thousand and One Nights

The Ancient and Storied City is Not Well Kept or Clean—Squalor and Dirt Abound—Its Great Railway—Many Mosques.

Immortalized by Haroun al Raschid, in the story of the "Arabian Nights," Bagdad, which has a population of about 500,000 was built on the ruins of an ancient Babylonian city dating back to 2,000 B.C. Records have been found on ancient bricks establishing its early date.

Ever since the days of Haroun al Raschid, the Jews have been the leading figures in the commercial world of Bagdad. There are 50,000 of them, with about 3,000 Chaldean (or heretical) Christians. The remainder of the population is made up of Persians, Turks, Armenians, Arabs, and Kurds. Sinaud the Saboteur was born at Bagdad, and all his mischievous adventures began by his going down the Tigris to Basorah (the modern Basra), the way the British expedition came up.

Militarily, Bagdad is of no great importance, but the moral impression which its fall would make on the Arab and Persian frontier tribes would be very great.

Of late years many European houses have settled agents in the city, and Britain, France, and Russia have consuls there. Dates, wool, grain, and timber (a substitute for tobacco) are exported, and a number of horses are sent to India.

The city stands on both sides of the Tigris, the two parts being connected by the famous bridge of boats, 220 yards long. A brick wall, five miles in circumference and 40 feet high, surrounds Bagdad. The city contains upwards of 100 mosques, though barely twenty of them are in use. The houses generally are old, dirty, and ugly outside, but the vaulted ceilings, rich mouldings, tiled mirrors, and massive gold lamps bring back to the recollection

ELECTRIC PANTS

Pants warmed by electricity is the latest invention. It is described by its originator, an Innsbruck professor who is at present serving in the army. Max Beckby name, and the well known Vienna professor of medicine, Von Schrotter.

GNASHERS OUT AGAIN

Prisoners' "Hymn of Hate" Rebuked By German Socialists' Paper

The publication in the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" of another hymn of hate has called forth from the Socialists "Vorwärts" a strong protest and also a tribute to English humanity. The poem written by Herr von Knies, was entitled "Prisoners in England."

An imaginary prisoner in the course of an hurrahe made to say, "Here we are buying like beggars in the street by the open door. We cannot fight for Germany; we can only starve for her. We greet with joy the arrival of our airplanes with their palace-destraining bombs. Every bomb shows you, English, how we hate you, and if they were to hit us ourselves we should not complain. It would be the end of our sufferings, and better than English justice. We only feel like dogs the stripes laid upon us by our adversaries."

Ancient Warfare Revived
There has been an unexpected revival of ancient weapons in this war, Elizabethan helmets, grenades of William the Third's time, and Roman catapults for the trenches. Murderous bow-knives have also been recommended for underground fighting, but it is not generally known that the grenadiers and bayonet men of the bombing squads are taking to the Kaifu knobkerrie. The real article, the short ironwood stick with a heavy brass head, is both fashionable and effective.

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Only Germans Found
"At first we found only German bodies, and but few of these. The first corpse I found was that of a bearded and spotted German, who might have been a schoolmaster, the sort of man I should have accepted as a friend had I met him at home before the war, whereas, I reflected, had I met him a day or two before I should have shot or bayoneted him. It was not cheerfully, at least initially. As we went on, the bodies became more numerous, both German and British. Most of the wounds were small and clean, but some of them would not bear a second glance; much less a description. Most of the Huns still wore their respirators, and some of our men had smoke helmets over their heads. After a while we came to a place where our men had evidently been lying very close together, just as they had dropped, some of them still had their rifles firmly gripped in their hands.

WHEN MARS REIGNED

The Length of Time That Countries Have Striven Against Each Other

Three years, it is stated by some experts, will be the minimum length out that if it lasts until the autumn of 1916 it will have been longer than any great war in Europe since the fall of Napoleon.

THE ANCIENT PRICE



"That's a useful weapon you've got there, Tim. Would thirty pieces of silver buy it?" From John Bull.

Searching For the Dead is Soldiers' Worst Task

English Trooper Sends a Thrilling Description of Nights at This Terrible Work—Has Its Dangers—Sudden Death is Easier.

A trooper from one of the West of England regiments in a vivid narrative described the search for the dead on the big battlefield in the Pas de Calais.

"A few minutes' sharp trotting," he says, "and then we formed up with the rest of the brigade on a mud patch, and pegged down for the night. By ten the next morning we were moved a mess that the brigadier inched us into billets. A few days later we were ordered to dig up the bodies of the recent advance. A journey of several hours by motor bus took us to a small town which had been badly battered, and here we left the bus and proceeded on foot. The first thing we saw was a wall of about three miles we came to half a dozen dead horses and broken limbers. We were instructed to collect all bodies, searching our own fellows for identity discs and pay books, and the Germans for papers.

JAPAN'S EMPEROR

With elaborate ceremonies dating back thousands of years, Yoshihito, Emperor of Japan, was formally installed on his throne.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

Frederick Palmer, Writes in Praise of the Coolness of the British Gunner

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the accredited American correspondent at the British Headquarters in France, describes some of the coolness of the British gunners. "Hereafter I shall not be surprised," he says, "to see a muzzle pointed at an oven, from under grandfather's chair, or under a wren, or up a tree, or in a servant's garret. Think of the place in the world for replacing a gun and one may be there; think of the most likely place and one may be there. One field battery I have in mind, placed in an orchard. Which orchard of all the thousands along the British front, the German staff may guess if they choose. If German guns fired at all the orchards one by one they might locate it—and then, again, they might not. Besides, this is a peculiar sort of an orchard. It is a characteristic of gunners to be neat and to have an eye for the cleanliness of things. These had a lawn and a garden, and tables and chairs. If you are familiar with the tidiness of a retired sailor, who regards his porch as a quarter-deck, and sails forth to remove each descending autumn leaf from the grass, then you know how scrupulous they were about the litter. For weeks they had been in the same position, unused by the German aeroplanes. They had their daily bathe; they did their weekly washing, taking care not to have their hair it would be visible from the sky. Every day they received their London papers and letters from home. When they were needed to help in making war, they had to do was to slip a shell in the breech, and send it with their compliments to the Boches. They were in the pleasant land of France in the joyous summertime, and on the roof of soda over their guns were pots of flowers undisturbed by the blast from the gun muzzles."

IRISH SAMARITAN ONE OF WAR'S THROB TALES

Why Private Simpson Will For Ever be Known as One Who Died That Others Might Live

A hero of Anzac, who is not mentioned in any despatches, but who figures frequently in the home letters of Australasian survivors of the early, fateful days after the Gallipoli landing, is a certain stretcher-bearer. His real name was Simpson, but for some unaccountable reason he got to be known as "Murphy." Many an Australian lives to bless "Murphy's mules." There were so many wounded to be taken into safety that Murphy commandeered a pair of mules, and of course he was not to be seen. He found what noble work he was doing. He used to leave the animals just under the brow of "Brand's Hill" and dash forward himself into the firing line to save the wounded. "Murphy's voice near them sounded like a voice from Heaven," says the "Manchester Guardian."

Always Cheerful
Day after day he climbed the hill, smiling and cheerful. But one day "Murphy's mules" came out. The wounded cried out to the overworked stretcher-bearers. "For God's sake send Murphy's mules!" The mules were found grazing contentedly in Shrapnel Valley and Murphy? He had done his last climb to the top of the hill. "Where is Murphy?" asked one of the 1st Battalion. "Murphy is at Heaven's gate," answered a sergeant, "helping the soldiers through."

MIRACULOUS CURES

Many Heroes Returning Deaf and Dumb Are Again Restored to Health

The case of the blind Canadian private whose sight was restored miraculously through the shock of being thrown into the sea from the torpedo liner Hesperian is but one of many startling cases of marvelous recoveries which have occurred during the war. A few months ago an entertainer was giving a performance before wounded soldiers in a Bristol hospital, when Corporal Stevens, of the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, who had been rendered deaf and dumb in Flanders, suddenly burst into loud laughter, and to the amazement of doctors and nurses showed that he had miraculously recovered his speech and hearing.

In another case a man who had been rendered deaf and dumb through the bursting of a shell at Mons suddenly recovered speech through the pain brought about by placing his hand on a hot water pipe in the corridor of the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital at Millbank. In the same hospital Lance-Corporal Fowler, of the 15th Hussars, who was rendered blind at Mons, and whose case was regarded as hopeless by the surgeons, received special X-ray treatment with the result that he regained his sight. Recently, Corporal Leonard, who was bereft of hearing and speech, went to a moving picture show at Silverpool. As the film revealed the antics of the well-known comedian Billie Ritchie, the risible features of the soldier were touched. He felt a burning in his throat and a painful drumming in his ears, which seemed about to burst. Then to his agreeable surprise, he heard a shout and found that it was his own voice.

NEW WAR WONDER

A strange indirect result of the war is the formation of a new lake near Ruedersdorf, a few miles from the German capital. The village of Ruedersdorf has large limestone quarries which have been worked for more than a hundred years and are very deep. In some places the quarries extend considerably below the sea level. When the war broke out work came to a standstill, as most of the employees were called to the color. The pumps had to be stopped and the water from a subterranean springs began to rise. A lake formed and it now covers a large part of the basin in which the quarries are situated. It is three-quarters of a mile wide and 120 feet deep, and still growing.

A Diminutive Hero

In a list of V.C.'s Lance-Corporal Arthur Vickers, one of the winners, is only five feet 2 inches. When war broke out he had to apply six times for foreign service before he was accepted. He has, in addition to the V.C., received the French Croix de Guerre.



The Wounded French Soldier. "And they told me that I would get a rest in hospital!"—La Balaquette de Paris.

TOMMY AT THE BASE IS FULL OF HUMOR

The Soldier, Worned by Incessant Fighting and Din is Sent Back Beyond Reach of Trench Life—Very Cheerfully He Sings and Jokes of Discomforts on the Firing Line

Tommy down the line is a notable person. "Down the line" means to be stationed at the base of operations, or on the lines of communication, many miles from the firing line. The majority of down-the-line Tommies are those who have been up the line the longest, and who have been fortunate enough to escape being wounded, or if they have been wounded only very slightly. Tommy usually gets sent down to the base, because, in simple words, he is worn out with incessant fighting. His limbs have become shaky from continued exposure, and his senses of sight and hearing more or less impaired from the unending shock of explosions. Often his health is permanently affected by the hardships he has undergone, although a few weeks in hospital set him up for a bit. When well enough he "carries on" with the dull, necessary things behind the firing line.

At Cinder City
One of the oddest camps for these men is at Cinder City, which, not very long ago, was a swamp by the sea, but a company of transport workers buried the marsh in cinders, and now the inhabitants, who have all done their bit up the line, carry out such work as minor drainage, erection of new camps, and in many ways making things comfortable for new troops coming in. Individually, Tommy down the line is a splendid chap. If you are un-

HOW HEROIC CHAPLAIN MARCHED TO SAVE MEN

Eight bombers attached to a well known regiment went out about nine o'clock one night, and when dawn came they had not presented themselves. It had been a terrible night, black as ink, with the cold of the north and the rain of the tropics. As the morning wore on, the regiment pictured their comrades lying dead, or dying in the mud and the slush and dazingly. If they could only know for certain what had happened it would be relief of a sort. But how to know? It was broad daylight; the German snipers were in position, even to put one's head over the parapet meant certain death. If their comrades were not prisoners, they would be out there amongst the barbed wire, rank grass, and wasted grain.

Whilst they were thinking in this strain a Roman Catholic chaplain attached to the regiment came up to the firing line, and volunteered to go out in front and at any rate try to find the bodies. After some hesitation his request was granted. Donning his surplice and with a crucifix in his hand, the priest proceeded down one of the saps and climbed out into the open. With their eyes glued to the chaplain the British line watched him "rookily" as he proceeded slowly towards the German lines. Not a shot was fired by the enemy. After a while the chaplain was seen to stop and bend down near the German wire entanglements. He knelt in prayer. Then with the same calm step he returned to his own line. He had four identity discs in his hands, and reported that the Germans had held up four khaki caps on their rifles, indicating that the other four were prisoners in their hands.

THE ZEPPELIN FAILS

From a Military Point the Giant Gas Bag is Useless

In spite of all that the Germans claimed for Zepplins the Kaiser's air menace has proved a failure. In the first place, Zepplins being obliged to manoeuvre at a height of several thousand feet and at night, the bomb droppers have been unable to achieve any effective marksmanship. Flying by night, even when there are lights to steer by, is sufficiently difficult, but when a tract of land lies in darkness and a pilot dare not, for fear of hidden guns, descend close enough to earth to reconnoitre, and when, in addition, he is flying above a foreign and unfamiliar country, his difficulties in navigation are very great. The fact, too, that Zepplins are threatened by hostile aeroplanes as well as high-angle guns has made airships waste bombs over undefended tracts of land.

In regard to attacks from hostile aeroplanes, the Zepppelin is certainly very vulnerable. If an aeroplane can get above it, but if necessary, a Zepppelin can climb at a speed twice as great as that of an aeroplane carrying two persons and a load of bombs. There are, however, certain single-seated, powerfully engined aeroplanes specially set aside for airship attack, in which a pilot ascends to a height with him no greater burden than a few incendiary bombs, and which can be made to climb at a speed appreciably greater than any two-seated craft which carries a machine gun. It is such machines as this that are in the race for altitude, that the airship pilots have chiefly to fear.

Queen Mary prefers lavender scent before all others.